UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS LIBRARY
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN
STACKS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2021 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

https://archive.org/details/nation3190unse

The Nation

VOLUME III

April 4th, 1908, to September 26th, 1908.

LONDON: 14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

052
N
J.3

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED,
WHITEFRIARS HOUSE, E.C.

The Nation

INDEX.

POLITICS AND AFFAIRS.

	PAGE
A Free Hand for the State	146
American Parties, The Break-up of	39
American Radicalism, The Growth in	560
A Moral from Hops	262
An American Labor Party	147
A New Political Development	367
A New Triple Alliance?	296
Anglicanism, The Weakness of	407
Anglo-German Agreement, The Way to an	694
An Invasion of Liberty	373
An Olive Branch	5
An Untoward Incident	476
A Vision of New Toryism	111
A Word to the Labor Party	177
Back to the Lords	213
Balkans, The Peril in the	112
Campbell-Bannerman in the Abbey. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Eversley	264
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry	108
Catholic Church and Modern Life, The	822
Civic Volunteer, The	761
Club Life, Some Abuses of	114
Continent, The Waste of a	263
Co-operators and Politics	371
Crisis in Coffee, A	730
Crisis in the Cotton Trade, The	826
Dark Side, The	760
Democracy and the Peace Movement	628
Destruction of a Myth, The	478
Development in the Church	442
Disorganised Labor	890
Doctrine of Tolerance, The	854
Eastern '48, The	728
Empire, The Mood of	297
England, The Wealth of	298
Entente of America and Australia, The	791
Fiscal Fallacies:—	
II. The Single Trade Tests	47
Free Trade as an International Policy	663
Free Trade Finance, The Victory of	7
Free Trade, The Triumph of	176
Frontier War, The	179
Germany, A Message from	757
Government and the Suffrage, The	259
Government, The "Main Duty" of the	590
Government, The New	71
Government, The Peril of the	332
Haggerston, A Lesson from	662
Harvest of London Reaction, The	629
Home Rule, The Inevitability of	4
How to Regain the Liberty of the Road	696
Idealism in Politics	109
India, Our Opportunity in	370
Indian Portent, The	178
Industrial Arbitration, The Limits of	855
Kings as Politicians	790
Liberalism, The Vision of	144
Liberal Europe, The Growth of a	627
London Police, The Character of the	479
Lord Morley's Indian Reforms, III.:— The Mischief of Over-Centralisation. By Sir William Wedderburn	481
Lords, The Danger with the	626
Lost Liberty of the Road, The	337
Macedonia, The New Hope for	6
Message of Liberalism to the East, The	824
Morocco, The Future of	758
Mr. Hearst's Revelations	891
Mutiny of the Expert, The	558
Natal and the Native Question	216
National Insurance, The Policy of	823
Navy, The Quarrel in the	514
New Railway Situation, The	516
Peace, Further Steps to	726
Peace, The Strenuous	215
Peers and the Poor, The	591
Penal Policy, The Reversal of Our	594
Pensions Bill, The Blot on the	333
Pensions Bill, The Final Form of the	515
Pensions Bill, The Limitations of the	405
Persia, Our Policy in	892

186702

POLITICS AND AFFAIRS (*continued*).

	PAGE
Persian Revolution, The Plight of the	443
Poor Law and the Family, The	727
Portuguese Slavery	301
Position of the Monarch, The	72
Poverty and Pauperism	212
Poverty and the State	477
Power of a Modern Newspaper, The	517
Prime Minister and Home Rule, The Late. By John Redmond, M.P.	217
Prime Minister, The Late	36
Prime Minister, The New	37
Prison Population, The	893
Protection, The "Broad" Road to	334
Protection, The Party of	75
Railway Policy, The Revolution in	695
Religion, The History of	858
Remitted to the Churches	261
Road and the People, The	859
Roosevelt Intervention, The	408
Socialism, Two Schools of	856
South Africa, The Next Phase in	73
South Africa, The Saving of	441
South American Ruler, A	792
Speculative Revival, The	335
Tradition of the Barricade, The	664
Triple Entente, The Basis of the	368
Tomlinson of Manchester, and Elsewhere	145
Turkish Reform, The Problem of	592
Turkey, The New Spirit in	559
Use of the Lash, The	38
Wanted, A New Scheme of Culture	561
Wanted, An Understanding with Germany ...	404
West, The Problem of the	299
What Does "Votes for Women" Mean?	409
What Votes for Women Should Mean	440

LIFE AND LETTERS.

	PAGE
A Bit of a Philosopher. By the Rev. S. Henry	413
A Child. By John Galsworthy	9
"A Distant Drum"	410
A Green Heaven	668
A Killing Competition	764
American Statesman, An	633
America, The Romance of	666
An Earthly Paradise	182
An Immortal. I. By the Rev. S. Henry ...	800
do. II. do. do. ...	899
An Impeachment of Cathedral Building	595
A Lost Child	484
Another Point of View. By May Kendall ...	566
A Revolutionary. By the Rev. S. Henry ...	702
Are Wild Animals Born Wild?	151
Art of Opening, The	598
A Saint. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham ...	449
A Study in "Overlooking." By W. Hale White (Mark Rutherford)	520
Background of Glory, The	265
Barmecide Feasts	861
Boat Race, The	44
Can Morals be Taught?	860
Can Trout be Educated?	733
Careful Joy	731
Caterpillars, The Year of	898
Child's Fetish, The	116
Christian Dogma and Folklore	897
Churches and the Social Soul, The	304
City of Dead Waters, The	521
Complete Anarchist, The	41
Cuckoo Habit, The	268
Dead March, The	10
Dearth of Genius, The	410
Death of the Rich Man, The. By Padraic Colum	119
Democracy and the Expert	375
Despair of an Intellectual, The	795
Do We Over-Eat?	597
Easter in Seville	40
End of the Land, The	699
English Fiction, The Outlook for	535
Englishman Born	339
Ethiopian's Skin, The	42
Faith of Free Thought, The	219
Fear. By John Galsworthy	76
Fiction, The Trade in	181
Fifty Years of Evolution	828
From Mid-Devon to Manchester. By C. F. G. Masterman, M.P.	150
Garden Primroses	43
Grampians, In the. By C. H. Herford	735
Hope. By John Galsworthy	218
"In His Blindness"	374
Irony	765
Interval, The	522
John Morley as Interpreter	445
Kitchen Garden, The	797
Legend of Faust, The	796
Life and the Poet	303
Little Living Creatures	830
London, The Tyranny of	306
"Los Peares, un Minuto." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham	45
Maelshaughlinn at the Fair. By Padraic Colum	306
Marathon, The	632
Mart, The	152
Meadow of the Dead, The. By Padraic Colum...	634
Mediterranean, In the	667
Men Against Sportsmen	266
"Merrie England"	894
Midsummer Trout, The	376

LIFE AND LETTERS (*continued*).

	PAGE
Millinery of Murder, The	267
Mind of the Bee, The	412
Mind of the Suburb, The	730
Mob-Mind, The	631
Molière and Modern Drama	520
Name of Gentleman, The	698
Olympia Rediviva. By Professor Gilbert Murray	563
One Point of View. By May Kendall	486
Onlooker's Risk, The	78
Order. By John Galsworthy	149
Over-Delicacy of Speech	485
Paka the Cat. By Captain C. H. Stigand	221
Panic	763
Passing of the Horse, The	829
Pathetic Fallacy, The. By May Kendall	766
Pleasant Land, The	77
Poet of Freedom, The	596
Power of the Voice, The	446
Recruits	564
Rush for the Sun, The	184
Sameness of Fashion, The	482
Samuel Butler, The Case of	483
Scholar's Melancholy, The	896
Science and the Supernatural	794
Sharing. By K.	117
Simple Life, The	12
Single-Flowered Rose, The	447
Surplus of Summer, The	669
The Deformed Transformed	697
The Fair	412
Tipping, The Economics of	115
Tolstoy, The Teaching of	827
Tongues of Pentecost, The	339
Town and Country	183
Tramp World, The	220
Tyranny of the Clock, The	118
Undercurrent, The	11
Unnecessary Brock, The	340
Visitors	862
Water of the Moors, The	565
Wild Bee, The	80

CONTEMPORARIES.

	PAGE
Osman Digna. By H. N. Brailsford	82
President Diaz	865

ART, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ART.

	PAGE
Pictures at the Artistes Français	271
Pictures at the Paris Salon	120
The Entente in Fine Art	378
The Londoner and His Buildings	601
The New Gallery	154
The Royal Academy	187
The Sorolla Exhibition	223

MUSIC.

	PAGE
An Artist and Some "Stars"	524
The Error of Bayreuth	672
The Significance of Richard Strauss	901
Three Opera Singers	269

THE DRAMA.

	PAGE
A Dramatic "Conversation." By H. W. M.	222
A Parable of Life and Art. By H. W. M.	416
A Revival of Poetic Tragedy. By H. W. M.	309
Mr. Barrie's Failure. By H. W. M.	832
Mr. Pinero's Study of Provincial Life. By H. W. M.	270
The Art of Stage Dancing. By H. W. M.	523
"The Gay Lord Quex." By H. W. M.	186
The Immortal Snob. By H. W. M.	451
The New Shylock. By H. W. M.	49
The Sad Case of Dr. Faust. By H. W. M.	866
The Stage and Modern Life. By H. W. M.	344
"Thrills." By H. W. M.	16

SCIENCE.

	PAGE
The Latest Conception of Matter. By Professor G. M. Minchin	489
The Problem of Flying. By Professor G. M. Minchin	703

PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS.

	PAGE
A New Force in Agriculture	831
Mr. Morley's Indian Reforms. II. By Sir William Wedderburn	13
Naval Expenditure in 1909. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Eversley	635
The Harmsworth Brand. I.	567
do. do. II.	599
do. do. III.	636
do. do. IV.	670
The Harmsworth Brand. V.	701
do. do. VI.	734
do. do. VII.	769
The Prospects of the Territorial Forces. By a Territorial Officer	377
The Reform of Liberal Organisation. By John Griffiths	308
Useless Naval Expenditure. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Eversley	801
Will the Small Holdings Act Fail? By Charles Roden Buxton	414

OPEN QUESTIONS.

	PAGE
Free Trade Betrayed. By Ernest Villiers, M.P.	307
The Use of Public Libraries. By Dr. Ernest Baker	768
The Problem of Rural Housing. By Philip Morrell, M.P.	343

COMMUNICATIONS.

	PAGE
Bad Harvests and Unemployment. By J. A. Hobson	902
In the Women's Ranks. By A Provincial Man	417
Mr. Gladstone's New Way with Old Offenders. By Tighe Hopkins	673
Mr. McKenna's Opportunity. By "One Who Knows"	121
The Control of the Upper Thames. By Philip Morrell, M.P.	527
The Crisis in the Publishing Trade. By A Literary Agent	345
The Cult of the Monster Warship. By Admiral Sir Cyprian A. G. Bridge	487
The Defects of the Housing Bill. By George Haw	155
The Dual Policy in India. By S. K. Ratcliffe ...	802
The Hyde Park Demonstration. By H. W. N....	453
The Income-Tax. By George McCrae, M.P. ...	16
The International Peace Congress. By G. H. Perris	602
The Largest of Our National Estates. By Resident	272
The "Messages" from Frederic Myers. By John W. Graham	867
The South American Naval Armaments. By One Who Knows	833
The State of the Daily Press. By A Journalist ...	638
The Sum of British Wealth. By A Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society	312
The Territorial Artillery. By E. Crawshay-Williams	224
"There Is No Conqueror But God." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham	771
Working Wives in Council. By Evelyn Sharp ...	453

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

	PAGE
An Epilogue to an Unfinished Drama. By Dr. Ed. Bernstein	637
Austrian Policy in the Balkans. By Dr. Joseph Redlich	48
Is Constitutional Covernment in Turkey Possible?—I. By Edwin Pears	863
II. Do.	900
Parties in the Prussian Elections. By Dr. Ed. Bernstein	81
The German War Peril. By Dr. Ed. Bernstein	449
The Character of the German Workers' Insurance. By Dr. Ed. Bernstein	798
The Merciful Tsar. By An Englishman in Russia	704
The New Attitude of the United States to Canada. By Edward Porritt	415
The Prussian "Urwahlen." By Dr. Ed. Bernstein	341
The Stifling of Freedom. By Ixe	153
The Tactics of M. Clémenceau	568
The Two Heads of the Freisinn. By Dr. Ed. Bernstein	185
The Zeppelin Movement and German Nationalism. By Dr. Ed. Bernstein	736
To-morrow in Portugal. By An Old Resident ...	14

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PAGE

"Fiscal Fallacies" (F. U. Laycock and R. C. Phillimore); The Suffragists and the Peckham Election (A. J. Marriott and J. Marshall Sturge); Tariff Reform and Motor-Cars ("Constant Reader"); Irish Liberalism ("An Irish Nationalist") 18

"Fiscal Fallacies" (J. A. H. and Frank Bowly); Tariff Reform and Motor-Cars (T. Palmer Newbould and G. G. Desmond); "The Victory of Free Trade Finance" ("Cobdenite"); "The Simple Life" ("Home Counties"); Are Armaments Necessary? (Hugh Pennington); The Detection of Fire (Frank Rowley); Protection and Public Plunder (R. Shindler); Hamburg (D. M. Stevenson); Peckham and Mr. Stiggins (C. J. Back); Women and the Suffrage ("A Woman Conservative" and E.P.) 50

The Practical Reconstruction of Country Life (Montague Fordham, M.A.); "Fiscal Fallacies" (R. C. Phillimore); Kangaroo Island ("A Man of the Woods"); The Justice of the Licensing Bill (J. W. F. Gillies, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.); The Problem of Medical Relief (G. C. C.); Hamburg (G. E. Harrison); Women Suffragists and the Government (J. M. Lloyd Thomas, "Yet Another Woman Liberal," and Jane Atkinson); The Use of the Lash ("A Liberal Member" and Carl Heath) 85

Martial Law in Natal (George Greenwood, M.P.); The "Crux" in "The Tempest" (E. W. Lummis); The Garrotting Fallacy ("Criminologist"); "The Practical Reconstruction of Country Life" (J. Frome Wilkinson); "The Merchant of Venice" at His Majesty's Theatre (H.V.R.); Protection and Unemployment (Forrest Hewit); Women and the Suffrage (B. C. S. and A. Kelly) 122

"C.-B." and Church Patronage (the Rt. Hon. George W. E. Russell); The New Policy of the Football Association ("Footballer"); Women and the Suffrage ("A Liberal Woman" and J. S. F.); Armaments and Utility (A. R.); A Shakespeare Memorial ("Observer"); "The Breaking Point" (C. Gasquoine Hartley); The Future of Poor-Law Administration (C. E. Maurice) 156

The Imprisonment of Osman Digna ("An Egyptian Correspondent"); Women and the Suffrage (Emma Hardy); "Are Wild Animals Born Wild?" (G. G. Desmond); What a Colonist Thinks (Thomas Yorath); Beer and the Bible ("A Manchester Man"); Russian Horrors (P. M. G.); A Shakespeare Memorial (L. J. Roberts); The Research Defence Society (Dr. Greville MacDonald); The "Crux" in "The Tempest" (Violet Churchill); The Sugar Convention ("Spectator"); The Problem of Unemployment (Arthur Kitson); Peckham (the Hon. Henry Lygon); The Explanation of the Licensing Bill (J. A. Swanwick); Country Life (J. Marshall Sturge) 188

The Sugar Convention ("Anti-Convention"); The Justice of the Licensing Bill ("Country Brewer"); The British Sunday and the Exhibition (Yves Guyot); Life of Delane (Arthur Irwin Dasent); The Trade in Fiction (Clement Shorter); Pensions and the Sinking Fund (L. Chiozza Money, M.P.); The Dundee Election (F. Hubert Jones) 225

PAGE

Experiments on Animals (Dr. Stephen Paget); The Justice of the Licensing Bill (R. Mortimer Montgomery); The Educational Rapprochement (F. E. Pollard); The Sugar Convention and Italy ("Anti-Convention"); Pensions and the Sinking Fund (T. A. Prest); The Riddle of the Bacchae (G. Norwood); What Does "Votes for Women" Mean? (A. Grimshaw Haywood); Bombs in India (A. St. John); The British Sunday and the Exhibition (Edward Brown); The Problem of Medical Relief (G. C. C.) 273

The Justice of the Licensing Bill (Sir Thomas P. Whittaker, M.P., "Country Brewer," and J. A. Swanwick); "Remitted to the Churches" (Austin Taylor, M.P.); "Simple Bible Teaching" (the Rev. Th. Hill); "The Riddle of the Bacchae" (Professor A. W. Verrall); Experiments on Animals (Dr. Greville MacDonald); What Does "Votes for Women" Mean? (Nancy Lightman); The Russian Visit (R. B. Cunninghame Graham); The Tolstoy Celebration: An Appeal (Edmund Gosse and Dr. C. Hagberg Wright); The Referendum (A. J. Marriott) ... 312

The Justice of the Licensing Bill (R. Mortimer Montgomery); Does the Sugar Convention Betray Free Trade? ("A Free Trader"); The Basis of Educational Peace ("Cheshire Incumbent" and the Rev. Arthur W. Hutton); The Pole Trap (Frank E. Lemon); Experiments on Animals (Dr. Stephen Paget); Dr. Verrall's Euripidean Theory (Professor Gilbert Murray); The Foundation of Christianity (the Rev. Th. Hill); The "Crux" in "The Tempest" (Pfarrer E. W. Lummis); The Russian and Servian Cases (Sir Edmund Verney); To Restore Confidence (Edwin Hill); The Landless Men in the West (Captain Bryan Cooper); Simple Bible Teaching (X.); The Problem of Indian Self-Government (G. F. Abbott); What Does "Votes for Women" Mean? (Florence Travers); Human or Divine? (Ellen Tighe Hopkins) 346

Does the Sugar Convention Betray Free Trade? (Ernest Villiers, M.P.); The Problem of Rural Housing (Philip Morrell, M.P.); Experiments on Animals (Dr. Greville MacDonald); Votes for Women (A. Grimshaw Haywood, Clementina Black, and Emily Tomlinson); "The Peril of the Government" (R. Henderson Smith); The Meaning of "Bande Mataram" (J. D. Rees, M.P.); Jesuits as Murderers ("A Catholic Reader of THE NATION"); Political and Theological Liberalism (C. E. Maurice); Liberal Adullamites (the Rev. Malcolm MacCallum); Trade Returns for May (W. T.); The Gathering of Wild Flowers and Fruit (S.); The Defence of the Licensing Bill (Lieut-Col. D. C. Pedder) ... 379

The Basis of the Triple Entente ("An Englishman in France"); "The Anti-Indian Englishman" (J. D. Rees, M.P.); The Meaning of "Bande Mataram" ("The Reviewer" and A. Porteous); "The Lost Liberty of the Road" (A. Shadwell); "An Invasion of Liberty" ("A London Clergyman"); Does the Sugar Convention Betray Free Trade? (James Roberts); What Does "Votes for Women" Mean? (Florence Travers and N. Lightman); The Trade Returns (W. T.); The Pan-Anglican Congress and Divorce (Richard T. Gates); The "Crux" of "The Tempest" (V. Churchill); "The History of the Volunteers" (Major Cecil Sebag-Montefiore) 418

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (*continued*).

PAGE

The Pan-Anglican Congress and Divorce (the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell); Why Pudsey Was Lost ("A Liberal Worker"); "The Lost Liberty of the Road" (Earl Russell); Liberalism and Prison Reform (John M. Robertson, M.P.); Natives in the Indian Civil Service (G. F. Abbott); The Rating of Public Houses (the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert); What Does "Votes for Women" Mean? (J. Abberley and (Mrs.) C. D. Rackham); "A Distant Drum" (Laurie Magnus); The Pan-Anglican Congress (G. H. Godwin); The Problem of Medical Relief (Francis Buxton); The Policeman's Weekly Day of Rest (J. Fletcher Little) 454

Votes for Women (R. N. H., Frank Bowly, and "A Radical Ex-Soldier"); The Meaning of "Bande Mataram" (J. D. Rees, M.P., and S. M. Mitra); "The Lost Liberty of the Road" (Peter Macdonald, H. E. Gribble, Stuart J. Reid, D.C.L., J.P., and "Viator"); "An Invasion of Liberty" ("A London Clergyman"); "A Distant Drum" ("The Writer") 488

"The Lost Liberty of the Road" ("The Writer of the Article," "A Country Dweller," G. M. M., and Henry W. Beater); The Anglican Church and Marriage (Richard T. Gates); Is the Drama Dying? (Euphemia Stevens); "Over-Delicacy of Speech" (B.); The Prevention of Crime Bill (H. S. Salt); What Does "Votes for Women" Mean? ("Manchester School," Emily Tomlinson, A.Z., and T. Wilson); Association of Subscribers to Charities (Lord Avebury) 527

The Reform of the Upper Thames Conservancy (C. H. Cook); "The Lost Liberty of the Road" (Peter Macdonald and Charles Robertson); "The Tyranny of London" (Philip J. Dear); Is the Drama Dying? (William Poel, K. S., and Ella Levy); The King and Foreign Policy (Julie Jephson); The Indeterminate Sentence (The Rev. W. D. Morrison); The Future of the Police (J. Fletcher Little); "Suffragette" History (W. A. Jolly); The Outlook for English Fiction (S.) 567

"Wanted—A New Scheme of Culture" (A. E. Z.); The Working of the Small Holdings Act (Alfred Rowntree); Suffragists and the Temperance Cause (Kate A. Hessel); The Indeterminate Sentence (Arthur St. John and B. L.); The New Spirit in Turkey (T. Palmer Newbould); "Is the Drama Dying?" (L. R. and Euphemia Stevens); Goethe's 78th Venetian Epigram (David Wilson); "The Lost Liberty of the Road" (R. W. J., Henry Holiday, and S. D. W.); The Court of Criminal Appeal ("A Criminal Lawyer"); The Licensing Bill and Temperance (J. W. Wilson); Politics in a Hurry (Edwin Hill); Imperial Politics of Municipal Elections (Albert Raphael) ... 602

"Wanted—A New Scheme of Culture" (Cloudesley Brereton); The Indeterminate Sentence (The Rev. W. D. Morrison and Henry W. Nevinson); Mrs. Humphry Ward's Battalions (Mrs. Thomas Hardy); "The New Spirit in Turkey" (T. Palmer Newbould); "The Art of Opening" (R. Mudie-Smith); A Seaside Hotel for Working People (Lily H. Montague); Lord Cromer's Speech (The Rev. W. Copeland Bowie); "The Lost Liberty of the Road" (G. Cook, Geo. Edgar, J. E. Allan, and Henry S. Clough); Germany and England (Arnold Lupton, M.P.); Do We Overeat? (R. W. J.); Coastguard Service (Charles Sturge) 63

"The Lost Liberty of the Road" (George Calderon, R. W. J., and S. D. W.); The German Gymnastic Fêtes ("Observer"); Mrs. Humphry Ward's Battalions (Mrs. Florence Travers); Another "Marathon Race" (Andre de Bavier); Haggerston and After (F. W. Soutter); "The Tempest" Crux (N. W. Hill) 67

"The Lost Liberty of the Road" ("Cassandra," L. Marshall, Henry S. Clough, J. Colquhoun Reade, and S. Hine); The Art of Opening (the Right Hon. Robert Farquharson); Liberalism and Labor (Arthur Ponsonby, M.P.); Heaven as Town or Country (A. Clutton Brock); Some Fruits of the Free Trade Congress (Charles Hancock); The Indeterminate Sentence (Captain Arthur St. John); The Dilemma of a Liberal Lawyer ("Ignoramus"); Similes (S. Parnell Kerr) 70

The Lost Liberty of the Road (Sir Edmund Verney, Henry Broadhurst, A. M. Anderson, J. H. Chatterton, E. B. M., A. J. Marriott, "Fairplay," C. H., Francis Coutts, and "Cyclist"); Haggerston and After (F. W. Soutter); *A Propos de Bottes* (Thomas Seccombe); Nursing the Voters (Edwin Hill); The Dilemma of a Liberal Solicitor ("Another Liberal" and "Teetotal Solicitor"); "A Green Heaven" (Richard F. Jupp); The Work of the Industrial Law Committee (Irene Cox); Liberalism and Labor (The Rev. J. E. Hand); The Art of Ending (Max Judge); James II.'s Statue ("Antiquarian") 738

The Lost Liberty of the Road (Douglas Fox Pitt, Charles Hamfeldt, James Tinto, Henry Holiday, W. G. Wickham, "A Lawyer," W. Austen Bolam, "New Forest," J. C. Paget, and "Pro Bono Publico"); "A Crisis in Coffee" (Chas. Evers); "*A Propos de Bottes*" (G. W. E. R.); "A Green Heaven" (Sir Samuel Wilks and "The Writer of the Article"); Heaven as Seen by Children (John Higgins); Emden and Anglo-German Relations (Arnold White); The Dilemma of a Liberal Lawyer (C.) 772

The Lost Liberty of the Road (H. F. H.); The New Daily Press (P. J. Reid); Concerning the "Imitation of Whitman" (Henry Bryan Binns); Ideas of Heaven and Happiness (W. J. B.); A Green Heaven (J. M. Lloyd-Thomas); *A Propos de Bottes* (G. W. E. R.); "The Dark Side" (Lawrence Richardson); The Date of George Fox's Death (A. Neave Brayshaw); The Maintenance of "Dreadnoughts" (G.); Officialism in the Channel Islands ("Taxpayer") 804

"A South American Ruler" (the Consul for Venezuela); Taine's Letters (Frederic Harrison); "The Lost Liberty of the Road" (John W. Graham, "Active Resister," Sir Jas. B. Smith, and H. Reynolds Brown, M.D.); Women Municipal Voters (J. Smith); England and Germany (A. Clutton Brock); Miss Beale and Women's Suffrage (Mrs. C. D. Rackham) 834

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (*continued*).

PAGE

A Protest (J. L. Balbi); "The Lost Liberty of the Road" (T. Wilson, Thomas Howard, Alfred Ollivant, and J. Leng Sturrock); The Cause of Unemployment (J. J. Bisgood); The Trades Union Congress and Electoral Reform (John H. Humphreys); Catholics and Liberalism ("A Knight of St. Gregory" and W. P.); "Moderate and Extremist in India" (V. Chattopadhyaya); Moral Education Congress (St. G. L. Fox Pitt); "The Dilemma of a Liberal Lawyer" ("Ignoramus") 868

PAGE

The Lost Liberty of the Road ("A.," "Balak," John Grubb, Sir Edmund Verney, John Higgins, and T. Wilson); Don Porfirio (R. B. Cunninghame Graham); "Peru" (C. Reginald Enoch, F.R.G.S.); Can Morals be Taught? (F. Kettle); "The Doctrine of Tolerance" ("A Liberal M.P.," W. D., H. W. Francis, Walter Philip High, and M. L.); The "Messages" from Frederick Myers (G. Stafford Whitby); German Foreign Policy (J. H.) 903

DIARY OF THE WEEK.

1, 33, 69, 105, 141, 173, 209, 257, 293, 329, 365, 401, 437, 473, 511, 555, 587, 623, 659, 691, 723, 755, 787, 819, 851, 887.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY. BY "LUCELLUM."

28, 64, 100, 136, 168, 204, 236, 288, 324, 360, 396, 432, 468, 504, 550, 582, 618, 654, 686, 718, 750, 782, 814, 846, 882, 922.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS AND BOOKS TO BE READ.

20, 54, 84, 126, 160, 194, 228, 278, 316, 351, 384, 423, 459, 532, 574, 608, 644, 677, 807, 838, 873, 908.

PAGE

Insurance.—Theatre Risks 28

POETRY.

PAGE

A Boy's Heart. By C. H. Bewley... 272
A Chancery Ward. By Valentine Barlow ... 53
A Connacht Folk Song. By Padraic Colum ... 193
A Dream. By W. B. Yeats 525
A Somerset Lullaby. By Edward S. Tylee ... 742
A Song. By Herbert Trench 223
A Song of Semiramis. By Ethel Talbot 494
At Nightfall. By R. C. K. Ensor 315
Be Not Afraid. By Herbert Trench 607
Companionship. By R. M.... 526
Hoodwinked. By Wilfrid C. Thorley 573
In the Pine Wood. By J. W. Feaver 423
Joy and Pleasure. By W. H. Davies 676
Light o' the Moon. By Edward S. Tylee 872
Love's Birth. By William H. Davies 526
Nature's Moods. By William H. Davies 159
On Your Account I Shall Not Die. By Padraic Colum 776

PAGE

Starlight Distilleth. By Herbert Trench 525
Starlight on the Hill. By W. K. Fleming ... 837
Sonnet, from Pushkin. By C. Garnett 383
Sonnet—To an Empty Room. By J. Marjoram 643
The Dreamers Know. By the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond 526
The Forsaken Room. By J. Marjoram 125
The Gad-Fly. By Padraic Colum 526
The Gypsies' Road. By Dora Sigerson Shorter 83
The Interval. By Herbert Trench 19
The Moor Grave. By John Galsworthy 709
The Old School. By Thomas Burke 806
The Pauper. By Dora Sigerson Shorter 350
The Pine by the Lake. By Edward S. Tylee ... 458
The Ship Siren. Anon. 907
Thoughts. By William Watson 525

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

PAGE

Abbeys of Great Britain, The. By H. Claiborne Dixon 466
Absolution. By Clara Viebig 426
A Century of Political Development. By Hector Macpherson 60
Adam Cast Forth. By Charles M. Doughty ... 90
A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. Edited by Jas. Hastings, D.D. 745
Admiralty of the Atlantic, The. By Percival Hislam 98
African Nature, Notes, and Reminiscences. By F. C. Selous, F.Z.S. 610
Age of Shakespeare, The. By Algernon Charles Swinburne (Professor Edward Dowden) 909

PAGE

A History of the Volunteer Forces, from the Earliest Times to the Year 1860. By Cecil Sebag-Montefiore 385
A Man of Genius. By M. P. Willcocks 542
American Shrines in England. By Alfred T. Story 652
A Mind that Found Itself. By C. W. Beers ... 24
A Modern Judas and Other Rhymes. By E. Vincent 645
An Apostle of the North. By H. A. Cody ... 96
Ancient Art. Vol. I of a History of Art. By Dr. G. Carotti 540
Ancient Italy. From the Italian of Signor Ettore Pais 202

REVIEWS OF BOOKS (*continued*).

PAGE

Anglican Liberalism. By Twelve Churchmen (Canon Hensley Henson) 352
An Introductory History of England. By C. R. L. Fletcher. Vol. II. 1485-1660 918
Anne Page. By Netta Syrett 544
A Painter's Pastime. By Margaret Thomas ... 645
Armadin: A Tale of Old Winchester. By Alfred Bowker 546
Art and Artless. By W. D. Howells 200
Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation, The. By Sir Charles Santley 745
A Set of Six. By Joseph Conrad 746
Ashes. By Grazia Deledda... 232
Aspects of George Meredith. By Richard H. P. Curle 26
A Star of the Salons: Julie de Lespinasse. By Camilla Jebb 60
Astronomy of the Bible, The. By E. Walter Maunder 204
A Surburban Scandal. By Gurner Gillmann ... 546
A Tangled Web. By L. G. Moberley 544
Autobiography of Montagu Burrows, Captain R.N. 428
A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador. By Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Jun. 430

Babees Book, The. By Miss Edith Rickert ... 684
Ballad of a Great City and Other Poems. By David Lowe 645
Ballads and Lyrics of Socialism. By E. Nesbit... 645
Beau Brummell and His Times. By Roger Boutet de Monvel 62
Beaux of the Regency, The. By Lewis Melville... 356
Beloved Physician of Tsang Chou: Dr. Arthur D. Peill 920
Birds and Their Nests and Eggs. By G. H. Vos 814
Bishop's Scapegoat, The. By T. B. Clegg 542
Bonaparte and the Consulate. By A. C. Thibaudeau 609
Bonapartism. Six Lectures delivered in the University of London. By H. A. L. Fisher ... 55
Bond, The. By Neith Boyce 842
Bridge of Fire, The. By James Flecker 388
British Year Book of Agriculture and Who's Who. 394
Budget of Novels, A. (Various) 254
Builders of Florence, The. By J. Wood Brown, M.A. 92
Burden, The. By Anna Scott-Dawson 878
Burning Cresset, The. By Howard Pease ... 94
By Italian Seas. By Ernest C. Peixotto... ... 390

Cambridge History of English Literature, The. Edited by A. W. Ward, the Master of Peterhouse, and A. R. Waller. Vol. I. From the Beginning to the Cycles of Romance 57
Castles and Keeps of Scotland, The. By Frank Roy Frapie 684
Catherine of Bragança, Infanta of Portugal and Queen-Consort of England. By Lillias C. Davidson 96
Captain Margaret: A Romance. By John Masefield 464
Cane Boy, The. By Margaret A. McIntyre ... 136
Centuries of Meditations. By Thomas Traherne. Edited by Bertram Dobell 648
Century of Education, A. By H. Bryan Binns 616
Chats on Violincellos. By Olga Racster 62
Claude Achille Debussy. By Mrs. Franz Liebich 718
Complete Oarsman, The. By R. C. Lehmann ... 840
Complete Shot, The. By G. T. Teasdale-Buckell 680
Concerning Lafcadio Hearn. By George M. Gould, M.D. 877

PAGE

Confessions of a Beachcomber. By E. J. Banfield 920
Colonel Saunderson, M.P. By Reginald Lucas ... 322
Cradle of the Deep: An Account of a Voyage to the West Indies. The. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart. 354
Crossrigs. By Mary Jane Findlater 134

Dan Riach, Socialist. By the Author of "Miss Molly" 200
Dartmoor Prison. By Basil Thomson 777
Dawn of the Constitution, The. By Sir James H. Ramsay 322
Dominy's Dollars. By B. Paul Neumann ... 546
Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham. By Elizabeth Raikes 810
Dual Heritage, The. By M. Godfrey-Faussett ... 544
Duanaire Finn, the Book of the Lays of Fionn. Part 1. Edited by Eoin MacNeill 808

Easter Eggs. From the German of Christopher von Schmid 26
Easy-go-Luckies, The. By Maud Stepney Rawson 878
Edward Fitzgerald and "Posh," Herring Merchants. By James Blyth 616
Edward Grieg. By E. Markham Lee 780
Elements of Angling, The. By H. T. Sheringham 780
Elizabethan Religious Settlement, The. By H. N. Birt, O.S.B. 577
England in the Seven Years' War. By Julian S. Corbett (J. Holland Rose) 243
English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act. Vols. II. and III. "The Manor and the Borough." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb (Professor Paul Vinogradoff) 162
English People Overseas: A History, The. Vol. I. By A. Wyatt Tilby 548
English Society in the Eleventh Century: Essays in English Medieval History. By Professor Paul Vinogradoff (Sidney and Beatrice Webb) 128

Fifth Queen Crowned, The. By Ford Madox Hueffer 94
Flemings, The. 542
Folk Lore as an Historical Science. By G. L. Gomme (Edward Clodd) 247
Forewarners, The. By Giovanni Cena 842
Fourth Ship, The. By Ethel C. Mayne 540
Fox Hunting, Past and Present 466
Francesca di Rimini: In Legend and in History. From the French of M. Charles Yriarte... ... 580
France in the Twentieth Century. By W. L. George 874
French Novelists of To-day. By Winifred Stephens 428
From a Hertfordshire Garden. By W. Beach Thomas 466
From Edinburgh to India and Burmah. By W. G. Burn Murdoch 358
From Pekin to Sikkim. By the Count de Lesdain 235
From St. Ive's to Land's End. By A. G. Folliot Stokes 750
From the North Foreland to Penzance. By Clive Holland 920

Gandia, The Duke of. By Algernon Charles Swinburne 56
Garcia, the Centenarian, and His Times. By M. Sterling Mackinlay 98
General History of Western Nations. By Emil Reich (Dr. Samuel Dill) 679
George Darley. The Complete Poetical Works of 235

REVIEWS OF BOOKS (*continued*).

PAGE

George Baxter, Color Printer: His Life and Work. By C. T. Courtney Lewis 430
George Grenfell and the Congo. By Sir Harry Johnston 743
George Ridding, Schoolmaster and Bishop. By his wife, Lady Laura Ridding 130
Germany in the Middle Ages, 476-1250. By William Stubbs, D.D. 876
G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism 880
Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion, The. By J. G. Frazer. Part IV. Studies in Oriental Religion (Edward Clodd) 386
Gospels of Anarchy and Other Contemporary Studies. By Vernon Lee 614
Government of England, The. By A. Lawrence Lowell 496
Granada: Present and Bygone. By A. F. Calvert 779
Great Ralegh. By Hugh de Selincourt 880
Great Schism of the West, The. By L. Salembier 577
Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland 646

Herbert Spencer, The Life and Letters of. By David Duncan, LL.D. 279
Heredity and Selection in Sociology. By George Chatterton-Hill 918
Herodotus. Books VII., VIII., IX. With Introduction by R. W. Macan 713
Hero Lays. By Alice Milligan 462
Hill Rise. By W. B. Maxwell 878
History of Ireland to the Coming of Henry II. By Arthur O'Clery 287
History of Music to the Death of Schubert. By John K. Paine 202
History of Sculpture, A. By Ernest A. Short ... 132
History of Twenty-Five Years, 1856-1880, The. By Sir Spencer Walpole. Vols. III. and IV.... 910
History of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England, A. By G. R. Balleine 580
History of the German People. Vols. XI. and XII. By Johannes Janssen 322
History of the Manchester Ship Canal. By Sir Bosdin Leech 58
H. M. I.: Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. By E. M. Sneyd-Kynnersley 248
Holland. By Edward Penfield 394
Holyoake (George Jacob), Life and Letters of. By Joseph McCabe 460
Hugo Wolf. By Ernest Newman 250
Human Boy Again, The. By Eden Philpotts ... 544
Humors of the Fray. By Charles L. Graves ... 611
Hyde Park: Its History and Romance. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie 163

Ibsen, Copyright edition of. Vol. I. By William Archer and C. H. Herford 26
Impressions of India. By Sir Henry Craik ... 580
India, The Causes of Present Discontents in. By C. J. O'Donnell 280
India, The Real. By J. D. Rees, C.I.E., M.P.... 280
India Through the Ages: A Popular and Picturesque History of Hindustan. By Flora Annie Steel 680
Innocent the Great. By C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon... 577
Insect Book, The. By W. P. Westell 880
In Spain. By John Lomas (Major Martin Hume) 385
Inward Light, The. By H. Fielding Hall ... 196
Irish and English: Portraits and Impressions. By Robert Lynd 204
Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves, The ... 462

PAGE

James Annand, M.P. By J. L. McCallum ... 716
James II. and His Wives. By Allan Fea... ... 844
James Thomson. By G. C. Macaulay 317
Jean Racine. Par Jules Lemaître 230
Jerusalem. The Topography, Economics, and History from the Earliest Times to A.D. 70. By George Adam Smith, D.D. 461
Jewellery. By H. Clifford Smith... 743
Johnson on Shakespeare. Raleigh 711
John Stephenson Rowntree: His Life and Work. Memoir by Phœbe Doncaster 500
John Thadeus Delane: His Life and Correspondence. By Arthur Irwin Dasent 161

"Kaiser Karls Geisel. Ein Legendenspiel." Von Gerhart Hauptmann 245
Keepers of the House. By Cosmo Hamilton ... 544
Kent. By Walter Jerrold 166
Key of the Door, The. By R. Ramsay 544
King's Customs, The. By Henry Alton and H. H. Holland 548
King's General in the West, The. By Rev. Roger Granville 136
Kitty Tailleur. By May Sinclair 500
Knocking at the Door and Other Poems, The. By Alice Maddock 645

Land of Enchantment, The. Illustrated. By Arthur Rackham 390
Land of the Maple Leaf, The. By B. Stewart ... 60
Land's End, The. By W. H. Hudson 576
Last Shore, The. By Vincent Brown 546
Later Years of Catherine de Medici, The. By Edith Sichel 711
Leaf and Tendril. By John Burroughs 844
Leonardo da Vinci. By H. H. Cust 287
Letters from Queer Street. By J. H. M. Abbott 578
Letters of the Wordsworth Family from 1787 to 1855. Collected and edited by William Knight. 3 Vols. (Professor Edward Dowden) 21
Liège and the Ardennes. By G. W. T. Omond and A. Forestier 466
Literary and Historical Essays. By Henry Grey Graham 98
Literary History of the Arabs, A. By R. A. Nicholson 132
Little Brown Brother, The. By Stanley Portal Hyatt 648
Little Dauphin, The. By Catherine Welch ... 839
London Churches: Ancient and Modern. By T. Francis Bumpus... 62
Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B. A Memoir. By his Wife 252
Lotus Leaves. By Israfel 718
Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay, The 64
Love's Shadow. By Ada Leverson 546

Magnate, The. By Robert Elson... 811
Making of Ireland and Its Undoing, The. 1200-1600. By Alice Stopford Green 534
Many Junes. By Archibald Marshall 24
Many Mansions. By A. L. Lilly 682
Marie de Médicis and the Court of France in the XVIIth Century. By Louis Batiffol. Translated by Mary King, and Edited by H. W. C. Davies 430
Marotz. By John Ayscough 163
Maurice Guest. By Henry H. Richardson ... 912
Michael Davitt, Revolutionary, Agitator, and Labor Leader. By F. Sheehy-Skeffington ... 610

REVIEWS OF BOOKS (*continued*).

PAGE

Military Geography of the Balkan Peninsula. By Professor Lionel Lyde and Colonel Mockler-Ferryman 60
Medievalism: A Reply to Cardinal Mercier. By George Tyrrell 710
Memories of Eight Parliaments. By H. W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P.") 164
Memories of London in the 'Forties. By David Masson 426
Memories of Men and Books. By The Rev. A. J. Church 282
Memoir of the Life and Military Services of Viscount Lake, 1744-1808. By Colonel Hugh Pearse 286
Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy, LL.D. By Arabella Kenealy 358
Memoirs of Field-Marshall Sir Henry Wylie Norman. By Sir William Lee-Warner ... 196
Mr. Apollo: A Just Possible Story. By Ford Madox Hueffer 779
Mr. Clutterbuck's Election. By Hilaire Belloc ... 612
Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill ... 284
Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1890. By C. R. L. F.... 546
Mr. Saffery's Disciple. By L. Parry Truscott ... 842
My Devonshire Book. By J. Henry Harris ... 748
My Father: An Aberdeenshire Minister. 1812-1891. By W. Robertson Nicoll (Hector Macpherson) 281
My School and My Gospel. By Sir Hubert Herkomer 98
My Son and I. By Mrs. M. H. Spielmann ... 542
Municipal Lessons from Southern Germany. By Dr. H. S. Lunn 466
Muse in Motley, The. By Hartley Carrick ... 611
Modern Egypt. By the Earl of Cromer. (Second Notice) 89
Modern England: A Record of Opinion and Action, from the Time of the French Revolution to the Present Day. By Alfred William Benn ... 575
Modernism: A Record and a Review. By A. Leslie Lilley 198
Mont St. Michel and Other Poems. By Rowland Thirlmere 645
Moral Instruction and Training in Schools. Edited by Prof. M. E. Sadler 910
More Society Recollections. By English Officer ... 394
Morning of Life, The. By Augustus Ralli ... 645
Mothers in Israel. By J. S. Fletcher 24
Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties. By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell... 548

National Idealism and a State Church. By Stanton Coit. (G. K. Chesterton) 245
Nature Rambles in London. By Miss K. M. Hall 652
Nature Studies by Night and Day. By F. C. Snell 652
Never Say Die. By the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowitz 392
New Poems. By St. John Lucas 645
Nineveh. By G. S. Vierick 388
North-West Passage, The. By Roald Amundsen 425
Notable Scottish Trials: The Trial of A. J. Monson. Edited by John W. More 204

Old England: Her Story Mirrored in Her Scenes. By W. Shaw Sparrow and James Orrock ... 650
On Cumbrian and Cambrian Hills. By Henry Salt 684
Opera, The. By R. A. Streatfield... 318
Our Lady in Art. By Mrs. Henry Jenner ... 396
Outposts of Empire. By John Lang 684
Oxford English Dictionary, The. Parts of Vol. VI. and VII. 318

PAGE

Parerga. By Canon Sheehan 62
Passing of Morocco, The. By Frederick Moore ... 204
Peak Country, The. By W. Biscombe Gardner and A. R. Hope Moncrieff 394
Perfect Garden, The. By Walter P. Wright ... 718
Peru. By C. Reginald Enoch, F.R.G.S. (R. B. Cunninghame Graham) 875
Photographic Handbook, The. By C. Harrison and J. C. Douglas 716
Plainer Fare and Less of It. By Miss Alice Braithwaite... 750
Poems of Love and Death. By Lady Lindsay ... 388
Poems Old and New. By Margaret L. Woods ... 388
Portuguese Architecture. By W. C. Watson (L. March Phillipps) 247
Practice and Theory of Navigation, The. By the Earl of Dunraven 91
Principles of Western Civilisation. By Benjamin Kidd 26
Priory-Church of Bartholomew the Great, The. By George Worley 880

Quaker and Courtier: The Life and Work of William Penn. By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant ... 778
Quelques Lettres, sur des questions actuelles et sur des événements récents. Par Alfred Loisy ... 22

Rachel Gurney of the Grove. By Sir Alfred E. Pease 57
Rambles of an Australian Naturalist. By Thomas Ward 250
Raw Edges. By Perceval Landon... 354
Recollections. By David Christie Murray ... 841
Records of Stirring Times, 1726-1822 98
Red Lily, The. By Anatole France. Translated by Winifred Stephens 533
Rhine: Its Valley and History, The 168
Richard Kennoway and His Friends. By Katherine Stewart 62
Richard Wilson. Makers of British Art Series. By Beaumont Fletcher 98
Riddle of the Bacchae, The. By G. Norwood (Gilbert Murray) 244
Romantic Tales from the Panjab, with Indian Nights' Entertainment. By Charles Swynnerton 202
Royal House of Stuart, The. By Samuel Cowan ... 647

Sacred and Profane Love, and Other Poems. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate 195
Sanity of William Blake, The. By Dr. Greville Macdonald 580
Search for the Western Sea, The. By L. J. Barpee 286
Servitude. By Irene Osgood 713
School Books 914, 916
Shakespeare Apocrypha, The. Edited by E. F. Tucker Brooke 428
Shakespeare Library, The 166
Shakespeare Problem Re-stated, The. By G. G. Greenwood 546
Short History of the English Bar, A. By Bernard W. Kelly 846
Socialist Movement in England, The. By Brougham Villiers... 91
Social Law in the Spiritual World. By Rufus M. Jones 679
Some British Birds 168
Songs of the Uplands. By Alice Law 645
Sorrowful Princess, The. By Eva Gore-Booth ... 645
Soul of Spain, The. By Havelock Ellis (Major Martin Hume) 385

REVIEWS OF BOOKS (*continued*).

PAGE

South Africa at Home. By Robert H. Fuller ... 394
Speeches by the Hon. G. K. Gokhale, C.I.E. ... 809
Sport and Life on the Pacific Slope. By Horace Annesley Vachell 60
Stained Glass Tours in France. By C. H. Sherrill 358
St. George for Merrie England. By Margaret H. Bulley 202
Stories by Edgar Allen Poe 652
Story of English Diplomacy, The. By T. H. S. Escott 466
Story of the Guides, The. By Colonel Younghusband 844
Studies of Political Thought, from Gerson to Grotius, 1414-1625. By J. N. Figgis 230
Summer Tour in Finland. By Paul Wainemann 748
Swiss Democracy: The Study of a Sovereign People, The. By J. A. Hobson... 714

Tragedy of Korea, The. By F. A. Mackenzie ... 286
Táin, The: An Irish Epic Told in English Verse. By Mary A. Hutton 280
Talmudic Legends: Hymns and Paraphrases. By Alice Lucas 645
Thief on the Cross, The. By Mrs. Harold Gorst 544
Thirteen Colonies of North America, The. By R. W. Jeffery 26
Through a Pier Glass: Winnie's Adventures in Wastemonster. By Arthur Waghorne... ... 166
Through Finland to St. Petersburg. By A. MacCallum Scott 430
Through the Depths of Space: A Primer of Astronomy. By Hector Macpherson, jun. ... 882
Tower of London, The. By John Fulleylove and Arthur Poyser 614
Trout Waters of England, The. By W. M. Gallichan 748
Truth about Port Arthur, The. By M. E. K. Nojine 202
Tryst, The. By L. M. Watt 388
Types of Tragic Drama. By C. E. Vaughan ... 96
Tyrol. By W. A. Baillie-Grohman 548

Vales and Wolds of Yorkshire. By Gordon Home 394
Valladolid, Oviedo, and Segovia. By A. F. Calvert 716
Victorian Chancellors, The. By T. B. Atlay. Vol. II. 498
Victoria the Woman. By Frank Hird 880
Vigil of Brunhild, The. By Frederic Manning ... 645
Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England. By J. Churton Collins 424
Vom Rückgang der deutschen Bühne. Von Paul Goldmann 245

West Country Verses. By Arthur L. Salmon ... 645
White Rose of Weary Leaf. By Violet Hunt ... 134
White Wedding, The. By M. P. Shiel 542
Whistler. By Bernhard Sickert 358
Wild Geese, The. By Stanley J. Weyman ... 680
Wild Honey from Various Thyme 538
William Clarke: A Collection of His Writings. By Herbert Burrows and J. A. Hobson ... 234
Woman Who Vowed, The. By Ellison Harding 546

Short Notices and Reprints 62, 100, 204, 236, 324, 360, 396, 432, 468, 504, 550, 577, 582, 616, 654, 686, 780, 812, 882, 922

AUTHORS' INDEX.

PAGE

Baker, Dr. Ernest:—The Use of Public Libraries 768
Barlow, Valentine:—A Chancery Ward 53
Bernstein, Dr. Edward:—
An Epilogue to an Unfinished Drama ... 637
Parties in the Prussian Elections 81
The Character of the German Workers' Insurance 798
The German War Peril 449
The Prussian "Urwahlen" 341
The Two Heads of the Friesinn 185
The Zeppelin Movement and German Nationalism 736
Bewley, C. H.:—A Boy's Heart 272
Brailsford, H. N.:—Osman Digna... 82
Bridge, Admiral Sir Cyprian A. G.:—The Cult of the Monster Warship 487
Burke, Thomas:—The Old School 806
Buxton, Charles Roden:—Will the Small Holdings Act Fail? 414

Chesterton, G. K.:—An Agnostic Establishment 245
Clodd, Edward:—
The Golden Bough 386
The History of Folk-lore 247
Colum, Padraic:—
A Connacht Folk Song... 193
Maelshaughlinn at the Fair 306
On Your Account I shall not Die 776

PAGE

Colum, Padraic (cont.):—
The Death of the Rich Man 119
The Gad-Fly 526
The Meadow of the Dead 634
Crawshay-Williams, E.:—The Territorial Artillery 224

Davies, William H.:—
Joy and Pleasure 676
Love's Birth 526
Nature's Moods... 159
Dill, Dr. Samuel:—Through Fellowship to Faith 679
Dowden, Professor Edward:—
Mr. Swinburne as Eulogist 909
Wordsworth as a Letter Writer 21

Ensor, R. C. K.:—At Nightfall 315
Eversley, The Right Hon. Lord:—
Campbell-Bannerman in the Abbey 264
Naval Expenditure in 1909 635
Useless Naval Expenditure 801

Feaver, J. W.:—In the Pine Wood 423
Fleming, W. K.:—Starlight on the Hill 837

Galsworthy, John:—
A Child 9
Fear 76
Hope 218
Order 149
The Moor Grave 709

AUTHORS' INDEX (*continued*).

PAGE

Garnett, Mrs. Constance:—Sonnet, from Pushkin 383
Graham, J. W.:—The "Messages" from Frederic Myers 867
Graham, R. B. Cunninghame:—
A Saint 449
"Los Peares, un Minuto" 45
Peru 875
"There is no Conqueror but God" 771
Griffiths, John:—The Reform of Liberal Organisation 308

Haw, George:—The Defect of the Housing Bill 155
Henry, The Rev. S.:—
A Bit of a Philosopher... 413
A Revolutionary 702
An Immortal. I. 800
Do. do. II. 899
Hensley Henson, Canon H.:—Anglican Liberalism 352
Herford, Professor C. H.:—In the Grampians ... 735
Hobson, J. A.:—Bad Harvests and Unemployment 902
Hopkins, Tighe:—Mr. Gladstone's New Way with Old Offenders 673
Hume, Major Martin:—Spain through English Spectacles 385

Ixe:—The Stifling of Freedom 153

Kendall, Miss May:—
Another Point of View ... ... — 566
One Point of View 486
The Pathetic Fallacy 766

Macpherson, Hector:—A Study in Scottish Character 281
March Phillipps, L.:—The Arab in Architecture 247
Marjoram, J.:—
Sonnet.—To an Empty Room... 643
The Forsaken Room 125
Masterman, C. F. G., M.P.:—From Mid-Devon to Manchester 150
McCrae, George, M.P.:—The Income-Tax ... 17
Minchin, Professor G. M.:—
The Latest Conception of Matter 489
The Problem of Flying... 703
Morrell, Philip, M.P.:—
The Control of the Upper Thames 527
The Problem of Rural Housing 343
Murray, Professor Gilbert:—
Olympia Rediviva 563
The Riddle of the Bacchae 244

Pears, Edwin:—Is Constitutional Government in Turkey Possible? 863, 900
Perris, G. H.:—The International Peace Congress 602
Porritt, Edward:—The New Attitude of the United States to Canada 415

Ratcliffe, S. K.:—The Dual Policy in India ... 802
Redlich, Dr. Joseph:—Austrian Policy in the Balkans 48
Redmond, John, M.P.:—The Late Prime Minister and Home Rule 217
Richmond, The Rev. Wilfrid:—The Dreamers Know 526
Rose, Professor J. Holland:—The Strategy of Pitt 243
Rutherford, Mark (W. Hale White):—A Study in Overlooking 520

Sharp, Miss Evelyn:—Working Wives in Council 453
Shorter, Mrs. Dora Sigerson:—
The Gypsies' Road 83
The Pauper 350
Stigand, Captain C. H.:—Paka the Cat 221

Talbot, Miss Ethel:—A Song of Semiramis ... 494
Thorley, Wilfrid C.:—Hoodwinked 573
Trench, Herbert:—
A Song 223
Be Not Afraid 607
Starlight Distilleth 525
The Interval 19
Tylee, Edward S.:—
A Somerset Lullaby 742
Light o' the Moon 872
The Pine by the Lake 458

Villiers, Ernest, M.P.:—Free Trade Betrayed ... 307
Vinogradoff, Professor Paul:—A History of Local Government 162

Watson, William:—Thoughts 525
Webb, Sidney and Beatrice:—The England of Domesday 128

Wedderburn, Sir William:—
Mr. Morley's Indian Reforms. II. 13
Do. do. III. 481

Yeats, W. B.:—A Dream 525

J. A. H.:—The Single Trade Test 47

K.:—Sharing 117

R. M.:—Companionship 526

H. W. N.:—The Hyde Park Demonstration ... 453

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 1.] SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Diary of the Week ...	1
Politics and Affairs:—	
The Inevitability of Home Rule	4
An Olive Branch	5
The New Hope for Macedonia	6
The Victory of Free Trade Finance	7
Life and Letters:—	
A Child. By John Galsworthy	9
The Dead March	10
The Undercurrent	11
The Simple Life	12
Present Day Problems:—	
Mr. Morley's Indian Reforms. II. By Sir William Wedderburn	13
Letters from Abroad:—	
To-morrow in Portugal. By an Old Resident	14
The Drama:—	
"Thrills." By H. W. M. ...	15
Communications:—	
The Income-Tax. By George McCrae, M.P.	16
Letters to the Editor:—	
"Fiscal Fallacies." By F. U. Laycock and R. C. Phillimore	18
The Suffragists and the Peckham Election. By A. J. Marriott and J. Marshall Sturge	19
Tariff Reform and Motor Cars. By Constant Reader	19
Irish Liberalism. By An Irish Nationalist	19
Poetry:—	
The Interval. By Herbert Trench	19
The World of Books ...	20
Books to be Read	20
Reviews:—	
Wordsworth as a Letter Writer. By Professor Edward Dowden	21
Loisy's Apologia	22
Two Studies in Life	24
Books in Brief	24
Insurance:—	
Theatre Risks	28
The Week in the City ...	28

[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

Mr. John Redmond's resolution, demanding for the Irish people "the legislative and executive control of all purely Irish affairs," was carried in the House of Commons on Monday by a majority of 156, with the addition of a rider by Mr. Simon subjecting an Irish Legislature to the "supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament." A directly negative amendment, moved by Lord Percy, was defeated by a larger majority of 192. A small body of twenty-two Liberal members, including Lord Dalmeny, voted against Home Rule, the majority consisting of a union of Liberals, Labour men, and Nationalists. Mr. Redmond's main object was, as he said, to free the hands of the Liberal Party for the future, and Mr. Balfour pointed this hint by asking the Government, through Mr. Asquith, to say whether, though they were still favourable to Home Rule in principle, they abandoned it in practice, or whether they would make it the first plank in their next electoral platform. Mr. Asquith answered Mr. Balfour's first question, but not his second. The final solution of the Irish problem could only, he said, be found "in self-government in regard to purely local affairs," subject to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. Home Rule, however, was part of a still larger change—namely, the general separation of Imperial from local affairs. The reconciling of Imperial supremacy with local autonomy represented the secret of Empire. Mr. Healy received this declaration with cold disdain. "Gladstone was dead, the Prime Minister was stricken, Ireland had now to deal with the Chancellor of the Exchequer." What was to be the leading question at the next General Election? It was the Government's business to produce a plan, not as Mr. Birrell had suggested, a party representing poor peasants. Mr. Healy's speech found no echo in his party, but the "Freeman's Journal" remarks that "if Ireland is to be governed by a Unionist party, it will not be a Liberal Unionist party."

* * *

The Bishop of St. Asaph's olive-branch in education seems likely to take root. The second reading of his Bill was not pressed in the House of Lords on Tuesday owing to Lord Lansdowne's carping speech, which was doubtless inspired by Mr. Balfour, and the opposition of the High Church section, led by Bishop Gore. But the Primate, in what Lord Rosebery called a "brave and noble" speech, gave it a personal and official blessing on the ground that it offered "freedom of religious choice" both to parents and teachers. Dr. Davidson added a still more significant tender of peace to Nonconformity on the ground that the time had come for "men who really care" to stand together. This note has been emphasised in the "British Weekly," and less strongly in the "Methodist Times," the former warning its readers that "simple Bible teaching" cannot be forced on objecting Churchmen. The Government, while of course adhering to Mr. McKenna's proposal, practically accepted the St. Asaph Bill as a "basis" of discussion. "General facilities," said Lord Crewe, were their "first love," but the difficulties were serious. Lord Lansdowne suggested and led up to Tory opposition, but admitted that the responsibility of rejecting a settlement would be great. The Ritualists, unselfishly led by Dr. Knox and Dr. Wace, are in arms against the Bill, and the Catholics, Irish and English, are necessarily hostile in its present form. Mr. Hirst Hollowell also attacks it, as a scheme for sectarianising the public schools. But its moral success is considerable.

* * *

The financial year, which ended on Tuesday, has been something of a bumper for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has obtained £3,703,000 more revenue than he anticipated, and the departments have spent less than he expected by £493,000. This leaves a balance of about five millions for the relief of the National Debt. The outstanding feature of the revenue returns is the striking success of the Chancellor's scheme of differentiation. In spite of the threepenny reduction for earned incomes under £2,000 a year, Mr. Asquith, who budgeted for a loss of £1,100,000, has secured an increase of £780,000. As for the future, the Chancellor should have ample means of initiating his old age pensions scheme in the last quarter of the coming year.

* * *

The Irish University Bill, introduced by Mr. Birrell on Tuesday, follows the line we expected it to take. It was accepted by all sections of the Liberal Party, including the Nonconformists, and by the official Opposition, represented by Mr. Balfour, the only dissenting section being the Ulster Unionists, who commanded twenty-four votes. It leaves Trinity College alone, and establishes two new teaching Universities, one a single-college institution in Belfast, the other a three-college establishment on a federated basis, including the Queen's Colleges of Cork and Galway and a new college in Dublin. The purely examining Royal University will be dissolved, and outlying institutions like Magee College, Maynooth,

and University College, Dublin, will in one form or another be merged in the coming University. Tests are excluded from the two new institutions, which will eventually be governed by their Senates, after an opening period of nomination. Students and professors of all creeds will be eligible, and the State will only subsidise secular instruction. The new Dublin College, which is the centre of the scheme, is to have an endowment of £32,000 and a building grant of £150,000, which strikes us as inadequate to the founding of a residential college. Trinity has about £70,000 a year. The two Universities cannot be described as denominational, though, as Mr. Birrell said, one is planted on Protestant, the other on Catholic, ground. The measure seems sure of a passage, though the Irishmen will probably ask for more money.

* * *

The Bill for reconstituting the Port of London under the control of a public, but not a municipal, authority, was introduced on Thursday. It bears evidence of Mr. George's fertile mind and genius for negotiation and arrangement. The model chosen is that of Liverpool. The scheme properly separates the upper and lower river at Teddington Lock, appointing a new and appropriate authority for each. For the lower river, there is to be an expert commercial body—why not with a representative of labour?—for the upper river, a local guardianship. All the dock companies have come in to the terms of voluntary purchase, and their shareholders will take dock stock in exchange for their present holdings. The new Dock Board will consist of twenty-five representatives, fourteen elected by a joint constituency of payers of dues, owners of river craft, and wharfingers, and ten nominated by public bodies. The London County Council only gets five representatives, two of them "experts" from outside. On the other hand, it is not asked for a guarantee from the rates. The new Port Board is to be self-supporting, it must expand its income by raising its dock or harbour dues, and extensions and improvements will have to be supplied from fresh capital. In all, the purchase-money will, says the "Daily Chronicle," amount to £21,852,491, not an unreasonable figure. It will be seen that the plan involves neither nationalisation nor municipalisation. It is unification, with public control.

* * *

The Liberal Party has properly resumed its earlier work of forcing Mr. Balfour into specific declarations in favour of Protectionist policy. A resolution of Mr. Mond, ably argued on Tuesday, condemning Mr. Balfour's latest tactic of small duties on many articles, was carried by 280 votes to 91. This plan, as Mr. Rea said, meant a recurrence to the abortive and vexatious policy of 1842, whose failure converted Peel and Gladstone to Free Trade, and whose application would be disastrous to our intricate modern industry. Mr. Balfour spoke with embarrassment. His thesis was the failure of Free Trade finance. In the face of Mr. Asquith's surplus of five millions, and the increase in the yield of the death duties and the income-tax, he maintained that no more could be got out of either of these imposts, or out of the tea and sugar duties! Incidentally Mr. Balfour showed that he was ignorant of the fact that Hamburg was a free port—a somewhat discreditable omission in his education as an economist. He favoured an increase in the number of custom duties, combined with preferences. In a vivid answering speech, Mr. Runciman, declaring that the Opposition leader was committed to a "general tariff," got from him the admission that he was pledged to a "very wide increase in the basis of taxation." Mr. Balfour listened in silence to a further statement that he was now pledged to "food taxes." We wish him joy of his new electoral cry, "More taxes and plenty of them!"

* * *

The appointment of Dr. Hill to succeed Mr. Tower as American Ambassador in Berlin has occasioned a most instructive episode. The appointment was approved some months ago by the Kaiser, but apparently he later changed his mind, and formally, or informally, suggested that it might be revoked. The only ground of objection to Dr. Hill, who is a scholar of eminence, as well as an experienced and skilled diplomatist, was his lack of money, and the "Vossische Zeitung," in an amazing article, explained that he "does not possess the financial means to make an appearance in a manner corresponding with the position of the United States as a World Power." This illuminating estimate of the nature and machinery of diplomacy has provoked a good deal of feeling in America, more particularly as American people pride themselves on not letting money appoint their Ambassadors. The episode has been closed by the Kaiser withdrawing all objections to Dr. Hill, and by President Roosevelt formally announcing his determination to make war on the doctrine that only millionaires are fit to represent the United States abroad.

* * *

The result of the Cape elections seats the Merriman Ministry firmly in power. It will possess commanding majorities in both Houses. In the Council it will hold seventeen seats against eight Progressives. In the Assembly, though the returns are incomplete, the South African Party has already gained ten seats, winning some of them even in the towns. The task of the new Government is the unification of South Africa.

* * *

Mr. Burns's Housing and Town Planning Bill follows largely the lines of the forecast published in The Nation a few weeks ago. So far as housing procedure is concerned, the measure embodies no sensational, hardly even a novel, departure. It rather proceeds upon the principle of simplifying and loosening existing machinery, and placing large powers of compulsion in the hands of the Local Government Board. Local authorities will be able, if they please, to proceed easily and effectively with the work of clearing slum areas, and to compel neglectful owners to maintain working-class dwellings in a proper condition of repair and sanitation. The consent of magistrates to closing orders is dispensed with, and procedure in the way of demolition is accelerated, but the owners of the property concerned are given the right of appeal to the Local Government Board. Part III. of the Housing Act of 1890, under which municipal building schemes can be set on foot, loses its adoptive character, and takes effect automatically, whilst the conditions under which money is borrowed are eased. In the event of local authorities neglecting to exercise their powers, the Local Government Board can step in with its mandamus upon a simple "representation." If Parliament approves this centralisation of housing incentive a separate department will have to be established at the Local Government Board for carrying out these new and somewhat complex duties. Unless this is done the Act may easily become a dead letter. A reactionary administration, dealing with one of the most reactionary departments in the public service, can reduce it to little or nothing.

The town planning powers embodied in the Bill are limited, but they include the compulsory purchase of land. Here again the operation of the measure will be made or marred by the Local Government Board. No local authority will be able to proceed with the making of a town plan without the consent of the Government Department, whose sanction will be needed at almost every stage of the scheme. The local authorities, however, will be given full powers to enforce their town plans, and, in regard to the compulsory purchase of land, they will be able to apply the principle of "betterment" for the relief of persons whose property may be injuriously affected. This latter is one of the most valuable features of the town planning clauses. Another useful provision is that enabling local authorities to combine for the purposes of town planning. The chief peril in administering the Bill will be the creation of inflated values, which may encourage the erection of block dwellings and the overcrowding of sites—a fatal development. It is a danger which, as correspondents of The Nation have testified, is very real in many parts of Germany. The reception of the Bill is, on the whole, favourable, and it will be handled on non-party lines. It is defective in some points. It does not set up a compulsory register of houses—one of the most valuable and necessary of reforms. And it does not give cheap enough money—the terms are not as good as those which Irish tenants have secured. Why should England be worse off than Ireland?

* * *

The Finnish Diet has precipitated an untimely Ministerial crisis. The present Finnish Executive or Senate came into office after the general strike of December, 1905, and consists of Moderate Constitutionalists. In a very difficult situation it has thought the best way to preserve Finnish liberties was to yield a good deal to the demands of the Russian Government, especially in the matter of political arrests. This policy has brought a double attack upon it in the Diet. The Old Fennomans complained that it was not active enough in surrendering political suspects; the Social Democrats that it was too subservient to Russian Reactionaries. An Old Fennoman vote of censure was rejected, but a Social Democratic vote of censure was carried, owing to the Old Fennomans abstaining from voting, and the Senate resigned. The Senate is not theoretically dependent on Parliament, and it is not certain that the Czar will accept the resignation. It will not be easy to get a successor, because a Social Democratic Senate is out of the question, and the Old Fennomans are more reactionary than the Moderate Constitutionalists. The episode is the more untimely because the Duma is taking an unfriendly interest in Finnish affairs, and strong influences are steadily at work against Finnish liberties.

* * *

Prince Buelow last week explained his attitude towards the franchise question. By way of justifying the existing Prussian class franchise, he said that the Imperial universal suffrage was certainly not sacrosanct, and many wise persons had their doubts about it. Still, he did not propose to alter it, but certainly he would not introduce it into Prussia, where it would put the Socialists into power. He could not understand, he added, how Liberals could face that prospect. There is not much evidence that they are anxious to run the risk. Their franchise agitation in Prussia is of the most lukewarm character, and their representatives in the Reichstag have just made another hole in their traditions by consenting to a compromise on the language clause of the Associations Bill, which will straightway prevent large sections of Poles, Danes, and Alsatians using their mother tongue at public meetings, and, after twenty years, put a gag upon them all. The *bloc* is rapidly destroying what sincerity remained in German Liberalism.

* * *

A rather flighty sensation has been caused by Colonel Maude's statement in the "Contemporary Review" that Mr. Simpson, the metallurgical expert, had invented a weapon able to impart an initial velocity of 10,000 yards a second to projectiles of all dimensions practicable in war. This would represent more than ten times the velocity to which gun-makers have attained, and, according to Colonel Maude, would enable users of this arm to throw thousands of shells in succession from London to Paris. The seriousness of this invention has been greatly discredited in a letter to the "Evening Standard," but Colonel Maude's argument is ingenious. He shows that in spite of the increased deadliness of weapons and projectiles, war tends to be less dangerous. At Marston Moor a man's life was only worth four hours' purchase. The life of a British soldier at Waterloo worked out at three days of eight hours each. At Mars la Tour in the Franco-German war, in spite of the invention of breech-loaders and rifled artillery, the soldier could count on a life chance of four days of twelve hours, and in the two chief Russo-Japanese battles of not less than a fortnight. This change is due to the fact that the more dangerous the weapon the greater is the reluctance of soldiers to expose themselves to it. On the other hand, argues Colonel Maude, an immense and revolutionary change would be brought about by weapons inflicting little loss of life but immense material damage. This would tend to make war so costly as to be prohibitive. What with airships and Simpson guns it certainly seems as if we were speculating somewhat rashly in "Dreadnoughts."

* * *

The University Boat Race has been marred by a rather sinister incident. This was the secret trial of the Oxford crew over the full course. Hitherto, with one exception, all trials have been open. The departure from this healthy practice was sanctioned by the Oxford coach, and ingenious precautions were taken to deceive the public. Another, and it seems to us detestable, innovation has been the action of one of the coaches and of both the strokes in writing articles on the race for popular newspapers. We hope that both these practices will be vetoed, even though they may have issued from sheer thoughtlessness. We all know why secret trials are resorted to in horse-racing. They are used to preserve and promote the gambling interests of owners, or a small inner circle of operators, and they can obviously be worked against the ignorant outsiders. But the interest of the Boat Race is not a gambling interest, but one of pure emulation. If that be destroyed, and this specially interesting and innocent form of amateur sport is corrupted or vulgarised, it had better cease.

* * *

News of a naval disaster in the English Channel, attended by great loss to life, comes to hand as we go to press. During an exercising cruise the destroyer "Tiger" ran across the bows of the cruiser "Berwick," and was cut in two by the force of the impact. So sudden was the collision that most of the crew were thrown into the water. Twenty-one men were picked up by boats, but it is feared that the remaining thirty-five have been drowned. One of the men rescued was so exhausted that he succumbed on the way ashore.

Politics and Affairs.

THE INEVITABILITY OF HOME RULE.

It is characteristic of our politics that within a few hours of declaring that Home Rule was impossible, the leader of the Opposition should be assenting to a plan of Home Rule in higher Irish education, and admitting that Mr. Birrell, a Home Rule Secretary, had succeeded where he, a Unionist, had failed. This only illustrates the fact that, call the principle of self-government by what name you please—Home Rule, the management of Ireland according to Irish ideas, the delegation of powers, the extension of local government—it advances, often without the conscious co-operation of the two British parties, and even in face of their ill-will. In order to realise this very simple truth, it is only necessary to compare the governmental machine in Ireland to-day with what it was in 1886. The Home Ruler of the twentieth century need no longer concern himself with the buying out of the "English garrison," which was the second care of his predecessor twenty-two years ago. He will not trouble himself over the University question, and the fear of the submerging of Trinity College passes away. He will find half the problem of local government settled for him. He will not have to reckon with a solid and irrationally hostile Ulster. The fury of the land war has died down; no extreme violence or inhumanity of temper exists among the peasantry to revive the passionate dislike and fear which crippled the early Home Rule propaganda. Every anti-Irish argument which was used in the debate of last Monday was, therefore, a reduced version of the original Unionist case. Mr. Balfour could still speak of the difficulties of settling the Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament, or of fixing the financial relationship. But he knows that his own Government came, at one time, rather near to creating a separate Irish Exchequer. Lord Percy could represent the Irish bodies which his friends created as unfair to Irish Unionists. But he could adduce no serious signs of unfitness for local government. Indeed, the whole groundwork of Unionism, which is that Providence first created a race temperamentally unfit to govern themselves and then tempered the wind to the shorn lamb by providing a neighbouring nation to do the work, is undermined by the experience of the last few years. There is no sign of incapacity. There is no evidence of abiding savagery or even of unfairness in the Irish people. The sting of Lord Percy's charge disappears when we remember that it is the refusal of self-government which compels Mr. Redmond to keep the Irish local bodies intact as strongholds of nationalism, and that the fusion must begin as soon as the nation as a whole is liberated to do its administrative work. Such a fusion has already set in, and gone further than careless observers suppose. The Gaelic revival, the growth of scientific agriculture, the Sinn Fein agitation, have all brought new forces into play. Nearly every one of them has attracted recruits from the landlords' camp. How much of the anti-national force will survive the growing conviction that one day—sooner or later—this country will leave Ireland to work out her own salvation, subject to the general superintendence by the Imperial Power? How much of a similar spirit and organisation in South Africa has survived the grant of a free constitution under which the cult of "loyalism," *i.e.*, of a specially favoured minority of office-holders and expectants of office and favours, does not pay?

In Ireland, therefore, we may conclude that all is fluid, and that all the changes are tending in the direction of Home Rule. Are we sure that here things are not changing with equal rapidity? Mr. Balfour may not change, but what of the temper and policy of his party? Within twenty-four hours of the passing of the Home Rule resolution on Monday, the "Morning Post" was hinting at an accommodation between Unionists and Nationalists, under which Ireland might have the advantage of maintaining a Protectionist tariff specially adapted to her needs. We are apt to forget the not unimportant constitutional fact that, while British parties go up and down, the balance of the Irish representation remains unaffected. This generation is unlikely to see another British Government resting on a majority of 200 votes. On the contrary, every statesman who looks before and after realises that we may at any time be brought back to the capital year, 1885, when the Irishmen held the balance of power. We hope that in such a contingency the party best able to make a bid for power will not be the Protectionists. But we are quite certain that if they approach any such position, the musty formulæ of Unionism, revived without an ounce of conviction in Monday's debate, will not stop them from grasping it. What of the Liberals? What deters them from taking up Home Rule again? Not the new recruit to politics, the Labour Party, which is Home Rule to a man. Nothing in Mr. Asquith's declarations, which even if they are less warm in tone than those of the Prime Minister, represent, with all deference to Mr. Healy, no retractation or diminution of the Liberal obligations to the Home Rule cause. Not the insignificant new Unionist Rump of a score members, which the concentration on Free Trade has brought into brief existence. And not the necessity of defending Free Trade, whose maintenance may very well depend precisely on an Irish decision between Home Rule and a Protectionist offer of a separate or a specially favourable Irish tariff.

These, however, are matters of tactics, and we do not wish to rest the Irish case purely on tactical grounds. The grounds are moral, and depend on how long British democracy, while using to the full in its service the richly varied capacities and charms of the Irish people—their quick and sympathetic intellects, their adaptive talents for war, government, commerce, the arts—is going to rule them in their own country, through a selfish clique without brains or imagination, instead of frankly surrendering the task into their hands. It is impossible to conceive any end to this process other than a form of Home Rule. No good that we do to Ireland helps her or us in our actual relationships. We are slowly abandoning coercion, because, as a matter of fact, the Irish community is becoming homogeneous, and the internal warfare increasingly petty and innocuous. We are at last going to give the country a series of self-governing Universities, a generation or two after they were due. If,

in face of such concessions, we maintain the Union as it stands to-day, we are simply sharpening the sword for our own flanks. And we are doing an essentially unjust and short-sighted thing. We admit the moral power of the Irish case, when we, a nation of forty millions, refuse, in uncritical fear, self-government to a nation of four millions. Injustice makes the strongest man fear the weakest. And we are acting without reason, for, while the poverty and discontent of the Irish under Unionism subsist, unaffected by our remedies, our money, our talk, all their talents and aptitudes for government remain also as witnesses and accusers of our fault. It is a chief asset of Liberalism that it retains and advances the only cure for Irish troubles, and holds itself ready at any convenient hour to propound it afresh. It is fortunate indeed that last Monday's debate left the Liberal Party a Home Rule Party. For when it ceases to merit that title, it will cease to be a party at all.

AN OLIVE BRANCH.

Those who affect to disbelieve in the efficacy of moral forces in public life may do well to reflect on the political events of the past fortnight. They will, it is true, see these forces routed in a direct frontal attack in a single election; but if they look closer they will find an indirect effect of a strong assertion of social principles working itself out in altogether unforeseen ways. The action of the Archbishop and the majority of his colleagues on behalf of the Licensing Bill could not win the Peckham election, but it has effected a marvellous clearing of the air in another quarter. It has deeply, and we trust permanently, affected the relations of Church and Nonconformity in the matter of education. It is only on a surface view that this result will seem illogical. The truth is that the firmness of the Archbishop brought the world back to some sense of proportion. It made people realise anew that in the main the social struggle is one struggle—the struggle against the forces of material self-interest, that in this struggle the leaders of the Established Church and the leaders of the Free Churches stand side by side, and that the differences which part them are far smaller than the ties of agreement which unite them. The result was to secure an atmosphere for the reception of the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill such as has never existed since 1902, and which, whatever the fate of the Bill, will, we hope, become a permanent, as it is a healthy, condition of our political life. Had Mr. Birrell's Bill found such an atmosphere awaiting it, it would long since have passed into law.

We do not say that this atmosphere is all-pervasive. There are certain interests which the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill would not satisfy, and it is natural that these should make their voices heard. There are also certain less legitimate interests to which peace is unacceptable merely because it is peace and would greatly smooth the path of the Government. The two great Bills now before Parliament form the main stones of stumbling which all men have foreseen in the path of the party in power, and it is political human nature that the party in opposition should desire to keep them in being. If the education question is settled by agreement a great difficulty in the way of the Government will be overcome, and it is to the party interest of Unionism that the question should be kept alive. Mr. Balfour, as the most adroit of tacticians, may be trusted thoroughly to appreciate this side of the position. We know the extent of his influence with the House of Lords, and we regret to see a hint of an opposition based on considerations of this kind in the speech of Lord Lansdowne. But we do not believe that such a purely factious opposition would succeed. If a basis of agreement can once be found the Bill embodying it would go of itself, and the opposition of the Lords would be swept aside. The question is: Is compromise possible? Hitherto every attempt has failed. Is it possible, in a more favourable state of opinion, for any new proposal to succeed?

Let us try to locate the points of difficulty, with a view not to emphasising them, but to seeing how they may be overcome. Broadly speaking, the Bishop's Bill provides a possible line of working agreement as between the bulk of Moderate Churchmen and the Nonconformists. On the one hand, it establishes public control, and recognises the religious freedom of the teachers; on the other, it gives facilities for denominational instruction at the cost of the denominations where the parents desire it. The one real crux involved here is the position of the teacher. Professedly he will remain free. Will it be possible to secure him real freedom to decline to give religious instruction, or will his appointment in practice be made dependent on his consent? If adequate guarantees can be given on this point, the teacher will stand to gain rather than to lose from the Bishop's Bill. If not, he may lose the position which he now enjoys in the provided schools. The first problem, therefore, is to consider the methods and conditions of appointment, and to come to an agreement on some provision which will secure to the teacher in law the position which we believe that both sides alike desire to give him.

There remains the much more real difficulty of the Catholic schools, Anglican or Roman. We cannot simply put these schools aside as a small minority. If we are to have a settlement by consent, it must be an all-round settlement; and the question is whether any settlement is possible which would concede so strong a claim as that which the Catholics make upon the State. We fear it must be frankly recognised that this can only be done by allowing of an exception within the general State system, and this brings us back at once to something like the regrettable expedient of contracting out. But, in the first place, contracting out on this basis would be a very much smaller affair than is contemplated in Mr. McKenna's Bill as it at present stands. It would not only be confined to the urban areas, but to certain non-provided schools in which a large majority of the parents of scholars should desire it. If we may trust the Bishop of Birmingham, there is not one parent in fifty who will take the trouble to demand any special form of religious instruction in addition to that offered by the

public authority. Nevertheless, the suggestion of leaving even a small minority of schools to muddle along inefficiently without rate aid is very rightly distasteful, and we think that experts might well give their minds to considering whether the Catholic proposal for the earmarking of a portion of the education rate is, after all, unworkable. If this proposal were accepted it would, to begin with, come into force only where a large majority of parents of children in a non-provided school ask for special treatment, and the school would be placed on this basis only if the fund ear-marked for the purpose should be sufficient, together with private contributions, to maintain it in a manner satisfactory to the Board of Education. Under these conditions the exceptions would not be numerous, but they would meet the Catholic claim, and to meet it is worth some cost in point of cumbrousness of machinery. The alternative is contracting out pure and simple. There has not yet been devised by the wit of man any simple and uniform system which will meet all the complicated and inconsistent demands of the rival parties in the educational world. The problem now is to find the lines on which the new spirit that has arisen may work itself out into practical proposals without encountering some insuperable obstacle.

THE NEW HOPE FOR MACEDONIA.

Macedonia has once again become the centre of European interest. Last autumn that unfortunate land seemed to be settling down into a condition of enduring anarchy and decay. The so-called scheme of European Reforms had been everywhere checked and blighted. The native Christian populations were fleeing to America, or being decimated by rival bands of Nationalist propagandism from Greece, Servia, or Bulgaria. The European gendarmerie officers, impotent for amelioration, were watching this chaos with a deepening disgust. The Turk was rejoicing over the checkmating of all European attempts to ensure the good government which had been solemnly guaranteed by the Treaty of Berlin. The "interested Powers" were content to allow the whole affair to fester into corruption and decline. Austria was secretly working for the extension of the Bosnian railway system into European Turkey. Russia was wrestling with her own internal revolution. Of the others, Germany, closely allied with the Sultan and posing as the protector and friend of Turkish interests, was dominating the situation at Constantinople. The inaction of England under a Liberal Government was the subject of free comment; a comment of perplexity and despair amongst the Eastern nationalities and in the disturbed districts that had been led by Lord Lansdowne's action to hope for eventual reform; a comment of satisfaction by all those who desired the perpetuation of the present confusion and who hoped, by judicious fishing in these troubled waters, to gather in some substantial gain.

Suddenly, however, and most fortunately, Sir Edward Grey proclaimed to Europe that British patience, long enduring, had at last become exhausted; that England intended to demand an active pursuit of the policy which was the alternative to the San Stefano Treaty, accepted solemnly by all the signatory Powers of the Treaty of Berlin. The tearing up of the provisions which constructed a greater Bulgaria out of Macedonia involved, in the thirty-third article of that Treaty, the acceptance of a European responsibility for security to life and property of those Christian people who had been placed again under the Turkish rule. On December 18th last the British Government communicated to the five other great Powers which make up "the Concert of Europe" an exceedingly mild programme of reform. Recognising the deplorable condition of that unfortunate country, with murder and assassination unchecked, and a practically permanent condition of civil war, Sir Edward Grey suggested immediate action in "adopting such effective measures as may be calculated to avert a crisis which, in default of such action, cannot fail to arise." Protesting against "the gradual extermination of the Christian inhabitants of Macedonia," where the Ottoman authorities "have displayed an utter incapacity to maintain public tranquillity," the British Foreign Minister suggested a fresh remedy, in the entrusting of a full measure of executive control to the foreign staff officers in Macedonia, with the substantial increase in numbers of the gendarmerie and an "adequate equipment" for the establishment of mobile columns designed to hunt down and to destroy the bands which are a curse to the countryside. Each of the five Governments replied, in answers that are printed in the White Paper issued this week; each rejected the British proposals. Austria and Russia, in a joint reply, announced that the time was inopportune. The condition of the officers in such circumstance would be "very unsatisfactory," and the proposal "would undoubtedly meet with a categorical refusal from the Sublime Porte." The Italian Government rejected the scheme mainly, it would appear, because it had been informed that the Russian, German, and Austro-Hungarian Governments had already rejected it, though it urged also the inefficiency of the gendarmerie as at present organised for such work, and that the preliminary step of first ensuring this efficiency should be pressed upon the Sultan. The French also, as it seems, somewhat regretfully considered the proposals difficult, while other reforms—such as the judicial scheme—remain unfulfilled. And Germany—the evil genius of the Balkan imbroglio—in curt phrases—assured us that the proposal was "impracticable."

In reply to these variable counsels of timidity and scarcely concealed private interests, Sir Edward Grey addressed to the Powers of Europe, on March 3rd, an appeal which may be destined to occupy a position of historic importance. After declaring the "regret" and "disappointment" with which the British Government received the rejection of its scheme and the failure of any alternative suggestion, and some elaborate guard against the somewhat flimsy objections which had been advanced in its defence, the British Foreign Minister, in words of dignified and grave determination, invited the component Powers of the Concert of Europe to confront the essential facts of a situation full of danger. The present position of the three vilayets, Sir Edward Grey again declares, "is so serious as to call for immediate

and effective action." "It is certain that serious consequences may ensue from a continuance of the present state of disorder and violence in the vilayets, especially if it is believed that the European Concert is unable or unwilling to find a remedy." And the result of the rejection of the milder suggestion is the challenge of an effectual remedy for a situation which "cannot be remedied by half measures." That challenge is offered in the scheme outlined by Sir Edward Grey in the Macedonian debate of March 3rd to the House of Commons. It revives the old proposal of Lord Lansdowne of four years ago, of an independent Governor given "a free hand and irremovable for a term of years, except with the consent of the Powers, with an adequate force of gendarmerie placed at his disposal for the restoration of public order." "His pension should be guaranteed by the Powers, and provision made for it in the Macedonian Budget." The Turkish troops—a crushing burden to Macedonia—would be largely reduced, and in return, while this system lasts, the integrity of Macedonia as a portion of the Sultan's dominions would be guaranteed by the Powers. Sir Edward Grey at the same time offered favourably to consider any alternative proposal which might be put forward by the Powers. All he demanded was *some* action, instead of this fatal and paralysing silence and impotence which was rendering the Concert the laughing-stock of the world. "If the Powers are not prepared to assume this attitude," he concluded, in solemn warning, "they will, in effect, declare that they are powerless to secure anything, and that the Concert, as an instrument for securing reform, has ceased to exist."

This demonstration of the prolonged and serious character of British concern in the welfare of Macedonia has fallen like a bombshell upon the divided counsels of the European nations. While Austria, in the person of Baron von Aehrenthal, is making separate treaties with the Porte for railway concessions, and Germany, in the person of Prince von Bülow, is proclaiming friendship and admiration for the Sultan, the British Government, roughly and somewhat indelicately, reminds that slow-moving and clumsy combination of the very object of its existence—the welfare of the subject Christian populations of the Near East, and, through the provision of that welfare, the avoidance of the perpetual menace of insurrection or actual warfare in the Balkans. In England over a hundred members of Parliament have signed a letter expressing satisfaction at the renewed action of the British Government. There is no official news as yet as to its reception. Unofficially, however, there comes the information that Austro-Hungary have rejected it. There are certainly elaborate discussions on this subject in the descent of Prince Bülow on Vienna and the calling into consultation of the third member of the "Triplice." Unofficially, also, there appears the outline of counter proposals which Russia, now somewhat tardily, offers for the consideration of the Concert. These counter proposals recognise the collapse of the Mürzsteg programme and the substitution of the action of the whole Concert for the action of the Mandatory Powers; and, in so far as they thus represent an advance towards reality, they may be welcomed. Otherwise they would seem to be totally inadequate to the actual situation. The Inspector-General is to be guaranteed security of tenure as long as the 3 per cent. increase of Customs is sanctioned. But Hilmi Pasha (the present Inspector-General) is not hampered by lack of "security of tenure." His effort, in recent times, has always been to get away from an impossible situation. The difficulty has been not to prevent him going, but to persuade him to stay. The Financial Commission, with the full status now possessed by the civil agents of Austria and Russia, are to be endowed with some vague and rather uncertain powers of justice and public safety under a gendarmerie, with which is to be incorporated the local village guards. If this implies full executive control to the representatives of the European Powers, it might be accepted as satisfactory. But that can only be judged when the full and definite proposals are established. If it were linked up with Sir Edward Grey's proposal of an independent Governor, it might prove adequate to the situation. Anything less than full executive control would be utterly useless. It is interesting to find the "Novoye Vremya" condemning this vaguely outlined scheme, and warmly supporting the British suggestion. It concludes that "Russia will ultimately be obliged to adhere to the British proposals, which alone can bring a beneficial change to the Macedonian population." There are suggestions, on the other hand, that in face of a *non possumus* from the two Germanic Powers, the three Western nations which have hitherto acted together in this matter with Russia in agreement, will go forward to press the policy of reform upon the Sultan. The situation has become at once extraordinarily critical and extraordinarily interesting. The Grey policy holds the field. By its advance this country has regained the confidence and gratitude of the Balkan nations, which we were in danger of losing from our long inaction, and assumed its rightful position of responsibility for a burden deliberately accepted thirty years ago.

THE VICTORY OF FREE TRADE FINANCE.

From the large, almost the magnificent, surplus which has accrued to the Exchequer at the close of the financial year, it is quite clear that, if the policy of military and naval retrenchment promised to the country at the last General Election by the leading Ministers and by the great majority of the Liberal Party—a policy persistently advocated in these columns—had been fully carried out, Mr. Asquith would have been able this year to present a Budget so brilliant as to revive the memories of the great Gladstonian achievements, restore the popularity of the Government, and earn the admiring gratitude of the whole nation. This, we say, is quite clear; for even without vitally challenging the policy of overblown establishments, by merely modifying the extravagances of the War Office and Admiralty, Mr. Asquith can claim to have restored the financial equilibrium. Nay,

more, at a time when the trade of the world is declining, and our three greatest rival Powers—the United States, Germany, and France—are embarrassed by heavy and menacing deficits, our Chancellor can boast not only of large reductions effected by an operative sinking fund, but of a substantial realised surplus at the close of this financial year. Mr. Asquith has himself admitted that the reductions so far effected are insufficient. The total of unproductive expenditure is still at a war level; it presses heavily upon the poorer taxpayers, and requires the maintenance of war imposts (like the sugar tax), a grievous cause of unemployment.

But for the moment we are well entitled to look at the cheerful side, and draw encouragement which should be a stimulus to fresh efforts for economy on the war services. Mr. Harcourt, who inherits a love of sound finance, put the case for the Government in a fair and friendly way at Reading the other day. Our naval expenditure, he said, including votes and loans, was 35½ millions in 1905; to-day it is under 32 millions; and if we add to that a decrease on the Army Estimates of 4½ millions, it makes the total decrease of warlike expenditure of £8,500,000 in little more than two years. But the comparison of a single year does not always give the full effect of these operations, and Mr. Harcourt was justified in comparing the total naval and military expenditure of the last two years of the Tory and the first two years of the Liberal Government. In the former case the expenditure amounted to 149 millions, in the latter to 133½ millions, which means a saving of 15½ millions in two years. It is very probable that every penny of these 15½ millions would have been spent and added to the National Debt by Mr. Balfour's Government. The debt, therefore, would have been 15 millions larger, and that would have involved a permanent charge for interest of between £400,000 and £500,000, of which the taxpayer has now been relieved. Altogether Mr. Asquith has swept away over a million of interest on the debt as a result of his Sinking Fund operations, and has done far more in this direction than any of his predecessors in the same space of time. This is no small achievement. Its effect has been felt in the Money Market, and has materially helped us to come with flying colours through the international crisis that followed on the American panic.

But, of course, a saving of fifteen millions in two years does not represent the whole advantage gained by the country. Mr. Balfour, as leader of the Opposition, has lost no opportunity of urging additions to warlike expenditure. He has even declaimed against the abandonment of borrowing for military and naval works, and he has instructed or allowed his colleagues to plead for a naval programme which must soon add from five to ten millions to the Navy Estimates. But Mr. Balfour's advocacy of lax profusion in warlike expenditure is now accompanied by a declaration that the basis of taxation must be "broadened" in order to provide an adequate revenue. This is the sum and substance of his speech on Mr. Mond's resolution and this new policy ought to be vigilantly watched and criticised. We do not accuse Mr. Balfour of deliberately inciting his opponents to military extravagance so as to throw the income-taxpayers into the arms of the Tariff Reformers. This would be a subtler stroke than Mr. Balfour's milder Machiavellianism would approve. But though the member for the City of London may be excused of anything worse than looseness of mind and a cheerful willingness to oblige any friendly faction at the public expense, it is clear that another motive actuates some of his followers—or shall we say his leaders? They are not, as a rule, very well informed about economic conditions in other countries. But they are dimly conscious that in Germany and France and the United States militarism fosters Protection; not because a heavily burdened nation suffers less under Protection than under Free Trade—it suffers far more—but because its Government can win over powerful sections of capitalists to endorse costly programmes by promising them that the new taxation shall be divided between favoured interests and the exchequer. If, for example, a tax yielding five millions be imposed on imported corn, the agricultural landlords are naturally enthusiastic; for, as two-thirds of our corn is imported, they will pocket ten or twelve millions. Thus out of a tax of seventeen millions paid by all who eat bread, five go into the Exchequer and twelve into the pockets of a small class. To the Tariff Reform League this seems an admirable way of raising money. Indeed, the one argument for it is the political one that it enlists for any given tax the enthusiastic support of a rich class which can well afford to contribute heavily to the preliminary work of "education." But any thoughtful student of public finance will see that this policy of "broadening the basis" and giving "a little Protection all round"—which is what Mr. Balfour means—would very soon prove fatal to the public revenue. It might take a year or two for its consequences to develop. But the futility of a pile of little taxes, such as our tariff contained before the 'forties, would speedily appear. The best and the worst that could be said for this policy, as Mr. Churchill put it in his masterly speech at Manchester, is that it would greatly increase the taxation of the poor in order to diminish slightly the burdens of the rich.

We see to-day, in the contrast between Great Britain and Germany or the United States, how the interaction of tariffs and revenue works out. Our actual expenditure in money on the Army and Navy in proportion to population is much greater than that of Germany, and vastly greater than that of the United States. Yet these two nations are so burdened by Protective tariffs that the monetary crisis has plunged them into the utmost embarrassment. New York and all the great towns of the United States are swarming with unemployed. At least forty thousand men are workless in Berlin; 185,000 is the calculation by Protectionist papers of the number in New York. Serious rioting has occurred in both countries. In the United States the falling off of the customs under tariff influences is so serious that a deficit is inevitable, and borrowing must ensue. Still more critical is the case of the German Empire. Instead of a five million surplus, Germany is faced with a six million deficit on its ordinary expenditure, and a further deficit of ten millions on what is called its extraordinary expenditure. While Mr. Asquith cancels fifteen millions of debt, the Finance Minister of the German Empire has to borrow sixteen millions sterling in order to balance his annual accounts.

If we turn from general considerations to the figures themselves, we find that the only item on which there was a serious decrease of revenue for the year was customs, though excise only showed a very trifling gain. Mr. Asquith's great successes were the death duties and the income tax. The former has fully justified last year's graduation, and in the latter Mr. Asquith has actually obtained £780,000 more than last year, though he allowed for a loss of £1,100,000. He has given a relief of threepence in the pound to people with earned incomes of from £700 to £2,000; but he has so improved the machinery of collection that this handsome concession to honesty has been more than made up by those who had hitherto sent in dishonest returns. Mr. Asquith's income-tax experiment has, therefore, proved wholly successful; and the success is not only of good augury for next year's Budget, but also a conclusive vindication of the superiority of direct over indirect taxation, a victory both for Free Trade and for progressive finance at a moment when an ill-informed statesman, in shifts for a party and a majority, is threatening both.

Life and Letters.

A CHILD.

In Kensington Gardens, that February day, it was very still. Trees, stripped of every leaf, raised their bare, clean twigs towards a sky so grey and so unstirring that there might never have been wind, or sun. And on those branches pigeons sat, silent, as though they understood that there was no new life as yet; they seemed waiting, loth to spread their wings, lest they should miss the coming of the spring.

Down in the grass the tiniest green flames were burning—a sign of the fire of flowers that would leap up if the sun would feed them.

And on a seat there sat a child.

He sat between his father and his mother, looking straight before him. It was plain that the reason why he looked so straight before him was that he really had not strength to care to look to right or left—so white his face was, so puny were his limbs. His clothes had evidently been designed for others, and this was fortunate, for they prevented the actual size of him from being seen. He was not, however, what is called neglected. His face was clean, and the utmost of protection that God and the condition of his parents had vouchsafed was evidently lavished on him, for round his neck there was a little bit of draggled fur which should have been round the neck of her against whose thin and shabby side he leaned. This mother of his was looking at the ground, and, from the expression of her face, she seemed to think that looking at the ground was all life had to offer.

The father sat with his eyes shut. He had shabby clothes, a grey face, and a grey collar that had once been white. Above the collar his thin cheeks had evidently just been shaved, for it was Saturday, and, by the colour of those cheeks, and by his boots, whose soles, hardly thicker than a paper sheet, still intervened between him and the ground, he was seen not to be a tramp or outdoor person, but an indoor worker of some sort, and very likely out of work, who had come out to rest in the company of his wife and family. His eyes being shut, he sat without the pain of looking at a single thing, moving his jaw at intervals from side to side, as though he had a toothache.

And between this man who had begotten, and this woman who had borne him, the child sat, very still, evidently on good terms with them, not realising that they had brought him out of a warm darkness where he had been happy, out of a sweet nothingness, into which, and soon, perhaps, he would pass again—not realising that they had so neglected to keep pace with things, or that things had so omitted to keep pace with them, that he himself had eaten in his time about one-half the food he should have eaten, and that of the wrong sort. By the expression of his face, that pale, small ghost had evidently grasped the truth that things were as they had to be. He seemed to sit there reviewing his own life, taking for granted that it must be what it was, from hour to hour, and day to day, and year to year.

And before me, too, the incidents of his small journey passed. I saw him, in the morning, getting off the family bed, where it was sometimes warm, and chewing at a crust of bread before he set off to school in company with other children, some of whom were stouter than himself—saw him carrying in his small fist the remnants of his feast, and dropping it, or swopping it away for peppermints, because it tired him to consume it, having no juices to speak of in his little stomach. I seemed to understand that, accustomed as he was to eating little, he almost always wanted to eat less, not because he had any wish to die—nothing so extravagant—but simply that he nearly always felt a little sick. I felt that his pale, despondent mother was always urging him to eat, when there were things to eat, and that this bored him, since they did not strike him as worth all that trouble with his jaws. She must have had a "job" indeed to persuade him that there was any point in eating; for, from his looks, he could manifestly not now enjoy anything but peppermints and kippered herrings. I seemed to see him in his school, not learning, not wanting to learn, anything, nor knowing why this should be so, ignorant of the dispensations of a Providence who, after hesitating long to educate him lest this should make his parents paupers, now compelled his education, having first destroyed his stomach, that he might be incapable of taking in what he was taught. That small, white creature could not, as yet, have grasped the notion that the welfare of the future lay, not with the future, but with the past. He only knew that every day he went to school with little in his stomach, and every day came back from school with less.

All this he seemed to be reviewing as he sat there, but not in thought; his knowledge was too deep for thoughts; he was simply feeling—as a child that looked as he looked would naturally be feeling—on that bench between his parents. He opened his little mouth at times, as a small bird will open its small beak, without apparent purpose, and his lips seemed murmuring: —

"My stomach feels as if there were a mouse inside it; my legs are aching; it's all quite natural, no doubt!"

To reconcile this apathy of his with recollections of his unresting, mirthless energy down alleys and on doorsteps, it was needful to remember human nature, and its exhaustless cruse of courage. For, though he might not care to live, yet, while he was alive, he would keep his end up, because he must—there was no other way. And why exhaust himself in vain regrets and dreams of things he could not see, and hopes of being what he could not be? That he had no resentment against anything was certain from his patient eyes—not even against those two who sat, one on either side of him—unaware that he was what he was, in order that they, who, against his will, had brought him into being, might be forced by law to keep a self-respect they did not want, and have the unsought pride of giving him an insufficiency of things he could not eat; for he had as yet no knowledge of political economy. He evidently did not view his case in any petty, or in any party, spirit; he did not seem to look on himself as just a half-starved child that should have cried its eyes out till it was fed at least as well as the dogs that passed him; he seemed to look on himself as that impersonal, imperial thing—the Future of the Race.

So profound his apathy!

And, as I looked, the "Future of the Race" turned to his father.

"'Ark at that b——y bird!" he said.

It was a pigeon, who, high upon a tree, had suddenly begun to croon. One could see his head outlined against the grey, unstirring sky, first bending back, then down into his breast, then back again; and that soft song of his filled all the air like an invocation of fertility.

"The Future of the Race" watched him for a minute without moving, and suddenly he laughed. That laugh was a little hard noise like the clapping of two boards—there was not a single drop of blood in it, nor the faintest sound of music. So might a marionette have laughed—a figure made of wood and wire.

And in that laugh I seemed to hear innumerable laughter; the laughter in a million homes of the myriad unfed.

So laughed the Future of the richest and the freest and the proudest race that had ever lived on earth, that February afternoon, with the little green flames lighted in the grass, under a sky that knew not wind or sun—so he laughed at the pigeon that was calling for the spring.

John Galsworthy.

THE DEAD MARCH.

The Volunteer was forty-five years old when he passed away last Tuesday as the clock struck midnight. Only forty-five, he was, by regulation, and his father's name was Fencible. It seemed impossible that all we knew of him could have been crowded into those few years—less than two generations, not time enough to allow him to win his long-service medal twice over. Yet we could have wished him no fitter demise. Cut off in his prime, he fell with harness on his back. At his obsequies drums were heard, and funeral notes; many soldiers discharged their farewell shots, nor did an enemy, with sullen firing, disturb the sad festivity of the scene. In conformity with his career, his end was martial peace.

That "Last Post," how sad and sweet it is, whether it sounds over lonely graves soon to be indistinguishable, or warns the canteen of bedtime! "Good-night, good-night!" it cries. "Sleep well in the grave—sleep!" Or else, like the blue-water school when the fleet is at three-Power standard, it says, "Sleep well in your beds." To the Volunteer last Tuesday night it said both, and, after the burial of his name, the man went home to slumber. We would not speak without respect of anything that is past. One remembers those verses in the "Daily Chronicle" that first drew attention to Mr. Edgar Wallace's art ten years ago. The thing was called "Ginger James," and it told how an insignificant and rather worthless private suddenly came to be honoured by all the regiment. His comrades saluted him, the colonel took off his hat, the guard stood at the Present, he rode in a carriage, and his travelling rug was the Union Jack, when he drove away to a rather slow selection from a piece that is known as "Saul." And all this for nothing he had done. So with the Volunteer. He was alive, and is dead. The War Office made him; let him pass for a soldier.

He has been dead and buried only these four nights, but already we begin to think of him with regretful tenderness, and fond memory brings the light of other days around him. We see him as he first appeared, in hard, high cap, with flat, projecting peak, and a little ball or plume of cock-feathers at the top. That was the time when his officers wore long pointed whiskers that waved over their shoulder-straps in the breeze, and his youthful courage was maintained by assurances that he would be sent out of England only in case of invasion. It was the time of Ritualistic movements, when the defaulting Volunteer pledged himself to come to drill in Lent. It was then that he got his rifle mixed up in the wheels of his omnibus, and could not imagine where to hide the unsightly ribbon of wood and iron that came out. Then that, mistaking the wooden Highlander in front of a tobacconist shop for one of the London Scottish, he called him "poshtively a dishgrache to the serviche." Then that, being discovered by his adjutant asleep among the furze-bushes on Wimbledon Common while a field-day was raging, he explained that he had been a Volunteer quite recently, but had just resigned "owing to tempry indishposition."

"Punch" was then his record, his chronicle, and service-sheet. "Dress up, indeed!" he retorted to his sergeant-major. "Confound you, I'm better dressed than you are!" And once he had to display obedience to the direction, "Has you were! 'Alt! Mark time! The 'ole will bear in mind that my word of command is merely a Caution." Or he imbibed the instruction, "When I says Fix, mind you baint to fix, but when I says Baynets, whip 'em out smart." The brave days of Wimbledon faded away like youth, but still something of the old spirit remained, and it was in actual camp at Aldershot that the Volunteer put the guard-tent prisoner on sentry-go while he went for a walk with his girl. It was at Aldershot that he fired at a rook with a round stone and a blank cartridge, and both he and the rook survived.

We owe a great deal to one who added so much to the gaiety of the nation, nor will we lightly talk of the spirit that is gone. Looking at him as he lived, we have often marvelled at his humility and devotion. The thing may not have been particularly well done; the wonder was it should be done at all. Some, as we know, attributed the Volunteer's zeal to a form of snobbery—to a delight in fine clothes and sounding titles—to a sense of rank and command—to a passion for mess-tent revelry. There was, perhaps, no great harm in liking to be decently dressed once a month, or even once a week, but people who said these things never knew the Volunteer from inside. They never knew the Regular's scorn, the Militiaman's contumely. They never knew what it was to be a Volunteer officer and see a private in the Foot Guards turn about and walk in the opposite direction rather than salute you, or to hear soldiers three discussing whether to salute, and deciding not. They never knew what it was to hold an advance party together for pitching camp in rain and wind, or to be summoned at daybreak to see that the fat on the raw sides of ration flesh was of a wholesome hue. They never knew the mess-tent revelry of sopping grass and puddled clay, of stinking stoves and lukewarm soup.

It could not have been snobbery that made the Volunteer. There was no social pride in being called a "mutton-slayer," or even a "Saturday soldier." There was no undue distinction in the glance that observed the silver buttons, nor in the sniff that went by. The cause remains something of a mystery; it was so easy not to be a Volunteer, yet so many were. Something savage, we suppose, was mingled in their blood—the touch that makes a box of soldiers so welcome to a boy, or that drives people to tour in gipsy-vans far from their desirable residences. Some natures also are born to obey; they enjoy the decisiveness of commands, the relief from hesitation, the comfort when only obedience is required. Others sought comradeship—the true and only society in a common cause. These may have been among the reasons why the Volunteer existed. The defence of the country has also been alleged.

But, whatever his reasons for existing may have been, there is no question as to the Volunteer's influence upon our physical and intellectual condition. The movement started at about 160,000 strong, and it put on about 100,000 more before it was done. It was something to have that considerable number of young men engaged in definite exercises week by week for all those years. It was more that their thoughts should be diverted from the backyard and street to wider interests and subjects attractive to military minds—the reform of the War Office, foreign relations, or the lessons they could draw from Napoleonic campaigns. One of the Volunteers, by nature himself Napoleonic, by destiny a banker's clerk, was lying out with his company upon an African hillside. Being under cover for the moment, he was asked what he thought of active service, and replied, "I think it has extended our horizons." A few minutes later the scope of his horizon was again extended, for he was dead.

That is, perhaps, the best thing to remember when we recall the episode of the Volunteers in our history. Of their military value it is impossible to judge, for it was never tested, and the hottest field-day is not in the least like war. Indeed, the only danger of the movement lay in accustoming men to think that war would not be very much different. But, allowing for all the seriousness of this danger, we may still say that for several hundreds of thousands the movement widened an horizon otherwise narrow, and when ridicule has said its worst, still that is something to boast of. To take the dear old Volunteer's place, we are now promised "Territorials," with County Associations, converted artillery, 168 battalions formed into 14 divisions, and one knows not what beside. But in burying our Volunteer, let us not think bitterly of the morrow. One of the characteristic things about the funeral is that we are not sure whether he is really dead, or whether, like the evening and the morning star, it is only his name that is changed.

THE UNDERCURRENT.

Under the rush and bustle of the day, by the gaiety and loneliness of night, the movements of its troubled depths are half concealed. But it is always there.

For just beneath the surface it flows on, like the under-rush of some vast river big in flood, which swirls and eddies and sweeps along below, but only at intervals reveals itself; so that its force and volume are not known or are misjudged by the little surface ripples which deceive. So, in the City of the Great Unrest, a mighty undercurrent seethes—beneath the onward rush of outward things.

To the heaving surge and hurry of the streets, where vast oblivious crowds pass to and fro, to shop for pleasure or necessity, or just to gaze at unaccustomed sights, or hurry through a little social round, it adds the deeper, fiercer restlessness of hidden things. While ordered millions work and rest and sleep in smooth routine of regulated lives, it boils with the passion, jealousy, and despair of those who live wilfully or blindly by desire. And underneath the carelessness and mirth of all who dine or sup or watch the play, in quiet respectability or guarded ease, it surges, swollen with realities of love and sin and avarice and want.

Silent, submerged, and turgid with intrigue, it seethes with the complexities of unbridled lives and the tossing destinies of those who do not live or know the life of home, but struggle fiercely through a swirl of plots and strife and robbery and fear.

The driftwood of its flood is mad humanity. Wild, lawless men who do not stop to think, except to manage women, raise a loan, or circumvent their pressing creditors. Men who still seek adventures of their youth, or because of their loneliness lead double lives. Suave, callous men, who smile and screw their eyes, while they listen to a woman's tearful prayers, or threats of hate from creatures in their power, or gauge the gullibility of those they engineer acquaintance with, to rob. And men with bloated faces and loose mouths, who talk the jargon of the betting ring, and bring the roguery of racing tricks, and a gambler's licence to guide their lives. And all the hirelings of vice and crime, who take their orders for shameful deeds in drinking bars, nor care for whom they spy or whom they trap, so long as they can earn the means to indulge.

Swelling the turbid stream of men's iniquities are women, loving and deceiving men; and many who obey from want or fear. Vain women, crazed with rivalry and pride, who smile with advertised integrity, and trade on the passions of enamoured men to pay their debts and help them flaunt abroad. Frail, dainty women, born to be caressed, who idolise some careless, bragging youth, or yield to a crafty blackmailer of town, because they fret or wither in their homes. Mad, reckless women, jealous for an age, who hang a leaden weight of fearing years, as tribute to their importunity, around the neck of tempted, threatened men. The strange, hard women, married or divorced, who never had or have forgotten youth, and always live in company with men, and help them in their schemes, and talk their talk, and act as a hostess, accomplice, or decoy, at men's enforced commands. And they who reach for better company, with youthful indifference to risk or wrong, drawn by the glamour of pleasures out of reach. And all the many Daughters of Despair, who loved an easy luxury too well, or wanted food—fierce, callous, cunning, passionate, and sad—who drift in the restless currents for a space, and sink and sink and finally go down—clutching and struggling and gasping as they go down.

With every ache and passion and desire wherewith these men and women are perturbed, the eddying undercurrent's drift is swelled; so that the busy, crowded outward life seems sinister with what is underneath. For the little flashes of its under-rush are everywhere.

In the more secluded places of the parks, men sit and fidget, frowning into space; and women, dressed to ruffle it in crowds, stare down an unfrequented path, sitting and watching and pretending not to look; and hired broughams stop at distant points just long enough to let a man step in; and couples pace the little-trodden grass, talking with earnestness which shows, but does not see. All keep a day-time tryst not safely possible elsewhere.

In the noisy reeking pack of drinking halls, sallow-faced evil men with cruel eyes mutter their angry warnings or commands into scared women's faces, blotched with tears; or, slouching in, make signs to seated friends, and point with little signals of their own the unconscious victim of their ripening plot; or ply with seeming jollity and drink a circled man to make him easier to rob. Girls with flushed cheeks and pouting, childish mouths, flounce round, in imitation finery and paste, from group to group; and, while they laugh and jest, and look around with the impudent self-consciousness of youth, you seem to see the horror of their end. And, silencing the clatter and the buzz, rise gasping, bitten oaths of fighting men, or women's choking cries, as suddenly with a sentence and a blow the smoulderings of a long vendetta burst; and men or women hit and tear or dodge. And in the lounges of the music-halls, heavy with scent and hot with burning lights, beneath the ordered crush of painted pain and the regulated boisterousness of drink, the undercurrent boils and rises up: in the murmured supplications of a youth, the corner conferences of scowling men, in avoided meetings, and quick whispered words, in altercations about wild happenings, or in an angry woman's mocking smile.

The rushing panorama of the streets teems with the little scenes which half disclose. Men stand as if to look into a shop, while they watch and track a couple or a man, with the furtive cunning of hired spies—moving with careful carelessness along the street. A cab draws up against a quiet kerb, and the woman leaning back inside sits still; and where it stops no light shows in the door, or, maybe, the house is empty or to let. A covered carriage passes quickly by, showing a flash of struggling within, and only the raising of the shuttered window breaks the cry. In all the little actions unexplained by the everyday routine of ordered lives, the undercurrent shows: in the hurry of a woman, late at night, who stops her cab a street away and walks, speeding around the corner to her home; in the fumblings with an unaccustomed key of the man who checks the impulse to look round to see who comes along the silent street; in late departures from unlighted doors, in strange companionships, and open tears, by secret signals, and in looks of hate, in the visits of rich people to mean streets, in the vigils and the scuffles of the night.

The mirth and brilliance of restaurants hide more than they disclose; save that the well-known plunderers of town, suave and well-dressed, dine sumptuously at their ease; and jewelled women, notorious for a list of ruined men, sup with some careless or unconscious youth, or with the man who helps them to spend their gains. These by their presence conjure up the depths. And the boredom and disdain of silent pairs, the cool intrusion of unwelcome men, and the secret passage of a scribbled note, ruffle the surface of gay merriment. And even in the intervals of plays, the hungry watching of a lonely man, a studied insult in the crowded lounge, or a woman's start and glances of surprise, tell of the deeper dramas of real life.

Thus, by an infinite variety of sudden glimpses it reveals itself. And the intricacies of its mysteries appal the mind; for only the little ripples are perceived. But still it winds and rushes and sweeps on in a tortuous, seething, hidden confluence of self-indulgence, want, intrigue, and crime. And with the foolish insolence of youth, the evil cunning of experience, and the frailty, the cruelty, the greed of those who battle strongly for a while, mingles the wreckage of those who sink. For in its troubled waters many drown.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The usual conception of the simple life is distant and rural. It comprises rose bowers but no green fly, apple alleys unvisited by the codlin moth, lawns wherein the plantain never appears. The blackbird flutes to us all day long and never turns his attention to the strawberries; rabbits skip amiably and never gnaw our choicest trees; the warm red walls whereon the peaches lie are unslimed by slug or snail; the garden patch bears every vegetable in its season and never a troublesome weed. Everything grows by itself. At any rate, the garden is a three-hundred and sixty-five day clock which we have only to wind once a year, and which will run with happy tick while we read our poetry, pay visits, and generally enjoy ourselves. For we have always heard that the greatest of all country delights is that of getting back home after a week or two spent in town.

Into this Eden of the imagination strides the well-informed writer and worker who calls himself "Home Counties," scattering thistle seeds and couch grass. At his nod, down come Kah-gah-gee and his black hordes to devour the fruit we had intended for dessert. Blight falls upon our garden, blistering every leaf. Wireworm takes it by the root, mildew in the bud, drought parches it, or unremitting rain turns it into a swamp. The book of verses must be flung down and we must work morning, noon, and night if we would save a mere tenth from destruction. Not only that, but, as it is not given to us to know what and when is the right thing to be done, we shall often be aiding the ruin rather than hindering it. All the books ever printed are useless. The worst of them (and the most attractive and best advertised) are works of imagination written by journalists. The best can only tell the novice how little he knows and how necessary it is for him to gain experience before he begins to run a farm of his own. He cannot learn from a neighbour without paying him a fee to come in and give periodic advice. The simple life of the country, evidently, has not yet produced the simple soul that makes a free gospel of the good things learned. The assumption that it has can only be based on the fallacy that Nature yields her secrets for the asking.

This book of "The Townsman's Farm"* contains, of course, a great deal of necesary truth. Too many men are ready to rush off to the land without properly counting the cost. Learning that a grain of wheat when planted will produce a thousand grains, they jump to the conclusion that agriculture must be very profitable; learning again that the "stupid" farmer is all out-of-date by comparison with the last word in laboratory science they think it quite an easy thing to take a short cut and get ahead of him. The very cheapness of farm eggs by comparison with the price at the stores, which ought to be a warning to them, becomes a promise of large profit. The optimist takes four hundred pounds out of Consols, where it has been yielding three per cent., invests it in a farm, and goes down to wait confidently for it to give him ten or twenty. He expects three hundred acres of grass land to make him a better living than the three or four square yards of City office-room by which he has hitherto done pretty well. But his City office has drawn tribute from the ends of the earth and, perhaps, actually from a hundred such farms as he is about to settle on.

The simple life, as most men imagine it, is far more easily attained in the town than in the country. We spent a week-end lately with one who asked us to "come and try our simple life on the hills." The simplicity of the life was mainly manifest in the fact that only two motor cars were kept at this summer residence, the staff of domestics only numbered six, and we did not dress for dinner. Needless to say, the establishment was not maintained from the difficult and hazardous operations of agriculture, but from one of those simple operations of industry that are carried on in the town. A man can make a living in town by devoting a third or so of the twenty-four hours to making heads for pins he is never to see sharpened, or by casting up daily a certain number of figures by the infallible and unchanging method of arithmetic. He gets tobacco from the Indies, oranges from Spain, apples from Tasmania, by the simple process of walking into a shop and giving in exchange a portion of his automatic wages. If Argentina fails him, India will not; if he doesn't like the French wines and is a hardy experimental kind of man, he can try Australia. We need not go to his shop-keeper, as the countryman must go to Dame Nature and make provision six months ahead for what he will require. There is no simplicity like this in the country.

All very true and trite? Then why does the townsman fear to go to the country lest he should become stupid like the countryman, and why does he flee back to his pin-making with the plea that the country was "so monotonous"? He must come to look upon his own life as too simple and monotonous, and to sigh for the endless variety and mental stimulation of a country life before he will make an effective back-to-the-lander. It seems to us that the highest success can only be had by making entry at the foundation, whereas too many try to get in by the roof. He must obey Thoreau, and "not being in the least awed by many celebrated works on husbandry," live simply and eat only the crop he raises, raise no more than he eats, and not exchange it for "an insufficient quantity of more luxurious and expensive things." An ideal to be aimed at rather than reached, but the right side from which to approach this problem of back to the land. It must, at any rate, be some time before we can buy a grand piano and a motor car out of agricultural profits. The bonanza farm must grow from a seed just as any oak upon it. An abundance of these things must be looked upon as the solace for a townsman's slavery, whereas the countryman has not the same need for them.

The simple, automatic means of getting a living from the land does not exist. Even the feeding and tending of poultry is not like the incessant making of pin-heads, and it is one of the tenets of "Home Counties" that a poultry farm will not pay. Neither will a fruit farm, nor a bee farm, nor a sheep farm, nor a farm without any occasion to shed blood, such as the humanitarian longs for. Poultry must be treated as a term in a system of rotation, just like clover, and as a link in the chain of agricultural sequence, like basic slag. The fruit trees will be the better for them, and even if the profit is not distinguishable in the egg account, it may be found in the fruit account. Nor must it be forgotten that the blossom is the counterpart of the bee, and that the man who keeps bees but no fruit, only gets one-half of the bargain, his neighbour securing the other. And, fight as he will, the humanitarian must take in pigs or sheep or goats if he would make his farm pay. There is no room on a farm for that waste that seems to pay so well in the towns. The town is a wen that lives for a time by the charity of all the farms of the world, but every holding must be a microcosm of the macrocosm.

Then in spite of the blight and the moth and the ravaging foe or unfaithful elements that we do not always bear in mind when we think of our rose bowers and walled gardens, we still plump for the comparatively self-contained and in every way excellent life of the man on the land. We bow to our author, who knows the difference between basic slag and sainfoin seed, and we admit that we may make something less than a financial success of our first crop of turnips. We fancy that we have heard of failures in the town, of trade vagaries not less destructive than hailstorms and drought. And the town gives us worse than failures—smooth running in an ever deeper and deeper groove, a deadening conviction that our counting-house is the whole world, and that we produce somewhat by financing a wheat option or helping to engineer a cotton corner. This dour man who stands in the way and utters disparaging remarks about that life which "he and many others" would not exchange for a town life, cannot deny that if we serve Nature faithfully she will give us a living. It is only those who have been spoilt by town life that expect more than that from our just and rather stern Mother Earth.

* Cassell & Co.

Present-Day Problems.

MR. MORLEY'S INDIAN REFORMS.—II.

By Sir William Wedderburn.

We are now approaching a grave crisis in the development of Mr. Morley's Indian constitutional reforms. During the last six months a vast amount of material has been accumulated, comprising official and non-official contentions and allegations, collected from the whole of India. How will Mr. Morley deal with this mass of conflicting evidence?

Let us consider how the matter now stands. In his Budget speech of June, 1907, Mr. Morley adumbrated certain movements in advance, relating principally to the formation of a Council of Notables, and the expansion of the Legislative Councils in India, both Imperial and provincial. To the Government of India he assigned the duty of initiating a scheme to carry out these objects, with instructions to consult not only the local administrations, but also independent public opinion. Accordingly, the Government of India framed a draft scheme, which is set forth in the Simla Circular of August 24th, 1907, and a further report is now due from them to the Secretary of State, giving their matured recommendations, after weighing the opinions called forth by their Circular. Mr. Morley retains in his own hands the ultimate decision. That gives assurance as to the general principles that will be applied.

But the immediate question that presents itself is, What method and what machinery will he adopt in order that the momentous issues raised may be fairly tried and determined? The magnitude of the task will be self-evident to those who know how fundamentally the views of European officials differ, as a rule, from those held by independent Indian opinion. It is the old quarrel between the maker of the shoe and the wearer; the old difficulty of reconciling the self-confidence of the professional artist with the feelings of the sufferer whose foot refuses to fit the model shoe. I have now before me one of the most authoritative expressions of independent Indian opinion. It is a memorial prepared by the Council of the Bombay Presidency Association, and addressed to the Viceroy in Council. This memorial joins issue with the Simla Circular at every point, traversing the allegations of fact and challenging the conclusions. No one can read it without being impressed with its knowledge and reasonableness; and we must remember that this grave document, with its forty-eight printed pages and 133 solid paragraphs, is only one of the many representations coming from every part of India.

How are all the issues thus raised to be tried and determined? What course can Mr. Morley pursue which will satisfy the people of India that their case has been dealt with carefully and, above all, impartially? The only course open seems to be to refer the papers, with a clear and definite reference, for report to a Parliamentary Committee or a Royal Commission. The subject, embracing, as it does, constitutional reforms of a far-reaching kind, is well worthy of such special treatment. And what is the alternative? The only other alternative is for the Secretary of State to be dependent for advice upon the members of his own Council. But, with every respect for the distinguished gentlemen who form that Council, it cannot be said that they occupy a position of impartiality when the controversy is between European official opinion on the one hand and independent Indian opinion on the other. If the procedure suggested be adopted, they would still have full opportunity of tendering their advice; for when the report of the Committee or Commission was received, the ultimate decision would still rest with the Secretary of State in Council.

To illustrate the complexity of the issues involved, I will take as an example the Council of Notables, which is, perhaps, the simplest of the reforms adumbrated by Mr. Morley, and will show briefly the scheme suggested by the Simla Circular and the objections taken by the Bombay Presidency Association. The object of this Council, as declared by Mr. Morley, is to act as an interpreter between the rulers and the ruled; to use his own phrase, the purpose is a double one, (1) to elicit independent opinion, and (2) to diffuse correct information as to the actions and intentions of the Government. In pursuance of these objects, the Government of India, in their opening paragraphs, propose to give the people of India "wider opportunities of expressing their views on administrative matters." They hold that "for the present, at any rate, the needs and sentiments of the masses of the people must find expression through those, whether officials or non-officials, who are acquainted with their daily life, and are qualified to speak with authority on their behalf." But they desire "free and close consultation," and express a belief that their scheme will "represent a considerable advance in the direction of bringing all classes of the people into closer relations with the Government and its officers, and of increasing their opportunities of making known their feelings and wishes in respect of administrative and legislative questions."

These be brave words. But what is the scheme proposed to carry out the objects thus stated? Even to those unacquainted with Indian affairs, the Simla scheme must read strangely, as the means to an end. Briefly stated, it is as follows:—A Council called "The Imperial Advisory Council" is to be formed for purely consultative purposes; all the members to be appointed by the Viceroy; the Council to consist of about sixty members, including about twenty ruling chiefs and a suitable number of territorial magnates; the members to hold office for (say) five years, and to be eligible for reappointment; the Council to receive no legislative recognition, and not to be vested with formal powers of any sort; the Council to be purely advisory, and to deal only with such matters as may be specifically referred to it from time to time; and the proceedings of the Council when called together for collective consultation to be, as a rule, private, informal, and confidential, and not to be published, although Government would be at liberty to make any use of them that they thought proper.

Such is the scheme by which the Simla authorities propose to give the people opportunities of making known their feelings and wishes. The Bombay Presidency Association has no difficulty in showing that such a scheme cannot possibly carry out Mr. Morley's purpose of eliciting independent opinion. Nor does it fulfil the conditions set forth in the opening paragraphs of the Circular itself. For the aristocratic classes selected for the Council are not qualified to speak for the masses of the people; and, even if they were, the restrictive procedure would render them powerless as free exponents of public opinion. The scheme is condemned because it provides no representation for trade, manufactures, or the liberal professions. No place is found for the merchant princes, the captains of industry, and the professional men who, for half a century, have taken the leading part in public and municipal affairs. Above all, the scheme is condemned because it rests entirely on official nomination, excluding the element of election, without which the people cannot choose their own spokesman from among those who have the knowledge and independence and courage to voice effectively the needs and grievances of their poorer brethren.

This is undoubtedly the view that will be taken by the British public and Parliament when the case comes to England for consideration. If the true feelings of the people of India are to be learnt, it must be through their own representatives, elected either directly or indirectly. How can this be best accomplished? In political matters the British people do not like evolving institutions out of their inner consciousness. Their favourite method of proceeding is to build upon some existing foundation, and to utilise whatever machinery is in practical operation, adapting it to the new requirements. And, fortunately, there already exists, in the Indian National Congress, an organisation which

was founded for the express purpose of eliciting and focussing the best Indian opinion, and placing it at the service of the Government for the benefit of the people. This organisation has been in practical working for the last twenty-three years, untiringly, loyally, and at great self-sacrifice, acting as the interpreter between the rulers and the ruled; striving, indeed, to do the very work which Mr. Morley desires to see done through a Council of Notables. Such being the case, why should not this machinery be now utilised? There is nothing alarming about it. Lord Lansdowne, when Viceroy of India, said that the movement which it represented was perfectly legitimate, and, in a letter addressed by him to the General Secretary of the Congress, he said: "The Government of India recognise that the Congress movement is regarded as representing in India what in Europe would be called the more advanced Liberal party, as distinguished from the great body of the Conservative opinion which exists side by side with it." An institution thus defined by so unexceptionable an authority ought not to be outside the sympathy of Mr. Morley; and, so far as an advanced Liberal party is entitled to representation in a body intended to give expression to popular feelings and aspirations, to that extent the Indian National Congress should be allowed to contribute to the composition of the Council of Notables. If further recommendation is needed, it will be found in the words of the late Sir Richard Garth, Chief Justice of Bengal. Writing in the "Law Magazine," this is how that stout old Conservative describes the work of the Congress leaders:—

> "I will tell you what they have done. They have dared to think for themselves; and not only for themselves, but for the millions of poor, ignorant people who compose our Indian Empire. They have been content to sacrifice their own interests, and to brave the displeasure of the Government, in order to lend a helping hand to those poor people. They have had the courage and the patriotism to denounce abuses which have disgraced our Indian rule for years past; which have been condemned by public opinion in India and in England, and to which the Indian Government appear to cling with a tenacity which seems utterly inexplicable. They have dared to propose reforms which, despite the resistance of the Government, have been approved by Parliament, and to endeavour to stay that fearful amount of extravagance which has been going on in India for years past, and has been the means, as some of our best and wisest counsellors consider, of bringing our Eastern Empire to the verge of bankruptcy."

I trust, therefore, that in framing the constitutional reforms a real effort will be made to reach the springs of Indian popular feeling, and that the necessary inquiries will be conducted in such a way as will satisfy the people of India that their case has had a careful and impartial hearing.

W. Wedderburn.

Letters from Abroad.

TO-MORROW IN PORTUGAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—At the first glance Portuguese political affairs seem to be in a hopelessly chaotic condition, yet the position of the different parties is not so nebulous, and their aims are not so uncertain, that it is impossible reasonably to prognosticate their probable attitude towards, and influence upon, the future administration of the country.

First of all, what are the political parties in Portugal? The old Chamber of Deputies, before it was dissolved by Senhor Franco, consisted of forty-four Progressives, twenty-three Regenerators, three Dissidents, four Republicans, one Nationalist, five Independents, and fifty-four Franquists. One of these parties will, of course, not appear, in name at all events, in the new Côrtes, viz., the Franquists. It is said that many of the followers of the late Dictator will retire from political life, and of those who still wish actively to participate in national affairs, the majority of the comparatively small number who will be returned will doubtless abstain from giving their adherence to any prominent party until they are assured that the best interests of the country will be served by so doing.

In gauging the political position of the country, the Nationalist and Independent parties may safely be left out of account, for it is not anticipated that their influence will be found to have materially increased when the Côrtes reassembles. The number of Independents returned may, of course, be slightly increased by the inclusion of certain Franquists. This, however, may be looked upon as an augmentation of quite a temporary nature, for the Franquists will, sooner or later, transfer their support to the party which promulgates the reforms of which the country stands in urgent need, since that would simply mean carrying on the work undertaken by Senhor Franco, and introducing the measures advocated by him. With these eliminations, therefore, we are left with four parties, the Progressives, Regenerators, Dissidents, and Republicans, and it is upon these that interest will centre itself at the forthcoming elections. What then, are the aims of these parties, and what influence are they likely to have upon the future of the country?

We will deal with the Progressives and Regenerators together, for, although nominally political opponents, their attitude towards one another under the old *régime* was such as to earn for them the combined name of "Rotativists," and they were looked upon as (and, indeed, were, to all intents and purposes) one party. It is not necessary to go into the antecedents of the Progressives and Regenerators; their policy of intrigue and peculation is now too well known to require repetition. Suffice it to say that they were directly responsible for the grave political crisis which forced the late king to adopt drastic measures to save his country from revolution and ruin, and to initiate reforms, the furtherance of which cost him his life. To the Progressives and Regenerators must be credited, if not the introduction, at least the perfection of the system which permitted all manner of abuses in connection with election returns. For years, owing to the enormous percentage of illiterates in the country, they regulated each other's entrances and exits with a suavity of procedure which was amazing, and in this manner effectively checked the growth of a true popular participation in the conduct of national affairs. Had Senhor Franco remained in office until the elections, it is safe to say that a proper system of representation would have been introduced. He saw the necessity for sweeping reforms in this direction, for he realised that the people would never grasp the significance of the elections so long as a discredited polling system was tolerated, and that under such a system they could not be expected to take a healthy interest in the administration of the country. Senhor Franco's influence has, however, been removed, and the engineering of returns will again take place, although in all probability to a lesser degree than before, since the inhabitants of the towns are beginning to realise their responsibilities as citizens. Now the Progressives and Regenerators, in spite of their unsavoury record, are still immensely powerful in the country districts among the impressionable peasantry, and it is fairly certain that either one party or the other will again be placed in power. The question, therefore, arises, will they perpetuate their old policy, and, by peculation and culpable mismanagement, hurry the country to her doom; or has two years' enforced abstention from politics brought home to them the necessity for clean and efficient Government? Unfortunately, their attitude of implacable hostility to the much-needed reforms introduced under the Dictatorial *régime*, nay, their undisguised abhorrence of reforms of any description, does not augur well for the administration of affairs once they again resume control.

What, then, is to save the country from a repetition of the abuses which characterised the Government of the Progressives and Regenerators when they were previously in power? In the first place, there is every reason to believe that these two parties are not so amicably disposed towards one another as they formerly were. The

exposure of the scandalous proceedings in connection with the renewal of the Tobacco Monopoly in 1905 supplied the country with a concrete instance of their machinations; they were for once driven into a corner, and when the public eye was focussed upon them in their unenviable position they wriggled and squirmed and finally indulged in mutual recriminations. The partial estrangement which then took place is still apparent to some extent; indeed, they have quite recently been squabbling over the appointment of Civil Governors for the various cities and districts. This, in itself, is a distinctly healthy sign, for, although when combined they are strong, as separate units they are comparatively weak. But a much more important factor than the disintegration of the "Rotativists" is the fact that it is confidently anticipated that the next elections will, for probably the first time in the history of Portuguese politics, reveal the existence of a really important opposition in the shape of the Dissidents, Republicans, and the supporters of the late Dictator.

As to the Franquists, little need be added to what has already been said about them. There is a strong possibility, of course, that the action of the new Government may drive them, at no distant date, to join forces with either the Dissidents or Republicans.

The Dissidents have taken a stand midway between Monarchical and Republican forms of Government. They are willing to support the Monarchy so long as true democratic principles are observed, and their leader, Senhor José d'Alpoim (who has been described as a Portuguese Clémenceau) has given solemn warning that should the old discredited system be reverted to, he and his party will throw in their lot with the Republicans. Senhor d'Alpoim is a man of great tenacity of purpose, a strenuous fighter, and possessed of unbounded ambition. He has, it is stated, a large following, and his party will, without doubt, loom very prominently in future political developments.

The rapid spread of Republicanism during recent months would be cause for some alarm were it not for the fact that the average Portuguese, when he says he is a Republican, simply means that he advocates an efficient form of democratic government. At present he cannot realise that the political abuses from which his country has suffered could, and probably would, have occurred even if a President had been at the head of affairs. He, naturally, perhaps, persists in associating misgovernment and corruption with the Monarchy, and cannot conceive that anything short of a Republic can possibly cope with the existing evils. Given sound government, however, and the Portuguese Republican has nearly all that he is asking for. It is not at all improbable, therefore, that, having secured what he desires, he may relinquish the name with which he is just now enamoured, and will support the dynasty. He is not at present militant, but he may prove so if in future the policy of the last decade or two is pursued. There is still time to come to terms with him, but this is assuredly the last opportunity, and if it is not taken he will, in all likelihood, adopt an intransigent attitude. Be this as it may, however, the fact remains that the Republicans, with their watchword of purity of elections, and clean and just administration, will help to introduce a healthy tone into the deliberations of the next Côrtes, for they will, without doubt, be ever on the *qui vive* to strike a blow at any attempt to revive the old system with its attendant abuses.

From all indications, therefore, to-morrow's elections will supply a long-felt want, viz., a strong opposition. From the lack of this element, Governments in the past have almost invariably become effete. Furthermore, a political interest has been aroused in the country which should prove an effective bar against the introduction of abuses in the future. Under these circumstances, it is safe to assume that Portugal is entering upon an era of prosperity—for the hopeful signs for efficient government can mean nothing else—during which she should again assume her proper place among the nations of the world.—Yours, &c.,

April 4th, 1908. AN OLD RESIDENT.

The Drama.

"THRILLS."

THE more intelligent play-going public have, I think, a very real quarrel with the dramatic critics, in that they so often write of stage-work without giving a definite impression of its value. Much of this disguise of feeling and language is, I am afraid, part of the general relationship between theatres and newspapers. Put quite simply, that relationship is commercial. The theatres are profitable sources of advertisement. Their directors naturally consider that, in return for filling one or two columns a day of the most remunerative sheets of our leading daily journals, they are entitled to have their wares praised and recommended. This is, no doubt, a *sous-entendu*, and no bargain is made or suggested. But the fact that more than one affront has been put on distinguished writers on the stage because they chose to exercise their critical faculties on certain plays and playwrights is proof of the existence of a tradition against the freedom of the Press in one of the most interesting of its functions. This hostile force makes itself felt in many ways. It is a very rare thing for a critic to say, plainly and bluntly, that a play is worthless or silly, and its production devoid of merit; in other words, that the public ought to stay away from it. Even a writer of so much knowledge and of so fastidious a sensibility as, say, Mr. Walkley, throws an ironical veil over his writing, so that, while the instructed reader can see what he means, the average man and woman may well conceive him to be a much warmer friend of our theatrical system than he really is. Indeed, quite apart from this tradition of friendliness, so much modern English drama is bad that writers of insight, who recognise this fact, are drawn into adapting their style to it. There being no recognised standards of dramatic art, the tolerable, the well-meant, the half-baked, get much more than their due. Finally, the commercial drama is so deeply rooted on our stage, and has so firmly established its divorce from life and feeling, that it has set up a general acceptance of its aims and methods. The public look for nothing serious, and require the critics to speak the language concerning it which they understand. But such a basis for any form of literature is rotten. The commercial drama gets worse and worse. It passes into more and more vicious forms, and the critics, having given away their power at the start, cannot stay or control its decline.

For these reasons I was not surprised to find that the programme of the "Grand Guignol" at the Shaftesbury was described in many newspapers as furnishing a new kind of "thrill" in succession to the genuine sensation which the advent of the Sicilian players brought us. It ought to be needless to say that the two dramatic events have no kind of connection. The art of the Sicilians was fresh and daring, that of the players in the "Grand Guignol" is as conventional as a Drury Lane melodrama. It has nothing puppet-like about it; probably it would achieve a more distinct effect in a small theatre than in a large one; but its only distinction is that it deals with slighter material than the average play, with dramatic sketches or stories leading sharply up to some crudely conceived piece of stage realism. In this latter device is supposed to lie the capacity for "thrilling." But I was not thrilled. So far as I could see, nobody in the theatre was thrilled. Now and then there was a chorus of the half-shocked, half-delighted "Ohs" with which French people greet a somewhat adventurous jest. But, as a rule, the jests were not adventurous, and were only not quite so tame as the "thrills." These all failed for a variety of reasons. Great literature can thrill you, and so can great acting. I am thrilled as I see Romeo hanging over Juliet's lips and vowing that "death's pale flag is not advancèd there," because the words themselves are beautiful, and because, too, I know that death will soon seize that lovely prey. I was thrilled (and shudder now at the recollection) as the first blaze of jealousy was kindled in

Othello's eyes, and flashed through his quivering body, for the player was Salvini. I am thrilled by the scene in "The Silver King" where, by an ingenious and impressive stage artifice, an unfortunate man is made to think himself guilty of a murder he has not committed. But the Shaftesbury "thrills" are at once too gross and too tame. The acting, now and then ingenious, is not remarkable, and the appeal of the plays is neither moral, nor intellectual, nor æsthetic. Thus the discovery of the lady walled-up in the sculptor's studio failed, first, because we all knew that there would be such a lady; secondly, because we knew nothing about her, and cared as little; thirdly, because when she was revealed she looked like a dressmaker's model in a shop window, and could not have been made to look more like a corpse without provoking, not, indeed, a "thrill," but disgust. The attack of hydrophobia which seizes the young lighthouseman, and his attempt to "worry" his father, produced no thrill because it was foreseen, because the details lacked plausibility, because, again, no moral interest had been aroused. The hanging of the cheating banker in his own office by the three rogues he had betrayed in his youth might have suggested such an interest if a more vigorous and truthful hand had been at work on it. But this element was lacking. There were too many false touches. There had been no adequate preparation of the audience, no development of the idea, and only old, faded material had been used. A street fight or accident would have been incomparably more interesting, for it would have awakened a train of elemental feelings—pity, anger, fear, sympathy, horror. The catastrophes of the short plays of the "Grand Guignol" stimulated no such sentiments, for at no moment in the action did they yield the effect of illusion, and set at work that sympathetic relationship between play and audience which alone produces emotion.

Yet there is no reason why the short dramatic piece should not have as real a vogue as the short story. I have seen M. Antoine and his company play "Boule de Suif," one of the most famous of short stories, with surprising effect, even though they expanded it beyond the rigorous limits of Maupassant's art. Even merely horrible things like the walling up of a corpse may, in the hands of the artist, yield its "thrill"; for have we not the example of "The Cask of Amontillado?" Possibly Poe's story would not bear any form of transformation into drama. But there should be an opening for the simpler effects of the short story—such as irony, an especially pitiful episode in life, like the theme of the "Convict on the Hearth," a vivid and significant relationship of characters of whom just enough is said to stir our interest, or (in lighter vein) a stroke of playful satire, like "A Pantomime Rehearsal." Such artistry is well within the compass of our modern workers, who excel in the minor key. But few hints of this kind of talent reach the stage, and, meanwhile, we are led away on false scents such as the performances of the "Grand Guignol" supply. We should not be deceived by them, even when they come from Paris, if the Press were really watchdogs of the drama, or, perhaps, I should say, if the watchdogs were occasionally let off the chain.

H. W. M.

Communications.

THE INCOME-TAX.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

"What we understand to be the sentiment of the country, and what we ourselves as a matter of feeling are disposed to defer to, and to share in, is that under our present financial arrangements the Income-tax bears, on the whole, too hard upon intelligence and skill, and not hard enough upon property as compared with intelligence and skill."—*Gladstone Budget Speech*, 1853.

SIR,—When there is war there is the devil to pay, and the poor income-taxpayer believes that he is called upon to foot the Bill. We shall see. First let us try to appreciate the grievance which one class of income-taxpayers have to bear as against their fellow taxpayers. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, by his scheme for the differentiation of the income-tax as between earned and unearned incomes, has gone far to meet the inequalities referred to by Mr. Gladstone.

The Budget proposal of last year provided that earned incomes of £2,000 a year and under should enjoy an abatement of 3d. per £ from the nominal 1s. rate at present in operation. The inequality, great as it was in 1853, had become intensified year by year as the proportion paid by property and trade respectively had been reversed. In 1853 the income-tax derived from the assessment of lands and houses under schedule A produced £2,400,000 out of a total tax of £5,600,000, or 42 per cent. of the whole.

The tax on incomes from trades and professions under schedule D produced £1,200,000, or 21 per cent. of the total produce of income-tax. For the year 1906 the produce of the tax under schedule A had increased to £7,876,290, or 25 per cent. of the whole, as compared with £2,400,000, which in 1853 was 42 per cent. of the whole tax. The great strides which the country has made in trade and commerce has put this increase into the shade.

The produce of the income-tax under schedule D which amounted in 1853 to £1,200,000, equal to 21 per cent. of the tax, had risen in 1906 to £18,767,448, or 59½ per cent. of the total of £31,601,237, the net produce of the income-tax for that year, which compares with £5,600,000 in 1853.

Keeping in view the adjustment made by the Budget proposals of last year, we may still ask, "Does the present system deal fairly by the income-taxpayer, having regard to the source of his income and its amount?"

There is also the further question, "Do the income-taxpayers contribute too large a share to the general taxation of the country?"

It may be confidently asserted that at least one of Adam Smith's well-known canons of taxation—ability to pay—is grossly violated under the present method. We are, however, moving steadily on, step by step, to a more equitable system.

There were three definite steps necessary in consequence of our haphazard method of progress. Two of these have already been taken without much reference to the third step, or to each other—abatement, differentiation, graduation. An unconscious evolution towards perfection, so far as that can be attained, in any scheme of taxation.

A limited system of graduation by abatement was in operation prior to the passing of the scheme for differentiation, which in effect graduated the tax on all incomes liable to tax up to £700 a year. With the income-tax at 1s. in the £ the effect of the abatement allowed resulted in a graduated tax ranging from a little less than 1½d. in the £ on an income of £180, to 10¾d. per £ on an income of £700 per annum. All incomes over £700 a year paid the full rate of 1s. in the pound.

The Asquith Act of 1907 extended the abatement system to earned incomes up to £2,000 a year. Earned incomes between £700 a year and £2,000 paying 9d. per £ so long as the nominal rate remains at 1s. in the £. Earned incomes under £700 receive this rebate of 3d. per £, in addition to the abatements as formerly given.

But it will be conceded that it is rather hard on the possessor of an income from unearned sources amounting, say, to £750 a year, that he should pay the full rate of 1s. per £, while the successful merchant with £2,000 a year only pays a ninepenny rate. On the other hand, the merchant earning £750 a year feels it a hardship that he should be called upon to pay the same rate as his more prosperous neighbour who is making his £2,000 a year.

The incidence of the tax must bear more heavily and most inequitably on the smaller trader. The great objection hitherto urged against a scheme of graduation is that the rich man would be required to declare the amount of his income from all sources. Why shouldn't he? This same personal declaration is already made annually by 65 per cent. of the income-taxpayers—those who claimed abatement on incomes of £700 a year and under.

The new scheme of differentiation will largely increase this percentage, as all persons with earned incomes of £2,000 a year and under must make a similar declaration before they can get the benefit of the ninepenny rate.

The last entrenchment of the anti-graduationists has already been stormed by a flank movement.

There is no serious obstacle in the path of the Chancellor of the Exchequer if he desires to take a forward move. It is to be hoped that he will complete the good work he has begun by putting into speedy operation a system of complete graduation of the income-tax.

Who pays the tax? According to official figures given by Sir Henry Primrose before the Income-tax Committee, 1,100,000 persons pay income-tax. He estimated the income on which tax was payable *by individuals* at £678,000,000. This he divided into three classes. Incomes of £700 a year and under, £250,000,000. Incomes from £700 a year to £5,000, amounting to £307,000,000; and incomes of £5,000 a year and over, £121,000,000. Of this total 800,000 persons take £250,000,000, the remaining 300,000 persons appropriating £428,000,000. These figures only show income assessed after deductions. The gross income which comes under the the review of the Inland Revenue Department is much larger, and amounted in 1906 to £925,184,556.

This is the important factor which will help us to answer the second query: Does the income-taxpayer contribute more than his fair share of taxation? The old plea that the income-tax is a war tax has been discarded.

It is now universally accepted as part of the permanent sources of revenue.

A shilling income-tax is mournfully looked upon as justifiable only in time of war.

To the great bulk of the income-taxpayers, as we have shown, this is only a nominal rate.

The total tax revenue paid into the Exchequer amounted in 1906-7 to £119,830,000, of which sum the income-taxpayer contributed £31,600,000. In this is, of course, included his contribution for interest payable on war debt, and his share to the Sinking Fund payment for its ultimate redemption.

If we take the pre-war period we find that the total tax revenue paid into the Exchequer for the year 1898-9 amounted to £89,450,000, to which the income-taxpayer contributed £18,274,315. So that take the total increase of 30 millions in the revenue from taxes, the income-taxpayer only pays 13 millions, leaving 17 millions to be paid from other taxes.

Extra taxes were imposed for the war. These produced in 1903 £18,107,000 additional from income-tax, and £15,132,000 from other taxes.

If we deduct the coal tax, as being a kind of hybrid tax, the latter figure would stand at £13,230,000.

The proportion of war taxes remitted have been in favour of the income-taxpayer, who has been relieved to the extent of £8,750,000 per annum, as against a reduction in the other taxes of £3,400,000 on tea and corn. We have excluded from this comparison the additional 2d. per lb. on tea, put on by Mr. Austen Chamberlain in 1904, to provide for ordinary expenditure, and remitted by him in the following year.

Instead of bearing the brunt of the war taxation, the income-taxpayer is only paying one-half of the extra taxation, viz., £10,524,300; the other taxes still contributing 11 millions a year. All things considered, the income-taxpayer has come out of the war business fairly well.

Can he afford to pay the increased tax which still remains? Could the larger incomes even bear a higher rate than one shilling?

The figures already given help us to an answer. The growth of that part of the national income which comes under review of the Inland Revenue Department affords still more striking proof of ability to pay.

This part of the national income has increased from £704,740,000 in 1896-7 to £925,184,000 in 1905-6—an increase of 220 millions sterling in nine years, or equal to an increase of 31 per cent.

It is calculated that this 925 millions of income is enjoyed by five millions of people, the other half of the national income, amounting to some 850 millions, falling to be distributed among no less than 38 millions of people.

This gives an average per head for the income-taxpayer of £185, or, say, £740 per family, as against £22 7s. 4d. per head, or £90 per family, for the other class. Who is best able to pay taxes? Can anyone maintain that this division of income justifies our present apportionment of the burden of taxation.

We have shown that that part of the national income which pays income-tax has made the startling increase of 220 millions in nine years. These are interesting years, and show the effect of war on trade in significant phases.

The first three years—years of peace—show steady and marvellous progress, and an annual increase of 29 millions a year to the national income.

Then comes war, and for two years we have a great boom; the annual increase in income shoots up to 41½ millions and 33½ millions respectively. The year following the close of the war the increase drops to 12½ millions; while the last three years show an average increase of 15 millions a year.

We may derive more than one lesson from these figures. They are also a justification of the principle of differentiation. They clearly demonstrate that the incomes which suffered were the trade incomes. Income from property was hardly affected. This may seem strange, keeping in view the great slump in gilt-edge securities. The increase under schedule A, income from lands and houses for the period under review, amounted to £44,750,000. The increase under schedule D, trades and professions, amounted to £131,565,000. For the five years before the war affected the annual returns the increase under lands and houses for the five years amounted to 24 millions. But trade and profession incomes showed an increase for the same period of 110 millions. The succeeding four years to 1906 tell a very different tale, the increase under lands and houses equalling the increase from trades and professions, the figures under each head being £20,716,000 and £20,932,000 respectively. So does trade pay for war.

The income-tax was originally imposed, and was for long considered specially applicable for war purposes. There was much to be said for this view. The idea is capable of still further development.

It may fairly be argued that the maintenance of the fighting services, our national insurance against war, should be a first charge on the income-taxpaying classes. Industry has been relieved under differentiation, and the burden will therefore fall more heavily on property.

It is well that all classes should bear their share in the burden of war, so that all may fully realise the awful responsibility which it involves. Taxation, after all, is the best guarantee of peace. Having said that, it is none the less true that there is no part of the national expenditure which can more fitly be provided for on the principle of ability to pay than our naval and military services.—

Yours, &c., GEORGE MCCRAE.

House of Commons, March 31st, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

"FISCAL FALLACIES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Nothing could more clearly emphasise the contention I submitted to you last week than the article this week on the above subject by "J. A. H." Discussing "a tariff as a cure for unemployment," by reference to the importation of motor-cars, he offers two arguments against the Protectionist fallacy, one for the armchair and the other for the platform. The argument for the intelligent person reading at leisure is that, because of the higher prices resulting from the tariff, the same money will buy fewer cars. The additional expenditure, therefore, may not cause any greater demand for the labour of home production, and if more money is spent it means less spent on other commodities. "The net quantity of employment is the same as before, but the amount of commodities it turns out is somewhat reduced."

The argument "for the platform or short leaflet" is that the drawing of more money into the buying of home-made motor-cars by the imposition of a tariff must result in tariffs for other trades, and thus stop the desired diversion to that trade. "In other words, the whole plausibility of the Protectionist claim can be shown to rest upon the supposition that the motor-car trade is to be allowed to injure other trades in the country with impunity."

Now I know something of arguing pure economics with popular audiences, but I should not venture to face a popular audience with arguments so weak as either of these two. An audience to whom Protectionist arguments appeal is not to be turned from its purpose by the consideration that it

is asking for a selfish and unfair favour. There is nothing more selfish in this consideration than there is in a section of the community asking to have employment found at the cost of the remainder of the community by the spending of rates and taxes on unemployment schemes.

The more elaborate argument is capable of being strengthened by a line "J. A. H." suggests and then drops. For to attain the same quantity of employment with a tariff as without, it is necessary to shut out all the foreign-made cars, and that means not only more unemployment abroad, but also that the goods which would have gone to pay for those cars are not required. By bringing that argument forward to buttress the other it can be shown that tariff must result in absolute loss of employment.

The true argument, however, is that the tariff raising the price of the commodity must inevitably reduce the demand for it, and must consequently reduce the demand for the labour of making it and the price of that labour. It is not true, or reasonable to expect, as "J. A. H." suggests, that more money would be devoted to purchasing the commodity because the price is raised. A reduction in price so increases demand that a larger total of money is obtained as the result of the production. That is why the reduction is made. It would be absurd to make the reduction otherwise. The forcibly raised price must therefore have the effect of reducing the total of the money expended. If more money could be got the manufacturers would get it without State aid.

If we assume that the same money would be spent at the higher prices, it still means that it is for a smaller quantity of product, and the demand for labour falls off. The additional money goes into the pockets of the manufacturer, not into those of the employee. But since the demand, as measured in money, actually falls off, even the manufacturers in the aggregate do not gain. The weaker ones lose and fail. The others take larger profits not because of higher prices obtained for the commodity—the prices must fall by lack of demand—but because the smaller quantity produced, as well as the lack of demand for labour in the trades engaged in export, reduces prices of labour. The Protectionist policy that follows the imposition of tariffs in one trade also makes the maintenance of labourers more costly. That means they offer their labour more keenly, being in greater want. It hits labourers every time.

Once grasp this argument, and a speaker can answer Tariff Reformers all night without losing a point. The foreigner becomes a blessing, because by his competition he keeps the manufacturers from charging too much, or giving an inferior article, and thus killing the demand. It can still take in the fact that the foreigner is paid with goods produced in this country, and therefore himself replaces all the demand of which he deprives us. And there may be added the contention that Protection for one trade involves Protection in others, and therefore dearer commodities for labourers. Moreover, it is an argument that can be used to the manufacturers themselves, who know that small reliable profits are better than the irregularity and the periods of loss caused by sudden and enormous falling off of trade which happens in protected countries.

But it is a weapon which the present-day "orthodox" Free Trader dare not use, because it cuts deeper than he wants to go. The Liberal Party must, however, make up its mind to it. If the consumer of bread is not to have the price raised, why should the occupier of a house have the cost of his shelter raised by taxation, or the consumer of home-made objects have to pay taxes on the use of land for their production, while there is no tax so long as the land is unoccupied and unused?

Mr. Outhwaite utters a word of warning about small holdings. There are other aspects of that question, which I remember his discussing in another journal. But he will be driven further than he goes at present, if the Liberal Party are content to believe they can maintain Free Trade by asking the people to take wide views and forget their starvation. There must be a remedy, or the people will ask why, and try those who promise even a delusive one. And the remedy is not more State interference by Socialism or Tariff Reform. It is further progress towards freedom, in the way of just taxation and sound public finance.—Yours, &c.,

F. U. Laycock.

Sheffield, March 28th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I am glad that an economist of the standing of "J. A. H." has pointed out what the average Free Trade lecturer will not admit, that a loss to the manufacturer of British goods now exported need not result from a tariff on foreign motor-cars. But I cannot agree with the substitution of argument based on the supposition that "British prices throughout the trade must rise." The Tariff Reformer can surely fairly reply to this that, though there may be a temporary rise of prices caused by the sudden dislocation, the increased demand for British cars will bring in fresh capital, and in time prices will fall to the old level.

It seems to me that the safest line of argument is to admit that a tax on foreign motor-cars might help unemployment; but that it is not practical politics to tax motors without at the same time taxing hops and butter, steel billets and cement.

The trouble with Protection is not the principle but its application in a state of society where reliable statistics are not available to show exactly what goods and in what quantities can be as cheaply made at home as imported, where the personal ownership of land prevents the would-be producer from obtaining access to his raw material, and where transport facilities are not directed solely to bringing manufactures to market at the lowest cost.—Yours, &c.,

R. C. Phillimore.

Battler's Green, Watford, Herts,
March 30th, 1908.

THE SUFFRAGISTS AND PECKHAM ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I question whether all the efforts of the female Suffragists carried more than a very small weight in the scale at the recent bye-elections. Every interest, of course, that can do so tries to magnify its power, and it is not easy to get at the truth. The dictum, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," is apposite as regards Adult Suffrage; in respect of Female Suffrage it is meaningless; all who pay their way are taxed, and the poorest the heaviest in proportion.

The Liberal Party is unfortunate in having two comparatively hostile wings, and any measure that pleases the one is likely to offend the other. Personally, I consider myself a Radical stalwart. I would not vote under any circumstances for a Tory, but, had I had a vote at Peckham, I would not have recorded it at all. The Government could easily smash the power of the brewery companies and carry all political parties enthusiastically along with them were they not dominated by people who want to close the public-houses altogether, or, at the very least, all day on Sunday. Let them drop the present Bill and introduce a measure fixing a time limit after which all licences must be paid for at full monopoly value, such price to go to the State or municipality. The limit should be a long one for old licences; even fifty years would be a great benefit to the State, although I would not suggest more than thirty. Liberals must remember that if not returned to power after the next General Election it may be quite fourteen years before they get another chance to deal with the subject at all.

But what would enthuse everybody and destroy the illegitimate power of the brewers would be to enact that after a given time —seven years, I think, would meet the case—brewery companies or brewers must sell their houses, and only owners who lived on their premises and managed them would be licensed. They might sweep the country with a measure of this kind, which would destroy the tied-house system, especially if the Bill contained the extra condition that no brewer or brewery company might lend money on licensed premises.

They could also make regulations as to the hours of the publicans' servants. But—well, dash Mr. Stiggins. He is really the cause of all the trouble.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. Marriott.

249, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—You make a very mild remark in your "Diary of the Week" on the above.

No language can be too strong to condemn the unmitigated selfishness of those women, who, unless

they are in a state of the most crass ignorance, must know some little of what the drink traffic is doing, yet, utterly regardless of consequences, help the tied-house owners to maintain its power.

I have been for many years in favour of giving votes both to single and married women (although I feel that at least three-fourths of them would vote for the Tories), yet if those who boast of the mischief they did at Peckham are a sample of the sort who would have a part in the government of the nation, I fervently say, "May the country we love be eternally preserved from so dire an affliction!"—Yours, &c.,

J. Marshall Sturge.

Charlbury, March 31st, 1908.

TARIFF REFORM AND MOTOR CARS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The argument against Tariff Reform, published in the current number of The Nation, takes no account of the fact that motor cars are in nine cases out of ten a luxury. They are bought by persons who do not need to economise because of them. These are the persons, in this country a very large class, who have always a reserve of wealth to be spent on any new commodity that takes their fancy. Thus "J. A. H.'s" elaborate theory is built upon a crumbling foundation. A duty on imported cars would stimulate the manufacture of and trade in British cars; even if the price of these rose slightly for a time, there would be no slackening in the current demand for cars; and practically the whole of that part of the British luxury-fund, which is now spent on French cars, would be spent on British cars.

Please do not put an editorial foot-note saying: "What then? If we reduce our imports from France we must also reduce our exports to France, or to some other place?" That would merely be starting another hare, which I should be sorry to hunt to the death in a Liberal pasture-land.

The fact, Sir, is that I am becoming most uneasily sceptical of the fine show of reasoning with which certain Liberal propositions are being urged. I will not harrow your feelings by looking into the defences of the Education Bill, the Scottish Land Bill, and the Licensing Bill. All I ask is that we should draw from recent experience a warning as to Tariff Reform. It seems to have become inevitable. There are signs that the Cabinet have secretly come to perceive this, and that they would not be ill-pleased if a General Election resulting in the return of the Unionists and the institution of Tariff Reform gave Liberalism a fresh future, with ampler financial resources.—Yours, &c.,

Constant Reader.

Aberfeldy, March 30th, 1908.

IRISH LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your recent correspondent, "An Irish Liberal," has evidently never lived in England nor mingled much with English Liberals, or else he should have discovered that Ireland is no longer "a subject of intense interest to them," but has become, as your leader writer pointed out recently, an object of indifference, and a source of boredom not only in the House of Commons, but to the whole people of England, who are beginning to realise that they, too, have national questions.

"An Irish Liberal" gives as one of the reasons a Liberal Administration in Ireland is always at a disadvantage, the assertion that there is no Liberal Party in Ireland. There is a Liberal Party in Ireland, but, like many other things there, it is of exotic growth, and of little use in the practical politics of the country. This was shown pretty clearly over Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, when practically all the Irish Liberals declared themselves Unionists, and therefore in favour of coercive government in Ireland.

The true line of cleavage in Irish politics lies between Nationalism and anti-Nationalism. An Irishman must belong to either of these camps. But if to-morrow England cleared Ireland of her soldiers and officials, I believe both these parties would quickly settle down to developing the neglected resources of the country, and in a short time make Ireland worthy to be called a nation, instead of a source of irritation and embarrassment to all connected with her.

The questions that interest Ireland are not and cannot be the same as those that interest England. For instance, no election in Ireland could be fought on the English issue of Free Trade *versus* Tariff Reform. It is quite natural, therefore, that the Irish should hold views utterly at variance with those of the English Liberal Party.

The younger Irishmen who are "seeking to break away from the traditions of the past," will, I hope, become "helpful allies" of their own country, not hangers-on of any English political party, which is your correspondent's strange ambition for them. Those movements on the Continent which, he says, are attracting attention in "Dublin and the larger provincial towns"—he might have added "the country," too—are something more than "Liberal movements." The movement in Hungary is national, in Russia it is revolutionary, in Germany it is economic; there is no need for anyone to explain Ireland's interest in all these movements.

"An Irish Liberal" says that "the crowning blunder" of the present Administration in Ireland is the passing over of many eligible Roman Catholic barristers of both the Liberal and Nationalist persuasion when the last bit of jobbery was perpetrated. Surely he ought to know that no honest Nationalist can be an office-seeker or place-hunter, nor even accept "an appointment" when it is offered without his seeking it. With the Liberals it is, of course, another matter, and it must be very vexing to them to have none of the "comfortable salaries ranging from £500 to £12,000 a year" (poor Ireland!) which he complains have been bestowed on "men who are open and avowed opponents of the present Administration." But is the party that seeks to strengthen its hands by bribery and corruption ever likely to satisfy national aspirations either in its own country or any other?

In conclusion, we cannot but admire the frankness of "An Irish Liberal" in lamenting that "no effort has been made by the judicious use of the patronage at its (the English Government's) disposal to attract to its support the younger and more active members of the various professions." We Nationalists hope, however, that the present revival in Ireland will lead our young men to work for their own country without needing to be bribed to do it.—Yours, &c.,

An Irish Nationalist.

Poetry.

THE INTERVAL.

I.

I sleep. The panoply of sense,
The buffetings, the din,
The breasts of love, the battle dense,
The roaring drive I know not whence,
The riot curbed within,
Cease, and in dreamless innocence
The Self forgets its sin;
Forgets, unloosing like a robe,
The body and its grief,
Till at the Dawn over the globe
(That soft and silver thief!)
It wakes; nor ever eye can probe
Where it has found relief.

II.

I die. The treasure-ships I sought,
The glories and the glee,
The lives wherewith my own was wrought
(As in some tapestry gem-fraught)
Nearly and tenderly,
And the tune mine ear had almost caught,
All sink away from me.
Then dreamless æons interpose.
The gap, perchance, is long.
Will the Self wake to strains it knows?
Will the vast star-lit throng
Take up, renewed by deep repose,
The full theme of the song?

Herbert Trench.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

IN addition to the books by Mr. H. G. Wells announced in a recent number of THE NATION, another work from his pen may be expected in the immediate future. It will contain a general statement of Mr. Wells's speculative views on religion and life, developing, amid other things, the line of thought set forth in the essay "Scepticism of the Instrument," which is printed as an appendix in "A Modern Utopia." Mr. Wells shows a great power of literary production, but in his case this gift is not, as so often happens, accompanied by any loss of freshness. The influence of religion upon social progress, and the way in which the modern mind is inclined to approach both these subjects, have engaged his attention for some time, so that the coming volume is sure to be suggestive as well as critical.

* * *

IT is always interesting to learn what are the books that have been read and admired by famous men of letters. Mr. Austin Dobson has already written in delightful fashion about the libraries of Gray, Johnson, Goldsmith, and other authors of the eighteenth century, but it is surprising that this fascinating line of research has been so much neglected. However, one of the essays in a coming volume of "Literary and Biographical Studies" by Mr. James Baker, will be given up to books read by Coleridge, Southey, and Humphrey Davy. Coleridge, as everybody knows, was as great a reader as he was a talker, while no one can turn over the pages of Southey's "Common-Place Book" or "The Doctor" without being struck by the number of out-of-the-way books which Southey seems to have read. Among the other contents of Mr. Baker's volume are some hitherto unpublished letters written by Macaulay to his father and mother, and personal recollections of R. D. Blackmore, Friedrich von Bodenstedt, and Verestschagin, the famous Russian painter. It will be issued in a few weeks by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

* * *

"FRANCE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" is the title of a book by Mr. W. L. George, which is to be published next month by Messrs. Alston Rivers. The book is a study of the chief forces, religious, social, political, and literary, that are now making themselves felt in French thought, or that seem to have most likelihood of influencing its future development. Mr. George, who has been educated in France, and has served as a conscript in the French Army, holds that the French Radicals constitute the most virile and progressive element in the country. His book comes at an opportune moment, since interest in French affairs is sure to be heightened by the Franco-British Exhibition which opens next May.

* * *

THE study of æsthetic philosophy has always found favour in Germany. Lessing and Winckelmann, in the eighteenth century, built up a framework of artistic theory, to which Goethe subscribed; to-day quite a host of German writers are engaged upon the same subject, endeavouring to promote a more intelligent appreciation of works of art and to find new standpoints from which to approach the question. Some of the fascination of the newer, more thoughtful style of art criticism has penetrated this country, and the influence of Muther and Thode has impressed itself on our treatment of æsthetic matters, tending to oust the humdrum historico-biography method of a former age. Another German writer, who has just been translated into English, is Dr. Julius Meier-Graefe. His "Studies in the Development of Modern Art" aims at showing "the continuous growth of art, the evolution of one great personality from another, of one great tradition from what has gone before." It claims to be a contribution to a new system of æsthetics. Miss Florence Simmonds is responsible for the translation, and the work, consisting of two volumes, with about 250 illustrations, will be issued by Mr. Heinemann.

* * *

THE announcement that an eminent lawyer is at work on a life of of Isaac Butt, Parnell's predecessor in the leadership of the Home Rule movement, is sure to provoke interest. At the same time, it calls to mind other biographies that still remain unwritten. John Bright, for instance, has left behind him a large mass of correspondence, yet in spite of his share in the great political movements of his time no authoritative "Life" has appeared. R. D. Blackmore also kept a diary, but the non-appearance of a biography of the author of "Lorna Doone" is probably due to a wish expressed in his will. Other writers, Thackeray and Froude, for example, expressed similar wishes, but biographies of both have appeared.

* * *

THERE seems to be a revival of interest in spiritualism if we may judge from the number of books upon the subject which the publishers announce as in active preparation. Messrs. Putnam's Sons have in the press "The Naturalisation of the Supernatural," by Mr. Frank Podmore, who is widely known as an authority on psychical research. His book reviews the work effected during the past twenty-six years by the Society for Psychical Research, and shows that while the Society's investigations have done much to expose fraudulent performances by mediums, they have also brought forward a considerable body of evidence on behalf of thought transference or telepathy. The latter part of the book is devoted to a critical examination of the evidence so far accumulated for communication with the dead. Mr. Podmore's verdict is that conclusive proof of such communication has not yet been furnished. Mr. Werner Laurie will issue two books upon the same subject. "Do the Dead Depart? and Other Questions," by Miss Katherine Bates, whose former book, "Seen and Unseen," has had a great vogue, deals with clairvoyance, automatic writing, materialisation, and so forth, from the standpoint of a convinced believer. Mr. H. Carrington's "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism" is mainly occupied with an exposure of the frauds connected with the subject. He holds that an attack upon these frauds is a necessary step towards reaching the genuine phenomena which, he believes, do occasionally happen.

* * *

THE Manchester University Press has in preparation an important historical work, "The Cromwellian Conquest and Settlement of Ireland," by Mr. Robert Dunlop. It consists of a series of unpublished documents relating to the history of Ireland from 1651 to 1659, arranged, modernised, and edited with introduction, notes, and a critical apparatus. Mr. Dunlop has already given us several contributions of value to Irish history. He is well qualified to deal with even so controverted a period as that of the Cromwellian Settlement.

* * *

THE lectures on Racine by M. Jules Lemaître, which have been the literary sensation of the season in Paris, are to be published in a couple of weeks by Messrs. Calmann-Lévy. Judging from the summaries that have appeared in the French newspapers, the book is likely to be a critical work of the first importance.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Duke of Gandia." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)

"Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England." By J. Churton Collins. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Soul of Spain." By Havelock Ellis. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)

"Sketches of Life in Town and Country." By Edward Carpenter. (Allen. 5s. net.)

"My School and My Gospel." By Sir Herbert von Herkomer. (Constable. 21s. net.)

"The Story of Milan." By Ella Noyes. The Medieval Towns Series. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Trade and Administration of the Chinese Empire." By H. B. Morse. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Ice-Bound Heights of the Mustagh." By F. B. Workman and W. H. Workman. (Constable. 21s. net.)

"Memoir of the Life and Military Services of Viscount Lake, Baron Lake of Delhi and Laswaree." By Colonel Hugh Pearse. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

"The Sword Decides!" By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

"Américains et Japonais." Par Louis Aubert. (Paris: Colin. 4fr.)

"Musiciens d'aujourd'hui." Par Romain Rolland. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

"Croyance religieuse et Croyance intellectuelle." Par Ossip-Lourié. (Paris: Alcan. 2fr. 50.)

"Veuvage blanc." Roman. Par Marie Anne de Bovet. (Paris: Nilsson. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

WORDSWORTH AS A LETTER WRITER.*

Wordsworth, except by virtue of one quality, was not remarkable as a letter-writer. His happiest moods were those "trances of thought and mountings of the mind" which came to him when wandering among the hills or seated upon some old, gray stone. The act of penmanship was always a distress to him; in his elder years he was troubled with inflammation of the eyes, and he often dictated his letters. He could chain his mind to record facts, but to do so implied a state of servitude. He cared little for the letters of great writers, and expressed a wish that his own might be destroyed. He had no pleasant malice eager to escape from the tip of the pen, such as Horace Walpole had. He had no bubbling mirth which will not be repressed like that of Lamb. He could not engrave an exquisite vignette for a friend's delight and his own, like Cowper. His pen was not an etcher's needle, nor a dagger to stab, nor a sword to cut, nor a hobby-horse on which to canter. But to set over against all this, Wordsworth could write the truth, and the truth he invariably wrote.

He had the rare virtue of veracity. Here are three volumes of letters—mainly his—containing some fifteen hundred pages, which touch upon a multitude of topics, and it is safe to say that there is not a lie, whether black or white, to be found from the first letter to the last. This is marvellous; but with Wordsworth some of the inducements to tell lies, pleasant or unpleasant, were absent. He was not apt, like Shelley, to see palm trees over illusive wells in the waste, and on arriving confess that only sand was to be found. There was nothing in Wordsworth, as there was in Coleridge, which must skulk. Our feet, as we move through these records, are upon the rock or wholesome turf, not upon sinking peat, with a glazed and stagnant pond to right and to left. It is often the simple, grave, and thoughtful dalesman, with a cottage and a wife and children in it, whom we encounter here; but the dalesman was also a great poet, and dalesman and poet were of a piece, the one being as veracious as the other.

Wordsworth is at his best when his letters least resemble what our ancestors named epistolary correspondence. Occasionally some large theme occupies and rouses his mind, and he writes what is almost an essay, or at least—as he described "The Happy Warrior"—"a chain of valooable thoughts" upon a set subject. In a well-known letter of May, 1807, to Lady Beaumont, it is his own mind as a poet and his own poetical creations which he studies and broods on, until his prose becomes suffused with lofty passion. Another letter to Lady Beaumont of inordinate length exhibits his genius as a landscape-gardener. A third, from which no extract is given in these volumes, sent in March, 1811, to Captain Pasley of the Royal Engineers, opening with a criticism of his correspondent's Essay on the "Military Policy and Institutions of the British Empire," rises before the close to the same prophet-like tones which are heard in the pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra. Wordsworth longs that the military power of France should be reduced, while the nation should itself remain intact; he looks forward with hope to the unity of Italy and the unity of Germany. He desires for England a new system of martial policy. And then the patriot assumes the prophetic mantle:

> "But England, as well as the rest of Europe, requires what is more difficult to give it—a new course of education, a higher tone of moral feeling, more of the grandeur of the imaginative faculties, and less of the petty processes of the unfeeling and purblind understanding, that would manage the concerns of nations in the same calculating spirit with which it would set about building a house. Now a state ought to be governed (at least in these times), the labours of the statesman ought to advance, upon calculations and from impulses similar to those which give motion to the hand of a great artist when he is preparing a picture, or of a mighty poet when he is determining the proportions and march of a poem—much is to be done by rule; the great outline is previously to be conceived in distinctness, but the consummation of the work must be trusted to resources that are not tangible, though known to exist."

Such words as these could have been translated with a little rehandling into one of the lofty strains of "The Prelude."

But the good homely prose of the pedestrian letters has an attraction of its own. Through it we remain for a time in contact with a life of perfect integrity, in which the darkest crimes were that Mr. Wordsworth sometimes kept a correspondent too long in expectation of an answer, or William forgot, while tramping the roads and hills, that Mary had his dinner ready for him at a fixed hour. We see a man of profound and even passionate affections, whom sorrow could shake to the centre and indignation could possess with a solid core of heat; a man not illiberal in his sympathies, giving in general just esteem to the work of others, but testing all things by the highest standards, and in a certain sense anchored to his own greatness. We grow into familiarity with his grave and well-considered opinions—on public events, public persons, national policy, religion, literature, art, the characteristics of landscape. His sister, some of whose letters are charming, with as fine an eye, had not an equal power of reflection or analysis. We are guided by these letters to the sources, occasions, dates of many of Wordsworth's poems; we see the objects which reappear in the poems, but see these divested of "the light that never was, on sea or land." These documents are essential to a complete knowledge of the poet and the man.

Dr. Knight is to be congratulated on the completion of a labour of love. Everyone who cares for Wordsworth must feel that a large debt is due to him for his zeal in bringing together what was scattered through many volumes and what lay hidden in manscript. He could easily have made this liberal selection of letters and passages from letters larger, but the public will not borrow Gargantua's mouth for things of a past generation. It seems a part of true respect to the editor and his work that some of its defects should be noticed. The text of the letters has not always been correctly given. Indications of omissions, contrary to Dr. Knight's intention, are frequently absent. Dates, as the editor seems to be aware, are too often erroneous. The statements in Dr. Knight's notes are sometimes incorrect. The sources from which the letters have been derived are seldom recorded. Dr. Knight speaks as if this would have been impossible to accomplish, but no difficulty exists in the case of letters taken from books previously published, and it is not easy to see why much could not have been done to indicate the sources from which manuscript letters at some time or another reached him. To illustrate what has been stated—in Volume III., on p. 75, a letter is said to have been written on "15th April" to "H. Rogers," and again in the Index, H. Rogers is named as Wordsworth's correspondent. In Clayden's "Rogers and his Contemporaries" (II., 119), this letter appears as addressed to Samuel Rogers on April 5th. On the next page (p. 76) is printed a letter to Southey telling of the death of Wordsworth's sister-in-law, dated by Dr. Knight "June 25, 1835." It was in fact written a year later, on June 24th, 1836. The text of this short letter is substantially but not exactly correct. On p. 77 a letter to Crabb Robinson is dated "June 26, 1835"; it was in fact written on the same day as the preceding letter to Southey, June 24th, 1836. The letter which immediately follows (p. 79), also to Crabb Robinson, is again a year astray. Such errors do not trouble the person known as the general reader, who perhaps is the literary "man in the street"; but they create needless difficulties for the student of Wordsworth. No one will regret them more than the editor of these volumes, who is to some extent cognisant of the presence of inaccuracies of this kind. Why fragments of two letters, printed in "Letters from the Lake Poets" as addressed to Daniel Stuart, should be entered by Dr. Knight as "to Correspondent Unknown" (I., 458 and 464) puzzles an exact reader. The editor may have some reason with which we are unacquainted. Such criticism could be pursued much further, but many causes, for which an editor cannot be held responsible, may produce errors, and in the end we should have to return our cordial thanks to Dr. Knight for a valuable gift.

Edward Dowden.

* "Letters of the Wordsworth Family from 1787 to 1855." Collected and edited by William Knight. 3 vols. Boston and London: Ginn & Company. 31s. 6d. net.

LOISY'S APOLOGIA.*

M. Loisy's latest book is of the nature of an *Apologia pro vita sua*. In a series of letters, addressed for the most part to private friends, he explains his relations with ecclesiastical authority since the condemnation of his works in the beginning of the present pontificate, giving an account of the conclusions to which he has been led, of their incompatibility with official Catholic teaching, and of the situation created by the controversies to which they have given rise. It cannot be said of him that he is "no striker." Nothing so scathing has been written since Newman's famous answer to Kingsley. Were the quarrel one of individuals this vehemence might be open to criticism. The contest is unequal. The little men at Rome, so small for all their purple, with their thin unction and their text-book learning, have fallen into the grip of one of another stature than theirs. But it is a battle not of men but of ideas. The Steinhubers, the Merry del Vals, the Pontiff himself, are puppets. We are concerned not with them but with the forces at work behind them, Good and Evil, Truth and Falsehood. And it is a false charity which shrinks from denouncing evil as evil and a lie as a lie.

The salient quality of those Letters is their terrible, their appalling sincerity. Satire, scorn, pathos are there; but the keynote is the bare, impersonal statement of unadorned fact. It is not our way. No English divine would treat the subjects discussed with this cold austerity; no English public would endure their discussion on these lines. We desiderate edification, which is good; but we sacrifice to it—and this is not good—if not fact, certainly proportion and perspective. We compromise in the interests of practice; not seeing that in its own province thought is paramount, and must be followed, lead where it will. This is why English theologians are at fault in dealing with M. Loisy's work: the "Times'" review of "Les Evangiles Synoptiques" may be referred to as an example of their criticism. Provincial, insular, it is wanting in insight—it might almost be said in generosity. He does not sacrifice to our idols, and we distrust him. "Vais-je verser dans le *monisme*, dans le panthéisme? Je l'ignore. Ce sont des mots. Je tâche de parler des choses." We seem to be listening to Carlyle. North of the Tweed men think and speak in this way; not on the Isis and the Cam.

It is this uncompromising truthfulness which has led to the final rupture with the Roman hierarchy: he is excommunicated because, in plain words, he refuses to lie. It is an ugly word, but an uglier thing. "He is not required to cease writing, but to write in defence of tradition," —what does not this cover?—"as St. Remigius bade Clovis, 'Worship what thou hast burned; burn what thou hast worshipped.'" Thus the Pope. That is to say, this great Catholic scholar is called upon under pain of damnation, in so far as Pius X. can damn, to commit intellectual and moral suicide, to call truth falsehood and falsehood truth. To a summons to this apostasy one answer only can be made: "J'ai toujours regardé comme un devoir de rester dans l'Eglise, mais aussi de ne pas mentir pour éviter d'en être chassé." From personal sacrifices he has not shrunk. Had he broken with the Church, the scholar's fame was open to him; had he been false to his convictions, the Church herself presented a career. His retirement from the Sorbonne in 1904 was dictated by consideration for others: "Ce qui m'a décidé a été la considération du très grand nombre de jeunes prêtres qu'une catastrophe aurait consternés, ou exaspérés, ou compromis." But the sacrifice of principle is another thing. "Il ne faut pas me parler de sacrifices que la conscience interdit. Ce qui m'a toujours empêché de donner à l'autorité ecclésiastique la satisfaction qu'elle réclame c'est l'impossibilité où je serais de me supporter un seul instant si j'avais publiquement confessé que je tiens pour faux ce que je sais être vrai, et réciproquement." The Vatican does not understand such motives. "Ces bons Romains ne conçoivent pas que l'on interroge sa conscience pour les affaires où l'on peut avoir un intérêt. . . . Il est fort heureux pour nous que Dieu voit nos cœurs."

M. Loisy stands in the front rank of critics. The substance of his criticism is as radical as its form is trenchant: that it would be out of place in a parish pulpit few will deny. It is not intended for such use. He writes as a scholar for scholars. To many of his opinions he would be the last to ascribe more than provisional value: they are open to revision; they may be, in fact, revised. But to submit them to the test of the Procrustes bed of traditional dogma is stupid and irreligious: the first because the two are incommensurable; the second because such a stereotyping of tradition makes the Word of no effect. The Republic has no need of chemists; nor, it seems, the Church of scholars: the spirit of the Committee of Public Safety and that of the Vatican are one. It is the spirit that goes before a fall. It is not by the force that they can command—in our day a diminishing quantity—but by the reason which they embody that institutions, religious or civil, live.

That novelty is often error to those who are unprepared for it, from the refraction with which it enters into their conceptions, is true. But the scandal of the Pharisees is not to be confounded with that of the weak. The latter, so far as it exists—and in an age of so varied a culture as ours, in which the medieval mind survives side by side with the modern, it would be rash to set it down as non-existent—is best met by the reminder that religion does not consist in opinions, however true, or in observance, however useful, but in a fact of spiritual experience, which is to be distinguished from its intellectual re-statement. But it is seldom the simple and single-hearted who are scandalised: rather it is the *faux dévots*, the half-believers who hang on to the Church from custom, from sentiment, from disinclination to accept personal responsibility for thought and conduct—it is these who resent the disturbance of their dogmatic slumbers by inquiry, by revival, by anything that threatens to recall them from the world of dreams to that of reality. "La mediocrité fonde l'autorité." It is the wish to evade the law of the higher self that brings about that religion of the second order, priestly, statutory, ceremonial, which so soon becomes second nature: it is easier to do than to be. The vitality of a community in which this secondary religion is dominant is at a low ebb: its union in Catholicism with a powerful hierarchical element bent at all costs on the preservation of its threatened privileges and emoluments has alienated all that is best and most living in the modern world from the Church.

> "Le grande scandale en nos jours, je n' hésite pas à le declarer hautement, c'est l'opposition permanente, radicale, intransigeante, souvent cruelle et déloyale, que l'Eglise a faite, qu'elle continue de faire à tout le mouvement intellectuelle et scientifique, on peut ajouter même social et politique, des derniers siècles. Voilà le vrai, l'unique scandale, et j'en suis innocent. Autant qu'il était en moi, j'ai essayé, de l'atténuer, de la faire cesser. Mais je ne veux pas, au terme de mes jours, m' y associer, y coopérer. Je ne veux pas aider l'Eglise à perdre les nations catholiques, ni à se perdre elle-même, en s'aliénant ce qui lui reste de fidèles dans le monde civilisé."

The comments on the separation of Church and State in France will be read with peculiar interest. The action of the Vatican, in M. Loisy's judgment, would not have been tolerated by the most Catholic of governments under the old *régime*.

> "On finira par comprendre que les décisions pontificales n'ont pas été dictées par l'intérêt véritable de la religion, mais par l'intérêt, très mal compris d'ailleurs, de la papauté politique. Je souhaite me tromper, mais il est à craindre que l'Eglise de France ne se relève jamais de la condition infirme, équivoque, tourmentée, où Pie X. vient de la jeter, et que la crise actuelle n'annonce la fin très prochaine du catholicisme parmi nous. Et ce n'est pas l'Etat, ce ne sont pas les Evêques, si ce n'est par leur obéissance au Pape, qui auront amené ce triste résultat: c'est l'absolutisme romain qui, pour sauver ses prétentions, aura perdu ce qui restait de l'Eglise où brillerent saint Bernard, saint Louis, et Fénelon."

Of the larger question of the future of Catholicism M. Loisy has little to say. A reaction, he believes, is impossible: beyond this who can go? But as the whole policy of the Papacy is based on the hope of such a reaction, the prospect is gloomy. An English Catholic novelist describes the Roman Church as reduced in the course of a generation or two to the Pope and a handful of adherents in a Syrian village. These things are an allegory; but his prophecy may be nearer the truth than he knows.

---

* "Quelques lettres, sur des questions actuelles et sur des événements récents." Par Alfred Loisy. 3fr.
Chez l'auteur. Ceffonds, près Montier-en-Der, Haute Marne.

SECOND IMPRESSION NOW READY.

MODERN EGYPT

BY THE

By the EARL OF CROMER.

With Portrait and Map. Two Vols. 8vo, 24s. net.

Athenæum.—"A book which all students of contemporary statesmanship, and still more all who have followed the marvellous regeneration of Egypt under Lord Cromer's direction, will read with eagerness."

Punch.—"Lord Cromer, writing as well as he works, has contributed to history one of the most important chapters added during the present generation."

Black and White.—"A work which is destined to be a classic while the English tongue is spoken and Egypt and Britain have places upon the map. . . . It is not too much to say that as a contribution to the literature of the world it is fit to be placed with the greatest works of the great historians."

MR SIDNEY LOW in the *Standard.*—"The book is not only absorbing in its interest, but it is a contribution to contemporary history of the highest importance. . . . To those who want to know how modern Egypt came into being, and to those who would learn what modern Egypt is, the book is invaluable. It may be supplemented; it cannot be superseded."

Westminster Gazette.—"A fascinating book—a book through which the central stream of narrative runs broad and clear, and in which our guide is no mere historian piecing together the records of others, but himself the chief actor in the scenes that he describes."

MR. SPENSER WILKINSON in the *Morning Post.*—"Stands almost alone in literature. . . . Of absorbing interest. It tells from beginning to end a story which is perhaps the most dramatic that has passed before the eyes of Englishmen now in middle life."

THE STORY OF THE GUIDES.

By Col. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B. With Illustrations, 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Recounts the most notable achievements of the famous Indian Regiment from its foundation by Lawrence and Lumsden in 1846 to the Malakand Expedition of 1897.

GENERAL HISTORY OF WESTERN NATIONS

From 5000 B.C. to 1900 A.D.

By EMIL REICH, Doctor Juris, Author of "New Student's Atlas of English History," &c. Part I. ANTIQUITY. Vols. I. and II. 8vo, 15s. net.

The two volumes treat (1) of the method of history; (2) of the great inland empires of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, the Hittites, &c.; (3) of the border nations called the Hebrews, the Phœnicians, and the Archaic Hellenes; (4) the historic Greeks; (5) the Romans.

ATLAS ANTIQUUS.

In forty-eight Original Graphic Maps, with Elaborate Text to each Map, and full Index. By Dr. EMIL REICH. Crown 4to, 10s. net.

MACMILLAN'S GUIDE to Greece, the Archipelago, Constantinople, the Coasts of Asia Minor, Crete, and Cyprus,

being a New and Thoroughly Revised Edition of the Guide to the Eastern Mediterranean. With 33 Maps and Plans. Globe 8vo, 9s. net.

[*Next Week.*

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN HAMPSHIRE.

By D. H. MOUTRAY READ. With Illustrations by ARTHUR B. CONNOR. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN.

With Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. 3s. 6d. Or Limp Leather, 5s. net.

[*Globe Library.*

LIFE OF RICHARD COBDEN.

By JOHN MORLEY. 2 vols. Globe 8vo, 8s. net.

[*Eversley Series.*

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

MESSRS. BELL'S NEW BOOKS

THE CHILDREN'S EASTER BOOK.

NOW READY. Crown 4to, 2s, 6d. net.

EASTER EGGS:

An Easter Idyll for Children.

By CHRISTOPH VON SCHMID,

with many Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White, by

Miss M. V. WHEELHOUSE,

and specially-designed Title and End Papers.

"Christoph von Schmid's account of the origin of Easter Eggs makes a very charming tale, and, in its present guise, embellished with exquisite full-page coloured illustrations, it is as attractive an Easter gift-book as can well be imagined."
—*Observer.*

Prospectus and Specimen Plate on application.

NEW WORKS BY ABBOT GASQUET, D.D.

Crown 8vo, 6s. net each.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE BLACK DEATH IN 1348 & 1349. New and Revised Edition.

"By far the most interesting and exhaustive record to be found of this most appalling visitation."—*Morning Post.*

THE LAST ABBOT OF GLASTONBURY, and other Essays. Illustrated.

IN THE PRESS.

THE OLD ENGLISH BIBLE, and other Essays.

Prospectus on application.

Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

DECORATIVE HERALDRY. A Practical Handbook of its Artistic Treatment. By G. W. EVE With about 200 Illustrations. New and Revised Edition.

"He treats his subject with a width as well as a depth of knowledge that renders this volume amongst all modern writings the treatise on heraldry *par excellence* for artists."
—*Magazine of Art.*

Prospectus on Application.

GOETHE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. ("Dichtung und Wahrheit.") Revised Translations by M. STEELE-SMITH, Head Lecturer in Modern Languages at Newnham College, Cambridge. With an Introduction and Bibliography by KARL BREUL, Littt.D., Ph.D. 2 Vols., fcap 8vo., cloth, 2s. net.; limp leather, 3s. net. **(The York Library.)**

[*Ready Wednesday next.*

EASTER ON THE CONTINENT.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

CITIES AND SIGHTS OF SPAIN. A Handbook for Tourists. By E. MAIN (MRS. LE BLOND), Author of 'The High Alps in Winter.' With 56 Illustrations and a Plan of a Tour in Spain.

"A clever and artistic contribution to a country which has been too much neglected since Don Quixote's days. Her 214 pages of clear type are bound in a form that any traveller can put in his pocket, and will consider cheap at five shillings. There is an index, and an excellent map of a suggested journey. The hints on how to get about and what to do are extremely valuable."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Prospectus on application.

Fcap. 8vo, 2s. net.

ROMAN PICTURE GALLERIES. A Guide and Handbook to all the Picture Galleries in the Eternal City. By ALICE ROBERTSON.

THE ART GALLERIES OF EUROPE.

With numerous Full-page Illustrations and a Plan. Each in One Vol. Large cr. 8vo, 6s. net.

THE ART OF THE VATICAN. By MARY KNIGHT POTTER.
THE ART OF THE PITTI PALACE. By JULIA DE W. ADDISON
THE ART OF THE VENICE ACADEMY. By MARY KNIGHT POTTER.
THE ART OF THE LOUVRE. By MARY KNIGHT POTTER.
THE ART OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY. By JULIA DE W. ADDISON.
THE ART OF THE DRESDEN GALLERY. By JULIA DE W. ADDISON.

Illustrated Prospectus on application.

BELL'S HANDBOOKS TO CONTINENTAL CHURCHES

Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net. each.

Chartres. | Amiens. | Mont St. Michel.
Rouen. | Paris (Notre Dame). | Bayeux.

Detailed and Illustrated List on application.

London:

GEORGE BELL & SONS, York House, Portugal St., W.C.

TWO STUDIES IN LIFE.*

The main reason for the increasing hold that fiction has over the masses is that it serves as an endless series of dissolving views of human nature. Town life is too busy and hurried for people to study their neighbours with the inquisitive watchfulness of country folk, and fiction is a natural substitute, which widens their field of vision indefinitely. The superior persons who deplore the supremacy of fiction to-day over other kinds of literature, have failed to recognise that there is nothing so subtly educative as a good novelist's skilful representation of life and character. Conduct and human relations, that is what the novelist is analysing and presenting to us all the time, whereas most branches of "serious" literature are concerned primarily with imparting information. "Let me write the people's ballads, and I care not who makes the laws," is a saying that our educationalists have failed to turn to account. They have poohpoohed the function of the novel, but fortunately the control of fiction, unlike that of our stage, has not yet fallen into the hands of "business" middlemen. This indirect educative function of fiction is illustrated by the majority of novels of insight, and almost any couple we may pick out may be classed as justly under the head of "educative" as under the head of "light reading," according to the disposition of the reader.

Mr. Archibald Marshall, for example, whose last novel "Many Junes," is not so happily conceived as his "Exton Manor," has some striking chapters that bear admirably on the national vice of snobbishness. Hugh Lechaleur, his hero, in youth loses his inheritance, Foyle Manor, his rightful career, and the society of his equals, through the rash speculations of his father, Admiral Lechaleur, who dies a broken-hearted bankrupt. Hugh is forced to enter the ranks of City clerks, and the author shows some psychological skill in showing us how in the course of many years, having missed that free development of his natural talents and social instincts which a life of leisure gives, his hero shrinks into the shell of a solitary middle-aged man, reticent and over grave. Mr. Marshall has, however, used too cramped a canvas to do justice to the whole perspective of his picture, and we confess that we find the gradual development of Hugh's mental isolation inadequately sketched. There is nothing more difficult to indicate than the subtle changes that a man's character undergoes between twenty and forty, and the author has got his foreshortening wrong. The fifty pages, however, of the novel, which deal with Hugh's relations with Mrs. Churton and her daughter Mabilia, are almost worthy of George Gissing. All the unworthy sacrifice of inner sincerity on the altar of snobbish pretence is exemplified by the figures of this modern mother and her daughter. The picture is plain and direct, but the spiritual deadness and commonness of this British matron is admirably expressed by the shades of her relations with her daughter Mabilia, whose happiness she is quite ready to mortgage to any man of family, like Hugh, who can claim to be actually a first cousin to Sir Richard and Lady Lechaleur of Wyse Hall. We need not trace the story. Hugh entangles himself with the Churtons, and, too late, discovers that he is in love with another woman. We think that there is false morality preached in Hugh's surrender of the girl Margaret Paston to the unreal claims upon him of the woman he does not love, Mabilia Churton, but the point we wish to dwell on is that Mr. Marshall's novel, in its strength as in its weakness, is educative in the best sense. It forces the reader to decide for himself the delicate points of conduct that it raises, and in this respect it has a direct influence on its readers' heart and conscience, a personal influence which the most weighty volumes of biography, history, travel, &c., can exercise only in a far more abstract form.

Not less educative is the effect of Mr. Fletcher's "Mothers in Israel" on the reader's mind. The theme of the novel, briefly stated, is the vice of uncharitableness and evil speaking so rampant in an ordinary agricultural parish. The narrowness and pettiness of the provincial outlook are both expressed and relieved by the intense curiosity of village folk, farming folk, and even the squire's wife, and the Vicar's better-half, concerning their neighbours' doings. It is a fact, frequently to be met with in rural parishes, that the more independent-minded and original people gravitate to the big towns, to escape the prying comments and uncharitable judgments of Little Peddlington.

The "Mothers in Israel" in Mr. Fletcher's story are Mrs. Hancock and Mrs. Gill, the bustling, shrewd, and self-righteous wives of two substantial Yorkshire farmers. These two ladies practically rule, between them, the parish of Applemarney, and so keen is their struggle for precedence, that their cautious spouses have to come to a secret agreement and put their heads together when anything fresh is on the tapis. There is a pleasant fresh flavour about all Mr. Fletcher's descriptions of Yorkshire ways and habits of life, and the rugged straightforwardness of the people which makes them so likeable is well contrasted with their prosaic mind and their terrible respect for "folk as has brass o' their own." Young Mr. Warwick, the London clergyman who comes to Applemarney, has "brass o' his own," and his cool independence soon brings him into conflict with Mrs. Hancock and Mrs. Gill. He has the audacity to fall in love with Miss May, the village schoolmistress, and the Hancock and Gill factions unite for the purpose of driving the offending lovers out of the district. Slander is the weapon chosen, but fortune favours Warwick and Miss May. A passage typical of Mr. Fletcher's mastery of the Yorkshire bluntness of thought and speech may be cited from the conversation of Warwick's old housekeeper, Elizabeth Wright:—

> "Well, I'll give you a little bit o' good advice, seeing 'at ye look so young and innocent. Ye mun mind some o' these here lasses i' t' place, or else they'll wed ye afore ye know wheer ye are. Now, there's Mestur and Mistress Gill's dowter—Maud Mary they call her—shoo's just come back fro' boardin'-school, and can play on t' pianny, and what not; shoo's none a foul-looking lass, an' t' Gills would none be sorry to see her wed. Then theer's Mestur and Mistress Hancock's dowter—her name's Ruth—shoo's at what they call a marriageable age, and a varry nice young woman shoo is, an' all, but homely like. I lay t' Hancocks 'ud none object to her wedding a likely young feller, specially if he wor i' t' ministry, like yoursen. An theer's that theer little school-teacher, Miss May—Little Sunshine, as our Joa calls her—shoo's on the look-out for a man as keen as ever I seed a lass to be—I lay you've nobbut to say the word i' that quarter. I could ha' wished 'at ye'd been an owder, steadier sort like; there's some sad pitfalls for a good-looking young man i' this village, and young women's none but flighty, when all's said and done. I ha' no patience wi' 'em. I'm sure I never wanted to ha' nowt to do wi' t' men."

It would be superfluous to point out that no treatise on morals or conduct could possibly give us the shades of Elizabeth's philosophy, and that it is just by this æsthetic pleasure that the author communicates to us that the moral of "Mothers in Israel" is driven home. What the moralists have always boggled at accepting is that pleasure is the great legitimate instrument through which Nature herself gets her creatures to do her bidding. Why then should the artist be looked upon askance by the over-superior person for employing the same means? The stupidity of this distrust of the stage and fiction, as educative forces, is well exemplified by the last generation's neglect of Meredith and exaltation of Ruskin and Carlyle. The two last were hailed as teachers and prophets, because they appealed to their generation in the form of serious and weighty essays, while Meredith was neglected till the young generation came into contact with his "novels." Let us hope, however, that this distrust of all art that is not avowedly packed with moral purpose will by and by be a thing of the past with the English people.

* "Many Junes." By Archibald Marshall. Methuen. 6s.
"Mothers in Israel." By J. S. Fletcher. John Murray. 6s.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

A volume called "A Mind that Found Itself," by Mr. C. W. Beers (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net), describing the personal experiences of an educated American, a Yale graduate, who, losing his "reason" for a time, became an inmate of several private and public asylums, claims a double interest, as a psychological document and as a humanitarian appeal. In our judgment Professor William James, two commendatory letters from whom are used as an Introduction, overrates the

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN THADEUS DELANE,

Editor of "The Times," 1841-1877. Containing hitherto unpublished Letters of Palmerston, Disraeli, and other Statesmen, and numerous Anecdotes of the Court and London Society in the Reign of Queen Victoria. By his Nephew, ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT. With Portraits and other Illustrations. 2 Vols. Demy 8vo, 32s. net. [*Ready immediately.*

CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA,

Infanta of Portugal and Queen Consort of England. By LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

This is a life not merely of Queen Catherine, but also of Charles II. from the Restoration to his death, and a history of his Court, of its intrigues and cabals, of the reigning favourites, and of their baneful influence. The Duchess of Cleveland, Nell Gwynn, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Frances Stuart, and the rest are all pourtrayed. The true story of Catherine of Braganca is here told from original sources. Over eighty letters in her own hand, never before given to the public, afford most interesting glimpses into the private life and character of the much injured Queen.

FROM PEKING TO SIKHIM.

By COUNT DE LESDAIN. With Maps and Illustrations based on the Author's Surveys and Photographs. Demy 8vo, 12s. net.

This is the record of a remarkable journey, all the more remarkable in that it was carried out by a newly married couple. Several parts of their journey were through districts scarcely known to Europeans, and were performed under severe hardships.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PORT ARTHUR.

By Monsieur E. K. NOJINE, accredited Russian War Correspondent during the Siege. Translated and Abridged by Captain A. B. LINDSAY, Translator of "The Battle of Tsushima," &c. Edited by Major E. D. SWINTON, D.S.O. With a carefully prepared Map and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 15s. net. [*Ready immediately.*

"The Truth about Port Arthur" caused a sensation in Russia last year. M. Nojine, the author, was the accredited Russian war correspondent in Port Arthur, and has been recently honoured by the Tsar in recognition of his services. The book is important to military men and students of the art of war, and it contains many secrets.

INDIAN PROBLEMS.

By S. M. MITRA. With an Introduction by Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., LL.D. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. [*Ready immediately.*

Mr. Mitra is distinguished amongst our Hindu fellow-subjects for his knowledge of India and as a loyalist. He has a thorough acquaintance with the whole history and system of our administration, and has lived and worked not only in his own country but also in the Nizam's territory. He disapproves of Congress methods, dearly appreciates the benefits derived from the British Raj, but at the same time is able to point out some of the reasons of the unpopularity of the English, and to suggest means for the removal of them.

THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE.

By ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.V.O., Author of "The Psalms in Human Life," &c. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

These Essays deal with life in a provincial town in France; French farming, with special reference to the condition of peasant land-owners in the various districts; the curious and little-known story of French agrarian outrages which have anticipated the familiar features of land agitation in Ireland; a faggot of French folk-lore gathered in Touraine, Berri, Poitou, and Périgord; an interpretation of the life, times, and work of Francois Rabelais; a study of the Palace and Forest of Fountainebleau, and their associations with the most brilliant periods of French history; and a chapter on some modern French poets, including Théodore de Banville, Lecomte de Lisle, Sully Prudhomme, and Francois Coppée.

STUDIES in the HISTORY of VENICE.

By HORATIO F. BROWN, Author of "Life on the Lagoons,' Demy 8vo. 2 Vols. 18s. net.

"We have all read books on Venice, not a few of them mere book-making, but Mr. Brown's new book is a monument of great learning, pleasantly presented. One rises from it a wiser man—the one test of such volumes as these."—*Sphere.*

A New Novel by the Author of "A Lame Dog's Diary."

THREE MISS GRAEMES.

By S. MACNAUGHTAN. 6s.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

THE INTERNATIONAL

APRIL No. *NOW READY.* 1s. NET.

The Contents include the following, among other important articles—

THE CITIZEN, THE MUNICIPALITY, AND THE STATE. By PERCY ASHLEY.

SELF GOVERNMENT IN THE OVERSEAS DOMINIONS. By the Hon. B. R. WISE.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO. By NICOLA SALMERON.

UNIVERSITIES FOR THE PEOPLE. By the EDITOR.

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN IN ISLAM. By PROF. A. VAMBERG.

THE CANADIAN ANTI-STRIKE LEGISLATION. By PROF. O. D. SKELTON.

NOTE.—A specimen copy of No. 1 of "THE INTERNATIONAL" will be sent free on receipt of 3d. for Postage.

Address—T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

ORIENTAL CAMPAIGNS AND EUROPEAN FURLOUGHS.

The Autobiography of an Indian Mutiny Veteran. By Colonel EDWIN MAUDE, late H.M. 2nd (Leinster) Regiment. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

HISTORY OF IRELAND TO THE COMING OF HENRY II.

By ARTHUR UA CLERIGH, M.A., K.C. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

This volume is complete in itself. It is a record of Irish History from the earliest times to 1171.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE

(B.C. 29—A.D. 476). By H. STUART JONES, M.A. With Maps and many other illustrations. 5s.
A new volume in the "Story of The Nation" series.

T. FISHER UNWIN, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON.

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER and

PUBLIC OPINION

Sir Hubert Herkomer, the distinguished artist, writing from Bushey to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION, says, on February 11th, 1908:—

Dear Sir—It gives me great pleasure to tell you how your paper, PUBLIC OPINION, answers a purpose in my life. Although I read a great deal, I find it impossible to keep abreast of the trend of higher thought that is going on around me, which can only be gathered from various articles and letters in the newspapers, and articles in magazines. But your paper gives me the assurance that I miss nothing which could be of use to me in the train of thought upon which I may just be engaged, and seldom does a weekly issue of PUBLIC OPINION appear from which I cannot cull some useful suggestion. As a lecturer on art, I need all the suggestions on life that I can get into my hands, for I treat art in all its phases popularly. From PUBLIC OPINION I get to know certain modern authors with whose methods of thinking I am in sympathy, and those I follow up further. Your paper does me the service to point to them.

Your selection of current thought is worthy of all praise, for it gives one the wholesome feeling that the world is after all not going to the devil, but contains thinkers and good men and women.

I wish you with all my heart continuous success with your paper.

Yours very truly,
(Sgd.) HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

PUBLIC OPINION.

A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.
EVERY FRIDAY. TWOPENCE.

Edited by PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION,
30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis St., London, E.C.
Specimens free on application.
PERCY L. PARKER.

psychological value. The numerous evidences of graphomania and of the survival of elation during the period of the preparation of this work, though by no means nullifying its worth as a veracious narrative of facts, make that value very difficult to estimate. In other words, we cannot tell how far the temporary state of disease with its persistent delusions may have affected the impressions of fact, and so, through the memory, the records of those facts: nor can we feel sure that these abnormal conditions, many of them differing in degree, not in kind, from the normal, have so entirely passed away as to enable the writer to sift fact from fancy in his narrative, or to avoid that tendency to heighten interesting experiences which is common to most men who have had an unusual record. At the same time we agree that many of the inner incidents carry their own verification, and that so subtle an observer of subjective conditions does well to place his observations in permanent form. Accepting his account of the treatment of the insane as correct (and there is nothing unreasonable in this acceptance) we hold that his plea for a more rational treatment and for a better public control over asylums is essentially sound. We doubt not that physical restraints, mechanical methods of routine, and all the dehumanising influences of institutional life are as noxious in the case of the insane as in that of criminals. The vice is in essence the same, the fatuous attempt to apply mechanical remedies to delicate psychical diseases. The other defect to which Mr. Beers devotes so much attention, the abuses of injustice and of actual physical violence which spring up when coarse untrained men and women became warders or nurses, is quite as serious. The problem "quis custodiet custodes ipsos" nowhere presents itself in graver form than in asylums, prisons, poorhouses, and other institutions, where the detailed conduct of affairs is of necessity left to authorities upon the spot, and where effective exposure of wrongs must always be difficult. Mr. Beers is right in insisting that two chief reforms are necessary; first to substitute well-chosen, trained, and properly-paid persons for the work of caring for the insane; secondly, to organise a wholesome, watchful public opinion which shall operate, through inspection and through the informal action of the medical profession, in substituting more humane and more reasonable modes of treatment. Much stupidity and much positive cruelty still survive not only in America but in this country in the treatment of the insane.

* * *

In "The Thirteen Colonies of North America" (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Reginald W. Jeffery deals with an instructive section of our Colonial history. Though these colonies now form the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, their fortunes from Raleigh's abortive expedition to Virginia in 1585 to the capture of Montreal by Amherst, Haviland, and Murray in 1760, belong to British history. Mr. Jeffery's spirited narrative begins by a concise account of the English voyages to North America in the sixteenth century. This is followed by a series of chapters on the separate colonies, the adventures of the early pioneers being described as far as possible in the words of contemporary writers. The northern colonies, with their yeomen and trader settlers, naturally came to the front much more rapidly than did Maryland and the Carolinas, which, besides being handicapped in some degree by Locke's unworkable Fundamental Constitutions, suffered from the hostility of Virginia and from recurring disputes and insurrections. In spite of religious troubles Massachusetts enjoyed great prosperity from the very first, and in 1643 united with New Haven, Plymouth, and Connecticut in forming the New England Confederacy, the first United States of North America. The struggle with the Dutch for the New Netherland Settlement forms an interesting episode, though scarcely less so is the early history of the Quaker settlements of Delaware and Pennsylvania. The foundation of Georgia by Oglethorpe brings this section of the book to a conclusion. Two useful chapters are given to a discussion of the social and economic history of the colonies, and Mr. Jeffery ends by a fine description of the long conflict with France, which culminated in the capture of Quebec and Montreal.

* * *

Although we have already had several books in which Mr. Meredith's work has been interpreted and appreciated, there was room for Mr. Richard H. P. Curle's fresh and well-balanced study, "Aspects of George Meredith" (Routledge, 6s.). Mr. Meredith's exact position in the history and genius of literature is, as Mr. Curle says, a question that cannot be settled till many years have passed. At the same time every real addition to the body of criticism that has grown up round the novels and poems brings us a step towards that final estimate. Mr. Curle describes his book as an interpretation, and declares that the last thing it could properly be called is a criticism. This is true, if we use the word in a narrow sense, but in the broader sense of the word it is undoubtedly criticism, and criticism of the type that is most needed in the case of a writer like Mr. Meredith. It owes much to Mr. Trevelyan's brilliant volume, but while in Mr. Trevelyan's book it is the poet and the philosopher who occupies the foremost place, Mr. Curle, while not neglecting this aspect, also brings prominently forward the purely artistic side of Mr. Meredith's achievement. On the other hand, the book differs from Mrs. Sturge Henderson's recent volume in that the novels are not subjected to a detailed examination. We are given instead a number of chapters in which Mr. Meredith's view of nature, of love, death, the comic spirit, his insight into character, his sense of humour, and so forth, are discussed and explained. Mr. Curle's style is not always happy, but on the whole his book is marked by real critical insight and suggestion. Every lover of Mr. Meredith's work will read it with pleasure, and it can be heartily recommended to those who feel the need of guidance through the mazes of the Meredithian philosophy.

* * *

A very seasonable volume for young children is "Easter Eggs" (George Bell, 2s. 6d. net), translated from the German of Christopher Von Schmid, and illustrated in line and colour by M. V. Wheelhouse. The Bavarian author of this and many other pretty stories for the young, lived during the first half of the nineteenth century, and enjoyed a popularity that is still preserved in his native land. "Easter Eggs" is romance with a moral and religious flavour. It tells of a valley inhabited mostly by charcoal-burners, to which comes a mysterious and sorrowful lady with her two children and an old attendant. She seeks and easily obtains the peasants' hospitality, and in return, contrives to introduce a hen-coop full of birds, for their edification and instruction. Her gift to the children of coloured Easter eggs comes at the proper season, and the rest of the story relates how one of these eggs is the means of restoring to the beautiful Lady Bountiful the knightly husband whose absence had brought sorrow and exile upon her. The atmosphere of the tale is fragrant and wholesome, and Miss Wheelhouse's dainty illustrations in colour are reproduced excellently.

* * *

Mr. William Archer and Professor Herford are to be congratulated on the completion of their "Copyright Edition of Ibsen, with the issue of Volume I., containing "Lady Inger of Osstrat," "The Feast of Solhoug," and "Love's Comedy" (Heinemann, 4s.). The edition runs to eleven volumes, and is far the best form in which Ibsen's works are accessible to English readers. Ibsen has practically transformed the European stage-craft of the later nineteenth century, and Mr. Archer's part in introducing him to the English world of art and the drama, represents one of the great modern feats of our scholarship. Professor Herford's translation of "Brand" is, in our view, one of the most admirable in the language. No lover and student of Ibsen can afford to leave this edition out of his library.

* * *

A cheaper edition of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Principles of Western Civilisation" (Macmillan, 5s. net) has been issued. Mr. Kidd has written a new Introduction, in which he gives his reasons for not having replied before to his critics. He points out that he was one of the first to maintain that the view held by Western peoples of the intellectual superiority of their own races, when compared with other races in the world, rested upon no adequate foundation, and he shows that his theory is supported by the recent emergence of Japan as one of the great military powers of the world. Mr. Kidd's suggestive examination of the laws of progress in organised societies has been the theme of much discussion, so that the publication of his book in this cheaper form will be welcomed.

APRIL ISSUE 300pp., of

Financial Review of Reviews

CONTAINS—

The Case for Free Trade.

By LORD AVEBURY, P.C.

INDIA'S FINANCIAL HANDICAP.

By SIR ROPER LETHBRIDGE, K.C.I.E.

HOW TO SIMPLIFY AN INVESTOR'S ACCOUNTS. By the Editor of the "Accountant."

Safeguarding Invested Capital.

By H. LOWENFELD.

One of the main objects of the Review is to point out to investors how their own personal interest can be secured by adopting sound financial methods in the management of investments, and this article indicates some of the chief dangers which beset the investor.

Other Contributions by Lord Boston, Sir R. Hamilton Lang, W. H. Mallock, Dr. Paton, Arnold White, &c.

ONE SHILLING. 2, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON, S.W.

NOW READY.

The April "BOOK MONTHLY"

6d. net.

It contains a new feature, which should be useful to many people—namely, a list of the Contents of the April Reviews and Magazines.

It also contains an article in which Mrs. Clayton Glyn, the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," gives her impressions of America.

Finally, the April BOOK MONTHLY has all the book news and many beautiful illustrations.

Publishers, SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.,

Stationers' Hall Court, London, who will be glad to send a specimen copy of the magazine free of cost.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

THE INDEX TO VOLUME I. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

The Daily News

Founded by

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846.

Honored tradition and the spirit of modern enterprise are combined in "The Daily News." Matters of serious interest are reported at length. Place is also found, in shorter form, for the lighter news items which are a feature of 20th century journalism.

"The Daily News" is the **only** London Liberal newspaper that devotes every day a whole page to Financial and Commercial matters, Trade and Market reports and Stock Exchange Intelligence.

Its daily Parliamentary report is far more detailed than that of any other ½d. paper, and nearly a column is given to the Law List.

If you do not read "The Daily News" it is impossible for you to follow the progress of Liberalism.

HEAD OFFICES—

Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

OUR LAND

The APRIL NUMBER is now ready at all Bookstalls and Newsagents, price 3d. net.

CONTENTS.

Municipalities.
Agricultural Co-operation: The Depot.—I.
The Management of Farms. By W. M. Tod, M.A.
Rural Housing and Sanitation.—III. By a Civil Engineer.
The Farmer and the School.
Cow Clubs and Pig Clubs. By W. L. Charleton.
The Poultry Industry.
Wheat.
The New Domesday Book.

NOTES:
County Councils and Housing.
The Lighting of Villages.
Milk Records.
The Arrangement of Buildings.

CASSELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, E.C.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS.

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

Insurance.

THEATRE RISKS.

Theatrical managers, led by the astute Mr. Stanley Boulter, have been much concerned of late concerning the premiums they pay for fire insurance to the tariff companies. They have even gone the length of fathering the Theatres Mutual Insurance Company, which with all the boldness and inexperience of youth, has come to the rescue in this particular class of fire hazard. They have rushed "where angels fear to tread." Undoubtedly this class of risk, through the action of the London County Council and other local authorities begotten of the appalling loss of life in past years, have yielded later a lighter loss ratio. That same past is not insufficiently ancient history to call for examples or details. Experience imperatively demanded public attention and remedy, and got it. The fire offices awaited the result, anxious to see whether remedies for the protection of life went on all fours with those which the more prosaic mind might suggest as precautions against the spread of fire. The two views did not necessarily run alongside. It seemed, however, proved that the remedies had effected a substantial improvement, and thereupon the fire offices, of their own accord, hardly two years ago, made a considerable reduction in the rates hitherto existing for theatrical and music-hall risks.

It is obvious that the use of the stage proper presents a great variety of risks, and that that variety is met by differential rating. Assuming that the construction and surroundings of the theatre are alike, the representation of a modern society or drawing-room comedy has fewer elements of fire risk than those plays where there are big "sets," involving the use of complicated machinery and ever-changing and elaborate scenery, or even pantomimes where goblins and fairies are surrounded with displays of fire or light, all of which have to be reckoned with by the fire underwriter. The rate fixed marks his view of the risk, and it can be imagined that they differentiate almost as much as the views of man in general. Their assessment may not be perfect, but as they represent the collective experience of the oldest and most reliable insurance offices, they afford more satisfactory data than the guesses of new ventures, or even the experience of theatrical managers themselves. As these gentlemen must be presumed to know their own special business best, they must give the fire offices credit for like common sense.

Following hard upon a recent deputation comprising such notable actor-managers as Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. Cyril Maude to an important representative meeting of leading insurance men, when, it is understood, the hardships of even the reduced rating for theatres were urged, comes a powerful object lesson in the total destruction of the stage portion of Drury Lane theatre, as well as serious fires at Windsor and Leicester theatres. The fire waste at Drury Lane theatre, repeating its disastrous experience of 1672 and 1809, is alone estimated at £20,000, and with £2,500 at Windsor and £2,000 at Leicester, make up an unpleasant total for the two months which have intervened since the deputation gave expression to their views. It is sufficient to point to Drury Lane stage alone, which has been described as "practically a fireproof chamber, armed with steel doors, steel staircases, fire resisting furnishings, and an asbestos curtain." Here every device the ingenuity of man can suggest have proved of little avail, and can be upset by a scene-shifter's pipe or defective electric installation. It is only fair to add that the fireproof curtain, as at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, sufficed to prevent the spread of the fire to the auditorium, and except for severe blistering of the decorated work round the proscenium by heat, practically no damage was done to the principal part of the theatre. It should also be stated that the fire waste was also materially checked from spreading to the dressing-rooms, paint-rooms, and large scenery stores which were shut off from the stage by metal-clad doors some twenty feet high. Foresight had certainly prevented a much larger total, but when it is remembered that the fire did not break out until the morning, that about 27 engines were working on the flames, and that, besides 160 men of the Fire Brigade, some 60 members of the Salvage Corps were in active requisition, it can be seen that a theatre fire, under the best conditions, when once it gets a hold, can prove a very serious loss. The Sun Fire Office carried an insurance of £75,000 on the building, being on the Duke of Bedford's estate, but it is a notable fact that the contents were covered in non-tariff ventures, of which the freshly-fledged Theatres Mutual Insurance Company had secured £3,000.

Before leaving the subject, which has a moral outside insurance circles, one cannot altogether refrain from referring to another aspect of the case. It is a further evidence of there being cycles of fires in theatre risks as well as in most other classes. These same cycles are self-evident to the fire underwriter, and also ever-recurring. But the reason for them passes his comprehension, the determining cause being delegated to that world of averages which no "twen-cent man" can compass or explain. To the lay mind such an idea would be laughed to scorn. But the indisputable fact remains.

The Week in the City.

Until Thursday no event of very great importance occurred in finance, but the Stock Markets were enlivened by an American see-saw. It seems there has been a fight between Mr. Harriman and Mr. Morgan as to whether the Erie railroad should be forced into the hands of a receiver, and in that case who should enjoy the lucrative task of "reorganisation." The line was "Morganised" years ago, and now it seems likely to be Harrimanised without the interposition of a receiver. But the uncertainty of the situation dominated Wall Street, and Eries, with most of the gambling counters, rushed up and then down, and then up again. On Thursday a wet blanket came upon the City in the shape of a German Imperial 4 per cent. loan for £12,500,000, and a Prussian 4 per cent. loan for £20,000,000. Whether the German credit system, which has for weeks and months been suffering from severe tension, will stand this added strain is doubtful. Anyhow, London is rather struck by the fact that the Kaiser has to come to our money market, cap in hand, to borrow money for his naval programme.

Bad Trade in the United States.

The position of manufacturers and workmen in the great towns and industrial districts of the United States is probably worse now than at any time since October, when the crisis began, or for many years past. The iron trade was the first to go, and furnaces were shut down with such rapidity and on so huge a scale that matters can hardly be worse. The cotton manufactures of the United States suffered less at first; but the mills both in the North and South are now faced with a most alarming crisis. Some are being closed, and the majority are curtailing their output by from 25 to 40 per cent. Even the hands who are fortunate enough to remain partially employed have to submit to reductions of 10 or 15 per cent. in their wages. I see that a fortnight ago, before adjourning its session at Fall River, Massachusetts, the Executive Council of the United Textile Workers of America passed the following resolution as to the reductions in wages proposed or recently made:

> "The action of the manufacturers in reducing wages at this time is premature, and the Council reaffirms its previously expressed opinion that curtailment in wages is not the best remedy for the present condition of this industry."

The Council also voted approval of the Bill for 54 hours for women and children now before the Massachusetts Legislature. The Secretary was instructed to write to Mr. D. Shackleton, advising him to impress upon mill hands in England the inadvisability of immigration to the United States during the present business depression.

Lucellum.

Flesh Reduction.

My Method.

WITHOUT DIETING OR DRUGS.

Those who will follow my advice, and do as I direct for only fifteen minutes per day for a few weeks, can rid themselves of all superfluous flesh. This statement is backed up by thousands of satisfied clients. The "Clease Method" is a reality, and the only natural means of reduction now before the public. It has stood the test of years, and to-day it is more popular than ever. I have no wish to appear sensational in my statement, or to make claims for the "Clease Method" that sound ridiculous. What I say I can prove conclusively to be the absolute truth.

If you are seriously desirous of reducing your weight, removing your superfluous tissue, and at the same time improve your health in any direction, increase your strength and possess a symmetrical body, then you will take up the "Clease Method" without delay. What I have done for others I can do for you.

I Speak Conservatively.

The testimony of hundreds of business and professional men of the highest standing verifies my statements, and I back up my claims by a positive guarantee to refund my entire fee if I fail to accomplish the results I promise.

Freedom from Sickness is not Health.

Don't think that you enjoy health just because you are not sick. Health is a comparative term, and there's as much difference between the real thing and the health of the average man as there is between sunlight and twilight.

Give me a few minutes a day and I will give you the health that makes living a joy, work a pleasure, and business a success. My elaborate and interesting book, "The Art of Physical Beauty," will be sent free if you ask for it. It is of absorbing interest, and well worth anyone's time. WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

F. MEREDITH CLEASE, Ph.L.D.

282, CLEASE BUILDING,

74, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

HIGHEST QUALITY

TURKISH TOWELS

AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY

BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;

And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

TANGYE

OIL ENGINE

AUTOMATIC TUBE IGNITION.

NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING

TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:
HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Christiania—The Cammermeyer Boghandel, Carl Johans Gade, 41 and 43.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:
13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

EXHIBITIONS.

FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, 1908.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH. MAY to OCTOBER.

THE GREATEST EXHIBITION EVER HELD IN LONDON.

Demonstrating to the World the Products and Resources of the British Empire, and of France and her Colonies.

His Majesty the King has expressed his warm approval of the Exhibition.

The DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T., Honorary President.
The EARL OF DERBY, K.G., President.
Vice-Presidents.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Cadogan, Earl Cromer, Earl Egerton of Tatton, the Earl of Jersey, the Earl of Minto, Viscount Knutsford, Lord Avebury, Lord Rothschild, Lord Strathcona, Sir Ernest Cassel, and the Lord Mayor of London.

VISCOUNT SELBY, Chairman } Executive
SIR JOHN A. COCKBURN, Vice-Chairman } Committee.
LORD BLYTH, Chairman Organising Committee.
LORD WELBY, Chairman Finance Committee.
LORD DESBOROUGH, President Olympic Games and Chairman Sports Committee.
Commissioner-General: IMRE KIRALFY, Esq.
Chairmen of Group Committees:

Charles C. Allom, Esq.	Prof. W. Gowland.	Alfred Mond, Esq.
Sir Hugh Bell, Bart.	H. Percy Harris, Esq.	Sir Edward J. Poynter
The Earl of Bessborough	Henry E. Jones, Esq.	Lieut.-Col. D. Grain.
Sir Alexander Binnie.	Sir William Lee-Warner	T. Hurry Riches, Esq.
H. Cosmo Bonsor, Esq.	Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart.	Sir Boverton Redwood
Frank Debenham, Esq.		Sir Clifton Robinson.
Maurice Deacon, Esq.	Sir Norman Lockyer.	Sir C. E. Howard Vincent
James Dixon, Esq.	Sir William Mather.	
Dr. Francis Elgar.	Sir Charles McLaren Bart.	The Lord Weardale.
Dr. R. T. Glazebrook.		Sir William H. White

Great Exhibition in London, 1851, 21 acres, 16 acres Buildings
International Exhibition, London, 1862, 23½ acres, 16½ acres Buildings
FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, 1908, 140 acres, over 40 acres Buildings

Four of the best British and French Military BANDS will perform daily.

The most novel and refined attractions ever presented in London will be placed in the Pleasure Gardens of the Exhibition.

SEASON TICKETS { for Ladies or Gentlemen, £1 1s. each. for Children under Twelve, 10s. 6d. each.

Now on sale at all the principal agencies and libraries. These Tickets will also admit on the Opening Day of the Exhibition, and to the dedication of the Stadium.

THE GARDEN CLUB.

In the Central Gardens.

Ladies as well as Gentlemen are eligible for Membership.
Subscription: Gentlemen, £3 3s.; Ladies, £2 2s.

Membership of this club includes admission to the Exhibition.

The ALLOTMENT of Exhibit SPACE in the various Exhibition Halls is now approaching completion.

CONCESSIONS for the erection of PAVILIONS in the various Gardens of the Exhibition, for the sale of Confectionery, Cigars, Cigarettes, and Tobacco, and numerous other Concessions, are now being concluded.

Exhibitors and Concessionaires desirous of securing the remaining available space should apply immediately to the Secretary.

EXCURSIONS from all parts of the UNITED KINGDOM and the CONTINENT are now being arranged.

Educational, Scientific, and other CONGRESSES and CONFERENCES will be held in the Congress Halls.

Full particulars on application to the Secretary, 56, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES,

In which 22 Nations compete, will take place in the Great Stadium capable of holding over 100,000 people.

INTERNATIONAL AND NATIONAL SPORTS. ALL BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIPS.

OLYMPIC TRIALS.

Amateur Athletic Association.
National Cyclists' Union.
Auto-Cycle Union.
Amateur Fencing Association.
Amateur Swimming Association.
Royal Life-Saving Society.
National Wrestling Association.
London Private Fire Brigades.
National Physical Recreation Society.

Finchley, Polytechnic, Highgate, and Queen's Park Harriers, Essex Beagles, Amateur Swimming Club, and Zephyr Swimming Club, &c., &c., Sports Meeting, and many other Meetings, before and after the Olympic Games.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

KINGSLEY HOTEL,

Near the British Museum.

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

THACKERAY HOTEL,

Opposite the British Museum.

Great Russell Street, London.

These well-appointed and commodious **Temperance Hotels** will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (*including attendance*) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, From **8/6** to **10/6** per day.

Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.

Telegraphic Addresses—
Kingsley Hotel, "Bookcraft, London." Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS HOTEL. Tel.: 0199. Mrs. F. Sara.

BARON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Magnificent Moor Views.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EXETER.

DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALDON.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL, Market Hill. C. Simons, Manager.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MANCHESTER.

THE PRINCES CAFE. Oxford Street.

THE DEANSGATE HOTEL. Deansgate.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.

GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

SWISS CAFE, Union Street. Moderate. Genoni Bros.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGANDINE.

BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.

WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK.

(Under the Management of the Society of Friends.)

Twenty-six boys passed University Entrance Examinations in 1906 and 1907.

A new feature for post-Matriculation students is a CITIZENSHIP COURSE, including Economics and Modern History with special reference to existing political institutions and social problems.

The School continues to hold a strong position in Leisure-Hour work:—Natural History, Archaeology, Carpentry, etc.

For copies of prospectus and full particulars with regard to scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

Head Master: Arthur Rowntree, Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.

RUGBY SCHOOL.

THE EXAMINATION FOR SCHOLARSHIPS

Will Begin MONDAY, JUNE 1st.

Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN JULY.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. 1854 GERRARD.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

Scholarship Examination, June 2nd, 3rd & 4th.

One of **£87**, five or more of **£50**, five or more of **£30** (£21 for Day Scholars) per annum. Faber Exhibition of £12 awarded to boy who does best in examination. Council nominations, value **£12** per annum, may be awarded to boys who do well, but fail to obtain a scholarship. For particulars, apply to the Head Master or Secretary.

CO-EDUCATION.

ST. LEONARD'S SCHOOL, BALDOCK, HERTFORDSHIRE, has been Opened for BOYS and GIRLS.

PRINCIPAL—MRS. ENNIS RICHMOND.

(Author of "Boyhood," "Through Boyhood to Manhood," etc.)

HEAD MASTER—MR. KENNETH RICHMOND.

"A Natural Education" and "For Our Daughters," Lectures given by Mrs. Richmond on the Co-Education of Boys and Girls may be had from Messrs. G. Street & Co., Ltd., 42, Albemarle-street, London, W. Price 3d. each; single copy 4d., post free.

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD

(Via NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { **PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO.** / **OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO.** / **TOYO KISEN KAISHA.**

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the

GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,

London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from **6d. to £10.**

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. **Telephone Central 329.**

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

BOOKS WANTED.—£20 each offered. Guy Mannering, 1st edit., 3 vols. 1815, in boards uncut. Thackeray's Vanity Fair, 20 Nos., 1847-48. Vicar of Wakefield, 2 vols., Salisbury, 1766. Walton's Angler, 1653. Paradise Lost, 1667. Lamb's Shakespeare Tales, 2 vols., boards, 1827, 30/- each offered for. Scrope's Salmon Fishing, 1843. Gardiner's History of England, 2 vols., 1863. Ireland's Napoleon, 4 vols., coloured plates. Jesse's George Selwyn, 4 vols., 1843. Books with inscriptions written inside by Carlyle, Meredith, Keats, Lamb, &c. All books with coloured plates by Ackerman, &c. Special list of wants free, high prices paid. Please let us know your wants. We can supply everything.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Experts, 21, John Bright St., Birmingham.

[Bargain, Harmsworth's Encyclopœdia, 10 vols., 25/- cost £2 16s. net.]

ARUNDEL CHROMOS.

LARGE number in Stock. Many rare ones. Send stamp for this month's list (giving size and shape of each).—Saint Jude's Depôt, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST

allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST

on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

THE DEARTH OF CONVERSIONS.

"Sick souls need not a Lecture on Medicine, but an Individual Prescription."

Earnest Christian Workers Should Read C. G. TRUMBULL'S New Book

TAKING MEN ALIVE.

Studies in the Principles and Practice of Individual Soul Winning.

Just Published. Cloth gilt, **2s. 6d.**

"We do not want to use exaggerated words, but the volume is a fascinating one."—*Life of Faith.*

POCKET COMPANIONS.

THE QUIET MOMENTS SERIES.

New Issues. Bound in smooth sheepskin, fcap 8vo, **1s. 6d.** each net.

A Series of little Books on great themes, veritable gems of devout and cultured thought, full of Evangelical fervour, yielding food for mind and heart, and "admirably suited for the quieter moments of our busy and hurrying day."

Meditations for Quiet Moments. By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A.
Musings for Quiet Hours. By the Rev. G. S. Barrett, D.D.
The Way Into the Kingdom. By the Rev J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D.
The Gates of Life. By the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis.
Fruitful or Fruitless. By the Rev. Canon Hoare, M.A.
Methods of Soul Culture. By the Rev. J. A. Clapperton M.A.

THE ULTIMATE AUTHORITY.

CAN WE TRUST THE BIBLE?

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **2s. 6d.** CONTENTS:

Is the Bible Inspired? By the Rev. Hubert Brook, M.A.
Invulnerable Certainties. By the Rev. George Hanson, D.D.
Facts and "Facts." By the Rev. R. Sinker, D.D.
Discoveries Confirming the Old Testament. By the Rev. R. B. Girdlestone, M.A.
Deuteronomy and the Higher Criticism. By the Rev Matthew Leitch, D.Litt., D.D.
Are the Gospels True? By the Rev. Frank Ballard, M.A., B.Sc., D.D.

HOW TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY.

THOUGHTS ON OLD AGE FROM MANY MINDS.

Selected and arranged by HESBA STRETTON, Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," &c. Large post 8vo, cloth gilt, deckled edges, **2s.**

The *Westminster Gazette* says: "It is an interesting collection, made with care and taste, and though the passages selected are on the whole of a serious nature, there is also here and there the same sparkle of wit and humour which runs through all Hesba Stretton's own thoughtful work. This spirit of cheerful hope and courage is the leading idea in what is a stimulating and suggestive compilation."

The *Manchester Guardian* says: "It is a book which will be welcome to many of the older generation whose pleasure it has been to put before their children this authoress's unpretentious and charming tales."

SPRING-TIME BOOKS.

ADVENTURES IN BIRDLAND.

A Book for Boys. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Home Life in Birdland," "Woodland, Field, and Shore," &c. With Coloured Frontispiece, **4** Photogravures, and **64** Plates, containing **100** Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author. The Text is embellished by **100** Pen Sketches by E. RICHMOND PATON, printed in monotint in the margins. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.** net.

The *Guardian* says: "Excellent illustrations and text in an alluring format make a delightful volume."
The *Times* says: "It is a pleasant book."
The *Amateur Photographer* says: "It is an ideal gift-book."
The *Manchester Guardian* says: "Every boy and every man who loves birds will be delighted with this book."

BY MEADOW, GROVE, AND STREAM.

An introduction to Nature study. By HENRY HILTON BROWN, F.E.S. With 2 folded Colour Plates and 171 Figures in black and white from Original drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **3s. 6d.**

The *Times* says: "It is a serviceable book for the young and their teachers."
The *Church Newspaper* says: "It contains much valuable information, given in a delightful manner."
The *Glasgow Herald* says: "It is a thoroughly useful and genuinely interesting Nature book."
The *Liverpool Post* says: "It is full of interest and information."

POPULAR STORIES.

IAN MACLAREN'S "ST. JUDE'S."

With 10 full-page illustrations by HAROLD COPPING. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**

The *British Weekly* says: "In literary power 'St. Jude's' is equal to the best of Dr. Watson's writings."
The *Daily News* says: "In this book there is that sense of the minutiæ of humour that has pleased thousands of readers."

Mrs. O. F. WALTON'S THE LOST CLUE.

By Mrs. O. F. WALTON, Author of "A Peep Behind the Scenes, &c., Illustrated. Cloth gilt, **6s.**

The *Methodist Recorder* says: "It is a capital story, interesting from start to finish."
The *British Weekly* says: "It is a romance brimful of incident, written with cleverness and charm."
The *Crown* says: "'The Lost Clue' is cleverly written."

S. R. CROCKETT'S THE WHITE PLUMES OF NAVARRE.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF RELIGION.

Illustrated. Cloth gilt, **6s.**

The *Scotsman* says: "It is one of the most powerful and engrossing stories that have come from Mr. Crockett's prolific pen."
The *Guardian* says: "It is a story full of adventure and sentiment."
The *Athenæum* says: "The characterisation is in Mr. Crockett's best form."

AMY LE FEUVRE'S THE MENDER.

With 11 Illustrations by W. RAINEY, R.I. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**

The *Christian* says: "The story is a good one, bright and interesting throughout."
The *Glasgow Herald* says: "In 'The Mender' Miss Amy Le Feuvre is as good as ever."
The *Churchman* says: "It is a most readable story."

JOSEPH HOCKING'S THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD.

With 15 page pictures by ADOLPH THIEDE. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **3s. 6d.**

The *Standard* says: "'The Chariots of the Lord' is certainly one of the author's triumphs."
The *Daily News* says: "The first chapter grips the reader, and the interest is maintained to the end. The book is well written, the characters skilfully drawn, and the incidents are full of life and movement."

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 4, Bouverie Street, and 65, St. Paul's, LONDON, E.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 2.] SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Diary of the Week ...	33
Politics and Affairs:—	
The Late Prime Minister ...	36
The New Prime Minister ...	37
The Use of the Lash	38
The Break-up of American Parties	39
Life and Letters:—	
Easter in Seville...	40
The Complete Anarchist ...	41
The Ethiopian's Skin	42
Garden Primroses	43
The Boat Race	44
Sketches of Travel:—	
"Los Peares, un Minuto!" By R. B. Cunninghame Graham	45
Fiscal Fallacies:—	
II. The Single Trade Test. By J. A. H.	47
Letters from Abroad:—	
Austrian Policy in the Balkans. By Joseph Redlich	48
The Drama:—	
The New Shylock. By H. W. M.	49
Letters to the Editor:—	
"Fiscal Fallacies." By J. A. H. and Frank Bowly	50
Tariff Reform and Motor Cars. By T. Palmer Newbould and G. G. Desmond...	51
"The Victory of Free Trade Finance." By "Cobdenite"	51
"The Simple Life." By "Home Counties"	51
Are Armaments Necessary? By Hugh Pennington ...	51
The Detection of Fire. By Frank Rowley	52
Protection and Public Plunder. By R. Shindler...	52
Hamburg. By D. M. Stevenson	52
Peckham and Mr. Stiggins. By C. J. Back	53
Women and the Suffrage. By A Woman Conservative and E. P.	53
Poetry:—	
A Chancery Ward. By Valentine Barlow	53
The World of Books ...	54
Books to be Read	54
Reviews:—	
Bonapartism	55
A Glimpse of Sin	56
A Fragrant Past	57
The Cambridge History of English Literature	57
The Manchester Ship Canal	58
Books in Brief	60
The Week in the City ...	64

[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

We are glad to note that "The Times," following a long and honourable tradition of independence with regard to Royalty, has spoken with freedom on the King's absence in Southern France during the change of Government. Such an incident seems more in consonance with the custom of the Angevin Kings than with the House of Hanover, and many must feel that it involves a grave slight on constitutional tradition. British Ministers are Ministers of the Crown, they are appointed by the Monarch, and they kiss hands on appointment. Already it has been necessary for the new Prime Minister to interrupt the sitting of Parliament for over a week, to suspend the most vital business of the session, to lose days when hours were precious, and to leave the great departments of the State with only nominal heads. Such a dislocation has no parallel in our politics, and, we believe, is equally distasteful to both constitutional parties. Had the King been present in England, the new Cabinet might have been reconstructed, and Parliament might have proceeded, with only the briefest interval, with its unusually heavy duties. Both the King and the Prime Minister have thus been deprived of the advantage of communication with friends, advisers, or colleagues at a time when, as everybody knows, such communications are hourly necessary. The country is glad to know that the King's absence is unconnected with his health. But it is still more pleased to hear of his return to London, and that such an unheard-of expedient as the holding of a Council in Paris has been abandoned. The frequent and prolonged absences of the Monarch from this country recall the days of the early Georges rather than of Victoria, but no one anticipated that they would be permitted to delay the solution of a Constitutional crisis.

* * *

The event of the week has been the resignation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith's succession as Prime Minister. Sir Henry's action has, unhappily, long been foreseen. Mr. Asquith, in announcing it to the House of Commons on Monday, said, with truth, that no man ever laid down the highest public office "more universally or more deservedly beloved." Lord Ripon added his tribute to the ex-Premier's "unrivalled hold" on the House of Commons, which was the secret both of his power as a Minister and of the fact that so unprecedented and heterogeneous a majority has shown little or no signs of fissure. On Monday night, after an adjournment of the Commons till Tuesday, Mr. Asquith left for Biarritz, and on Wednesday kissed hands on his appointment as Prime Minister. His succession has been accepted by all sections of the Liberal Party, though Mr. Keir Hardie has criticised it, and the tone of the Nationalist Press is cold, Mr. Redmond taking occasion on Monday to emphasise his predecessor's attachment to the Home Rule cause. We may mention, in illustration of this attachment, that at an earlier stage of his illness Sir Henry was with difficulty dissuaded from rising from his sick bed and speaking, at the risk of his life, to the Home Rule resolution on the day for which it was originally fixed.

* * *

The composition of the new Ministry is at present matter for conjecture. But we believe that the main features of the coming combination represent an agreement amongst leading statesmen in the old Cabinet as to the balance of forces to be maintained in the new, and that it may be taken for granted that neither the Irish nor the general policy of the Administration will differ in any material respect from that of its predecessor. It would, of course, have been impossible to place all the chief posts in the Cabinet in the hands of members of the Liberal League. The general character of the changes will probably be twofold. They will involve the displacement or transference of one or two of the older or less successful members of the old Cabinet and the infusion of newer blood. We believe that they will be followed by a redistribution of the powers and duties of the great interior departments, such as the Home Office, the Local Government Board, and the Board of Trade, and that the steady and permanent forces in Liberalism will not be passed over or slighted.

It is expected that the *personnel* of the new Government will be somewhat as follows:—

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury	Mr. Asquith.
Lord Chancellor	Lord Loreburn.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. Lloyd George.
Foreign Secretary	Sir Edward Grey.
Indian Secretary	Mr. Morley. (with a peerage).
Colonial Secretary	Lord Crewe.
War Secretary	Mr. Haldane.
Home Secretary	Mr. Gladstone.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Mr. McKenna.
President of the Board of Trade ...	Mr. Churchill.
President of the Local Government Board	Mr. Burns.
Postmaster-General	Mr. Buxton
Lord President of the Council ...	Lord Tweedmouth.
Secretary for Ireland	Mr. Birrell.
Secretary for Education	Mr. Runciman.
First Commissioner of Works ...	Mr. Harcourt.
Chancellor of the Duchy	Sir Henry Fowler (with a peerage).
Lord Privy Seal	Lord Elgin.
Secretary for Scotland	Mr. Sinclair.
Minister for Agriculture	Lord Carrington.

It will be surprising if so able a Minister as Mr. Harcourt remains in his old position. Lord Elgin's retention appears to be doubtful. Mr. Morley receives no fresh distinction through his peerage, but confers one on the House of which he will in future be a member.

* * *

The Macedonian question continues deeply to stir the diplomatic world. The French Foreign Minister, M. Pichon, perhaps the least progressive member of M. Clemenceau's Administration, sharply rebuked by M. de Pressensé for his opposition to Sir Edward Grey's policy, has replied that France could not support it because it was "isolated." But France has a strong body of politicians friendly to reform in the Balkan States, and they may be expected to move public opinion in its behalf. M. Pichon was forced to pledge himself to the Russian proposals. Meanwhile, the countries most closely affected are moving. In Sofia there has been a demonstration in support of the Grey programme by 5,000 Macedonian emigrants, who passed resolutions gratefully recording the revival of active British policy in the Near East. The White Paper published on Tuesday exhibits the Foreign Minister's attempt to establish a basis for joint action by Great Britain and Russia. This is made difficult by the inadequacy of the Russian proposals on finance. Sir Edward Grey would make the civil needs of Macedonia the first charge on the revenues, and hand over the balance to the Porte for the maintenance of its garrison. He also threatens by withdrawing British consent to the 3 per cent. increase in the Customs duties to compel it to pay the £300,000 deficit which it promised to make good. He accedes to the Russian desire to make Hilmi Pasha (whose record is doubtful) the Inspector-General, but only on condition of his independence of the Porte. The weak point of the British case is the lack of means to restrain the bands; but the demonstration in Sofia is hopeful.

* * *

The "Morning Post" has published the text of the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty which now awaits ratification. It is to be a five years' Convention, of a limited character. Four subjects are expressly excluded, questions of "vital interests," of "honour," of "independence," and those affecting third parties. Other questions are excluded in a note by Mr. Bryce. The Convention will also require special agreements between the two parties, defining the procedure and the powers of the arbitrating tribunal, and even these agreements will be without force until confirmed by an exchange of notes. As a compliment to Canada, Great Britain publicly announces that she will consult a self-governing Dominion of the Empire when its interests are concerned. This is caution indeed.

* * *

The Portuguese elections took place on Sunday, and the results were as previously arranged by the Government. The Monarchist coalition got the 138 seats it had allotted itself and the Opposition the remaining seventeen which had been allotted to it. The Republicans took their allowance of five seats—four in Lisbon and one in Beja. A fair amount of shooting was done in Lisbon, but the elections were "made," for the most part, without the use of ball cartridge. The Ministry, which was going to reform the rotten system of government, has adopted the electoral methods of its predecessors. It was in a dilemma. A free election would certainly have resulted in a Republican majority, and the hands of a Republican majority could not have been kept off the Monarchy unless a programme of genuine reform were laid before it. The Ministry has escaped from the dilemma by seeing that the Republicans were kept out of Parliament. That was very simple, only the prestige of the Monarchy has not benefited. The Republicans expect their Republic within a twelvemonth. They may or may not be too sanguine, but the elections have not damaged their prospects.

* * *

M. Jaures on Monday utilised the approach of the municipal elections as the occasion for moving a vote of censure on the Government, on the ground that it was making no serious attempt to realise its programme of reforms, and was chiefly anxious to gain the support of the enemies of these reforms. The motion was rejected by 442 votes to 80, and in its place a motion was carried calling upon the Government to push forward its reforms, and to rely only upon the Republicans of the Left. Despite the voting, the day was a very bad one for the Ministry. M. Jaurès' speech had the sympathy of many Radical Socialists, and M. Dubief, the leader of that party, declared that "a wind of uneasiness and impatience was passing across the country," and that everyone was asking whether the Government was really doing its best, and whether it was not compromising the Republican Left by association with the Conservatives. The motion which the Government accepted was really an ultimatum, and unless M. Clemenceau reverses the course he has been following for many months his further tenure of office will not be long.

* * *

President Roosevelt seems to think that all ills can be cured by eloquence and impulse. He has now addressed a message to Congress calling for legislation to suppress anarchism. He favours the seizure, through the Post Office, of Anarchist periodicals, on the ground that it is a crime under the common law to circulate literature advocating murder, arson, and treason. These papers he would exclude from the Federal mails, instead of leaving them to be dealt with by State action. On the advice of his Attorney-General, he proposes to take the strong step of prohibiting their circulation. This is rather close to government by ukase.

The Moderate chairman of the London County Council Finance Committee found himself in an awkward situation last Tuesday. He had to face the Council with a largely increased expenditure and an increased rate, in spite of the fact that his party was returned to power upon the strength of emphatic promises to reduce both. The temporary rate reduction of last year was due to substantial balances that were inherited by the Moderates from their predecessors. The increase this year would have been more than twopence in the pound instead of a penny but for the fortunate circumstance that a considerable proportion of these accumulations is still available. The estimated expenditure is more than ten and a-half millions. The most satisfactory feature of the statement was the disclosure that Progressive predictions concerning tramway profits are being fulfilled. Last year's profits are estimated to reach £66,547, and next year's £110,883. The Moderates propose to allocate the whole of these sums to the Renewals Reserve Fund. But even this provision will be insufficient, according to the recent report of Messrs. Peat & Pixley, the commercial auditors. It is clear that the report, having served its party purpose, is to be conveniently forgotten, together with the promises of lower rates to which the party now in office owe much of their success at the polls. The Moderates are spending more money than the Progressives spent, and they are giving London less for it. They are starving the schools; they have wrecked the Works Department; they refuse to build working-class dwellings and to construct new tramways. Mr. Hayes Fisher's Budget condemns his party as bad administrators and convicts them as spurious economists.

* * *

The Reichstag on Wednesday passed the third reading of the new Associations Bill. The law of association and public meeting in Germany has, up till now, varied from State to State: in the South it has been fairly Liberal, elsewhere reactionary. The new Bill, which makes provision for the whole Empire, marks, but for one exception, a real advance. The exception is the 7th clause. In its original form, the 7th clause, which is aimed against the Poles, required that the proceedings at public meetings should be conducted in German. In this form it was rejected in Committee, but the Radicals subsequently agreed to a compromise hardly less grossly tyrannical. Where a non-German-speaking element is more than 60 per cent. of the population, for the next twenty years it may, on giving notice, hold public meetings in the mother tongue, and the States may make further relaxations. It is obvious that this last provision is of no value to the Poles, for the Prussian Landtag will not make use of it, and the twenty years' respite cannot be enjoyed by them in the Rhine provinces, nor even in many of the Eastern districts. Radicals have lent themselves to this violation of their own principles, partly because they obtained in return modifications of the new Stock Exchange Bill, and partly because, having once entered the *bloc* as "practical" politicians, they had not the courage to break from it. Their action is severely criticised by the "Frankfürter Zeitung" and the "Berliner Tageblatt," and it is obvious to all that they are now far along the same road which led the National Liberals to the extreme of reaction.

* * *

The skull and bones of Emmanuel Swedenborg were removed on Tuesday from the vault before the altar in the Swedish Lutheran Church, where they have rested, with one interval, since 1772, and conveyed to Sweden. It seems a pity to dissociate his dust from the country in which he died, and where he found many followers. His greatness, however, belongs to mankind. To other than students and disciples, he is chiefly known by an essay of Emerson's; but minds so diverse as Kant, Emerson, Balzac, and the Brownings were all influenced by him. His most popular work—the series of extracts from the "Arcana Cœlestia," known as "Heaven and Hell"—illustrates his governing ideas and conclusions; but the greater book, veiled in its dress of cumbrous Latin, would furnish forth a hundred poets and speculators. No modern writer—save, perhaps Balzac, who was almost a disciple—achieved a wider range, or more profoundly searched the secret springs of human thought.

* * *

Sir Howard Vincent died on Tuesday at Mentone, in his fifty-ninth year. Most men, seeing and hearing (especially hearing) him in the House of Commons would have classed him with the cheery, eupeptic country gentlemen, and thought no more of him. But he was almost a prophet (and not at all a veiled prophet) of modern Toryism. He possessed a certain driving force that yielded visible results to his persistent method. He was one of the first of the new Protectionists, the new Imperialists, the new anti-foreigners. When his powers of agitation were, once in a while, tested in action, as in the Merchandise Marks Act, they worked in precisely the opposite direction that this simple-minded man desired. His activities were not confined to politics. He made a good head of Scotland Yard, and he was almost a generalissimo of the Volunteers. He was a typical representative of the kind of Toryism that comes from Sheffield. Personally, he was the most amiable of men, and the least bitter of partisans.

* * *

We regret that the Home Secretary has refused to interfere with the sentences of flogging, amounting in all to over 170 lashes, passed by Mr. Justice Lawrence on fourteen prisoners at Cardiff Assizes. We deal with the subject elsewhere.

* * *

A representative of the new literary order seems to have accompanied Mr. Asquith to Biarritz in the service of the "Daily Mail." He (or she) tells us that on the boat Mr. Asquith "drew a rug over his knees and opened a book resembling a 6s. novel" (unnamed). At a quarter to one in the morning he "closed his book." He also "pulled up his coat-collar and opened the door." At Paris he bought a "yellow-backed French novel" (named). Emboldened by this feat, he "seated himself comfortably in a corner seat, with his back to the engine." And so on. This is the new journalism.

* * *

The Boat Race ended in the expected victory of Cambridge by about 2½ lengths. The winning boat was not seriously pressed, and led from the start. Oxford showed resolution, but its shortness in the forward swing told against it, and the crew proved to be hardly quick enough to row down Cambridge in the first part of the race, when its choice of station gave it an advantage. The later spurts were therefore useless. The time was good, but not extraordinary—19 min. 20 sec.—and the Cambridge crew seemed to be rowing well within its strength.

Politics and Affairs.

THE LATE PRIME MINISTER.

The Liberal Party would be at once thankless and thoughtless if it failed to emphasise its sense of the blow it has received in the withdrawal from public life of the man who two years ago led it to its greatest electoral victory. For the loss is in the two chief departments of its activities. We believe we are right in saying that no Cabinet of modern times led so harmonious an existence as that which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman formed and conducted through the most critical years of its existence. We are certain that no man was so fitted to control the House of Commons which issued from the election of 1906. The party, therefore, stands doubly bereaved; and it also experiences, on its executive side, the loss of a singularly broad and sane judgment and of a temperament whose natural sweetness made smooth a hundred difficulties associated with the conduct of affairs in our intricate political life. But we think that it will feel especially the absence of the leader who saw it through its time of distress and unpopularity, and took, for it and for himself, the right course when it was so easy to take the wrong one. Such service was of inestimable value. It fortified Liberalism for its success, creating the men and the opportunity for its revival, and imparting to it the qualities of strength and self-respect on which, in spite of some adverse influences, it will continue to flourish. It would not be easy to say precisely why Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman succeeded where others failed. Time, doubtless, and the Nemesis that awaits an ill-considered policy, favoured him. But in the main the late Prime Minister re-made Liberalism because he had the character by which men stand in times of difficulty and before which lighter and more subtle temperaments give way. Having made up his mind, he kept to it, and so kept others in the path he had chosen. It was said of him that "he had no nerves." He certainly had an unrivalled serenity of temper and calmness of mind. For years he had to face a powerful Government, backed by an irritated public opinion, with half a party. Without special gifts of expression, he had constantly to counter in debate two of the readiest vocabularies and most ingenious intellects in Great Britain. Not a great thinker, he maintained belief in liberty and in human rights, in progress and a progressive party, when it had almost died, and when every kind of faithless compromise was in the air. He had to endure the insults of slight or common minds, unresented by those who should have been his friends. He had as open rival one of the most naturally attractive men in England. He defeated him. He re-knit his party, maintained its wavering allegiance to its old convictions, and broke the opposing forces, the forces within and the forces without. Feats such as these are usually associated with great men. In this case they were linked with a personality rather than with a governing talent of the supreme order. But few leaders have done for their followers what the late Prime Minister has achieved for his; few have better shown how serviceable the right use of powers, practical rather than brilliant, can be made.

Nor have these services been less conspicuous since the Government was formed. Able as was the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry, it went very near, on occasion, to committing capital errors. It might have gone wrong on South African Government, on Chinese labour, and on the legal status of trade unionism. We believe we are right in saying that on all these questions the Prime Minister's steadiness saved it. A little deficient in the power to take long views of policy, and to order a large disposition of forces well in advance of the critical time, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman rarely failed to do the right thing at the right moment. His decision then was instinctive; depending at once on good sense and good feeling. Hence he interpreted the most enlightened opinion in his party, distrusting over-ingenuity, and having the immense advantage that he was never afraid and never flurried. Had he been a soldier he must have been a good general, resembling in these respects the old and wary Russian commander, Kutusoff, who wore down Napoleon in 1812. When he thought he had good advice he took it. But he often did best when he acted on his own intuitions.

Mr. Asquith did well to suggest that the House of Commons and the world of politicians took leave of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in a spirit of affectionate regret. For the most part, the leaders of men inspire their admiration or their fear. Few win their love. The late Prime Minister possessed this quality of moral attraction, and retained it to the end of his career. It helped him to govern a House of Commons full of independent and even turbulent and jarring elements, as it has never been governed by men more highly trained in the arts of debate and intellectual strategy. One reason was that the new House of Commons represented a certain strain of simplicity in life and experience that corresponded to the late Premier's unostentatious habit and tastes. Society, which ignored and disliked him when he was out of power, despised him for his outspokenness about a terrible incident in the war, and did its best to avert his headship of a Liberal Government, turned to him readily enough when he came into his kingdom. But by character and temperament he had little sympathy with the classes who seek to govern Great Britain in the intervals of their amusements. In this respect he was the first of the democratic Prime Ministers, and men who represented something fresh in the grouping of political forces, like the Labour Party or the Irish Nationalists, felt especially drawn to him. What he was in his character he was also in his political tendencies. He could not be called an idealist, and he exercised a shrewd and close judgment on the average partisan and his ways. But he showed an unaffected interest in the causes which lay outside the regulated enthusiasm of party politics. A friendly and warm-hearted man, who found a home of rest for his old horses and allowed no killing of animals on his Scottish estate, he cared much for international peace, for the spreading of modest comfort and happiness among the mass of the people, for all that men in power, if they have

firm wills and good intentions, can do to soften the cruelties and inequalities of life. He possessed indeed, the true art of governing men through their affections no less than through their intellects. For this reason his arts of management, which were remarkable, and his judgment, which rarely went astray on occasions of critical importance, served his party well, for they were founded on a knowledge of the abiding and governing sides of human nature. He lived to destroy or greatly to qualify the political power of three men, all of them intellectually abler than himself, to re-fashion a broken and distracted instrument into a powerful engine of progress, and to witness, to shape, and to nourish the re-birth of British democracy.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER.

Those who value the smoothness of our normal political life may find something to admire in the ease with which Mr. Asquith has attained to the Premiership and formed a new Government without a break in the unity of his party. The change, indeed, is not so great as that involved in Lord Rosebery's replacement of Mr. Gladstone fourteen years ago. But it is considerable. In a sense Mr. Asquith is a "newer" Liberal than his predecessor. His career dates from the period when Gladstonianism was finishing its work, and re-constructive rather than liberating ideas were filling the nation's mind. In the popularising of these ideas the Prime Minister, who was also the best Home Secretary of our times, has had no mean share. The contrast with the late Premier is rather in temperament and outlook, as well as in relationship to Liberal feeling, and to some forces, like those of Labour and Irish Nationalism, most closely akin to it. Till the Free Trade controversy arose, Mr. Asquith was less closely in touch with those forces than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Mr. Morley. Now he succeeds to the first place not only because of a distinguished service of talent and Parliamentary skill, but because the party itself has recovered its true relationship to the national life, which the South African war suspended. But there is no need to disguise the fact that Mr. Asquith's elevation has called for a re-adjustment of the balance of power, which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's retirement had disturbed, and that this necessity of the situation has been cheerfully conceded. The new Prime Minister, therefore, has started fairly and wisely on his course. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which he relinquishes, was properly offered to Mr. Morley, the most famous of the Gladstonian statesmen, and, on his refusal, to the most brilliant and conspicuous member of the Radical Opposition of 1900 to 1905. We hope, too, that when the personnel of the new Government is fully determined, it will be found to represent fairly the general balance of forces in the party. We wish that it could include a representative of the new Labour movement as well qualified for Cabinet responsibility and for the intellectual work of Government as is Mr. Shackleton, and we are glad to think that had such an appointment been feasible, it would willingly have been made.

There is a further sense in which Mr. Asquith's Premiership is opportune. The Liberal Government of to-day is a busy factory of legislation. It wants a master-workman at its head, and the faculty of workmanship is Mr. Asquith's special qualification for public life. We may think him a little wanting in imagination, in intuition, and in those special gifts of speech which go to the inspiriting of men or belong to the diplomacy of politics. On these lines Mr. Asquith's gifts do not compare either with Mr. Balfour's or with his predecessor's. But as an executant of policy he is unrivalled, and among recent statesmen deserves comparison only with Gladstone. It is safe to say that he has been the best devising head in the late Cabinet, and that his services in constructive work have been equally loyal and able. And it is unjust to call him a heartless or a spiritless politician. He has sometimes offended through a certain precision and dryness of speech. But there are cases in which rigid phrasing implies carefulness rather than hardness, a failure in tactics rather than in sympathy. What we hope he will consider during his tenure of power is that the standing of his Government in the House of Commons depends in no small degree on those groups of members who represent a disinherited nationality, or hard-driven and dependent forces in the community. He has in his day done good service both to labour and to Ireland. He can render them a still greater service by keeping them in touch with the general forces of progress.

For these reasons the Liberal Party may well be disposed to accept and to further the momentous change of direction which has befallen it. There are many, indeed, who feel that if they are bound to the new allegiance, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's successor is no less bound to them. We should not call Mr. Asquith a man of the Right. He belongs to what Continental politicians call the Centre of the party, with, of late, an increasing inclination to the Left. He is in the thick of the fray, for he has the management of the most hotly contested of the Government's Bills, and he has defended it in language which shows no weakness. And it is only by and with the Left that Mr. Asquith will be able to govern. Five-sixths of the Liberal Parliamentary Party are Left wing; not that any marked, or abrupt, line separates it from the Moderates, but that the evolution of Radicalism within the Liberal Party is fairly complete, and that the democratic advance on both sides, and the shifting of practical issues, have almost destroyed both Whiggery in Liberalism and pure Conservatism among the Unionist Opposition. Reaction may appear in full activity among the Tories, and fears of Socialism, artfully blown abroad for electoral purposes, now and then make weak Liberals shiver. But with us democracy is in full development. The neo-Tories are demagogues as well as Protectionists, appealing to the street-corner, and facing the prospect of large social changes like old-age pensions with alternative plans, and criticisms not of policy, but of detail.

Mr. Asquith's course, therefore, is marked out for him by the circumstances and necessities of the time no less than by the policy and temper of his predecessor. Radicals would, we believe have no objection to the sug-

gestion that such a measure as the Education Bill should be taken out of the area of party controversy, and settled, if it can be settled, by an agreement between the churches whose quarrel has caused the whole difficulty. We should even be prepared to see the withdrawal of both the Bills now before the public, with a view to an eirenicon, to be arranged in the autumn. We want no large scheme of contracting out, and we do want a national system, if the country and the religious parties are ready for it. But we suggest that the general course and policy of the Government are governed, not merely by Mr. Asquith's Premiership, but by the choice of Mr. Lloyd George as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. and, therefore, as deputy leader of the House of Commons, and by the inclusion of Mr. Churchill in the Cabinet. Mr. Asquith has shown wisdom in associating Mr. George's quick and apprehensive genius, his remarkable fertility in expedients, with the most critical post in the Government, and he has secured a fresh asset in Mr. Churchill's rich eloquence and broad and rapidly maturing powers of thought.

These events, the strengthening of the younger element in the Cabinet, and the general infusion of fresh blood into the outer limbs of the Government, are sufficient indications of Mr. Asquith's view of the future of Liberalism. The new Government starts well. It has put forward three large measures of social re-construction—the Housing Bill, the Irish Universities Bill, and the Port of London Bill—which, with the Children's Bill, awake no partisan feelings, and yet are in line with the conscience or the practical needs of the community. If it can pass these measures, with the Eight Hours Bill for Miners, if it can settle the Licensing question, and make straight the way for an educational peace, it will have deserved well of the country, and prepared it for the over-mastering task which awaits it the next year and the year after, the reform of the Poor Law. In this great undertaking, four Ministers, Mr. Asquith himself, Mr. George, Mr. Churchill, and, if he remains at the Local Government Board, Mr. Burns, will be deeply concerned. On their success may depend the view which the people of Great Britain will take of the case for Free Trade. That case is unassailable by logic and is deeply concerned with the material welfare of the workmen. But if it is associated with mere praise of the *status quo*, and with indifference to the condition of the depressed mass of the wage-earners, it may fail. On a policy of Liberal-Conservatism Mr. Asquith's Government could not last a single Session. Progressive causes live by "admiration, hope, and love," and if they fall back to an attitude of timid adherence to things as they are, they loosen the roots of their strength. If, therefore, we accept the view that the new Ministry, like the old, is charged with the guardianship of Free Trade, and with the defence of the people from the alternative policy of public plunder, we hold it no less bound to continue its predecessor's course of constructive legislation. The answer to what is called the menace of Socialism is to establish a party which offers practical remedies for social evils, and can make the people realise that it feels and works for them, as well as for the commercial and industrial power of the nation.

THE USE OF THE LASH.

THERE are superstitions which die hard and resurrect easily. No superstition is so easily re-born as the belief that flogging is a right and proper penalty for crime. The use of the lash appeals directly to a sentiment which supposes itself to be moral, but is, in the main,. a compound of primitive vindictiveness and the love of excitement with a certain dash of sensuous cruelty thrown in. "The villain had his flogging at the gangway and we cheered." It is the cheer of the natural man who, when injured, wants to hit, to hit physically, directly, literally; who, when he sees another injured, equally needs to discharge his emotion and carry off the surplus excitement. It is the cheer which arises partly from less reputable emotions. "It was always so funny when anyone was going to be whipped," reflects Tant' Sannie, if we remember right, in the "African Farm." Schoolboys in the old days crowded to the best places to see the flogging of one of their number. If the castigation is private, as is usual nowadays, the excitement is scarcely less intense. The victim, if he has restrained his tears, is a hero, and he will recount with pride the number of strokes and the mode of their laying on. All physical violence done to a fellow-creature stirs a wave of excitement, in which elements of gloating satisfaction mingle with pity and horror. Nay, there is an element of emotional luxury in pity and horror themselves, which only true tragedy "purges" in the genuine sense. The feeling is mixed; disgust and attraction are strangely commingled at the sight of bloodshed. The first time a man sees a hanging, as Boswell somewhere recounts, he is inexpressibly shocked. Yet he goes again and again, and each time, as the shock is lessened, the more pleasureable elements gain the upper hand. Were our executions done in public we should soon have the old crowds and the old merry-making over them. Do not men gather in numbers for the mere thrill of seeing the black flag? Hanging is exciting. But flogging is even more exciting, and less grim.

The time will, we hope, come when all flogging of adults, but particularly the use of the birch, will be suppressed as an indecency. It might conceivably be just to sentence some men to be flogged for some actions. But it cannot be just to sentence any man to flog another. The better opinion gravitates in this direction, as may be inferred from the fact that when a man in ermine suddenly sentences eleven criminals to the lash we are told that he is a humane and careful judge. We know that defence. We know that "humane" official. It is always the peculiarly humane man whose high character is the defence of the indefensible. If farm-buildings are burned in war, it is always by the most "humane" general. If a pauper is ill-treated, it is by the most "humane" master of a workhouse. If a child is killed on the highway, it is by the most humane and careful motorist. May Heaven preserve us from the humane! With the unpretending we can get on well enough. Meanwhile we take Mr. Herbert Gladstone's defence of Mr. Justice Lawrence's action in flogging eleven men at Cardiff as a tacit admission that those sudden and sporadic resorts to methods of barbarism cannot be justified on their merit. The act must skulk behind the

character of the agent as guaranteed by the unimpeachable testimony of the Home Secretary.

Argument on behalf of such a series of sentences there is none. To begin with, the case for flogging itself has been riddled. The story that flogging put down garrotting has been exploded over and over again. The belief that flogging was necessary to army discipline has been disproved by an experience of nearly thirty years. The dogma that flogging is necessary for prison discipline is disproved by the fact that it is precisely the offences so punished which show an increase. The belief that flogging is a cure for robbery with violence is disproved by the continuance of that crime after campaigns of flogging by judges with a tendency in that direction. The view that it is the one punishment criminals dread is exploded by the cases in which men who have been flogged return to the dock. Flogging is a bad punishment for the criminal because, more than any other, it breaks a man's character to pieces. What chance there is of reform depends wholly on the possibility of building up again the shattered self-respect of a convict and restoring him to orderly industrial life. All punishment which degrades a man makes this difficult. Flogging makes it more difficult than any other. It is bad for society, because it spreads abroad the contagion of violence. It cultivates an excitement that in our crowd-psychology propagates itself in rapidly widening waves. It is the fitting method of fostering an epidemic of violent crime. Hence it is that in proportion as the ferocity of punishment diminishes, so, on the whole, does the extent and the savagery of crime. Crime is to be extirpated in the end not by vengeance on the criminal, but by the improvement of the social order, and by the gradual prevalence of milder and more civilised dealings between man and man. The society which, while civilising itself in other ways, resorts to barbaric methods of self-protection against criminals, guards and cherishes a plague spot in its bosom.

But were it otherwise, were flogging in itself a desirable or a permissible punishment, there would still be no defence for the sporadic flogging administered at random by particular judges. There is no special reason why robbery with violence should be singled out for this form of retribution. There are cases of wicked fraud, in particular there are cases of cruelty to children, which have much stronger claims to this bad eminence. But even if this particular crime were to be singled out for barbarous treatment, there would still be no justification for the utterly casual and indiscriminate manner in which the punishment is now applied. If a punishment is to deter at all, it must be regular, and as certain as law and police can make it. If every man who robbed with violence knew that the lash awaited him, the fear of it might at least frighten him. As it is, he knows that he has nine out of ten chances of escape. In the normal course of things, he will be sent to prison. It is only if a particularly humane and careful judge arrives on the scene, that his back will be reduced to pulp. What might be gained by a bad form of punishment is lost by its random administration. Fortunately, these are the last cases of the kind. The Court of Criminal Appeal comes into existence in the course of two months, and in future sentences will at least be reduced to uniformity. The eccentricities of the humane will no longer have it all their own way, and, whatever the rule of punishment may be, wise or unwise, barbaric or civilised, it will be reduced to a standard and administered with a uniformity which will at least secure the elementary conditions of its operation as a deterrent.

THE BREAK-UP OF AMERICAN PARTIES.

That quadrennial cataclysm which Americans vainly seek to attenuate by calling it a Presidential election is now in full swing. It promises to be, in one respect, unique. When appeals to the country are regulated not by the needs of politics, but in obedience to an immutable time-table, there is no certainty that there will be any real issues to set before the people. In 1896 an election and a worthy issue had the good fortune to coincide. In 1900, though the election punctually put in its appearance, it found only the tail end of an issue waiting to receive it. In 1904 the contest, so far as political questions were concerned, was wholly factitious and decided nothing except that the American people preferred Mr. Roosevelt to Judge Parker. This year, not even an attempt is being made to disguise the fact that personalities and not policies are to be the pivot of the campaign. The three most prominent candidates before the electorate at this moment are Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes on the Republican and Mr. Bryan on the Democratic side. All three subscribe practically without reservation to the Roosevelt policies. Mr. Bryan claims that he blazed the trail which Mr. Roosevelt has since macadamised. Mr. Taft, as the President's right-hand man, himself shares in the responsibility for the measures and policy of the administration. Mr. Hughes endorses all Mr. Roosevelt has done and tried to do. It is abundantly clear that no candidate less Radical than Mr. Roosevelt stands any chance. It is equally clear that the people wish the President's programme to be carried on. All, therefore, that they have to decide is whether it is to be carried on by Mr. Roosevelt himself, with Mr. Taft's thoroughness, with the somewhat milder methods that seem more consonant with Mr. Hughes's temperament, or with Mr. Bryan's declamatory and often ill-balanced intensity. Such an agreement on measures has not before been known in American history. The platforms that are now being adopted by the State conventions, whether Democratic or Republican, are in substance indistinguishable. Mr. Roosevelt's message of last week advocating amendments to the Anti-Trust laws, an employers' liability Act, and further labour legislation, was nowhere received with more favour than among his nominal opponents. The leader of the Democrats in the House has pledged the support of his followers in giving effect to the recommendations of a Republican President. Parties have, for the moment, ceased to exist. There is just Mr. Roosevelt and his programme and nothing more.

The phenomenon is unnatural, is unhealthy, and cannot endure. It represents not a fixed condition, but a phase in a great and deeply interesting process of transformation. For the past thirty years the American parties have been nothing but rival electioneering

bodies. One might have searched them in vain for anything in the nature of a veritable creed. They derive a certain momentum from history and tradition; they owe much to local and sectional exigencies; and the mere immensity of their organisations and the fact that they have acquired a definite legal status have done much to keep them in being. Party spirit is probably deeper and more bitter in the United States than in Great Britain; party organisation has certainly reached a higher state of mechanical finish than we even dream of; and the discussion of politics, or, rather, of what is confidently assumed to be such, is at once more pervasive and more personal than with us. But, in spite of this, it is true that until Mr. Roosevelt's accession the American parties were merely guilds or fraternities of politicians fighting for the spoils. There was no such thing as a distinctively Republican or a distinctively Democratic policy or frame of mind. Of beliefs and principles, of everything, indeed, that one might exalt by the name of a political religion, they were all but wholly destitute. They had lost everything that we in Great Britain are apt to think essential to a political body, except office or the hope of it. That did not, of course, prevent them from behaving as though they were really parties with a faith. It did not prevent them from lining up in battle array, with banners and leaders all complete, and fighting one another as though something serious were at issue between them. They took sides, but which side each would take was determined by the accident of chance. Their alignment on the questions of the day was purely arbitrary and fortuitous, dictated, not by convictions, but simply by a sense, often shrewd, often amazingly at fault, of electioneering needs. There was no atmospheric change when Republicans succeeded Democrats or Democrats Republicans. Politics were make-believe, and parties existed to manœuvre among unrealities.

The social protest which was the backbone of Bryanism was the first large and clear sign that the era of a mechanical factitiousness was drawing to a close, and that American politics would before long be penetrated by a spirit of vitality and earnestness. Under Mr. Roosevelt's *régime* the signs have multiplied. His policy of the "square deal" cut clean across the traditional lines of party division. It fitted in with none of the old formulæ and catch-words. It was a national and not in any sense a factional policy, not a movement of Republicans against Democrats, but of the people against the plutocracy. Mr. Roosevelt has initiated two campaigns against the American money-power. One is aimed at capital, the other at capitalists. The first campaign, by an unsparing investigation of the Trusts, by an increasing strictness of Federal supervision over their conduct, and by the resumption of franchises and concessions heedlessly granted in past years, essays to bring under public control whatever is excessive and against the commonweal in the powers of organised wealth, and to prevent the promoter and the financier from profiting at the expense of the community. The second campaign deals rather with the millionaire as a private citizen and is designed to extract from him a fair return for the wealth he has been enabled to amass. Those who opposed these policies did so not as Republicans or Democrats but simply as Conservatives, speaking the universal language of Conservatism. Those who favoured them did so as Radicals *sans phrase*. Mr. Roosevelt, in short, has been the means of launching issues that appeal more to men's fundamental opinions about politics and society than to their party affiliations. He has brought home to the people the emptiness of the old parties and their lack of correspondence with the facts of America's economic conditions. We see many tokens that Republicans and Democrats with their obsolete mummeries will soon mean less than nothing to a nation that is girding itself to wrest its liberties from the plutocratic grip. A process of realignment is going on. Not all Republicans are Conservatives, nor all Democrats Radicals. The pervasive social unrest, the new turn of the people for open-minded cross-examination of themselves and their future and their institutions, the dawning sense of the inadequacies of an eighteenth-century Constitution in the face of twentieth-century problems, the emergence of a definite Labour Party fired by the example of Great Britain, and the horror and shame of the financial and commercial scandals of the past few years, are agencies that are slowly splitting American politics into a party of Conservatives and a party of Radicals, possibly into one of the Haves and another of the Have-nots. The present identity of Democrats and Republicans has in it nothing stable. It signifies not precipitation but the moment of pause before a new departure.

Life and Letters.

EASTER IN SEVILLE.

At this time, all Spain, much of Europe, and a considerable proportion of America is fighting its way southward into Seville, to see the Holy Week and Easter ceremonies with rites as yet unmaimed. Madrid at evening is the last vision of the north, the mountains behind it rising clean-cut in that clear air, against a sullen horizon, grey cloud slashed with crimson and purple. When you awake next morning you find the train running smoothly and quietly through the south; with the southern palms and cactuses scattered over the brown parched land; and each tiny village of dazzling whiteness; and the air luminous as if the very earth were shining; and, above all, unchanging blue sky, turquoise rather than sapphire, as if some white had become mingled with the blue—the sky of Andalusia. The leagues of the great plain sink backward without a change; then a tall tower appears on the horizon, below a cluster of white roofs, green gardens; round it is a brown river. It is Seville; a white city, set by a brown river in green gardens, serene, smiling, very content.

At Easter, the hotels laugh openly at your demands for accommodation. Every available house room is packed from floor to ceiling. Municipal schools, disused stables, and private lodgings are converted into temporary hostelries, in which the casual traveller is welcomed, ill-treated, fleeced, and dismissed with an extraordinarily agreeable courtesy and good temper. In the city the people are occupied with two interests, and plying a lucrative trade in two commodities: the first, seats to witness the Holy Week processions; the second, seats to witness the great bull fight on Easter Sunday. Down the famous narrow Sierpes, past the Ayuntamiento, outside of which are reserved places for the Mayor, notables, and their guests in full evening dress, and along the narrow Genova and Gran Capitan, cane wicker chairs line both sides of the streets, and windows are purchasable above, for this is the route of the processions to the Cathedral. Long before sundown all work is suspended, and the whole city has collected there, seated comfortably on their chairs or wedged in the poorer crowds behind; the men in smart, glossy clothes, the women, always hatless, dark hair with the flare of a red flower in it—carnation or rose—with a vision of happy beautiful children, with roses and carnations in their hair, looking down from the balconies above. The processions, in isolated groups, have been wandering about the streets all day; and any moment, on turning a sudden corner, the traveller may encounter an enormous image—Christ on the Cross, or the Blessed Virgin—surrounded with flower garlands and lighted tapers, advancing towards him propelled by no visible agency. In the evening they assemble for the procession to the Cathedral. In slow and solemn dignity they emerge from the narrow Sierpes: first a band wailing forth wild and mournful music; then those who are accompanying the particular sacred image, men and boys dressed as masqued monks, with high conical hats and garments of scarlet or purple or green, covering all their faces except two tiny eye openings; carrying tall lighted candles which scarcely flicker in the windless air. The huge images are each carried by twenty-five or thirty men, poor workmen,

whose bare feet and tattered clothing are just revealed beneath the rich canopy and ornament; who advance but forty or fifty yards at a time and then sink down to rest. Children, clothed in white with white veils, scatter flowers and sing hymns to Christ and the Virgin. The advance is slow, solemn, and seemingly endless; hour after hour passes, with the crowd absorbed, contented. Behind is the sound of the sweetmeat sellers and the water carriers with their rapid, sharp cries of "Agua! Agua!" In front, as the sky darkens and the light glimmers and fades in the west, these twinkling candles surrounding the vast standing figures, lifted high over the crowded people, as they uncover their heads before "Our Lady of Dolors," or bow the knee to a gigantic painted Crucifix, swayed slowly forward through the gathering night.

The whole world is in the streets. But on eluding the crowd and entering the enormous gloom of the great Church, the whole world appears to be in the Cathedral. The original builders here had boldly decided to build a basilica "so magnificent that coming ages should call them mad for attempting it." And whatever criticism may be lavished on its external appearance, few will challenge the assertion that this is the most magnificent and most impressive interior in Christendom. Here, in this April twilight, the dominant vision is of soaring arches all straining upwards in an obscure darkness; roofs, towers, and domes lost in a vast encompassing canopy of mystery and silence. The whole countryside has poured into Seville, and the peasants, with a few rugs and bundles, are encamped on the stone floors, where they will contentedly pass the night in an ecstasy of emotion. The gloom and silence is but revealed rather than broken by the immense erection of glass and crystal and dim light which has been built under the dome to receive the Blessed Sacrament, no longer (until Easter) reserved on the High Altar. An enormous black veil shrouds that sacred spot; black veils cover all the altars and images: the Church is in mourning for her Dead Lord. No bells sound during these days of lamentation. Through the vast, silent crowds in the darkness the great images are borne by their unseen bearers, each saluting the altar and passing away down the long aisles and naves, with their set faces and twinkling candle lights. Estava's solemn "misereres" wail down the corridors and echo in the high arches of the roof: men and women and children go softly, with laughter for a moment stilled; because their God is dead.

So pass the hours of the night before Holy Saturday: with the whole people in the streets, and the exaltation of religious ardour near the surface. In the morning the sorrow has suddenly vanished. The blessed veil in the Cathedral is rent asunder: the fire is kindled and the Sacrament is restored in solemn procession to the altar: the great bells of the Cathedral ring joyfully out over the white city, answered by the bells of all the other churches: a storm and torrent of swinging bells, exultant under the renewed sunlight and blue sky. The city is no longer mourning for the dead, but giving itself to dancing and merriment. Christ is risen.

And on Sunday, after the Easter High Mass at the Cathedral, an unforgettable vision of colour and solemn pomp of ritual, the celebration of such rejoicing is exhibited in the first Bull Fight of the Year. Every street leading to the Plaza de Toros down by the Guadalquiver is packed with happy crowds, full of chaffing and merriment and easy laughter, with carriages and various weird forms of vehicles moving slowly through the dense throngs of pedestrians. Special crowds collect outside the hotels where the bullfighters are staying, and cheer them as they emerge—lithe, splendid figures, richly dressed in the traditional Spanish costume of colour and ornament. On the Marina outside the entrance to the Bull Ring is a solid wedge of carriages and coachmen, as the aristocracy of Seville drive down to grace the popular entertainment. Within that immense arena, the brown sand of its great circular centre confronts a white circle of stone cutting the blue sky, with the Giralda tower peeping over one corner, alone connecting that limited horizon with any known reality. Tier on tier of people, in numbers defying calculation, and amid an increasing hum of excitement, await the moment of expectation. In a moment one has dropped back through the centuries, and sees the spirit and expectation and mingled ardour and reluctance of a gathering under the Roman Empire, assembled to see how Christian or Barbarian can die.

A very little of the actual experience of the fighting will satisfy an uninitiated spectator, admiring, as he is compelled to admire, the extraordinary courage, agility, and skill of the bull-fighters; sickened by the slaughter of the horses and the apparent complete indifferent to their agonies. So he will wander out under the sunshine of late afternoon into the white ways of the half-deserted city, till the cries of that vast crowd left behind him sink into silence. He will seek relief, perhaps, in the Alcazar gardens, the very embodiment of all Eastern delicacy and enchantment, in which the air is heavy with the scent of syringa and roses, and thus early in the year, in the narrow walks between deep, clear fountains of water, and along the tree-lined avenues, the ground is covered with lilac and scattered rose leaves. Or he will be very content to wander at random through the maze of the city, through street after street, with its whitewashed walls, and only the wrought-iron gateways exhibiting the fascination of the life within, the little courtyards of the houses with their trees and flowers and tiny orange groves and palms. He will essay the Cathedral again, now empty and wearied after its tremendous efforts of the preceding days, but still dominating in its vast spaces and stillness: with its eighty altars and variety of decoration proclaiming the rich glories that once were Spain, the spoil of a new world; and the pathetic tomb of Columbus, brought back from that new world when the last fragment of its Empire was rudely torn from this now shattered kingdom, proclaiming that those glories have departed. And at evening it is expedient to attain the high tower of the Giralda, up that broad, sloping pathway upon which a horse and carriage can easily ascend. For the summit offers a panorama which few similar cities can equal: Seville, a limited gathering of friendly white houses, set solitary in the vast plain of Andalusia, cut by the river from which stand out the masts of tall ships and the lights swinging and dancing in its quiet waters; with pigeons and innumerable doves circling round the tall tower; and the song of singing birds dying down in the green gardens; and the storks sailing homewards under the red sunset sky, with at the last the evening lit only by one large star.

THE COMPLETE ANARCHIST.

Towards the end of Kropotkin's "Memoirs" there is a remarkable description of the change that he found in England on his second visit in 1886. During his first visit, only five years before, he had felt an exile indeed. No one took the smallest interest in the questions which alone interested him. Social thought, so active in this country during the 'forties, appeared to have died of dull contentment or despair. There seemed no one to whom he could ally himself, no one to whom he could turn for sympathy or co-operation in the social aims on which his life was concentrated. Being at that time strange to the English language and people, he was wrong, for in that very year Mr. Hyndman founded the Democratic Federation, as we think it was then called. But still, it would be hard to exaggerate the astonishing change of the next few years, for during them a true revolution in thought was set on foot, and we are living upon the impetus of that revolution now.

The appearance of a new collection of Mr. Edward Carpenter's essays and verses ("Sketches from Life," George Allen, 5s.) recalls us to those eager and adventurous years, when, if ever in our history, our young men dreamed dreams and our old men saw visions. For his was among the most hopeful and stirring voices of the time. He knew more than other people, and he wrote the very best prose, though, to be sure, those advantages were never necessary to salvation. He was one of these highly educated, middle-class people whose

presence in the social movement Kropotkin notices as almost peculiar to England, and he brought to the question something of those "general principles" in which the Russian found our people so lacking, compared to other races. But it was not his knowledge or his prose or his general principles that gave Edward Carpenter so strong a hold upon the social enthusiasts of the day. The secret of his power over their affections and convictions was that he lived the life he taught.

"This noble ensample unto his scheep he gaf.
That ferst he wroughte, and after that he taughte."

There lies the touchstone that discredits sounding brass, and even if Edward Carpenter had possessed none of the other advantages we mentioned, this would have sufficed him for followers.

To be sure, he was followed in all manner of queer ways, whether of dress or food or farming. It is so easy to emphasise the unessential, and become a ritualist in fads. But if some people made too much of his saying about the little toe, and counted sandals for salvation; if some people insisted too apostolically on the rival advantages of seeds or leaves for human diet; if some took too literally his advice in favour of an occasional debauch, and saved themselves from self-righteousness by spending a Saturday night in the gutter; if most of the communistic farms have ended in charming failure, none of these things matter very much. People might have taken to worse, as Mrs. Carlyle's servant said of two maiden ladies and religion, and certainly no one who lived through that time of gay and devoted experiment will account mere failure any reason for regretting the years. We speak in the past tense, not that Edward Carpenter's influence has passed away; we have found it from the Peak to the Caucasus; but that first fine careless rapture of the 'eighties we shall not feel again, and the spirit was the thing.

In economics he was ordained to heretical succession by Ruskin. He was not so fine in spirit as his master, not so pathetic in yearning indignation, but full of hopes and more pugnacious. "England's Ideal" and "Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure" were his heretical books. In them he brought to bear on modern life a criticism as penetrating and revolutionary as Ruskin's own, and more plain-spoken. It was through evidences of physical and spiritual sickness that he opened his attack. The very numbers of the doctors for body and mind proved what invalids we are. Crawling phenomena like policemen showed the rottenness of our state. Compared to the cat, we are degenerates of nature, who have lost our unity, our integration. Compared to the fox or Bushman, how self-conscious, distracted, and ugly. Even our moral sense, that perception of sin which we boast as distinctively human, goes with a certain weakness, and as to our way of life, he wrote of the civilised man:—

"He disowns the very breasts that suckled him. He deliberately turns his back upon the light of the sun, and hides himself away in boxes with breathing-holes, which he calls houses. . . . He muffles himself in the cast-off furs of the beasts, every century swathing itself in more and more layers, till he ceases to be recognisable as the Man who was once the crown of the animals, and presents a more ludicrous spectacle than the monkey that sits on his own barrel organ."

But the return to Nature and the beauty of the savage had been proclaimed by many voices since Rousseau's, and, from America, Whitman's barbaric yawp had sounded over the roofs of the world.

"Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? Have they locked and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground.
Pioneers! O pioneers!"

The glories of Nature and the simple life had been sung before, and they have been since repeated, almost to satiety. The distinction of Edward Carpenter's teaching was that in the years when dogmatic Socialism was sketching out its phalansteries and piecing together its rather inhuman machinery of by-laws and regulations, experts and officials, proletariats and doctrinaires, he almost alone among the leaders of social thought stood firm for liberty. His protest, indeed, lay not only against a centralised Socialism, but against Government and Law in general. Most of us are content to accept Government for fear of what might happen else, and to accept Law as a shorthand summary of public convenience—a rough summary but passable. But Carpenter would hear nothing of external Government and external Law, so continually at variance with the internal powers that alone inspire great action. Compared to those powers, all the common aids to decency and duty, such as laws, judges, policemen, prisons, experts, officials, and inspectors, appeared to him hindrances to be abolished. With his own teacher, Walt Whitman, he said:—

"Where the men and women think lightly of the laws,
Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons,
There the great city stands."

"External law," he proclaimed emphatically, "must always be false."

In the history of man he could discover no permanent code of moral action. He attacked the customs and habits which blind and bind us, as earnestly as he attacked the Criminal Statutes and the folly of prisons. Even the Decalogue, that most reformers skip, did not escape him:—

"The Decalogue, he wrote, may have been a rough and useful ready-reckoner for the Israelites; but to us it admits of so many exceptions and interpretations that it is practically worthless."

We may call him the Complete Anarchist. In the anarchy of individualism he goes further even than Tolstoy, for he demands a faculty of antagonism in a man, so that the full value of personality may be preserved. Among merely unselfish people he finds a certain dulness, a kind of charity which is really parasitic and lives on the objects of its pity. To the passive resister he replies that turning the cheek to the smiter only encourages smiting. A Communist in society, his real object is not the community or the State, but the noble personality, "untamed, untranslateable," as Whitman said:—

"O I could sing such grandeurs and glories about you . . .
I am larger, better than I thought;
I did not know I held so much goodness."

That is the ideal of life to which Edward Carpenter has pointed us with all his power of thought and word and life—an ideal of true Democracy, as he calls it, in which External Government and Law will give place to Internal Government and Order. Before that stage is reached, when mankind will have passed beyond our dreary region of duties and rights, there is, he admits, a toilsome and long ascent to be made. We are grateful to him for that Pisgah sight, but here we are struggling as best we can upon the toilsome and long ascent. Man, we know, was made only a little lower than the angels, but we do not seem to be catching them up very fast.

THE ETHIOPIAN'S SKIN.

Imperialism, in its distinctive character, as the government of subject peoples, is tested for us in South Africa as nowhere else. For there alone do we see a large genuine settlement of dominant whites among primitive races which neither merge with them nor die out by contact with civilisation, but, preserving their racial integrity, multiply in numbers. In India, the problem of empire, not less grave, is different, for there no true colonisation of whites is climatically feasible, and the same holds of nearly all our tropical possessions: in Canada and in Australasia, where true colonisation has taken place on lands containing lower peoples, the latter form a small and a dwindling proportion of the inhabitants. Hence the Kaffir question stands out alone in its supreme practical importance. Neither civilised diseases, nor drink, nor clothes kill out the Kaffirs, though small-pox and pneumonia play havoc where they once get root, and drink, unchecked, still might do the business. Their numbers continue to grow at least as fast as do the whites. If they were so backward as to be virtually incapable of education along European lines, like the Bushmen and the Hottentots, the issue would be plainer. But they have attained a real, strong, stable, though simple, civilisation of their own, and

appear in some ways very capable of taking on those aspects of our civilisation most likely to bring them into competition and possible conflict with the obvious self-interests of the dominant white races.

Such is the situation Mr. Dudley Kidd delineates in his new and searching study, "Kaffir Socialism" (Black), the value of which consists in its serious attempt to apply scientific methods to the interpretation of matters which hitherto have been the prey of short-range opportunism, tempered by a somewhat barren sentimentalism. No writer has done fuller justice to the fine qualities contained in the feudal Socialism of the clan-system which, with slight variations of form, was everywhere evolved as the type of social order among the Kaffirs. A system which, based on community of land-tenure, made destitution impossible and secured "a general and uniform state of medium prosperity," removed all grievances of taxation, established an absolute acceptance of the word of the chief as the fount of justice, inculcated a powerful and abiding spirit of unselfishness and good fellowship, and, most invaluable of all, succeeded in imposing a wonderful restraint upon the appetites and passions of so vigorous a type of humanity, must be regarded as a remarkable achievement. It is, indeed, evident that to Mr. Kidd the disintegrating influence of the individualism which the white man is gradually bringing to bear upon this stable system has in it many of the elements of historic tragedy. A little civilisation is a dangerous thing, especially when the process is conducted without clear knowledge or intuition by self-seeking business men or blind philanthropists. The clan system is sapped simultaneously by land concessionists, mine-owners, traders, farmers, missionaries, educationalists, and politicians: some want the tribal lands, others the labour of the individual Kaffir, others are genuine believers in individual elevation under the influence of competitive industry and Christian instruction. Piercing boldly the surface of phrases and sentiments, Mr. Kidd makes a close and serious endeavour to state and to answer the two related and underlying questions: "Is there reason to suppose that Kaffirs as a race are capable of taking on at a tolerably rapid pace this individualistic civilisation?" And if so: "Is this result consistent with the maintenance of white dominion in South Africa?"

That there is much force in the ordinary white colonist's contrast between the raw and the newly trained native cannot be doubted. "The raw native is a fine, big, burly, dignified, merry, courteous, picturesque specimen of humanity. He is one of nature's gentlemen; he gives himself no airs; he is frank and natural in his behaviour; he is unaffected, and yet holds himself in a manner that shows he has plenty of self-respect." "But the moment the Kaffir embraces civilisation he gathers a smattering of 'knowledge'; he dons dirty, frowsy, patched, second-hand clothing; he looks slovenly and untidy; he presents either a ridiculous or a sordid appearance; he looks mean and shabby in the extreme. As he ascends the educational ladder, all the man's natural self-respect vanishes, and in its place there is found an aggressive, unnatural, and unpleasant self-assertion and effrontery. Coupled with this, the fellow wears for the first time in his life a hang-dog expression, as if he felt the need of apologising for his existence."

Doubtless with many exceptions such are the normal fruits of the rapid dissolution of the clan system in individual character. Alike in politics, education, industry, religion, and social organisation, we are led to an apparent *impasse*. Larger and larger numbers of Kaffirs taken from the protection of the clan are thrown on their separate personal efforts for a livelihood and a home: yet no equal franchise or full civil status is to be accorded them without endangering social order. The only sound education is one in which industrial training goes hand in hand with intellectual; but skilled trades "belong" to white men, who will not consent to be displaced by Kaffir competition. Even Christianity, unless carefully administered by white superiors, so as to guard against dangerous doctrines of the brotherhood of man, is a disturber of the public peace, as the recent spread of "Ethiopianism" indicates. It would be much simpler if we could come to the conclusion that the Kaffir was, after all, only capable of a veneer of purely imitative culture, and that since this is bad for him (and bad for us), we had better leave him undisturbed in his primitive clan-life.

But there are two fatal objections to this course. In the first place, as we see, certain dominant interests of white men have need of the individual Kaffir, and persist in their assaults upon clan-life even where it has hitherto survived, as in Zululand and in Basutoland. They want his labour and they want his land. Secondly, if our civilisation really contains important elements which the Kaffir nature is capable of assimilating, we cannot and we ought not to withhold them. Now Mr. Kidd believes that he can discern, not in abnormal specimens, but broadcast among the Kaffirs, "a sort of general simmering of latent faculty" stopped from attaining full actuality by unwise handling. His study of Kaffir child psychology in relation to kraal life leads him to the conclusion that the mortal error of our educational system consists in sending back the young "educated" Kaffir to the kraal just after he has entered upon manhood, and thus cancelling all the gains of early individual culture.

A sane scientific policy of industrial and moral education would perhaps liberate "the latent faculty," and secure for large numbers of Kaffirs the intellectual and moral advancement to which a few have hitherto attained. But what then? Are we nearer to any pacific satisfactory solution of our root problem? Not at all. Break down the clan system, and really elevate Kaffir personality, you necessarily transmute the old clan sentiment into a wider nationalism, which will surge incessantly against the industrial and political supremacy of the white race. If perfect wisdom could be applied to a disinterested policy, it might be possible to contemplate a gradual peaceful realisation of the doctrine which Mr. Kidd subjects to such remorseless criticism, "Equal rights for all civilised men," so as to maintain a stable harmony of colours. But here we are confronted by the fatal logic of imperialism. It is idle to speculate upon the possibility of wise, disinterested education of a subject race, without turning our analysis upon the question whether the very fact of race dominion, political and economic, does not disable from the performance of this delicate and essentially spiritual task. The subtle poison of race domination foredooms to failure an education imposed by the master-race, for it will always be secretly and instinctively diverted from purely disinterested and scientific methods into protective means of supporting and promoting the profitable domination of the masters. Such, at any rate, has been the plain lesson of all history, nor can we see reason why it should be reversed in the story of South Africa. Where no fusion of races is possible, no moral harmony supports the structure of society. This is the dark basic fact in the situation in South Africa, as in the Southern United States. No sound, truly progressive civilisation is possible where two physically and morally separate races occupy the same area. Ultimately one must quit, and the final question which such a book as Mr. Kidd's raises is the question whether South Africa is in the last resort a Kaffir or a white man's country.

GARDEN PRIMROSES.

In the cool recesses of the thickening woodland the primrose clumps are spreading rapidly. The plant does not make the whole of its flowering growth before the winter and then go to rest with an easy conscience. Its somnolence is half feigned. Often, when one looks into the heart of what seems to be nothing but a tuft of weather-worn old leaves, a half-developed, tender green leaf is seen to be lurking there, not so much shy as suspicious of the permanence of the warm weather which has induced it to start. For the primrose is a wise plant, and, what is more, full of supreme confidence in its ability to make good any delay consequent on a "late" winter. It is motionless, and yet quivering with alert and eager

life, like a sprint runner couched on toes and finger tips awaiting the crack of the starter's pistol. The moment comes, and the primrose is up and away. It starts into growth as it speeds into bloom. It multiplies its members as it flashes along. A month ago it consisted of one "crown"—just a thickened central growth, surrounded by a tuft of big, soiled, somewhat dingy-looking leaves. To-day it is a thick mass of flowering parts. Crowns have multiplied, fresh, softly-tinted foliage has come. And every new tuft gushes flowers, as a dozen little unsuspected submarine pipes gush water where a long-dormant spring re-appears after a spell of wet weather.

The making of a pergola in February afforded the writer many opportunities of watching the behaviour of certain covies of coloured garden primroses. To get solidity for the pergola on a wind-swept slope, and to afford a means of providing manured earth in place of dry chalk, holes almost large enough to be described as pits were made, and this necessitated the uprooting of the primroses. They were lifted in large clumps, and packed together on a spare bed, there to remain until the pergola should be complete, and their old quarters made ready for them again. But snow came—snow in great, solid flakes; and then rain—rain in floods. The two of them rang the changes week after week, and work had to be suspended, so that April had come before the last larch-pillar could be erected.

The primroses did not resent their temporary ousting by any peevish act, such as dying; but they were plainly curious what it was all about. Never a plant but opened a bright, observant eye or two and watched the proceedings. In fact, the whole bedful of them kept up a relay of sentinel flowers. Beyond this they did not apparently go; but, in reality, they were all agog for progress. Every little crown fairly bristled with greeny-yellow spikes that were not flower stems, but incipient leaves; and when the flowering time came what an explosion of blossom! Every plant reeled out flowers as champion lady typists reel out words. The plants were packed with blooms like pins on a cushion. They surged in frolicsome crowds, like troops of week-old lambs gathered for high-kicking, and back-arching, and sudden rushes at racing speed. Some of the flowers had stems of their own, which ran right down into the heart of the plant; these were primroses proper. Others had stemlets only an inch or so long, converging on a main stem as thick as a cigarette; these were polyanthuses. They grew and bloomed; and bloomed and grew, in a riot of satisfaction.

It is when the lucky grower has a deep, cool soil, in a mild, moist district, that he sees what garden primroses are really capable of doing. It is a race between them and the rock cress (*arabis*) as to which shall spread the faster. The primrose strikes a solid thirty-five to the minute, and pulls them through; the rock cress stabs out forty, and with a pretty feather makes way. The *Arabis* covers the greater amount of surface, but the primrose forgets its native lowliness, and goes up like a sturdy wallflower. The blooms it produces are almost as big as prize pansies, and even that richly-marked flower cannot excel it in beauty of colour. We have the pallid yellow of the wild primrose in a bloom as large again. We have rich, buttercup yellows; we have shades that are deeper than saffron, and others that hardly fall short of orange; we have white, and cream, and blush, and pink, and rose; we have madder and magenta, lilac and lavender; we have mauve, and purple, and violet; yes, and we have blue—real, deep, rich blue; a blue as true as the blue of sweet pea "Lord Nelson," or of viola "Blue Gown," and only by a degree or two falling short of the perfect blue that is found in *Gentiana acaulis* and *Salvia patens*. "But not in primroses!" the astonished reader may ejaculate. Yes, in glorified garden forms of that same modest wilding which is now in evidence at every street corner.

In case a London rate-payer should rise in wrath, and demand to know how it is that, with him paying nine and fourpence in the pound, we are not taught all about these floral gems through the medium of the Spring displays in the parks, but are fobbed off with hyacinths and tulips, it may be well to mention that the primrose does not love town life. In the great nursery garden which the London County Council has at Avery Hill—once the home of the late Colonel North—many thousands are raised every year, but they do not enter into races with the rock cress when they have got planted in the Embankment gardens and elsewhere; it is rather a case of *sauve qui peut*. The embankment sparrows get inordinately fat—too fat to chirp, almost. But they podge about among the primroses, and pull off all the flowers they can while the policemen are not looking; and occasionally they contemptuously hop right over one of the poor, maltreated plants. Fancy a bloated embankment sparrow hopping over a real country primrose! He would never even attempt it, for he is a bird of discretion, and does not endanger his life by futile efforts, even in fighting. He likes to pull off yellow primroses much better than coloured ones, and he has a way of pecking them off at the top of the stalk, and disposing them in neat ranks all round the plant. They suit his taste better that way, and the plan has the additional advantage of exasperating his natural enemy, the gardener.

The country grower saves his primroses after they have flowered, of course. He divides them, and plants them in a reserve bed in a cool corner against the time when the autumn beds shall be made up; but he also raises fresh plants from seeds in late Spring. Seedling plants have a way of giving very large, fresh, brilliantly coloured flowers; besides, the florists keep on adding new colours, and improving their "strains" in size and form.

Other primroses than these glorious descendants of the woodland flower will engage the affections of those who admire the *Primula genus*. They will find a damp, cool spot for the April blooming species *rosea*, a lovely flower of softest rose; and a similar corner for the dusky *Japonica*, with its flowers in tiers ("whorls") up the tall, strong stem. They will grow the exquisite little lilac-coloured "bird's-eye primrose," as *primula farinosa* is called; and which they may have found in some secluded haunt among the northern fells. Surely, too, they will grow the snowy *nivalis*, so dainty, so hardy, so full of blossom, and so appealing in its virginal purity.

These flowers of the April garden have a winning charm of growth, form and colour that the massive hyacinth lacks, and they bring garden and woodland into happy union in the heart of the flower lover.

THE BOAT RACE.

The result of last Saturday's race was entirely in accordance with the expectations of all qualified observers who had watched the crews during their practice. The vigorous hearty rowing of the Cambridge men, their cheerful endurance, and the dashing generalship of their stroke-oar, Mr. Stuart, had commended them alike to the expert critics and to the general public who thronged the river-bank in multitudes every day while the oarsmen were going through their allotted labour. Oxford had suffered many misfortunes during the early part of their practice. Influenza had temporarily laid by several members of the crew, and they had not been able to do as much hard work as their rivals. Now hard work, by which we mean long stretches of genuine rowing, is, no doubt, exhausting and often disagreeable, but it is absolutely essential if a crew is to come to the post in good racing condition. In this respect Cambridge had been both judicious and fortunate. No illness disturbed their training, and their coaches were thus able to inflict upon them a great deal of toil and to turn them out in splendid physical trim. We doubt if any University crew of the last few years has done so much work or been equally fit.

During the race the wind was against the crews nearly all the way to Hammersmith. From the Doves it began to favour them, and as they turned from Barnes towards the finish they once more found it opposed to them. Fortunately, it was of no great strength, and

gave no special advantage to one station above the other. Owing to the conformation of the river the Surrey station, on which Oxford rowed, is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the better of the two, for the crew possessing it can command the inside of the protracted corner which begins just before Hammersmith Bridge. To do this, however, the Surrey crew must be level, or, at any rate, not more than a length behind at Hammersmith Bridge, so that the Middlesex crew may be kept out and have the longer distance to travel on the outside of the bend. Obviously, therefore, it was to the interest of Cambridge to obtain such a lead as would enable them to cross over in front of Oxford and secure the inside berth. Oxford, on the other hand, should have endeavoured, at all costs, to prevent Cambridge from executing this manœuvre. In the race they were unable to do this. While Cambridge raced away as if they had only a quarter of a mile to go, Oxford started at a comparatively slow rate and almost immediately began to drop behind, until at the Crab Tree the light blues, being then two lengths ahead, were able to come over and to take Hammersmith Bridge and the bend beyond straight in front of their opponents. It was not until Hammersmith Bridge was left behind that Oxford began to show any real racing vigour. Their repeated spurts after this were an excellent exhibition of pluck, but with a crew so strong and fit as Cambridge well ahead of them their case was by that time hopeless. They had allowed themselves to be out-generalled.

In spite of conspicuous merits, which every judge of rowing must concede to them, it cannot be asserted that as a crew Cambridge were of the very highest class. They had strength and life. Their stroke in the water was a powerful one, and their beginning, though not yet swift enough, was an improvement on last year. Rough water did not put them out, and they were so confident in their bodily condition that they did not shrink from rowing a fast stroke. They were not, however, welded together with that beautiful uniformity which is found in the very best crews. In their body movements there was a distinct "break" in the forward part of the boat, and the time of the blades, especially in the case of No. 7 and No. 6, left much to be desired. Their vigour and their racing ability were admirable. For these qualities they were very largely indebted to their stroke, Mr. Stuart, who has thus once more proved his brilliant capacity as a leader in spite of the carping and not very generous criticisms to which he was subjected by a prominent Oxford oarsman and coach in the columns of more than one daily newspaper.

About the "secret trial" of the Oxford crew we should have preferred to say nothing more. Our duty, however, as veracious and impartial historians compels us, in view of the strange justifications that have been put forward, to add something to what we said last week. We may admit that the proceeding had its rise in thoughtlessness, in the schoolboy notion that it would be a pleasant "rag" to bamboozle the newspapers, the rival crew, and the public generally. Such thoughtlessness, however, cannot be permitted to those whose duty it is to guard the high traditions of manly openness and courteous rivalry for which this race is celebrated. It appears that once before, in 1893, a similar secret trial was rowed by an Oxford crew, but there was great disapproval of it at the time, and it has been looked upon rather as a warning than as a precedent. All the other alleged instances that have been cited in excuse utterly fail upon examination to support the case of the excusers. It is the deliberate intention to deceive that makes all the difference—that and the silly dodges resorted to for throwing everybody off the scent. After what has happened we may hope and believe that no University crew will ever again make use of these methods.

One final comment we are bound to make. We cannot believe that it is in the interests of this contest that the oarsmen who take part in it should write daily criticisms in the papers on the doings of their crews. Perhaps the two University Boat Clubs will themselves take measures to make this impossible in the future.

Sketches of Travel.

"LOS PEARES, UN MINUTO!"

The line ran close beside the Minho, which foamed and brawled in the deep channel it had cut between the hills. Along the banks thickets of oleanders grew, mixed here and there with tamarisks. Clouds of white mist, raised by the sun after a touch of frost, hung over everything, shrouding the chestnut forests, half-way up the trees, leaving their tops, as it were, detached and floating in the air.

It lingered in the stacks of maize, making them look like bee-hives. About the curious little hutches of rough stone, in which the peasants in Galicia store their Indian corn, it clung, leaving their squat stone crosses, suspended in the air without a base, as if, by a perpetual miracle, they were sustained, through some mysterious power. Then, the sun rose in all its glory, and as the train slowly crawled past, jangling and creaking like a bullock-cart, all the old agricultural life, such as that which Theocritus or Columella have described, was plain in all the beauty of its old-world simpleness and charm. Impassive men stood herding sheep, leaning upon their sticks.

Girls held sleek, coffee-coloured cows by a long rope to graze, and twirled their distaffs, as they watched them eat. Women washed clothes, at great stone tanks fed by a rill that issued from the rocks, conducted in a cane, and over-arched with vines.

As they knelt in a row, dressed in bright red and yellow petticoats, with scarlet handkerchiefs upon their heads, their wooden shoes appearing like canoes behind their tucked-up skirts, they sang, a natural, harsh, wild song that penetrated to the marrow of the bones. Sometimes from other working places or from fields, other high voices answered them, and so a dialogue went on, just as it passes between birds unseen in a deep wood, all in a minor key. Primitive bullock-waggons, with solid wheels, and sides of wicker-work, like those on Roman coins, slowly crawled on the roads. The gentle oxen, swaying to and fro, just as a man walks, wrapped in a Spanish cloak, appeared fabulous as they turned towards each other, when the driver touched them with his goad, or called them by their names, exhorting them to be themselves and pull. The wheels creaked with a jarring sound, and seemed to sing as if a swarm of bees had been imprisoned in the axle, making a noise which, as the peasants say, both stimulates the beasts and frightens wolves, and is agreeable to those who do not care for progress and modernity, or the sharp whiz of steam.

Under the brown-tiled eaves long rows of maize-cobs ripened in the sun, and on the bushes here and there red and blue rags, and petticoats were hung to dry, and stood out blotchily, like colours on a painter's palette, against the grass, and the metallic-looking scrub of arbutus.

In the minute and old-world gardens grew patches of cabbages, upon high stalks, like that which the old-fashioned Scotch knew as "long kale," and by the steps which led up to the houses plants of red salvia, and underneath the pollard oak trees, the autumn crocus spotted the grass like stars. Up many of the hills terraces of vines, all turning red and purple, mounted in tiers, and through the gorges now and then a distant bagpipe wailed like a soul in pain.

As the train wriggled like a snake through tunnels, the engine taking the short curves just as a bicyclist wheels in and out of heavy traffic in a street, creeping along the edge of precipices, and then emerging once again through woods into the cultivated fields, it passed a village, and drew up at a little station, near the river's bank. A crowd blocked all the place, and on the houses men stood gazing; boys seated in the trees looked down upon the lines; and as the porter, in a nasal voice, called "Los Peares, un Minuto," it was at once apparent that the cry was quite illusory, for piles of boxes, bags, and bedding crowded the platform, whilst the perspiring stationmaster struggled in vain to make a passage to the train. The crowd surged to and fro, and to the questions

of the passengers, women in tears, and boys excited by the crush and noise, replied that the whole hamlet known as Val de Cabras was going to Buenos Ayres, taking their priest with them, to found another Val de Cabras, out on the southern plains. As always happens in a country such as Spain, where time is of no value, the people rushed about as if the Day of Judgment were at hand. The stationmaster, who, if no one had been in the train, would have allowed it minutes beyond its time, was sweating blood and water to get everyone on board. Old women hugged their sons, and men stood stifling down their tears, their patched and parti-coloured clothes looking in keeping with the scene. Girls raised an almost Arab wail, and in the midst of the confusion stood the priest, a stalwart, red-cheeked countryman, surrounded by a group of people, who held him, some by his hands, some by the lappels of his coat, and all pressed round him as a swarming hive presses about its queen, conscious he was the centre of their little world, wrenched up from its foundations, and so soon to be absorbed in the mysterious continent beyond the seas, which either swallows up their fellows, just as a fish sucks down a fly, or else returns them, rich and unrecognisable, at the end of years. And as the people struggled round the priest, those who had elected to remain behind, kissing his clothes, the men grasping his hands in theirs—hard, horny and deformed by toil—and asking for his blessing, he turned now and again towards the gate, behind which stood a row of donkeys and of mules, tied up to posts, with coloured blankets on their saddles, and their heads nodding in the sun. Women, with coloured flannel petticoats, red, green, and yellow, like a bed of tulips, clattered across the platform in their wooden clogs, and boys raised the shrill cry they use in Portugal and in Galicia when excited, which sounds like a horse neighing, and from the crowd of hot, perspiring men and women there came a smell as of wild animals, mixed with the scent of bundles of salt fish, which almost all of them bore in their hands. Some dragged great parcels wrapped in striped blankets tied with innumerable knots, and others carried on their shoulders the little ark-shaped trunks, covered with cowskin with the hair on, that look as if they had been made upon the pattern of a medieval coffin, which, on a platform, seem as if they mourned the bullock-waggon where they had passed their lives.

Hard, knotted hands reached out and grasped, for the last time, others as hard and toil-stained, which were thrust towards them through the palings, and men clasped one another with their heads looking over each other's shoulders, just as the patriarchs of Scripture embraced and wept upon each others' breasts, and quite as naturally. A universal sob shook the whole crowd, which billowed to and fro, like water agitated in a tank, resisting all the efforts of the stationmaster to get the train away at its appointed time.

At last, when all the bundles and the trunks, the water-bottles, and the poor household treasures, which the excited villagers, driven from their idyllic old-world life by weighing-down taxation, were taking with them, to wring and salve their hearts in the New World, were put on board, the priest was left alone, holding a bulky umbrella in his hand. The porter clanged upon the bell, the futile horn, which hangs upon a nail in Spanish stations, tootled feebly, and deep down below, the Minho dashing through the rocks, roared a farewell to those who, in the future, would, in the rivers they would know, hear nothing but an oily gurgle, and the occasional hollow sound of the alluvial soil as it fell into the deep and muddy stream, that had undermined the banks.

The emigrants all climbed into the train, and from the crowd assembled rose a cry, "The blessing, father; bless us once more before you go"; but he, standing with one foot on the steps, still looked towards the palings, when through the crowd a breathless boy came forcing his way, and dragging by a string a white and liver-coloured pointer, which, when it saw the priest, rushed forward, and fawned upon his knees.

Handing his umbrella to a woman in the train, he drew his left hand hurriedly across his face, leaving a snuffy mark, where it had met the tear, and then, patting the dog upon his head, murmured: "Adios, Navarro," and with an effort and a gulp, steadily gave his blessing, as the companion of his rambles whined and strained upon the rope.

Rough, friendly hands stretched out and drew the priest into the train, which, after jolting heavily, began to wind about through the deep cuttings in the rocks, emerging now and then close to the road, on which stood groups of people, waving and shouting their farewells. Just as it passed the last house of the village running close to the road, an olive-coloured man upon a mule, stood in his stirrups, and with uplifted hand made a cross in the air, as the train, gathering way, slipped past and, entering a tunnel, was swallowed up and lost to those who, standing on the platform, stood waving handkerchiefs, and gazed with yearning eyes at the last carriages as they vanished from their sight. Then it emerged again into the sun, and a girl washing by a stream, her donkey tied beside her, putting one arm across its neck, waved a red dripping petticoat, and the train, puffing and snorting, resolutely set its face towards that Buenos Ayres which was to make and mar its freight.

It bore them westward towards a land bare of traditions, of vegetation, of everything that hitherto had made their lives; a land in which their children would be educated men, not knowing good from evil, as their fathers in a rudimentary way had dimly comprehended them, where they would eat their fill and lose their individuality, becoming uncomprehending instruments of the greatness of a vast empire, and from whence they would regard Galicia with a mixed feeling of contempt and pity, after the fashion of self-educated men.

But every puff the wheezing engine made, it took the emigrants further away from their old, hungry, but idyllic life; further away from bee-hives, made from the section of a cork tree, and laid in rows amongst the lavender and thyme; further away from the sleek, mild-eyed oxen, and from the "romeria," where they had danced "muiñeiras" to the sound of "gaita" and of pipe.

No more the ploughman in the deserted Val de Cabras would return home at night, carrying his plough, after the fashion of the ploughmen of whom the Georgics treat, or girls at evening time gather round the steps of the stone fountains and gossip as their hooped wooden buckets automatically were filled through long tin pipes, fitted upon the iron nozzle, where the water flowed. Lovers would no more linger in the oak woods of an evening, and tell the tale that never wearies those who tell or listen to it, whether amongst the cistus-carpeted "robledos" of Galicia, or in the alleys of a town. Each jolt and jerk upon the coupling chain, and each white bellowing burst of steam, left the deserted village more deserted, more given over to the decay that soon would settle on it, when in the winter nights the snow would lodge unheeded on the roofs, and the wolves scamper through the streets.

And as it twisted on the track, winding and wheeling through the tunnels, and emerging now and then into the sunshine, the people, sitting hunched amongst their bundles, broke into a high-pitched song, which floated in the balmy, pine-scented air, and was taken up from one end to the other of the train. Cistus and lavender, thyme, burnet, and wild marjoram, germander, and the dead leaves of oak and chestnut, gave out their aromatic scent, and floating in the sun, white butterflies were borne across the Minho, skimming the streams, and soaring steadily across the linns.

Nature had put on all her charms, to make the parting bitter, and to fix more firmly an eternal sad recollection in their minds of their lost homes. Nothing was left of the departing village, but the name, and a few elders, who had remained behind to hunger and neglect; and in some other village, perhaps, Navarro, left to the care of some strange priest, sorrowed and wondered, for the great Power that chastens whom He cares for, extends a hand even upon the dogs of those He blesses with His love.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

Fiscal Fallacies.

II.

THE SINGLE TRADE TEST.

NINE-TENTHS of the case for Protectionism is rooted in the fallacy of false distribution, the separatist treatment of that which is inseparable, the contention that whatever is good for each of the parts is good for the whole. Though, superficially regarded, the Protectionist approaches of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour are wide apart as the poles, they meet in this common fallacy. Mr. Chamberlain's opening plunge into the controversy well illustrates the method. Healthy trade was to be tested by foreign trade alone, foreign trade by exports, exports by manufactured goods, and those only with protected countries, and, among protected countries, with the United States and Germany, and selected trades were to be taken in selected years. A natural cunning of popular exposition thus drove our Protectionists to find their strength in an appeal to the obvious self-interest of separate local trades. In our highly specialised industry the mind of every business man and every worker is necessarily concentrated upon a tiny local section of a single trade, and a public policy which claims to be "practical" is naturally tested by the effect it claims to produce in this trade. If, therefore, the Protectionist can prove by clear illustration the benefit an import duty seems able to confer immediately upon any trade, what more natural than that I should accept his view that what is good for my trade is good for every other trade, and so for trade in general? To the "practical" man it seems invincible logic. But, curiously enough, the philosopher may fall into the same pit. The severely unpractical reasoning of Mr. Balfour's first excursion into fiscal controversy in "Notes on Insular Free Trade," as well as his more recent disquisitions upon "broadening the basis of taxation," are vitiated by the same defect—an utter inability to grasp the unity of commerce. He shows us an enchanted island, under a fatal spell of non-resistance, surrounded by trade competitors which, placing prohibitive tariffs upon her trades, destroy them one by one and suck away her capital and her working population. This is only a fanciful exaggeration of what every Protectionist thinks is taking place here and now in Great Britain. Unless we repent we shall without doubt perish.

Now, in the rough and tumble of platform controversy, whatever weapon of fact or figure comes handy will be used, and the detailed errors of the assailants of Free Trade have been turned against them with immense effect. But the complete and enduring defence of Free Trade depends upon a clear, powerful grasp of the unity of the development of national trade. It is not sufficient to repeat the sound general maxims of free exchange; they must be vitalised and justified by showing how they still serve the cause of national industrial progress. Nowhere has this task been performed with such conspicuous success as in the little pamphlet just issued from the pen of Mr. Russell Rea, who, taking for his title "Insular Free Trade," sets the real island against Mr. Balfour's fiction. More expository than controversial in its method, it upholds the true policy of free imports as inhering in the normal organic development of our national industry. By a masterly analysis of the present conditions of our manufacturing and export trades, Mr. Rea shows, first, that the retention of our early monopoly of mechanical manufactures was impossible, and that the rise of other manufacturing nations has been beneficial not only to themselves, but to the world; secondly, "that this expansion of manufactures has not been at our expense, for, as a matter of fact (1) we are keeping the first call upon the trade of the world; (2) we are keeping the best of the trade; (3) we are keeping as much as we can do in good times." Finally, he shows that, while unemployment in bad times is common to all nations, "our Free Trade policy has to some extent moderated the alternation of good and bad times, which is the main cause of unemployment, and mitigated the severity of the effects of bad times on our industrial population." A further survey of recent tendencies leads to the conclusion that not only are our markets in the world expanding, but that we are trading at an increasing advantage, gaining more than we lose by the modern fall of prices, and that England retains her position as the best seat for manufacturing industries.

These conclusions are reached by a chain of reasoning based upon a genuinely scientific study of the evolution of industry under the changing conditions of modern work and wants. Each link is tested by an appeal to recent economic history, and the result is a complete justification of free imports as the national policy which enables us more fully than any other nation to exploit the natural resources of the world through the application of modern scientific methods of production and of transport. Its force and lucidity of argument, supported by illustrations drawn from a wide range of business experience, render it the most convincing document that can be placed in the hands of thoughtful waverers.

No other method of appeal, except from the part to the whole, from the single trade to general industry, is ultimately valid. The force of Protectionism as an intellectual movement disappears just as fast as one can lead the argument away from the single local instance to a wider and, from the political standpoint, a more genuinely practical view. Mr. Balfour's "subtle" sophisms are exposed in their naked folly by precisely the same method that avails for the man in the street. His notion that surrounding nations could suck the industry from a Free Trade island is, at bottom, identical with that of the most narrow-minded tyro in Fiscal Reform. So long as any one trade in a country got a tariff for itself, it could thrive in present profits; for, by raising its prices, it could take it out of the consumer and out of other trades in three ways—first, by reducing the amount of income left for expenditure upon goods produced by these other trades; secondly, by sucking into the protected trade capital and labour from unprotected trades; thirdly, by raising the expenses of production in any other trades where the protected product served as plant or raw materials. When the grievance thus engendered enabled a second trade to claim tariff support, the value of the tariff to the first trade is proportionately reduced, and the injury done to the body of unprotected trades doubled; and as each other trade is admitted, the gain to those inside the protected ring is reduced, while the injury to the diminishing number left outside continues to increase. Since it is thus evident that the gain to the protected trade depends upon and is derived from the existence of other unprotected trades, the net gain of all-round Protection must be *nil*, or less than *nil*, for the administrative costs of Protection must be defrayed. This argument, which, of course, omits the positive advantages of free importation, is only one of several exposures of the self-contradiction of Protectionism. The extraordinary delusions that exports are more desirable than imports and can dispense with them, the whole tangle of misconceptions based on a refusal to define "raw materials," almost all the pathetic confidence of Protectionists in their nostrum as a cure for unemployment, spring from what they conceive to be the "practical" method of considering each trade with each country separately, and arguing that what is true of each is true of all. The person who looks at the whole is a mere theorist. Part of the process of national education required to kill the Protectionist fallacy must be directed to lead business men and thoughtful workmen away from the pelting of single facts and figures to a broader understanding of the operation of industrial forces. For this work the wide diffusion of Mr. Rea's pamphlet will be invaluable.

J. A. H.

Letters from Abroad.

AUSTRIAN POLICY IN THE BALKANS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The question as to the nature and aims of the Balkan policy of Austria is as easy to ask as it is hard to answer. For there is, first of all, a double question contained therein—Do we understand by the Balkan policy of Austria-Hungary the policy of the joint government, or public opinion in Austria and Hungary in relation to the policy of the double monarchy? The official policy has undergone a very real and, perhaps, very important change, through the initiative of the present Foreign Minister. This was made clear by what Baron Aehrenthal said to the delegates. The question now is to what extent this turn of affairs receives the assent and sanction of the main political body.

The characteristic of the Balkan policy of Austria in the last quarter of a century has been the extreme, not to say, painful caution with which Austria has treated the Balkan peninsula in spite of, and since the time of, the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In the full thirty years which have elapsed since the occupation Austria has laboriously refrained from setting the position of the monarchy on a lasting basis worthy a great Power, in the provinces which she then occupied and has since with great labour restored to civilisation. Not only so, but in the question which, for more than a decade, has been the real essence and the danger of Balkan policy, the question of Macedonia, Austria has only with great hesitation and all possible precautions taken any part in the development of affairs.

The ripest expression of this policy is the Mürsteg programme, of which the finished history now doubtless lies before us. The peculiar weakness in the handling of Bosnian affairs is always explained and excused in Austria as being due to the unfortunate dual form of the monarchy. It is true that Magyar influence, adhering to the tradition of friendship with the Turks, has had a crippling influence in this respect on the external policy of the monarchy. No less clearly, however, in Austria discontent has arisen with this state of things and the preponderance of the Magyars in the affairs of Bosnia.

The policy which Baron Aehrenthal explained in the last committee betokens, at any rate, a break with the tradition of anxious moderation, and at the same time a political advance. The Sandschak railway scheme, over the economic worth of which opinions are divided, has, at any rate, one distinguishing mark of superiority—that it is the first independent measure for dealing with Austrian political or economic interests that there has been for years. That any initiative in any direction, even in the narrower domain of our own interests, should take its rise in Vienna, is in such sharp contrast with the traditions of a whole generation that the astonishment and the stir the measure caused far exceeded what was due to its own individual significance. The fact comes as strange that in the sphere of external policy Austria could take individual action, even when her own nearest interests were at stake.

So far, then, the younger Austrian politicians greeted Baron Aehrenthal's action with approval. Difficult though it is to find a common basis for external policy in a kingdom of our peculiar type, formed from the juxtaposition of so many different peoples and forms of civilisation, still history offers us such a basis for the peaceful development of our political and economic influence in the Balkan peninsula. Even if the sharpness of the internal conflict in each half of the monarchy, as also the conflict of these with each other, has rather thrown into the background in these last decades the interest in a comprehension of this natural direction of our external policy, yet just lately, in the last few years, there have been movements in an opposite direction. The understanding of the great economic interests of Austria in the Balkans has long been increasingly prevalent among the masses of our population, and, as a natural consequence, also the wish, not only to preserve Austria's due sphere of influence in the Balkan States, but also to bring it to an energetic expression in the direction of commerce. In so far, then, the official foreign policy expressed, as it was, in the stronger action of the Freiherr von Aehrenthal, is certainly in harmony with the views and aims of leading political and economic factors in Austria. Fundamentally considered, moreover, the well-known interests of Hungary run parallel with this policy. We cannot, however, deny that, as in so many other domains, the opposition between the specific Magyar policy and the interests of the monarchy as a whole is here also unmistakably latent. But we must hope that a strong lead from our foreign Ministry in this special direction will be able to surmount the difficulties raised by Hungary.

It can be confidently expected that the path Baron Aehrenthal entered upon with the Sandschak Railway scheme will meet not only with the approval of public opinion in Austria, but also with the concurrence of the other great Powers. But the case is rather different with the second great Balkan problem, which occupies Austrian foreign policy, that is the question of Macedonia. Hard though it is in any country to give a sure judgment on the actual diplomatic conditions of the present, in Austria this difficulty is greater than anywhere else. For here, in accordance with a precedent which has scarcely ever been violated, foreign policy lies exclusively in the hands of the Sovereign and his advisers. Neither popular representation nor public opinion are in a position to have much influence. Moreover, if we consider the heterogeneous national character of Austria-Hungary and the different kinds of relations of the monarchy to the problems of the South-East, we shall see that it is impossible to speak of a united public opinion with regard to the actual Balkan policy—Germans and Slavs, Magyars and Rumanians, and among the Southern Slavs themselves again Kroatians and Servians, each stand on a very different footing with regard to the difficult questions which compose the problem of the Balkan policy of to-day. This allows the more free play for a foreign policy guided by the Cabinet in Vienna and immediately dependent on the Crown, a policy which regards as its natural goal the raising of the interests of the dual monarchy, as a whole, above the mass of confused and hostile individual interests of the different peoples, a foreign policy, in fact, which is for the good of the whole State. How far this difficult task succeeds is extremely hard to decide. Now, as to the latest development of the Austrian Balkan policy, there can be no doubt that as the complement of Baron Aehrenthal's forward movement in the question of the improved railway connection of Bosnia and the East, Austria has made a scarcely veiled withdrawal from the first rank of the Powers interested in the reformation of Macedonia. It is extraordinarily difficult for the outside observer to decide what part in the matter was played by the friendly diplomatic relations with Russia which appeared for a moment affected, but are now re-established, and what by the German-Austrian alliance and the peculiar position assumed by Germany in international politics.

But if the question is asked how this development is regarded by Austrian public opinion, it seems very important, especially as it affects public opinion in England, to make clear one fact. This is that it would be dangerous to deceive oneself into the belief that there has ever been a warm interest in Macedonian reform among the people at large. We can even affirm that the Mürsteg programme itself, with its feeble attitude towards the terrible Macedonian conditions which make so forcible an appeal for help—even this was regarded by some Austrian politicians as,

perhaps, going a step too far. In England a philanthropic tendency in politics, supported by a strong section of the Liberal party, has busied itself zealously with the final pacification of Macedonia, but in Austria there is a complete lack of a corresponding movement in political life. Thereto must be added that in Austria there is a full comprehension of the enormous difficulties which lie in the fact that the individual Christian nations lead an internecine strife among themselves, and that the final pacification of Macedonia can only be accomplished by compulsion and with vast force and expenditure.

These facts only serve to strengthen the demand of all classes in Austria that she should not let herself be involved in political difficulties through a too bold and active Balkan policy. This explains the fact that a great proportion of Austrian politicians have, after some hesitation at first, greeted the attitude of Baron Aehrenthal as to Macedonian reform with ever increasing approval.

As things at present stand, it seems to Austria, which is urged on by no schemes of imperial expansion, that the most important task of her foreign policy is to help to further the re-establishment of peaceful conditions in the Balkan peninsula, and specially in Macedonia, zealously indeed, but in such a way that the Concert of European great Powers takes part unanimously in the action. There can be no doubt that the Macedonian question behind which, as Sir Edward Grey says, stands the question of Turkey, can never be brought to a final solution by a policy based on transactions with the Porte. For Austria, however, especially in regard to her many difficult problems of internal policy, there is no necessity at the present moment, or for some time to come, to initiate an energetic measure of reform for Turkey, especially as this would bring up the whole question of the integrity of the Turkish kingdom on the one hand, and on the other the whole position of the Monarchy in regard to foreign affairs. There is no doubt that a policy in this direction, which would serve the philanthropic ideals of Western friends of Macedonia, would bring us into direct conflict with the Power to which we are bound not only with a diplomatic bond, but with a union rooted in deep-seated inward need—I mean, of course, the German Empire. This is a possibility which no rational advocate of Austrian interests as a whole would wish to raise as a result of our Balkan policy.

The foregoing exposition will, I fear, appear very unsatisfactory to many English friends of Macedonia. But anyone who sees facts as they are cannot but disappoint the hopes of those who are counting on a popular enthusiasm in Austria for a radical reform policy in the matter of Macedonia. Of course, there is, even in Austria, a small number of politicians who wish intensely for a fundamental and lasting reformation of administration and law in Macedonia, not only on grounds of humanity, but in the interests of an economic strengthening of the Balkan States, from which Austria would benefit more than anyone. But even these few cannot shut their eyes to the pressing necessity for a cautious policy, produced by the web of hostile international interests in the Balkans on the one hand, and the internal state of the dual monarchy to-day on the other. Moreover, it must not be overlooked that the present political supremacy of the agrarian parties, unfortunately, stands in the way of a policy of industrial expansion, at once peaceful and energetic, in the South-East.

In short, the efforts of all European (including all Austrian) friends of Macedonian reform must be directed to bringing about the lasting, if slow, progress of reformation under the pressure of all the Powers. A reckless policy, which might attain the end more quickly, while incurring great dangers, is certainly not, for as far ahead as we can see, either the task or the aim of Austrian policy in the Balkans.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH REDLICH
(Member of the Austrian Parliament).
Vienna, April 5th, 1908.

The Drama.

THE NEW SHYLOCK.

As I watched Mr. Tree's interesting revival of the "Merchant of Venice," I wondered how a director of artists would proceed if he desired to give something like a suitable modern representation of the play. And it seemed to me very difficult to find an answer to such a question. If the action were followed quite literally, no twentieth century audience, gentle or simple, would endure it. The play is so diffuse, the thread of action is so loosely followed (thus the incident of the caskets is twice dropped before it is concluded), some of the humour is so broad, and some, again, so heavy, that any such act of fealty to the Shakespearian legend must needs be terribly avenged. Yet, in acknowledging that some changes and some abbreviations are necessary, we seem to condemn the poet's artistry. Why is it that while we never want to alter anything in Molière, where all is terseness, fitness, symmetry, Shakespeare's luxuriance seems to invite the pruning-knife? Is it because, as Tolstoy insists, Shakespeare wants Molière's moral directness and simplicity, and because his appeal is more sensuous, more confusing, more like the effect of the music that he must have loved, since he is always speaking of it and breaking into it? Whatever be the causes—and the advance of our best dramatic work in compression, logic, psychological truth and subtlety, must be reckoned among them—the critic finds it hard sincerely to blame the manager who "cuts" a Shakespearian play, or even re-arranges and transposes some parts of it.

All this Mr. Tree has done, as others have done before him. But he has not only subtracted from Shakespeare; he has added to him. He has invented a whole scene in which, without actually increasing our store of Shakespearian verse, he occupies the stage for some minutes while, as Shylock, he calls, in hoarse crescendo, on the levanting Jessica, and ransacks his forsaken household, lantern in hand. He has also imagined and grouped a great deal of picturesque "colour." Taking half-hints from the text, or acting without any hint at all, he plants Shylock's house in the Venetian ghetto so that he may introduce all kinds of life-like accessories, melancholy old Jewish music, heard through the doors of the synagogue, groups of Jews in cap and gaberdine, scuttling submissively over tiny painted bridges, or beaten by Christian mummers, stores of yellow and brown linen hanging over the tangle of medieval house-tops, mourning Jewish women sitting mute by Shylock's deserted threshold, and Shylock himself tearing his garments, grovelling on the earth, and sprinkling dust over his grey hairs. And much of this inventiveness, material as it is, is curious and interesting. It is interesting to see the grey-headed Doge walk into the court, featured and costumed like the famous Bellini in the National Gallery, to note that the columns of Portia's palace are framed after Paolo Veronese, and to watch a gondolier, or a gay follower, decked out as Carpaccio would have decked him. Such things consort with our modern ideas of "scholarly" art, our love of sumptuousness and decorative splendour, which, even though they lose half their effect in the hurriedly envisaged stage-picture, please our imitative modern souls and consort with Shakespeare's aristocratic art. Moreover, they are not purposeless; they do heighten the impression of the vivid, brilliant life of the Renaissance, running in mixed currents of refinement and ruthlessness, in which Shakespeare, its child, delighted.

But if these accessories to a gorgeous Shakespearian play be in some tune and keeping with its creator, one would think that an intelligent spirit like Mr. Tree would not be less alive to the necessity of giving full value to Shakespeare's qualities of charm and intellectual distinction. That, with this end in view, he would only engage actors and actresses trained to speak his verse with due emphasis, as, for example, Mr. Brydone, making a really magnificent entry as the Prince of Morocco, speaks it. That he would not allow Portia to hold converse

in the pretty, clipped, mincing accent of a modern drawing-room. That he would make his Lorenzo rehearse the scene with Jessica in the moonlight until he could move the theatre to realise the beauty of the lines in which Shakespeare's rich but earthly fancy takes on an unwonted spiritual vesture. That he would not cut out one of Antonio's finest speeches in the trial scene—where nothing needs to be cut. Above all, that he would ransack the English stage until he had found a lady able to incarnate the divine Portia, most noble and most modern of all Shakespeare's women, to show her chaste and passionate, free and proud and yet fit companion and consoler to a hero, to speak as she spoke, move, and smile, and jest, and command as her author designed her. This Mr. Tree has not done for us; and until a manager of his resources and not inconsiderable intellectual gift fulfils the more serious of his dramatic tasks, he must not expect unqualified approval of his work.

Of his own Shylock one can speak with less reserve. It seems to me a very good Shylock, rightly, if over-ingeniously, conceived. It is more full-blooded than Irving's, more massive, more in keeping with Shakespeare's broad, direct, but not always subtle, vision, of human character and society. In passages, it was indubitably fine; the malignant rationality of the Jew's bearing at the trial could not have been better expressed. The figure towered, grim and menacing; in its fall it excited pity and even sympathy, for it revealed the hard pagan atmosphere of the play, with cruel Christian pitted against cruel Jew. Shylock's ironic Oriental salutations (a trifle Fagin-like these), his cold triumph, his defeat and despair, were truly, not merely sensationally, pictorial, as Mr. Tree chose to represent them; they showed feeling, not merely elaborated, carefully thought-out effects of melodrama. It is hard to say how far Shakespeare meant his audience to sympathise with such a man, how far he embroidered a mere anti-Jew story with the Christian philosophy of the barrenness of revenge, or how far he worked, as he seemed often to work, without a moral aim at all. Mr. Tree's Shylock leans, not too heavily, on Shylock's badness. It needed baser stuff than Hebrew patriots are made of to devise the bond with Antonio and to sharpen the knife for its execution, and if the literary spirit has turned Shylock's plea for vengeance into a charter of sympathy for alien races, it has probably read into Shakespeare's eloquence more than the context bears. The greater moral of the play would seem to be that from the ghettos of medieval Europe sprang such poisonous fruit as Shylock's hatred nurtured. All that one can see is that the Jew is frightfully wronged, and that, so far as his daughter's misdeeds are concerned, Shakespeare seems as callous as the virtuous Antonio, or the gallant Bassanio, or as Lorenzo himself, Christian gentleman and receiver of stolen goods. The rebound in Shylock's nature of all this hard-heartedness, envenomed by Antonio's Stock Exchange brutality, is the attraction of the drama; and Mr. Tree's rendering of it wants little in impressiveness. It does not gain in artistic seemliness and power by the invented "business" of the earlier scenes which I have described. But in the trial scene both the exultation and the suffering of Shylock were worthily rendered; and as the misery of the strong is always impressive, more especially when it has the Promethean touch of revolt against unjust governing forces, the actor has here to deal with great literary material. And his treatment was not unworthy of the theme. H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

"FISCAL FALLACIES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Laycock may think he "can answer Tariff Reformers all night without losing a point," but in order to do so he must adopt a different line of argument from that disclosed in his letter. It is, of course, quite true that a duty on imported motor-cars will raise their price, and that this rise of price will reduce the "demand," in the sense of the number demanded (or the quality demanded), though it will not necessarily reduce the "demand" in the sense of reducing the money expended on buying motor-cars. It is quite likely that more money might be spent on them, though not enough more to buy the same number as before at the higher price. Mr. Laycock is therefore, of course, justified in holding, as I hold, that the increase of employment in the English motor trade will not be equivalent to the loss of employment in the French trade that will result from the tariff.

But he fails entirely to recognise the plausibility of the Protectionist contention to the refutation of which my article was directed, for he persists in assuming that "the goods which would have gone to pay for these (foreign) cars are not required," and consequently that the labour which would have gone to making them will not be employed. If this is Mr. Laycock's platform reasoning, it is utterly invalid. These goods will not indeed be made for the export trade in order to pay for French motors, but they, or their equivalents, will be made for the increased home trade, in which they will be required to pay for English motors. It was in order to meet this plausible answer of the Protectionist that I wrote my article. Mr. Laycock, by refusing to recognise it, gives away his case.

One word in reply to a point raised by Mr. Phillimore, who denies that "British prices throughout the trade must rise," arguing that "though there may be a temporary rise of prices caused by the sudden dislocation, the increased demand for British cars will bring in fresh capital, and in time prices will fall to the old level." If "the old level" means the level at which the displaced French cars were produced and sold, why are we entitled to expect that fresh capital will enable the British cars to reach this level? When French cars were bought in preference to English under "free competition," we must assume that they could be made better or cheaper than the English cars which failed to get made and sold. Why should time and fresh capital ensure that this advantage of the French over the English economy of production will disappear? How will fresh capital assist? There was no lack of capital, but actually an excess, at a time when not only unemployed labour, but unemployed plant, was standing in the English motor trade.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. H.

April 6th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Two able writers have recently been discussing in your columns the best way of proving to the people the fallacies of Protectionism. They say many interesting things thereupon, but why do they assume that it is necessary to fight the enemy upon his own ground, and with weapons of his choosing? If I had to defend my life against a fencing-master, I should not stand upon the punctilios of the duellist when I had a chance of knocking him down with a cudgel.

It is an easy task for a ready speaker to make a case for Protection that will seem very plausible to an uneducated audience. It is easy for him to show that the makers of motor-cars might be benefited by a duty on foreign cars, while it would require a very clever speaker to explain, and a very attentive and intelligent audience to understand, exactly how and why such a duty would be injurious to the people at large. I doubt whether one per cent. of our population would understand it—but all can understand the old adage that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Decline to discuss these trivialities. Come to broad and solid facts. The proposal of Protectionists (or, as they choose now to call themselves, Fiscal Reformers) is to tax all imported manufactured goods, corn and meat. Their impudent assertion is that this would benefit the people.

It is easy to prove by facts innumerable that such measures do not, never did, and never can benefit the people; that they may, indeed, profit the landowners and the large trader, but at the expense of the rest of the community, and that all this misnamed Fiscal Reform agitation is engineered by the baser sort of capitalists in the hope of increasing their wealth by robbing the poor. A picture of the condition of the people in "the hungry 'forties" may

touch the most sluggish imagination, and few working men could be led away by any fiscal fallacies if they were informed as to the lives of the proletariat in Protectionist countries.

The tendency of "our friends the enemy" to reckless and light-hearted theorising is amusingly shown by the letter of a "Constant Reader." I commend it to the notice of those who wish to see great national issues treated in the spirit of comic opera.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK BOWLY.

Charlbury, April 6th, 1908.

TARIFF REFORM AND MOTOR CARS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is it not easier to meet the Tariff Reformers by simpler arguments than those put forth by your correspondents?

Our imports of motor-cars and motor-cycles, valued at £2,486,337 in 1906, were only £2,080,166 in 1907. Our exports of the same were £208,041 in 1902, £808,242 in 1906, £1,106,961 in 1907; in words, our exports are steadily rising, our imports have commenced to decline.

If we take the test of numbers instead of values, we arrive at the same result. We imported 7,523 in 1906, only 6,589 in 1907. We exported 2,847 in 1906, 3,738 in 1907.

British resourcefulness is removing any excuse for "Tariff Reform."—Yours, &c.,

T. PALMER NEWBOULD.

Broadway Chambers, Ilford.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Phillimore says that after the temporary dislocation caused by a protective tax on motor-cars, fresh capital would be attracted to the industry, and prices would fall to the old level. If this were the whole truth, the Tariffites would be answered, for they would have to admit that a low price under Protection is less profitable than the same price under Free Trade. But the fact is, as Mr. Phillimore will remember, that when the fresh capital had come, it would, on finding that remuneration was growing less, migrate into other industries or be extinguished by loss.

Thus a protected motor-car industry would give us, first a "sudden dislocation," then a period in which it seemed as though Protection was going to do no good, then considerable losses for some firms, followed by a monopoly for the survivors and higher prices than ever. But the worst thing that happens is that when that second period to which Mr. Phillimore looks forward is in vogue, and the third period of loss threatens, the motor-car manufacturers apply for a second dose of Protection. Thus we go from bad to worse. The story of every tariff in the world is the same, and the prime fallacy at the back of the Tariffite argument is that Britons can arrest themselves on a slippery path that has proved too much for every other nation.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. DESMOND.

4, Pump Court, Temple, E.C.

"THE VICTORY OF FREE TRADE FINANCE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am glad you draw attention to the striking victory of Free Trade finance over Protectionism, as seen in the contrast between our Budget surplus and the German deficit. I am also glad to see that you lay stress upon the robbery and jobbery that every Protectionist tax involves. Incidentally, may I put right a slip, not in the argument, but in the figures? As two-thirds of our corn is imported, two-thirds, not one-third, of the proceeds would at first go into the Exchequer, and one-third would be passed from the pockets of the consumer into those of the landlord. This theft is already perpetrated in Germany. But there the crime is even greater, for the figures are reversed, and only a small fraction of the tax on cereals goes into the Exchequer; the rest is pocketed by the growers. What people do not always realise is that under Protection the larger the industry protected and the smaller the imports the greater is the iniquity; for so long as there is a constant import the price of the article must be raised to the full extent of the tax. Thus the more protective a tax is, and the more it stimulates the favoured industry, the more burdensome it becomes. Less and less goes to the revenue, more and more to the favoured class. No wonder that the German revenues are beginning to dry up as the "scientific" tariff wall is raised higher and higher.—Yours, &c.,

COBDENITE.

London, April 7th, 1908.

[We regret the inversion of figures to which our correspondent refers. It does not affect the argument.—EDITOR, THE NATION.]

"THE SIMPLE LIFE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is very kind of you to make my book, "The Townsman's Farm," the text of an article on "The Simple Life," but I venture to think that your clever contributor has hardly done justice to it as a practical work. I figure amusingly as a "dour man uttering disparaging remarks about country life," a "well-informed writer scattering thistle seeds and couch grass." You say: "The simple life of the country, evidently, has not yet produced the simple soul that makes a free gospel of the good things learned." No one reading your article would imagine that no fewer than six chapters of my book are devoted to considering the advice of experts, including nine professors of agriculture, with regard to training for the country at the agricultural colleges and on farms where they take pupils. There are two other chapters in which a small farmer gives, in the greatest detail, advice to the townsman as to how to succeed, as he has succeeded. Three other chapters show the openings on home and colonial farms. Quite a number of amateur farmers give their experiences in three following chapters; and there are nine further chapters which, whatever their faults, are as full of facts as they will hold, about how to set about fruit-growing, market-gardening, poultry, goat and bee-keeping, and "girl gardenering."

I am very sorry to have to trouble you with all this, but, if you will permit me to say so, your article is a very good illustration of the difficulty which the country expert constantly experiences when he endeavours to speak the truth about rural life and industry. The townsman wants him to start right off with recipes for turning an acre or fifty acres to the best advantage. The expert knows that it is his duty first to impress or try to impress upon the novice some basic facts of rural life. I have honestly put these in the forefront of my book. But if you will examine it you will see that I have "come to the hosses" before the fiftieth page of a work of more than three hundred pages. I expressly say in my preface:—

> "I hope this book may be the means of bringing many people into the country to live. But it will not be my fault if they come, either with an inadequate notion of the realities of rural existence, or with illusions as to the possibilities of making an income. Monetary gain in the country can only be secured by those who fit themselves for the business life of the rural districts with the same pains as they would expect others to take in preparing themselves for an urban commercial career."

and I hardly see how I could have taken more pains. It is the chief aim of my book to show them how to "fit themselves."—Yours, &c.,

"HOME COUNTIES."

April 6th, 1908.

ARE ARMAMENTS NECESSARY?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Does your correspondent really mean what he writes? If he does, he must have a very high opinion of the forbearance and self-restraint of other great Powers, which are girding their loins for the perpetual struggle for existence. Would he also suggest the abolition of the police force, which is a costly institution, but apparently necessary

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

to the welfare of society? His remarks about the vegetable world are hardly correct. If a constant war were not waged on weeds, crops and flowers would stand a very poor chance, as any farmer or gardener could tell him. With regard to wild animals of the carnivorous order, man is constantly engaged in destroying them whenever possible, in order not only to protect his flocks and herds, but himself also.

A nation contemplating suicide has but to render itself defenceless, particularly if it possesses assets which other nations covet.

I had a letter some time ago from the secretary of a person not unofficially connected with the Labour Party, in which he stated he would rather leave his country undefended than be called upon to kill a human being. Such sentiments may be noble, but are obviously not practical.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH PENNINGTON.

Cliffe Hotel, St. Margaret's, Dover,
April 5th, 1908.

THE DETECTION OF FIRE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reference to the interesting article in your last issue, headed "Theatre Risks," I should like to draw your attention to an important aspect of the subject. No matter what precautions may be taken there will always be fires, arising from causes known and unknown; practically it is the latter only that ever become serious. The two recent fires at Drury Lane and at Harrow School must be classified as being amongst the fires arising from unknown causes.

An analysis of the fires reported from year to year show that nearly every serious fire has its origin in some unknown cause. Loss by fire is a loss to the nation, and it is no argument for the insured to say his loss is covered by insurance. The scarcity of gold in this country during the last year or so must partly be put down to the immense sums of this valuable commodity which our insurance companies had to pay over out of the country in connection with the San Francisco fire.

It is reported that our insurance companies pay out in losses some seventeen million pounds per annum; to this must be added whatever is lost by persons who are uninsured, before we can get the loss of money which is due to fire annually.

The Government do not insure, and it would be interesting to know what has been lost in fires during recent years on Government property, such as dockyards, &c., and in how many cases the cause of the fire was unknown; and the approximate estimate of the time in each case which had elapsed between the starting of the fire and its detection.

No matter how good the construction of a building may be, nor how fireproof, it can still be brought to the ground by fire; but for this to happen the fire must be undetected for some considerable time; in other words, it must start in a portion of the building which for the time being is unoccupied, then it will probably be discovered only when it has gathered sufficient strength to burst beyond the confines of the place in which it originated, then it has body and strength which will tax to their uttermost the fire-extinguishing appliances which are brought to bear on it. A little luck on the side of the fire, such as a favourable wind or a further delay in calling the fire brigade, and it gets beyond control; this is what happened at Drury Lane and at Harrow School. Millions of pounds have been spent in the construction of buildings for the prevention of fire, and almost as much on our fire brigades and their appliances for extinguishing fire, but how much has been spent on appliances for detecting fire? Possibly a few hundred pounds. And yet, if serious fires are to be prevented, early detection is the most important, as a mere bucket of water applied to a fire, which is detected in its infancy, is far more efficacious than the whole fire brigade when the fire is beyond control.

Many firms employ watchmen to detect, report, and extinguish fires. The Drury Lane fire casts considerable doubt on their efficiency; it was left to a passer-by to discover the fire.

An efficient automatic fire alarm should be capable of preventing all serious fires, and there are several automatic fire alarms in use in this country at the present time. The functions they perform are to warn the inhabitants, and at the same time call the fire brigade, whenever the temperature of any part of a building reaches a dangerous heat, such as 200 degrees Fahr. If these instruments can be relied on to do this, serious fires will become a thing of the past. Common sense must admit that the principle of them is right; to see the benefit of them let us apply their action to the Drury Lane fire, and reconstitute the fire as far as one can.

A workman going into one of the rooms in which the scenery was stored knocks out his pipe or leaves a smouldering match; for many minutes this smoulders on, then a piece of the scenery starts smouldering. By this time the temperature of the ceiling will have caused the automatic fire alarm to operate and notify the fire brigade, and the watchman, with a bucket of water, could easily have quelled the fire. Unfortunately, there was no automatic fire alarm, and the smouldering fire gathered more and more body, and finally burst into a flame. It is seen by a passer-by; he thunders at the door and calls the watchman, who then telephones for the brigade—here again delay. This fire is typical of other large fires: for the first hour or so a bucket of water would have quenched it; for the next ten minutes a hydrant, or possibly a fire extincteur, could have extinguished it; but afterwards, when it burst its bounds, the whole force of the best fire brigade in Europe was necessary to save the adjoining buildings and property.

A little more money spent on apparatus for detection would mean the expenditure of less for extinction, and a large saving to the nation.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK ROWLEY.

Hampstead, April 8th, 1908.

PROTECTION AND PUBLIC PLUNDER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In dealing with Tariff Reformers the main thing that has, in my opinion, to be made clear is that their movement is not directed towards public good, but toward the private profit of certain individuals. No doubt there are many genuine believers in Protection. There are the retired Colonels and other people of that sort who write letters to the papers explaining how they would re-arrange our commerce. But these people, with all their zeal and all their ignorance, do not really amount to much, and could not of themselves keep the movement alive for a week. What gives it its vital force is something very different.

The men who are subscribing huge sums to pay lecturers, and to buy up newspapers, are not vexed with economic doubts or troubled with any anxiety about the good of the nation. Their object is simple, clear and straightforward, namely, to plunder the public by means of artificially increased prices. Their talk about unemployment rather reminds one of what was said many years ago about a certain Chancellor of what was probably a very modest exchequer: "This he said, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief." Protection in most countries is nothing but a form of robbery; and it is not an economic fallacy, but a solid fact, corroborated by the experience of all the ages, that robbing the public when it can be done by legal means is a most lucrative form of employment.

The Tariff Reformers may be hazy in their economics, but they have got firm hold of this great truth. Their prime motive is the desire for plunder. That is what most of all needs to be driven home to the electorate.—Yours, &c.,

R. SHINDLER.

61, Chancery Lane, W.C.,
April 7th, 1908.

HAMBURG.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think that you are in error in stating at the foot of the first column of page 2 of your issue of the 4th inst. that "Incidentally Mr. Balfour showed that he was ignorant of the fact that Hamburg was a free port—a some-

what discreditable omission in his education as an economist."

My recollection of the facts is that Hamburg entered the Zollverein over twenty years ago, and is no longer a free port except in the sense that every port in this country is free in so far as goods may be landed under bond and re-exported without paying duty.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. Stevenson.

April 7th, 1908.

[Mr. Balfour's reference in the debate suggested that he was not aware of the extent to which, as our correspondent correctly states, Hamburg is a free port.—Editor, The Nation.]

PECKHAM AND MR. STIGGINS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. A. J. Marriott, in the closing paragraph of his letter, hits the nail on the head. He says, "Dash Mr. Stiggins. He is really the cause of all the trouble." As I remember, the Mr. Stiggins whose portrait was drawn by Dickens was a gentleman who regularly frequented the "Marquis of Granby" public-house, freely indulging in pineapple rum and other fermented liquors. So far, no doubt, Mr. Marriott is right—perhaps more nearly right than he knew—but when he poses as a constructive statesman he is not a conspicuous success. The Government are to "sweep the country" with a measure providing, among other things, that, at the end of seven years, "brewery companies or brewers *must* sell their houses." Think of it! Property-owners compelled by law to sell that which is their own, and (because the sale is a forced one) in many cases to sell at a loss. Think of what the "Liberty and Property Defence League" would say; of the effective (and successful) appeals which would be made to all classes of property-owners, with the cry, "It will be your turn next."

No, Sir, let Mr. Marriott concentrate his attention on the one great truth which has come to him, that "the cause of all the trouble" is a certain red-nosed person who spends his time in public-houses, imbibing ardent spirits. Impressed, as he ought to be, with this, let him approach Mr. Stiggins, and show him that under the Bill of the Government he will not be deprived of opportunities for boozing; that, indeed, those opportunities are not likely to be greatly diminished till "that liver complaint" of his, which Mr. Weller foresaw, shall have taken him out of the way. By doing missionary work of this kind, Mr. Marriott will be rendering a great public service, for on the withdrawal of Mr. Stiggins' opposition the Licensing Bill is assured of an easy passage into law.—Yours, &c.,

C. J. Back.

Wolverhampton,
April 4th, 1908.

WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have been much interested in reading the various letters on Woman's Suffrage which have appeared in several issues of The Nation, but there seems to be a divergence of opinion among the Suffragists as to how far women should be enfranchised. I was in Devonshire at the time of the Mid-Devon election, and there the cry was for "Votes for women householders"—a just plea surely! Since returning to London I find at the majority of Suffragist meetings the demand is for "Votes for married women" as well.

I should welcome Woman's Suffrage if I were convinced that it would redress women's grievances, and especially the sweated woman's labour, but the vote given to householders only would be a mere drop in the ocean; they would be in too small a minority to affect English politics at all. If the franchise were extended to married women, home-life would be broken up to a great extent.

The contest over the Licensing Bill at the present moment shows to what a state of bitterness politics reduce us when former friends of different parties cannot casually meet without abusing each other in such terms as "monstrous swindler" and "iniquitous thief." The picture of a husband and wife equally keen for or against such a Bill, absorbed in a whirl of the bitterest agitation on either side, ending with voting against each other, is a pathetic one. I leave aside all question of whether women are fit (physically or mentally) for the strain of public life, and confine myself to the fact that the moment women are pushed into the field of politics they will find themselves deprived of that other sphere of influence—the home.

I hear the cry that Woman's Suffrage would cure the terrible evil of woman's sweated labour, but it is on the strength of their trades unions, and not on their political votes, that men fall back to keep up the standard of their wages. It is the inability of women to combine under one leader, and to support that leader through the trials of a long struggle, that keeps the standard of wages so low. Even this great "Suffragette" movement, which has been a revelation to many in the strength of its organisation, fails because the leaders are not unanimous in their demands; some want one thing, some another, and thus the party is split up into various sections, each intensely scornful of the others. Surely it would be better if the Suffragettes, instead of lowering themselves in the eyes of reasonable people by their undignified demonstrations, were to join the leaders of the anti-sweating movement, to encourage the women of London to combine to stand out for a minimum wage. There is so much they could do in the way of clubs and unions for women workers to show that, if they get a vote, they will know how to use it.—Yours, &c.,

A Woman Conservative.

April 2nd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—We have witnessed a rather interesting aspect of the Women's Suffrage question at the last few bye-elections. Standing among the crowd listening to the Peckham result last night, I was astonished to see known temperance enthusiasts and women Liberals shrieking for joy at the result.

What, we are entitled to ask, will be their course if they are admitted to the Suffrage?

They are now suffering wrongs and insults, real or imaginary, at the hands of "men," and feel justified therefore in using all their influence against their principles to spite their oppressors.

Of course, we understand they mean to be "naughty this once" and then "good for ever afterwards," but what guarantee have we?

Most sections of the electorate, even in the best-ordered of democracies, have reason to feel themselves wronged, slighted, even "virtually unrepresented" sometimes. What will be the action of the women voters under these circumstances?

Will they not turn, as they turned yesterday, in a wild passion, and vote (as yesterday they used their influence) blindly against all that they affect to regard as most sacred and lofty in politics?—Yours, &c.,

E. P.

March 25th, 1908.

Poetry.

A CHANCERY WARD.

Averil—your name was; often I forget
Your name, for all the music that it made,
Rather remembering the ivory shade
Pale on your cheek, small hands, grey eyes deep-set,
But warm with light, while your tongue—half-afraid
To prove our strident English—would parade
Some vagrom reminiscence of "Villette,"
'Till laughingly your French with English met.
And all the while you suffered: not your sin,
It was the curious malice of the world
That kept your eyes sometimes with tears empearled,
Or sank the voice that else rang clear and thin:
"If they must strive, who bade me once to be,
Why needs their strife this toll of tears from me?"

Valentine Barlow.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE first two volumes of Mr. Nutt's uniform edition of W. E. Henley's Collected Works will be issued about Easter. The edition is to be completed in seven volumes, two being given to the "Poems," two to the "Essays" in prose which have not hitherto been gathered together, two others to the famous "Views and Reviews," and the remaining volume to the four "Plays" which Henley wrote in collaboration with R. L. Stevenson. The edition has been a long time under way, but it probably arrives at the right moment, for there are several signs of a revival of interest in Henley. One of the best recent appreciations of his work is that by Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the opening number of "The Bibliophile"—a periodical of great promise to which we offer a hearty welcome. Henley, says Mr. Chesterton, was a man thoroughly by nature a poet, who forced himself, against all his own emotional trend, to be a boisterous and topical ballad-monger.

> "Unfortunately in his life-time, and especially in his later years, Henley hid himself behind the mask of what he thought he ought to stand for. Somebody told him, or he somehow got into his head, that he was the representative of rude energy and militant empire. His talents were entirely in the other direction. So far from specialising in strength, he describes in his most penetrating poems a condition of beautiful weakness. . . . He caused his own exquisite voice to be drowned in the clamour of his own quite fictitious reputation as a sort of political ruffian. He drowned his own voice in his own big drum. But anyone who cares to-day to take up one of his books of poems will suddenly find himself in an atmosphere very unexpected and very calm. He will break into a sudden stillness. He will read a few quiet poems about grey streets and silver sunsets. He will find that the poet has a peculiar power of describing the voiceless and neglected corners of a great city; the little grass-grown squares, the little streets that lead nowhere. . . . All will seem full of a kind of quiet irrelevance; and yet the very foundations of the reader's heart will be moved."

This strikes exactly the right note. It is Mr. Chesterton at his best, and it is the criticism which will do most for Henley's reputation.

* * *

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will issue next month an illustrated edition of Jane Austen's novels, the pictures of which are to be by Mr. Wallis Mills, while Mr. Brimley Johnson has supervised the text and added bibliographical and biographical notes to each novel. Judged by the test of the number of editions that have appeared—not a bad criterion in the case of an author who has been dead for nearly a hundred years—Jane Austen is by far the most popular of English women novelists. Charlotte Brontë probably comes second, and George Eliot third. Another woman novelist who once had a great vogue, but now seems to be unduly neglected, is Charlotte Yonge. Messrs. Macmillan are, however, issuing some of her stories in attractive form at a low price. It will be remembered that Burne-Jones, William Morris, and the Prae-Raphaelites, while at Oxford, adopted as their model Sir Guy Morville, the hero of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Charles Kingsley said that "Heartsease" was the most wholesome and delightful novel he had ever read, and Dr. Whewell classed "The Clever Woman of the Family" as the first of English novels.

* * *

MR. J. GRAHAM BROOKS, whose brilliant series of lectures at the School of Sociology and Social Economics has just come to a conclusion, will shortly issue through Messrs. Macmillan a critical study of the chief criticisms that have been passed upon the United States during the nineteenth century. The book is to be called "As Others See Us," and Mr. Graham Brooks has adopted the plan of examining the views expressed upon American politics, manners, religion, education, and so forth, by about seventy of the leading foreign writers who have concerned themselves with American affairs. By this method the reader will be furnished with a sort of chart or plan of the progress made by the United States throughout the century. As Mr. Graham Brooks is one of the leading authorities upon the sociological problems of the American Republic, his book is certain to be a valuable contribution to social science.

ANOTHER important book on American affairs to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan is Professor A. C. Coolidge's "The United States as a World Power." It discusses in detail and with many comparisons the situation arising from the formation and growth of the United States, the composition of its population, its economic status, the Monroe Doctrine, the Spanish-American War and the acquisition of colonies, the relations of the United States with this country and other European Powers, as well as with Canada and the countries of Latin America. Of special interest in view of recent events will be the discussion of the presence of the United States in the Pacific, and its relations with China and with Japan.

* * *

THE short story, if not one of the highest forms of literature, is at least a literary type whose popularity is assured. There should, therefore, be a large public for a new series, "The World's Story-tellers," which is announced by Messrs. Jack. The aim of the series is to give in handy volumes some of the characteristic masterpieces of English and foreign writers of short stories. The first volume to be issued will contain three of the most famous tales of Théophile Gautier in Lafcadio Hearn's fine translation. This is to be followed by stories of Hoffmann, Balzac, Poe, Chateaubriand, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Tolstoy, and others. The general editor of the series is Mr. Arthur Ransome, whose "History of Story-telling" is to be published during the autumn by the same firm. Mr. Ransome contributes an introduction to each volume, in which he gives a picture of the author's personality and an account of his characteristics as a writer, special stress being laid upon the influence which each author has exerted upon the art of story-telling. The plan is an excellent one, since there is a large number of readers who will be glad to have the finest short stories of the world in cheap and handy form.

* * *

"THE STORY OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY: ITS MAKERS AND MOVEMENTS," by Mr. T. H. S. Escott, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will have ready this month, traces the varying tendencies which have been operative from time to time, and have reflected themselves in the relations between England and other nations, from the period when English diplomacy began to be methodised under the early Tudor sovereigns down to the present time. Mr. Escott begins by a rapid survey of the earlier period of English diplomacy which ended with the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, but the greater part of his narrative deals with the eighteenth century and onwards. The diplomacy connected with British development from the Crimean to the Transvaal War is examined in detail, and the events of the last Hague Conference are also considered. An important branch of the subject which Mr. Escott keeps in the forefront is the progressive organisation of the Foreign Office, and the share that each of its famous servants have contributed to its political traditions and efficiency.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Germany in the Early Middle Ages: 476—1250." By William Stubbs, D.D. Edited by Arthur Hassall. (Longmans. 6s. net.)

"Memories of Men and Books." By the Rev. Professor A. J. Church. (Smith, Elder. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Limbo, and Other Essays." By Vernon Lee. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Tragedy of Korea." By F. A. McKenzie. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"Montreux." Painted by J. H. Lewis and M. H. Lewis. Described by Francis Gribble. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

"My Belief: Answers to Certain Religious Difficulties." By R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D. (James Clarke. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Advanced Golf." By James Baird. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Grey Knight." By Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"L'Idéal Moderne." Par Paul Gautier. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

"Œuvres Posthumes." Par Charles Baudelaire. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France. 7fr. 50.)

"Walt Whitman: L'Homme et son Œuvre." Par Léon Bazalgette. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France. 7fr. 50.)

"L'Education intellectuelle et morale." Par Gabriel Compayré. (Paris: Delaplane. 4fr.)

"Les jours s'allongent." Roman. Par Paul Margueritte. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

BONAPARTISM.*

For suggestiveness of utterance, aptness of illustration, and a condensation which makes it impossible to realise that this is but 120 pages of normal print, it would be difficult to overpraise this little volume. There is here set out in a form more lucid and eloquent than in many voluminous monographs and histories, a masterly analysis of the principles and bed rock powers and weaknesses of the Napoleonic Empires. Bonapartism was no reckless despotism, dependent on military glory and independent of the popular will. It was a definite system of government in which the common people approved a principle fatal to liberty—as liberty is understood in the modern world. It rested upon an autocracy based on the plébiscite. It appealed to the workman and the peasant and the soldier, against the intellectuals; and it never appealed in vain. Four months before Sedan the Liberal Empire received the endorsement of seven millions of voters: and making every allowance for manipulation and official influences, few can doubt that this was indeed Government by consent of the people. The Revolution of *Brumaire* and the *coup d'état* have been denounced in passionate invective by the poets and men of genius whose voices they silenced and whose schemes of society they overthrew. They were brutal measures, brutally conducted. But they had France behind them, which had declared emphatically against the poets and the men of genius and the schemes of society which they supported. There was nothing here comparable with the shooting of the crowd by the Russian autocracy, or the suppression of the popular demand for free Government in Hungary, in Italy, or in Poland after the revolution of '48. Before *Brumaire*, "when Bonaparte landed at Frejus," says Mr. Fisher, "having escaped the vigilance of English cruisers, a thrill of delight and relief passed through France." "Every peasant I met," wrote Fievée from the Bourbonnais, "in the fields, the vineyards, and woods, stopped and asked me if there was news of General Bonaparte, and why he did not come back to France. No one inquired after the Directory." Nearly forty years afterwards, the death of another Republic was received with equal popular approval. In the election of Napoleon III. for Prince President, "How should I not vote for this gentleman," said a peasant to Montalembert, "I whose nose was frozen at Moscow?" "The plot of *Brumaire*," says Mr. Fisher, "was forgiven in the greatness of the achievements to which it was the prelude, while the bloodstain of December proved to be indelible." It was indelible as a black stain in the current of the spiritual life of Europe, because Victor Hugo and Mr. Swinburne, and other great voices of the century, cried aloud for vengeance and reparation. But the French people had forgiven: had accepted the Bonapartist theory of Government, and had no wish for the return of those fine gentlemen who could write good verses and make eloquent speeches, but could give no lead in battles, nor restore the altars of religion, nor establish, in the interests of the common people, large and practical schemes of social reform.

It is an old antithesis, existing since absolutism first was overthrown, and destined to endure to the end of time. Liberty and democracy were accepted in the theory of sanguine thinkers of the mid-century as being legitimate bedfellows. In practice they are often as far as the poles asunder. Bonapartist France accepted the idea of Equality: in the name of Equality it was content to repudiate the idea of Liberty. The opponents of the Government were gagged and suppressed, the newspapers muzzled, Parliamentary Government reduced to a sham. The first Empire marked "an end of the bold curiosity of the eighteenth century, which played so nimbly over the whole surface of human belief." "The price which France paid for order was the silence of poetry and the death of criticism." And amongst the "ugly features" of the Second Empire, Mr. Fisher notes "the absence of large and generous principles in public life." "As the great issues were removed from the sphere of legislative responsibility, personal jealousies filled the vacuum. 'The present régime,' wrote De Tocqueville, 'is the paradise of the envious and the mediocre.'" The Emperor above, the peasant below, with between a centralised bureaucracy of willing servants: that was the machine in its completion; the most wonderful machine for war and the restoration of order from anarchy that the world has ever seen. The career was to be freely open to all. Men of wealth and birth, if inadequate, were to count as nothing—did for a time count as nothing—before industry, capacity, and personal ability. "The declared principle," wrote Napoleon to Jerome, "is to choose talents wherever they can be found." Even when the bureaucratic machine broke under the stress of foreign invasion, and the weight of the world in arms against him, the peasant soldiers—the Army—never failed Napoleon. He had looked through Paris—the Paris which for the Liberals and cultured appeared to be France—into the France which lay behind it: he read its needs and gave it what it desired. "He looked beyond the clever sophisticated people in Paris, for whom Voltaire represented the sum of human wisdom, out into the fields and the teeming villages." He realised what they dumbly desired, with a kind of patient hunger; security in the land which they tilled, the restoration of the old religion which had been overthrown, "a master who would quell the red politicians, make peace with Europe, and send up the price of Government stock." He gave them all they desired: in return they gave him such devotion and extravagant energy, as not only dragged France back from a dying anarchy, but lifted the nation to the most intoxicating triumph that any civilised nation has enjoyed, and put its master into the position of the overlordship of the civilised world. "When the Empire fell, the imagination of the world was touched by the sudden catastrophe of so much greatness. Here in the field of action, were events more wonderful than the 'Arabian Nights,' the matter for a thousand poems, histories, and centuries." The echoes of the noise of that falling have reverberated through Europe for a hundred years.

And the ultimate problem remains still unsolved. The democracy demand two devotions—their religion, which the intellectuals despise, and more desirable social life, which seems to the Liberals incompatible with freedom. Bismarck, fresh from his astonishing military conquests, thought he could suppress both these demands, and in the name of the Prussian aristocracy fought the Red and the Black Internationalism. Both of them proved strong enough to triumph over and defy the victor of Sadowa and Sedan. Liberalism to-day is fighting an unequal struggle against these two popular movements, embodied in the Catholic Church and an International Socialism. In France it appears for a moment to have triumphed over the one, in Germany over the other. But both these movements think less in years than in generations; and the end is not yet. Bonapartism harnessed both to its chariot wheels, and found strength to drive down all the roads of Europe, with such triumph as that which Heine witnessed when the Emperor, riding into Dusseldorf in 1811, seemed to have written on his face with its hue of marble: "Thou shalt have no gods before me." Will this demand for a religion which Liberalism has repudiated, and for a Socialism of which Liberalism is terrified, lead inevitably to a renewed Bonapartism? The material is there, stronger to-day than yesterday. But the man is the key-stone of it all. It is doubtful if Bonapartism is compatible with a dynasty. Behind the plebiscite and the democratic satisfaction stands the figure of the most wonderful of all the children of mankind. He came in the fullness of the time, to "fuse the old France with the new." With supreme military ability, melodramatic eloquence, a piercing insight, and a power of attracting the devotion of masses of the people, he united "an immense capacity for relevant labour." "I am always working," he said once to Roederer; "at dinner, at the theatre. At night I get up to work. Last night I got up at two o'clock, put myself in an arm-chair before my fire, to examine the field state sent in yesterday by the Minister of War. I found twenty mistakes." "I know more in my little finger," he once declared, "than is known by all the heads in Italy put together." The boast was justified.

A Napoleon II., inheriting a limited and baffled France—if the Fountainbleau abdication had been accepted—would

* Bonapartism. Six Lectures delivered in the University of London. By H. A. L. Fisher. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.

probably have proved the incompatibility of the Bonapartist system with prolonged periods of quietness and security. But the Second Empire was made at St. Helena. The greatest work in many respects which Napoleon accomplished was in the days of his utter overthrow, chained to a rock in the Mid-Atlantic, no longer, in the gleeful rejoicing of the old Kings, able to terrify the world. Many men have altered the boundaries of the world during their lives. This man settled the fate of Europe thirty years after his death. The times of glory and action established the Napoleonic prestige; the times of overthrow and enforced idleness settled the Napoleonic tradition. "The Battle of Waterloo,"—so the echo came from the remote prisoner—"the Battle of Waterloo has been as fatal to the liberties of Europe as the Battle of Philippi was fatal to those of Rome." And the people listened, and wondered, and approved. "Our situation here may even have its attractions," said that "Prometheus of St. Helena"; "the universe is looking at us, we remain the martyrs of an immortal cause. Millions of men weep for us, and glory is in mourning." He declared to the attentive millions what he had fought for. "He stood for the Revolution, he defended the principle of nationality, he never deviated from his love of peace; he respected the influence of religion in society. I asked for twenty years," was his cry; "Destiny only gave me thirteen." "France never ceased thinking of the old things," as Treitschke reminds us, "of the songs which the peasant women had sung at their looms, and of the cottage walls hung with cheap lithographs of the triumphs and the paladins of the Napoleonic Wars." "*La France s'ennuie*," was Lamartine's fatal verdict on the Bourgeois monarchy. In 1840, when the body of Napoleon was brought back from St. Helena, "the sentiment of the people was so stirred that some onlookers remarked that the Second Empire was already made." A few months afterwards the official representative of Bonapartism was tried for high treason and conspiracy against the existing *régime*. "I represent before you," he declared to his judges, "a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people: the cause that of the Empire: the defeat, Waterloo. You have recognised the principle, you have served the cause, you wish to avenge the defeat." Seven years of imprisonment, endured with unfaltering faith and patience, a daring escape, a year of exile, led to the most sensational of all triumphs. "He stood as the candidate of the peasantry, and the Army, as the heir of a great tradition, as the pledge of vague, unmeasured aspirations." He received more than four million votes. Lamartine, the poet, orator, and historian, who had saved France in 1848, polled no more than eighteen thousand.

Would the Second Empire in any case have stood the test of time? Possibly, it may be safely asserted, except for a singular vicissitude of fortune. Bonapartism might have survived Sedan as it survived Waterloo. It perished in a remote region of South Africa, and the death in inglorious skirmish, of the heir to the tradition, who showed signs of a genius not incomparable with that of Napoleon the Great and Napoleon the Little. Had the stirrup leather of the Prince Imperial in that fatal hour of testing been made of sound material, instead of paper, Bonapartism might today be exhibited as a living and operative system in the world; instead of standing but as a phantom of the past, the memory of a once all-conquering cause.

A GLIMPSE OF SIN.*

Browning sometimes treated history in this dramatic but allusive way. Sometimes he would take a crisis in the story of some historic man or woman, and give the actual words that might then have been used, without explaining the crisis further. His "Cristina and Monaldeschi" is an instance. The words throughout are Cristina's; there is no explanation of any kind. The reader is supposed to know beforehand what is happening, and the method is so allusive that, unless he does know beforehand, it is no good his reading. He had better leave it alone, for from the mere words as they stand he will learn nothing, or, at best, he will learn only a tenth part of what is there.

To Greeks who knew their stories of gods and heroes from babyhood, this way of treating their mythology gave no difficulty; and in the days when the Bible was intimately known among us and formed almost the only literature of the English people, an unexplained allusion to its histories did not seem at all strange. But when the subject is an episode in Cristina's life, or in the story of the Borgias, which Mr. Swinburne has here chosen, only students can understand. It is true that a reader who had never heard of the Borgias could still make something of "The Duke of Gandia." He would understand from the bare words of the dialogue that one brother murders another, and, perhaps, he would discern that there was some horrible secret between the two brothers and their father, the Pope. He might even feel something of their mother's terror, jealousy, and grief. But he would remain blind to the power of these four short scenes, because their power is not in the words as they stand, but in hints and echoes from things outside them—things that the scholar knows, but the ordinary man, untrained in Italian history, could hardly guess. Mr. Swinburne has always been inclined to assume readers as learned as himself. That makes much of his prose essays so difficult, except for specialists. The dramatic poems of "Rosamond" and "Chastelard" are saved from obscurity by the plain and simple situations, but an audience must be something of historians to understand "The Queen Mother," and now it is the same with "The Duke of Gandia."

The choice of time and subject is characteristic of the great poet we have known. In the Papal Court of the Sixth Alexander shone a splendour of sin unequalled since the Imperial Court of Nero reigned in magnificent abomination upon the same Seven Hills:—

> "When thy gardens were lit with live torches;
> When the world was a steed for thy rein;
> When the nations lay prone in thy porches,
> Our Lady of Pain."

In Alexander's Court was seen the same unbounded power, the same abundance of world-collected treasure, the same curiosity in wickedness, the delighted defiance of laws and observances established by ancestral piety, the hideous relationships followed by hideous crimes, the abolition of conscience, the passion for artistic beauty. To Alexander's Rome, as to Nero's, it had been granted to outstep the limits of human pleasure and shatter the holy little bonds that tie mankind together:—

> "To say of shame—what is it?
> Of virtue—we can miss it;
> Of sin—we can but kiss it,
> And it's no longer sin."

Nero perceived the charm of escape from the trammels of dull old laws and the sacred usages of Numa. It was a joy to burlesque the Roman matron and the quiet deities of hearth and road and tomb. But the days of faith were already vanishing far behind; the augurs had almost ceased even to laugh. Even the Good Goddess, even the Vestal Virgins were suspect, and now it seemed a little difficult to discover a peculiar wickedness outrageous enough for delight. It is tame sport to mock a dying god. Already satiety hung suspended by a hair over the head of pleasure, and for the adventures of sin the ruler of the world felt the lack of opposing virtue:—

> "Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,
> If the worst that can be has been done?"

To Cæsar Borgia the solemn restraints of centuries were nearer at hand, and they had been far more stern. Rome and Europe for the most part were bound by them still, or at least professed them sacred. There was still a fresh and added joy in tearing them apart, in defying the recognised sanctions of existence, and shaking one's fist in the face of Powers still enthroned within the skies. In Europe when the fifteenth century was just ending, the strict commandments of heaven and hell had not ceased to sound with authority, and the pathway of sin was still bright with strange possibilities. The Borgias, dwelling in the sacred heart of Europe, could set out along that pathway, like new discoverers, with freshness and the sense of liberty unimpaired. That they dwelt in the sacred heart of Europe, that Alexander, father of Francesco and Cæsar and Lucrezia —all three—was worshipped through Christendom as God's voice and Christ's Vicar upon earth, just added the final

* "The Duke of Gandia." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chatto & Windus. 5s.

stimulus of irony to the family pursuit of beauty and abomination.

The final step in that pursuit is the poet's theme, and in these few pages he suggests rather than reveals the beauty, the horror, and the irony of it all. The one touch of common humanity, of our daily affections and shame, to say nothing of decency, is shown in Vannozza, the Pope's concubine, and mother of his monsters. She is not of the breed, but stands entangled among them by habit, motherhood, and continual fears. Of Lucrezia we only see the face that makes pale the sun in heaven, the beautiful face without shame, and the soul shameless as the marble of a wanton image. Francesco is only weakness and sin and folly before we see him die:—

> "And he
> Drifted, and caught the moon across his face
> That shone like life against it: and the chief
> Till then sat silent as the moon at watch,
> And then bade hurl stones on the drifting dead
> And sink him out of sight; and, seeing this done,
> Rode thence, and they strode after."

Pope Alexander, Christ's Vicar on earth, is still haunted with shivering ghosts of religion, of natural compunction, or at least of custom. Now and again he falls into the habitual language of the Church, and always with a heightened irony for those who know, whether it be his concubine, his children, or the reader. "Jest not with God" are his words on entering, and his words are the finest jests of all, till at last his son Cæsar shows him to us weeping as a woman, howling as a wolf, above his other murdered son, but hale and whole none the less, and ready to share with Cæsar the place of God to all the world.

The joys of such a brood, littered in the glories of God's throne, are the ironic motive of the play, and, naturally, the motive finds its strongest phrase in Cæsar, now Cardinal and hinge of heaven's gate. In him Rome saw again "the implacable beautiful tyrant, Rose-crowned, having death in his hands." His mouth is full of obscene blasphemy, and his face has never shown shame or pity. Neither regret nor repentance have place after his crimes, and he alone can speak with ease and joy of things unspeakable. But beauty he loves, and strength. He could impose himself upon the world, and if he sang amid a city's shrieking, it would be with no "thin and rusty voice," like Nero's. For in Cæsar Borgia the young nature of the renaissance had given birth for once to Satan in his most faultless incarnation, the superman of sin.

The language of these dramatic scenes is, as a rule, stern and quiet; there is little of the unchecked exuberance and over-emphasis that used to be the poet's danger. One new and peculiar habit of verse every reader must notice: the frequent use of an isolated monosyllable at the beginning of a new line. Take three instances, all within the second page:—

> "With more Italian passion than brought forth
> Me."

or,

> "Mother beloved and hallowed. I desire
> More."

or,

> "Thou wast ever sleepless as the wind—
> A child unhungered for thy time to be
> Man."

There is hardly a page in which this trick is not repeated. But let us not insist on criticising a gift from the one great poet still left to be our honour.

A FRAGRANT PAST.*

Rachel Gurney, of the Grove, Norwich, was born in 1794; and her letters, edited with conscientious care and wholehearted love, bring "a breath from a simple fragrant past—a few bits of withered lavender from a garden where it bloomed." When Rachel was a child "coaches and broad-wheeled waggons rattled over the paved streets" of the famous weaving city. When she was twelve, the Grove family made a three months' tour in the Midlands and North of England. The parents and seven children travelled in chariots and on horses, and the children kept a Journal. It tells of a stay at Buttermere, of drinking tea with Southey, and of climbing Skiddaw. At Hull, they find "the Baltic and Greenland trade are the principal—40 sail of Greenlanders, just arrived, perfumed the streets most unpleasantly."

Half a dozen years later, Rachel is in York Minster, where the anthem "with the beautiful organ, delighted even my unmusical ears." At Norwich she attends the Friends' Meeting, and writes to a sister, "Nothing can, I think, exceed Betsy as a minister." Betsy is known to us as Elizabeth Fry, *née* Gurney, a cousin of Rachel's.

M. Bardelin was tutor to the Grove girls for nine years; he is delighted to be back in France in 1814: "C'est tout fini, Louis est proclamé par la nation française, Buonaparte se retire,—La France et l'Europe seront heureuses." Next year Rachel writes from Exmouth that she has seen Napoleon on board ship. "He laughed to see the English coming to see him. . . . He sailed yesterday morning very early. The coast looked so beautiful, and the bay lovely."

The child of seven had written to her father that "the pigeons and doves have got each another young one. The Grove looks very pleasant; everything is very green and fresh. Dear little Emma asked for thee to show her a book the evening after thee went." Her letters retain a simple style throughout, in striking contrast to the parental ponderosity. At eighteen she is reading the Book of Job in Hebrew, writing out Alfred the Great's Will in Anglo-Saxon, and translating his version of Orosius. She gets so tired of herself and everybody else whilst attending May Meetings that "I ran off and read a little Homer, which was as beneficial as a sermon to me just then." Rachel hopes to join her sister in Darlington very shortly. One reason is that "all my old gowns are slitting at the elbows, and I must not touch my new ones on any account, as they are all laid up in lavender for the North."

She dated her chest delicacy from exposure to cold as they returned from the North. After being snowed up at Swaffham for three or four days, they left "preceded by a waggon with seven horses, and men in it with shovels to cut away the snow." Then follow three years of heroic struggle. She cannot understand "not being allowed to breathe the fresh air when the weather looks so delightful," but the doctor has ordered her to try the close air of London city; so to Birch Lane, Spitalfields, the invalid goes. "Maria Sewell (authoress of 'Black Beauty') is very kind in coming to see me."

The close air of London city has done her no good. Devonshire is tried: "it appears to me that the chances of my recovering my strength or not are even, I cannot feel them greater. . . . Perhaps thou wilt hardly understand me when I say I do not know what it is to have an uneasy thought about myself; I feel as if I had nothing to do with the business but to bear the present evil, and to leave the future." She smiles to see the profound silence that the family maintains about her health; she hears the father sigh as she leans on a great stick and her brother's arm. The doctors bleed her week after week, and send her to Nice. It was a great undertaking to winter on the Riviera the year after Waterloo, and two months were occupied in the journey. Ill as she is, she clings to life: "how very dear you all are to me."

The Editor tells with restraint that the once sweet full face is now thin and pale; the patience and sweetness are tried by torture and pain. "Her mind remains clear, her eyes bright to the end, but with a pride that makes the heart beat faster, let it be written here that she stood the supreme test." No word of murmuring passes her lips. The first June morning of 1817 breaks over the Maritime Alps, illuminates the blue Mediterranean, and lights up the orange groves. Rachel is asleep: "it is the endless sleep in which she has closed her eyes, and Rachel's rest has come."

* "Rachel Gurney of the Grove." By Sir Alfred E. Pease. Headley Bros. 18s. 6d. net.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

This is the first instalment of what promises to be the most elaborate history of our national literature which has ever

* "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., Master of Peterhouse, and A. R. Waller, M.A., Peterhouse. Vol. I. From the Beginning to the Cycles of Romance. Cambridge: At the University Press. 9s. net.

been attempted, but we must frankly say that it has greatly disappointed us. Its title, to begin with, is a misnomer. The work should be more properly described as a series of independent essays by various writers, chronologically arranged as chapters in a consecutive narrative. To being history of our literature in the strict and correct sense of the term it has no more pretension than such a collection as "Hellenica" would have to be a history of Greek literature. Unity it has none, proportion it has none; its chapters overlap; interstices are unsupplied; it is full of repetitions—thus we have an account of the Tale of Gamelyn in Chapter XII. and another in Chapter XVII. A series of chapters give an account of the literature of the thirteenth century; of the general characteristics, political, social, intellectual, of that wonderful century not a word is said. Not only are the historical conditions moulding and determining the tendencies and characteristics of literary and artistic activity unindicated, but, incredible to relate, the origins of British literature are traced no further than the Teutonic settlers, the Celts and Celtic Britain being simply ignored. The history of every literature is the expression of racial idiosyncrasies modified in various ways, and how, without defining those idiosyncrasies and accounting for those modifications, is any history of a literature possible? Such an omission as this leaves the whole work without a basis and radically defective. The opening chapter, entitled "The Beginnings," is a mere tag, serving no purpose whatsoever, but merely anticipating what is repeated in the chapter on Anglo-Saxon poetry.

What both the student and the general reader have a right to expect in a new and elaborate work appearing under such auspices as the present work does is, in the first place, some attempt to place an important study on a proper basis. In the preface it is announced that on that historical basis the work will rest; in the work itself no such basis is discernible. Indeed, the preface seems to have no connection with the actual matter. Who wants what is to be found in books which are in every student's hands and what has long been filtered into current manuals? Such chapters as the chapters on Anglo-Saxon literature are simply threshing the straw, merely cooking up a crambe, and nothing but a crambe, from Henry Morley, Ten Brink, Mr. Stopford Brooke, and innumerable others. In the whole of that long chapter we have not noticed a single original or really discriminating remark. Who now wants accounts and an analysis of what has been described and analysed *usque ad nauseam?* If, for example, in treating of the "Beowulf" some light had been thrown on the probable source of the extraordinary analogies to be found in it to passages from Homer and to the ethics of Attic Tragedy, we should have been grateful, but who wants to be informed that "the tale of Beowulf's adventures embodied the aspirations of all valiant Thegns," and that "it is a tale of brave deeds nobly done," &c.? What is so exasperating in this work is the droning indiscrimination with which poems or prose pieces are treated. It might, for example, have been expected that in the account of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle some reference would have been made to the fine passage describing the interruption of the burial of William the Conqueror and the reflections which follow. The wretched account given of the most remarkable work produced in the thirteenth century, Layamon's "Brut," is marked by the same indifference to what is interesting and striking. In the account given of Geoffrey of Monmouth no attempt is made to trace his extraordinary narratives to their possible originals or to determine the important question as to how far he was probably indebted to his own invention, and how far to tradition, written or oral. Certainly Mr. Fletcher's dissertation, which is referred to, has not exhausted the subject. The chapter on the Middle English secular lyrics and tales is most unsatisfactory, as will easily be understood when we say that "Sir Cleges" and the "Laie le Fresne" are not so much as referred to. Some of the contributors have a remarkable way of entirely missing the true significance of a particular author's work. Thus, for instance, in an account of Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, the fact that what invests it with peculiar interest and importance is that it is the first remarkable expression of the realisation of English nationality is not noted. On the other hand, and we are glad to see it, full justice is done to Robert Mannyng and his "Handlynge Synne."

There goes a story that when Dean Prideaux placed in a publisher's hands the manuscript of his "Connection Between the Old Testament and the New," that functionary observed that it was no doubt a very instructive work, but that he thought the public would find it a little heavy. "Now could you not," he asked, with a persuasive smile, "put a little humour into it?" "The subject, sir," sternly replied the Dean, "does not admit of humour." If Dr. Ward could manage to secure for the future instalments of this imposing work we do not say humour, but something which would relieve what may be called a certain Academic stodginess at present characteristic of it, many of his readers would probably be grateful. At present the work is too like a farrago of lectures or theses of the average order, which, without much solid learning or any trace of research, have neither distinction nor colour. It is no light thing for a most pretentious book to appear under the sanction and with the authority of a great University. We repeat that with this first instalment we are greatly disappointed. No history of English literature can possibly be satisfactory which simply resolves that history into independent accounts of its mere phenomena—that is, particular works and particular authors. But even from this point of view the work before us is not, as we have shown, at all satisfactory; it is most unequal from the point of view of execution.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.*

A STEREOTYPED phrase best describes the impression left on the mind by these portly volumes. They are a storehouse of information, much of it of the kind which we are accustomed to associate less with historical literature than with the Parliamentary committee-room. Such, however, as it is, it is all here—a copious mass of material not entirely raw, to which in a future age other historians of Manchester may be expected to turn as to a convenient quarry. As the author says, in his rather loose phraseology, "the story in many respects contains all the elements of romance." And in truth it is a story which in an earlier age and under other skies might have been written, not in the graceful waters of the Irwell and the Mersey, but in the blood of warring traders; since even in our own day, and with aldermen and learned counsel, and jealous shipowners and rival engineering experts as its leading partisans, the prolonged conflict between the two great Lancashire centres almost invites comparison with the inter-city wars of medieval Europe. Yet, as Sir Bosdin Leech shows, and as Gladstone, among others, foresaw would be the case, the trade of Liverpool has positively benefited by the advantages that have accrued to Manchester from the opening of her great waterway, the reduction in freight charges and in port dues brought about by the exertions of a new and enterprising competitor having had the effect, usual in such circumstances, of producing a marked expansion of business, limited to neither Manchester nor Liverpool. Even the shareholders are encouraged to look some day for a return for their faith and their money. Meanwhile, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are good citizens. By their canal they have made many blades of grass to grow where only one grew before. Apparently all that remains is for Manchester to form a ship-owning company of its own, headed by its leading shippers, and thus make a start with that determined effort, on the importance of which Sir Bosdin Leech so strenuously insists, to "break down the pernicious rebate system of the shipping rings," and checkmate shipowners in other ports who persist in boycotting the inland waterway. On this point a study of Sir Bosdin Leech's ample pages leaves no room for doubt that whatever Manchester may think to be necessary for the complete success of the Ship Canal will eventually be accomplished.

---

* "History of the Manchester Ship Canal." By Sir Bosdin Leech. Sherratt & Hughes, Manchester and London. Two vols. £2 2s. net.

A. & C. BLACK'S

FIRST SPRING LIST.

The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs.

Translated from the Editor's Greek Text, and Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Indices, By R. H. CHARLES, D. Litt., D.D., Fellow of the British Academy, Author of "The Apocalypse of Baruch," "The Assumption of Moses," &c. Demy 8vo, cloth. Price **15/-** net.

Indices to Diatessarica.

With a specimen of Research. By EDWIN A. ABBOTT. Author of "Johannine Grammar," and "Silanus the Christian." Demy 8vo, cloth. Price **2/6** net.

A Popular History of Astronomy. During the Nineteenth Century.

By AGNES M. CLERKE. Author of "The System of the Stars," &c. Fourth edition, revised and corrected, containing six full-page illustrations. Post 8vo., cloth. Price **7/6** net.

Studies in Fossil Botany.

By D. H. SCOTT, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S. Author of "An Introduction to Structural Botany." Second edition containing 212 illustrations. In two volumes: Vol. I, price **6/-** net.

A Plant Book for Schools.

Being an easy Introduction to the Study of Plant Life. By OTTO V. DARBISHIRE, B.A., Ph.D. Containing 115 illustrations from photographs specially taken by the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth. Price **2/6**.

Kafir Socialism, and the Dawn of Individualism.

An Introduction to the Study of the Native Problem. By DUDLEY KIDD, author of "The Essential Kafir" and "Savage Childhood." Large Crown 8vo, cloth. Price **7/6** net.

Letters of Dr. John Brown.

With letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, and others. Edited by his son and D. W. FORREST, M.A., D.D. With biographical Introductions by Elizabeth T. McLaren. Second edition, Demy 8vo, cloth. Price **10/6** net.

Literary and Historical Essays.

By HENRY GREY GRAHAM, author of "Social Life in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century." With a frontispiece portrait and a biographical sketch of the author. Post 8vo., cloth. Price **5/-** net.

In Spain.

By JOHN LOMAS, editor of "O'Shea's Guide to Spain." With 50 illustrations from photographs, and a large map in colour. Large Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **6/-** net.

Montreux.

Painted by J. HARDWICKE LEWIS and MAY HARDWICKE LEWIS. Described by FRANCIS H. GRIBBLE. Containing twenty full-page illustrations in colour and a sketch map. Square Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **7/6** net.

Windsor.

Painted by GEORGE M. HENTON. Described by Sir RICHARD RIVINGTON HOLMES, K.C.V.O. Containing twenty full-page illustrations in colour. Square Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **7/6** net.

Letters from Queer Street.

By J. H. M. ABBOTT, author of "Tommy Cornstalk," "An Outlander in England," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price **6/-**

A. &. C. BLACK, Soho Sq., LONDON, W.

SEVENTH THOUSAND.

MODERN EGYPT

By the EARL OF CROMER.

With Portrait and Map. Two Vols. 8vo, 24s. net.

Saturday Review.—"It would be possible to cull from his pages a whole series of maxims for the guidance of the administrator and the statesman. . . . They are a *vade mecum* of Imperial statesmanship."

Punch.—"Lord Cromer, writing as well as he works, has contributed to history one of the most important chapters added during the present generation."

Athenæum.—"A book which all students of contemporary statesmanship, and still more all who have followed the marvellous regeneration of Egypt under Lord Cromer's direction, will read with eagerness."

Black and White.—"A work which is destined to be a classic while the English tongue is spoken and Egypt and Britain have places upon the map. . . . It is not too much to say that as a contribution to the literature of the world it is fit to be placed with the greatest works of the great historians."

General History of Western Nations from 5000 B.C. to 1900 A.D. By EMIL REICH, Doctor Juris, Author of "New Student's Atlas of English History," etc. Part I. ANTIQUITY, Vols. I. and II. 8vo., 15s. net.

The two volumes treat (1) of the method of history; (2) of the great inland empires of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, the Hittites, &c.; (3) of the border nations called the Hebrews, the Phœnicians, and the Archaic Hellenes; (4) the historic Greeks; (5) the Romans.

Atlas Antiquus. In 48 Original Graphic Maps, with Elaborate Text to each Map, and full Index. By Dr. EMIL REICH. Crown 4to, 10s. net.

The Story of the Guides. By Col. C. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B., Queen's Own Corps of Guides. With Illustrations, 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

A concise record of the busy career of service—the Mutiny, Kabul, Afghan War, 1878-80, Chitral, the Malakand, and minor wars—seen by the corps since, some sixty years ago, it was originated by Sir Henry Lawrence and raised by Sir Harry Lumsden.

Highways & Byways in Hampshire. By D. H. MOUTRAY READ. With Illustrations by ARTHUR B. CONNOR. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

Diary of John Evelyn. With Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. 3s. 6d. Or Limp Leather, 5s. net. [*Globe Library.*

H.M.I. Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, by E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, formerly H.M.I. North-west Division. 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

A highly entertaining book, containing a large number of good stories told by a *raconteur* of exceptional ability.

SECOND IMPRESSION JUST READY.

The Appearances of our Lord after THE PASSION. A study in the earliest Christian Tradition. By HENRY BARCLAY SWETE, D.D. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Macmillan's Guide-Books.

With numerous Maps and Plans based upon the latest information, and prepared expressly for these Guides. Globe 8vo.

Guide to Greece, the Archipelago, Constantinople, the COASTS of ASIA MINOR, CRETE, and CYPRUS, being a New and Thoroughly Revised Edition of the Guide to the Eastern Mediterranean. With 13 Maps and 25 Plans, and a New Chapter on Greek Art by Prof. ERNEST GARDNER. 9s. net.

The Western Mediterranean. Including Southern Spain, Northern Africa (Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli), Sicily, Malta, Corsica, &c. Second Edition. With 21 Maps and Plans. 9s. net.

Italy and Sicily. Fifth Edition. With 55 Maps and Plans 10s. net.

Ancient Athens. By ERNEST ARTHUR GARDNER. With Illustrations, Maps, and Plans. 8vo, 21s. net.

Life in Ancient Athens: the Social and Public Life of a Classical Athenian from Day to Day. By Prof. T. G. TUCKER, Litt. D. (Camb.). Illustrated. Extra crown 8vo, 5s.

SPECTATOR.—"A most instructive and illuminating book."

Rambles and Studies in Greece. By the Rev. J. P. MAHAFFY, C.V.O., D.D. Fifth thoroughly Revised and Cheaper Edition. Globe 8vo, 5s. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

It is natural to compare Miss Camilla Jebb's "A Star of the Salons: Julie de Lespinasse" (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net) with the masterly study published a couple of years ago by the Marquis de Ségur. The latter work (an English translation of which was reviewed in The Nation for March 9th, 1907) must remain the standard biography of Julie de Lespinasse for many years to come, and Miss Jebb's book is neither so full nor so authoritative. The present volume should, however, find many readers, for Miss Jebb succeeds in her endeavour "to give some idea of the background against which Julie de Lespinasse moved, and the strange transitional epoch in which her life was cast." Thus Julie's stay at Champrond as governess to her sister's children suggests an account of the education of the upper classes and a description of French country life during the eighteenth century. On both these subjects, as well as on the social position of actresses before the Revolution, we are given several interesting details presented in a lively manner and without causing undue interruption to the narative. The book would have gained by a fuller discussion of the Encyclopædists who played so large a part in Julie de Lespinasse's life. With the exception of d'Alembert, Turgot, Morellet, and Suard, they receive but scant notice, although both before and after her breach with Madame du Deffand, Julie de Lespinasse lived on terms of the closest intimacy with most of the famous men connected with the Encyclopædia. More use might also have been made of the correspondence with Guibert. Miss Jebb is probably right in describing Guibert as "a pinchbeck hero," but she does nothing to explain either his reputation as an author or the still greater reputation in which he was held by the women of the time. The reader is left to guess what the fascination could have been which induced Julie to be unfaithful to Mora and stirred in her the depth of passion which produced that amazing series of love letters. Otherwise there is little to complain of in the book. It is a lively and entertaining account of a woman of gifted and striking personality who influenced some of the greatest minds of the eighteenth century in France.

* * *

A very pretty indictment against those who would have us regard Canada as a suitable dumping-ground for our surplus population is revealed in "The Land of the Maple Leaf" (Routledge, 6s. net). According to the author, Mr. B. Stewart, the emigration and steamship agents who proclaim that English labour is wanted in the Dominion, and induce countless "failures" in this country to try and better their lot by going there, are little less than unscrupulous liars; the truth being that while Canada requires more labour, she prefers—whatever her Immigration Department may say—that labour to be anything rather than English. The Englishman is unpopular because he is unadaptable. Moreover, the long, rigorous winter, during which work is at a standstill, complicates the employment question to an extent undreamt of by the would-be emigrat from these shores. Then, if wages are higher, living is disproportionately more expensive, and the Protection policy of the Manufacturers' Association tends to increase the expense. We have heard a good deal of this before, but the case has never been stated more relentlessly than in Mr. Stewart's book. The American "sharpness" of the modern Canadian, the stream of aliens willing to work for next to nothing that pours into the country, the climatic disadvantages, the open dislike of English intruders, make up a lugubrious picture of discouragement. Mr. Stewart is a civil engineer, not a writer, and his paragraph style reminds one of the report of a sensational railway accident. But the information is instructive enough to enable one to overlook this and other drawbacks to his volume. We confess to some doubt as to the composition of Mr. Stewart's political views. He is a staunch Chamberlainite, and despises "cringing, weak-kneed Little Englanders." At the same time he demonstrates, with apparent satisfaction to himself, that from the home country's point of view a preferential tariff would be a very bad bargain. It is interesting to note his statement that the agriculturists, who form the majority of Canada's population, are consistently in favour of Free Trade.

The greater part of Mr. Hector Macpherson's "A Century of Political Development" (Blackwood, 3s. 6d. net) has appeared in the "Edinburgh Evening News," but the book is far from being a series of disconnected articles. Starting with "Rousseau and the French Revolution," Mr. Macpherson carries the reader through the chief political developments of the nineteenth century, ending with a couple of chapters on the Socialist Movement and a discussion of Imperial Federation. The book forms a valuable addition to political history. Perhaps the best chapter is that on "The Rise of Imperialism," in which Mr. Macpherson points out that all genuine progress made during the past has been made on lines not of domination but of co-operation. Succeeding to the struggle for religious domination came the struggle for dynastic domination, and this in turn gave place to the struggle for national domination. "The Imperial delusion," says Mr. Macpherson, "took its rise in the notion that trade was impossible apart from possession of territory." Such a theory is contrary to the fact, and tends by obliterating the ideas of right and wrong, to end in sheer barbarism. For a bird's-eye view of the political history of the past century there could be nothing better than this book. It comes from a man who knows his subject, and who has a real gift of style. It was difficult to treat a subject of so great complexity in the short space Mr. Macpherson has allowed himself, but one of the features of the book is the extreme clearness in which each phase of political development is presented. He takes the individualist point of view: but states the Socialist case very fairly, and, as all readers of this brilliant controversialist may imagine, writes with an illuminating pen.

* * *

Owing to the changed situation in Macedonia, we draw attention to an excellent little book on the "Military Georgraphy of the Balkan Peninsula," by Professor Lionel Lyde and Colonel Mockler-Ferryman (Black, 5s.). Its purpose is to describe all the Balkan States, including Turkey and Greece, as a strategic field for the movement of great armies. With this view the mountains, rivers, and marshes that have military importance, all the main roads and railways, and the value of the towns for defence or supply, are carefully examined. There is also a brief account of the political situation, of the strength of the various armies that might be engaged, and of the chief Balkan campaigns of modern history. Maps are added, sufficient to follow the course of possible strategy, though not nearly detailed enough for the tactics of the field. If the extreme difficulties of the present situation, owing to the jealousies of the Powers, can in the end only be solved by the long-expected war, this little book will prove of equal service to military students and ordinary readers.

* * *

In "Sport and Life on the Pacific Slope" (Nash, 7s. 6d. net) Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell says some very hard things about the women of California. In his view the Western woman is "unconsciously the most selfish creature of her sex." She spends her time squandering her husband's money in vulgar display. Even her affection for her children rapidly diminishes as the child grows older—Mr. Vachell calls it "an animal love of the very young, a wish to cuddle and kiss, and flatter, and dress," the veneer of an essential hardness. The children show an amazing precocity and sense of their own importance. Mr. Vachell tells some amusing stories in illustration of this latter trait. The following may not support his theory, but is amusing enough for quotation. "A small boy was listening attentively to the story of the Golden Calf and the Fiery Serpents. 'Well,' he remarked, as the Bible was closed, 'they *were* wicked, those Israelites. No wonder God was mad with them. *I* don't blame Him.'" The descriptions of ranch life, if not so rose-coloured as those we sometimes read, are inviting enough, and many of the failures of Englishmen to secure a footing on the land are due either to ignorance of farming or a determination to carry English ideas and methods into a country to which they are not adapted. The sport includes big game shooting—bear, wapiti, caribou, sheep, and goats—a great variety of small game and birds, and fishing for tuna—which measure from five to seven feet in length and weigh from one to three hundred pounds—salmon, albicore, halibut, and black-bass. The book is

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN THADEUS DELANE,

Editor of "The Times," 1841-1877. Containing hitherto unpublished Letters of Palmerston, Disraeli, and other Statesmen, and numerous Anecdotes of the Court and London Society in the Reign of Queen Victoria. By his Nephew, ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT. With Illustrations. 2 Vols. Demy 8vo, 32s. net.

FROM PEKIN TO SIKKIM.

By COUNT DE LESDAIN. With Maps and Illustrations based on the Author's Surveys and Photographs. Demy 8vo, 12s. net.

Count and Countess de Lesdain, immediately after their marriage travelled from Pekin through the little-known district of the Ordos Desert, thence, by the province of Kansu, across the high mountainous district into the valley of the Yangtse and so to Tibet.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PORT ARTHUR.

By Monsieur E. K. NOJINE, accredited Russian War Correspondent during the Siege. Translated and Abridged by Captain A. B. LINDSAY, Translator of "The Battle of Tsushima," &c. Edited by Major E. D. SWINTON, D.S.O. With Map and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

INDIAN PROBLEMS.

By S. M. MITRA. With an Introduction by Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., LL.D. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Mitra is distinguished amongst our Hindu fellow-subjects for his knowledge of India and as a loyalist. He disapproves of Congress methods, appreciates the benefits derived from the British Raj, but at the same time is able to point out some of the reasons for the unpopularity of the English, and to suggest means for their removal.

THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE.

By ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.V.O., Author of "The Psalms in Human Life," &c. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

These Essays deal with life in a provincial town in France; of French farming, with special reference to the condition of peasant landowners in the various districts, of French folk-lore gathered in Touraine, Berri, Poitou, and Périgord; an interpretation of the life, times, and work of François, Rabelais: a study of the Palace and Forest of Fontainebleau; and a chapter on modern French poets.

READY ON TUESDAY NEXT.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. 415. APRIL, 1908. 6s.

1. CARDUCCI. By J. Slingsby Roberts.
2. LOCAL GOVERNMENT.
3. GREEK PAPYRI AND RECENT DISCOVERIES. By F. G. Kenyon.
4. COVENTRY PATMORE. By Percy Lubbock.
5. MOHAMMED AND ISLAM.
6. A FAMOUS ETON HOUSE.
7. RECENT NAPOLEONIC LITERATURE.
8. THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE. By William Archer.
9. THE IDEAS OF MR. H. G. WELLS.
10. A *Genre* PAINTER AND HIS CRITICS. By Roger Fry.
11. BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS OF THE CIVIL WAR.
12. GOLD RESERVES. By Edgar Crammond.
13. THE HEROIC IDEAL OF THE FRENCH EPIC. By William Wistar Comfort.
14. TEMPERANCE, JUSTICE, AND THE LICENSING BILL.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

The Edinburgh Review.

No. 424. *APRIL*, 1908. 8vo, price 6s.

I. FENELON'S FLOCK.
II. THE PASTORAL INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.
III. WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.
IV. A DUTCH BLUE-STOCKING AND QUAKER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
V. THE MODERN ANGLER.
VI. DANTE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, FROM CHAUCER TO CARY.
VII. MR. HARDY'S "DYNASTS."
VIII. ON UGLINESS IN FICTION.
IX. THE POLITICS OF RADIO-TELEGRAPHY.
X. MODERN EGYPT.
XI. THE TRAVELS AND POEMS OF CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY.
XII. PARTIES AND POLITICS.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME I. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE

DR. HARNACK'S NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES.
Vol. II. Ready April 8th. Crown 8vo, **6s.**

THE SAYINGS OF JESUS.

By ADOLF HARNACK, D.D.

APRIL NUMBER READY. **2s. 6d.** net.
2s. 9d. post free.

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL.

PRINCIPAL ARTICLES:

THE DISTINCTIVE THING IN CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE. By the Rev. P. T. FORSYTH, D.D.
RELIGIOUS TRANSITION AND ETHICAL AWAKENING IN AMERICA. By Professor A. O. LOVEJOY.
KNOWLEDGE AND FAITH. By G. LOWES DICKINSON.
THE WORLD VIEW OF A POET: GOETHE'S PHILOSOPHY. By Professor FRANK THILLY.
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH: WHAT IS IT? By the Right Rev. MONSIGNOR CANON VAUGHAN.
THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. Part II. By Sir OLIVER LODGE.
AN AGNOSTIC'S CONSOLATION. By Mrs. H. F. PETERSEN.
THE DUALISM OF SAINT AUGUSTINE. By PAUL E. MORE.
WAS JESUS A "DIVINE MAN" AND NOTHING MORE? By the Rev. R. MORRIS, M.A., B.D.
BRITISH EXPONENTS OF PRAGMATISM. By Professor E. B. M'GILVARY.
"LAW." By Professor F. J. C. HEARNSHAW. Discussions. Reviews. Bibliography of Recent Literature.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER and PUBLIC OPINION

Sir Hubert Herkomer, the distinguished artist, writing from Bushey to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION, says, on February 11th, 1908:—

Dear Sir—It gives me great pleasure to tell you how your paper, PUBLIC OPINION, answers a purpose in my life. Although I read a great deal, I find it impossible to keep abreast of the trend of higher thought that is going on around me, which can only be gathered from various articles and letters in the newspapers, and articles in magazines. But your paper gives me the assurance that I miss nothing which could be of use to me in the train of thought upon which I may just be engaged, and seldom does a weekly issue of PUBLIC OPINION appear from which I cannot cull some useful suggestion. As a lecturer on art, I need all the suggestions on life that I can get into my hands, for I treat art in all its phases popularly. From PUBLIC OPINION I get to know certain modern authors with whose methods of thinking I am in sympathy, and those I follow up further. Your paper does me the service to point to them.

Your selection of current thought is worthy of all praise, for it gives one the wholesome feeling that the world is after all not going to the devil, but contains thinkers and good men and women.

I wish you with all my heart continuous success with your paper.

Yours very truly,
(Sgd.) HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

PUBLIC OPINION.

A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.
EVERY FRIDAY. TWOPENCE.

Edited by PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION,
30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis St., London, E.C.
Specimens free on application.
PERCY L. PARKER.

written in an easy, vivacious style, and should be read by those who contemplate visiting California either with the intention of settling in the country, or to enjoy the splendid sport to be found there. An appendix gives useful hints on the necessary equipment.

* * *

Miss Olga Racster deals with a fascinating subject in her "Chats on Violoncellos" (Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net). We are not sure that her treatment of it would not have been more fascinating to the musically inclined, to whom the book is presumably addressed, if it had been less "chatty"; but the fashion of to-day is to serve up this type of book with a kind of piquant sauce, and we are not disposed to dispute with a fashion. The authoress has garnered many interesting facts about violoncellos. She traces their origin, with those of other stringed instruments, to the Ravanastron, the mythical invention of a mythical Indian king in the very dark ages; dwells upon the bass viol (viol da gamba) of the sixteenth century, as it was made and improved to something like the modern violoncello by Duiffoproucatt, by Andrea Amati, the master of Cremona, and a century later by Stradivarius; and shows how fond we were of big double basses in the eighteenth century. There is much miscellaneous information about famous viols, violins, feminine players, and youthful prodigies, the wood used for stringed instruments, &c.—she touches, in fact, upon most of the lore of the subject in a scrappy, though not uninteresting, manner. One's time passes pleasantly enough on the whole in the varied company of anecdote and instruction, and the book is adequately illustrated. She should not, however, have put modern "Cockney" into the mouth of an eighteenth century bird salesman (on p. 12), neither should she have shown her knowledge of the history of wood-carving by a reference to "Grinley" Gibbons.

* * *

It is not easy to see why M. Roger Boutet de Monvel's "Beau Brummell and His Times" (Eveleigh Nash, 10s. net) has been translated into English. It gives a pleasant though slight account of the famous dandy, but there is little in the book which the English reader may not find set out to better advantage in Captain Jesse's "Life," Gronow's delightful "Reminiscences," and other memoirs of the Regency. M. de Monvel explains Brummell's vogue by certain qualities which he regards as inherent in the English character. "As everybody knows," he says, "the English will never entertain a deep aversion for anything that betrays pride or obstinacy; indeed, they keep a reserve of indulgence for these faults, and are always ready to regard them as virtues when they see them justified by success." But besides the effrontery which amused his contemporaries, Brummell was a man of engaging qualities. Many of his repartees now seem poor enough, but by the general consent of his contemporaries, he could "score" off wits, or would-be wits, who ventured to cross swords with him. The best part of M. de Monvel's book is the end, when Brummell, "defying Fortune and laughing at her blows," preserved, as well as his straitened circumstances would permit, the affectations of the time of his youth. The picture of him in the hotel at Caen, broken in mind and fortune, but recalling the visions of his triumphs at Carlton House and Brighton, is not without pathos. One of his delusions was to announce the Prince Regent's famous guests, and to wind up by calling out his own name. The story of Beau Brummell's life recalls the wit and brilliancy, as well as the wild extravagance, of the Regency, and if M. de Monvel has little that is new to tell us, he carries us along familiar ground in entertaining style.

* * *

The blend of biography and fiction presented in "Richard Kennoway and his Friends," by Katherine Steuart (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net), is far from unpleasant to the taste. The book can best be described as a picture of middle-class society as it existed in the Scottish lowlands at the end of the eighteenth century, and the authoress shows considerable skill in reconstructing the atmosphere of the age, and the many personalities whose career she traces through her pages. As a narrative, it may not perhaps be considered very exciting, since, with the exception of Thomas Muir, the Scottish reformer and advocate, who was unjustly condemned for seditious utterances and transported to Botany Bay, the characters mentioned mostly led quiet and comparatively uneventful lives. But one or two—such as Gilmour the privateersman—are picturesque enough, and the contemporary manners and customs in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the Kingdom of Fife, are portrayed in scrupulous detail. We are shown what political feeling meant in those days, when the horror of the French Revolution and the fear of French invasion was upon men's hearts; how the Scottish Church was even then threatened with schism; how men and women practised deportment in life and letter-writing, made their journeys and marriages, and obeyed their religious, or irreligious, inclinations. Of Richard Kennoway himself, the Fifeshire divine and preacher, whose eloquence became his only monument, we have the career, but it is neither more nor less adventurous than the rest, and from a psychological standpoint he is less interesting than his unsuccessful and pathetic elder brother, James. When he disappears from the narrative for many pages together, we hardly miss him; he is merely one of the characters in a Hogarthian picture of the society in which he moved. The authoress has composed this picture very carefully and sympathetically out of old records and age-stained letters to which she has had access, and the note of intimacy in the tale rings true. She is obviously ironical on the High Toryism of the day, but the irony is such as might have been indulged in by a contemporary Whig. It is not that of the superior modern person. The story of Richard Kennoway's courtship, invented out of threadbare matters of fact, is a good example of the gentle and kindly humour that illumines what has obviously been a labour of love.

* * *

A collection of short, reflective essays, such as Canon Sheehan's "Parerga" (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net), is not likely to appeal to the mass of readers unless it contains something strikingly out of the common either in thought or style. In neither respect does this book reach distinction, though there is something in the author's personality which gives to the expression of his views on men and literature an undoubted charm. The form in which Canon Sheehan has cast his book—a series of paragraphs usually not more than half a page in length—presents peculiar difficulties. The reader expects to find something striking or epigrammatic in each paragraph, and is disappointed when, as is bound to be the case in a volume of this size, he is often put off with a mere platitude. However, Canon Sheehan has evidently read widely in philosophy and literature; his judgments are, for the most part, fresh and suggestive; and his style, if presenting few examples of the *curiosa felicitas*, has an air of amenity and a pleasant discursiveness which is the more taking from the fact that it is so seldom met with to-day. For these reasons his book will be welcomed by an inner circle of readers, though we should be surprised if it appeals to the general public.

* * *

Several reprints of special interest have recently made their appearance. Mr. John Morley's "Life of Cobden" (2 vols., 8s. net) has been added to Messrs. Macmillan's comely "Eversley Series." There have been several cheap re-issues of this famous account of the great Free Trade leader, which has never perhaps quite attained the place its admirable qualities deserve, but many readers will be pleased to have it in an edition uniform with Mr. Morley's other works.—The same publishers have issued "The Diary of John Evelyn," with notes and an introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson, in their "Globe Library" (3s. 6d. net). It gives in more compact and less expensive form the helps towards understanding Evelyn's allusions, which Mr. Dobson—who touches no eighteenth century subject without illuminating it by his accurate scholarship and graceful style—first published in his three-volume edition in 1906.—From Messrs. Smith, Elder comes an edition of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's "Life and Letters of Robert Browning" (7s. 6d. net), revised and in part re-written by Mr. Frederic G. Kenyon. Since Mrs. Orr's book first appeared much fresh information about Browning has come to light. The chapter relating to Browning's courtship and marriage has been wholly re-written, and those relating to his married life have been re-arranged and amplified. Also, an account of the poet's last illness and death, written by Mr. R. Barrett

THE TOWNSMAN'S FARM

By "HOME COUNTIES"

With Portrait of the Author 6s. net.

The DAILY CHRONICLE says: "'Home Counties' knows what he writes about."

The SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT says: "We can commend both those who understand farming and those who do not to read this sensible book, for it will give the former many valuable hints and the latter many valuable warnings."

CASSELL and CO., Limited, London.

NEW EDITIONS OF "EREWHON" BUTLER

"Samuel Butler was, in his own department, the greatest English writer of the latter half of the 19th century."— *Bernard Shaw.*

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. A Novel. Entirely re-set. **6s.** 424 pp.

EREWHON A Satire. 11th issue. **2s. 6d.** net. ... ... 324 pp.

EREWHON RE-VISITED. 3rd issue. **2s. 6d.** net. ... ... 340 pp.

ESSAYS ON LIFE, ART, AND SCIENCE. 2s. 6d. net. ... 340 pp

LONDON: A. C. FIFIELD, 44, Fleet Street, E.C.

NOW READY.

The April "BOOK MONTHLY"

6d. net.

It contains a new feature, which should be useful to many people—namely, a list of the Contents of the April Reviews and Magazines.

It also contains an article in which Mrs. Clayton Glyn, the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," gives her impressions of America.

Finally, the April BOOK MONTHLY has all the book news and many beautiful illustrations.

Publishers, SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.,

Stationers' Hall Court, London, who will be glad to send a specimen copy of the magazine free of cost.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

SOME BOOKS OF INTEREST

A CHRISTIAN LIBRARY. A Popular Series of Religious Literature, from which all Latin, Greek, and learned Notes are omitted.

Edited by PROFESSOR EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.

Vol. I. **A Brief Discourse of the Troubles at Frankfort, 1553-1558 A.D.** By WILLIAM WHITTINGHAM. Large post 8vo, cloth gilt, **5s.** net (post free 5s. 4d.).

"A valuable contribution to a little-known period of Church history."—*Daily News.*

Vol. II. **The Torments of Protestant Slaves in the French King's Galleys, and in the Dungeons of Marseilles, 1686-1707 A.D.**

Large post 8vo, **6s.** net (post free 6s. 4d.).

"To those in search of the truth that is stranger than fiction, nothing surpasses these narratives in absorbing interest."—*Oxford Chronicle.*

VOL. III. **The Sayings of the Wise, or Food for Thought.** A Book of Moral Wisdom, gathered from the Ancient Philosophers, 1555 A.D. *[Ready Shortly.*

SHAKESPEARIAN REPRESENTATION. Its Principles and Limits. By PERCY FITZGERALD, F.S.A. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net, (*post free* 6s. 4d.)

The work deals with the modern performance of plays scientifically and critically.

"A sharp, lively and stimulating book, full of thought and study."—*The Era.*

SEAS BETWEEN; Or, Called to the East and Claimed by the West. By ANNIE M. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net (*post free* 5s. 4d.)

"Combines hearty humour with true pathos."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR. By ADA T. BROWNING. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"A strong and fascinating story in verse."—*Baptist Times.*

WRITE FOR LIST OF NEW BOOKS FREE ON APPLICATION.

London: ELLIOT STOCK,
62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

OUR LAND

The APRIL NUMBER is now ready at all Bookstalls and Newsagents, price 3d. net.

CONTENTS.

Municipalities.
Agricultural Co-operation: The Depot.—I.
The Management of Farms. By W. M. Tod, M.A.
Rural Housing and Sanitation.—III. By a Civil Engineer.
The Farmer and the School.
Cow Clubs and Pig Clubs. By W. L. Charleton.
The Poultry Industry.
Wheat.
The New Domesday Book.

NOTES:
County Councils and Housing.
The Lighting of Villages.
Milk Records.
The Arrangement of Buildings.

CASSELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, E.C.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS.

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

Browning, who was present at the time, has been substituted for some of Mrs. Orr's original paragraphs. In its present form the book is indispensable to all who require an accurate narrative of the events of Browning's life.

* * *

Nothing save the most intense enthusiasm for his subject could have enabled Mr. T. Francis Bumpus to carry out a work as comprehensive and painstaking as is his history, in two volumes, of "London Churches: Ancient and Modern" (Werner Laurie, 12s. net). In this the author is at his best, and the best is far better than a recent work of his on North Italian cathedrals would lead one to suppose. The work is not merely a history of London churches from the architectural standpoint, but a record of everything connected with them, of their architects, their incumbents, their organists, the famous people immortalised on their monuments; and the research and first-hand observation that have gone to its making astonish by their completeness. There are two principal landmarks to be observed in the development of Metropolitan church building. The first is the Great Fire, which robbed what had hitherto been almost a city of churches of the greater part of its possessions. So great was the destruction that Parliament authorised the building of fifty new churches, and, these proving insufficient, a further Act in the tenth year of Queen Anne provided for the erection of fifty more. To the first Act we owe Wren's noblest creations, and, indeed, the hundred or more churches built between the Fire and the middle of the next century may be said to have been the work of Wren and of the school that developed his Italian-Roman ideas. The second landmark is the Gothic Revival of 1820-59. It followed a period of great slackness, not only in building, which languished after 1750, but in the general administration of ecclesiastical affairs. It gave scope for the genius of Sir Charles Barry, of Pugin, of Sir Gilbert Scott, and of later men such as Butterfield, Burgess, Street, and Bodley. Gothic, as a matter of fact, never really died in this country, not even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when Renaissance styles were paramount. The movement of 1820 was therefore a genuine revival, not a resurrection. What is known as the "Million" Act of 1818 helped to pave the way for it. Under this Act, which owes its title to the fact that the Parliament responsible for its passing voted a million of money for the purpose, forty or fifty new churches were raised in London and the suburbs. They were in harmony with the feeble ecclesiasticism of the day, and mainly helped to emphasise the necessity for developments more vigorous and vitalising. The Metropolis Churches Fund of 1836, with the institution of local funds initiated by Bishop Blomfield, had results of great importance. Mr. Bumpus is an Anglican Churchman with High Church views, and he does not let the reader forget this, especially when he is describing the anti-Puseyism riots that took place at sundry well-known churches in the mid-century. These views also colour his criticism of various architects. Yet, if partisan, he is not unfair, and the fund of anecdote which leavens the heavier knowledge of these volumes should endear them to many besides the serious ecclesiologists in whose ranks Mr. Bumpus has already found an honoured place.

* * *

To a great number of readers Mary Wollstonecraft is known only as the author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." A reprint of "The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay" (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d. net), together with an admirable biographical introduction by Mr. Roger Ingpen, should serve to remind the present generation that she was also a woman of great force of emotion whose unhappy fate has given us some of the most exquisite love letters in the language. No one can read these letters, at once so proud and so pathetic, without recognising in her a noble spirit whose unhappiness was the result of believing that other human beings were moved with the enthusiasms and high ideals in which she herself lived. She was, as Mr. Ingpen puts it, "an idealist in a very matter-of-fact age, and her outlook on life, like that of most idealists, was strongly affected by her imagination." Mr. Ingpen is to be heartily commended for having given us this pretty edition of the famous "Letters."

The Week in the City.

The talk of the week has been the new German loan. On the Stock Exchange it is called the "Dreadnought" loan, and the patriotic members declare that they will have nothing to do with it. I suspect, however, that if the terms were a little more favourable a good deal would be taken up in this country. But many shrewd people think that German securities will be cheaper later in the year. The financial situation in Germany is very bad. There have been many commercial failures, and more are expected. Several banks have suffered, and one or two of the big ones are notoriously weak. The fact that the Government has to borrow largely at 4 per cent.—by far the worst terms since the war with France—is a very depressing factor; and the position is made worse by the market's anticipation that the Imperial loan will not last for the year. There will have to be another in the autumn. What one may fairly expect is that the German Government will be driven by its own embarrassments, and by popular discontent, before long to economise and abandon its ambitious naval programme, which is at the root of the mischief.

The Depression in the United States.

The full after effects of the American panic are seen in the reviews of the first quarter of the year, which are just to hand by the American mail. "Bradstreet" estimates that trade generally is from 25 to 50 per cent. lower than in the first quarter of 1907. These figures are indeed stupendous, but there seems to be no doubt about their correctness. "Bank clearings, for instance, will run 30 per cent. below the first quarter of 1907; cotton-goods production has been easily 25 per cent. below last year; and the output of the leading interest in iron and steel tonnage is estimated to have been at least 50 per cent. below 1907." Lumber production is from 25 to 50 per cent. lower, and the railway traffic figures are in harmony. Speculation in Wall Street has revived during the last month; but there is practically no sign of any general improvement in trade. The high cost of living combined with want of work is still driving emigrants in thousands back to the Old World. Moreover, the Treasury deficits are steadily mounting up. In March the deficit was eight million dollars. The experts in Washington calculate that the total for the financial year will work out at about twelve millions sterling. This is the amount by which the revenue will fall short of the Estimates. The shortage will be largely caused by a falling off in Customs.

The Erie Mystery.

The Erie directorate includes four of the most important financial groups in the United States, "and if no doubt has ever existed that maturing obligations would be met, there has been wanton squandering of the road's credit by these repeated delays in making a definite announcement." These are the words of a New York contemporary which goes on to say: "Surely the handling of the Erie's finances on this occasion has not been transcendently skilful—unless (and the thought is not pleasant) there may have been speculative motives underlying the mystery that has been encouraged." For over a fortnight the ups and downs of the American railway market have been ascribed to alternate rumours as to the probability or improbability of the Erie railroad going into a receiver's hands. The whole incident is a disgrace to American finance, and shows how little effect President Roosevelt's sermons, or even the disasters of the panic, have had upon the financial morals of the American magnates.

Turkish Finance.

The embarrassments of the Sultan are not much talked about, but they are very pressing, and the curious thing is that he is constantly borrowing small sums from the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, which is becoming more and more interested in Turkish concessions. The question is how much longer the game can be kept up, seeing that the Macedonian deficit is so tremendous. Sir Edward Grey is very wisely laying stress upon these difficulties in his correspondence, and is pointing out that the only way to straighten out the situation is to reduce the Turkish army in Macedonia, which now numbers about 70,000 men, and is worse than useless.

Lucellum.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's
Navy Cut Tobacco and Cigarettes

Sold only in the original Packets and Tins, and may be obtained from all Stores and Tobacconists of repute

0487.

TANGYE
OIL ENGINE
AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.
NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING.
TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE
RED WHITE & BLUE
Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

MAPLE & CO
ARE SPECIALISTS FOR COMFORTABLE
CLUB & LOUNGE CHAIRS & SETTEES
Inspection invited, or Illustrated Catalogue of Chairs sent free
LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD
LONDON PARIS BUENOS AIRES

BIRKBECK BANK
ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

Liver troubles
are speedily and effectually cured by LIVERETS. The great disadvantage of most liver medicines is that they have a distinctly debilitating effect on the health.
MERIT'S (FAVRINE) Liverets
STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE
Are especially compounded to overcome this evil. Prepared, as prescribed by an eminent physician, from purely vegetable ingredients, they thoroughly cleanse the liver of all impurities and leave it perfectly healthy. And the valuable tonic properties they possess, stimulate the liver while they relieve it, and finally, make it sound and strong enough to enable it to perform its functions in a healthy, natural way. Price 1/1½ and 2/9 of all Chemists and Stores, or, if unable to obtain, send direct to
MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.
CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. Beware of spurious imitations.

HIGHEST QUALITY
TURKISH TOWELS
AND SIMILAR GOODS.
SOFT AND ABSORBENT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.
THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.
MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors, Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD

(Via NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,

London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.; City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.; And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it

WILL BE REPLACED.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye. Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS HOTEL. Tel.: 0199. Mrs. F. Sara.

BARON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Magnificent Moor Views.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.

DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell. Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.

GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

SWISS CAFE, Union Street. Moderate. Genoni Bros.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGANDINE.

BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.

WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell Manager

EDUCATIONAL.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK.

(Under the Management of the Society of Friends.)

Twenty-six boys passed University Entrance Examinations in 1906 and 1907.

A new feature for post-Matriculation students is a CITIZENSHIP COURSE, including Economics and Modern History with special reference to existing political institutions and social problems.

The School continues to hold a strong position in Leisure-Hour work:—Natural History, Archaeology, Carpentry, etc.

For copies of prospectus and full particulars with regard to scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

Head Master: Arthur Rowntree, Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN JULY.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. 1854 GERRARD

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from **6d. to £10.**

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

BOOK BARGAINS.—Harmsworth's Encyclopædia, last edition 10 vols., 25/-, cost £2 16s. net. Who's Who, 1907, 4/6, cost 11/- net. Burton's Arabian Nights, full edition, illustrated, 17 vols., £13 13s. Lear's Book of Nonsense, 2/6, pub. 6/. Balzac's Famous Novels in English, 40 vols., £3 3s. Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray, 10/6. Pepys' Diary, 4 vols., 15/-, pub. £1 10s. G. P. R. James's Historical Novels, 25 vols., £2 2s. Encyclopædia Britannica, last edition, 35 vols., £12 12s. Business Cyclopædia and Legal Adviser, 6 vols., £1 4s., cost £2 8s. Catalogues free. Books bought. Special list of 3,000 books wanted post free. Libraries purchased for cash.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright St., Birmingham.

[Books out of print supplied. Please state wants.]

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING.—Typewriting of every description, high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words, prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

EDUCATIONAL.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL (Near Reading).

Under the Management of the Society of Friends.

Boys from this PUBLIC SCHOOL have done well at the Universities and in business careers.

The School stands in its own grounds of about 45 acres, high above the town and the Thames Valley.

For Honours List, Prospectus, particulars of Scholarships, and other information, apply to the Head Master, JOHN RIDGES, M.A., at the School.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

Scholarship Examination, June 2nd, 3rd & 4th.

One of **£87**, five or more of **£50**, five or more of **£30** (£21 for Day Scholars) per annum. Faber Exhibition of £12 awarded to boy who does best in examination. Council nominations, value **£12** per annum, may be awarded to boys who do well, but fail to obtain a scholarship. For particulars, apply to the Head Master or Secretary.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Christiania—The Cammermeyer Boghandel, Car Johans Gade, 41 and 43.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW LIST.

MR. SWINBURNE'S

NEW DRAMA NOW READY.

THE DUKE OF GANDIA.

Crown 8vo, buckram, 5s.

Large Paper Edition (limited to 100 Copies) demy 8vo, buckram, uniform with the Large Paper "Collected Edition," 10s. net.

MR. SWINBURNE'S COLLECTED POETICAL WORKS.

In 6 Volumes. Crown 8vo, buckram, 36s. net the Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

MR. SWINBURNE'S COLLECTED TRAGEDIES.

In 5 Volumes. Crown 8vo, buckram, 30s. net the Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

THE WORKS OF JANE AUSTEN.

In 10 vols., each Illustrated with 10 Reproductions after Water-Colours by A. WALLIS MILLS. The Text revised, with Bibliographical and Biographical Notes, by R BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

HANDY VOLUME EDITION. LARGE TYPE.

Small crown 8vo, coloured tops, cloth, with special binding design and Coloured End-Papers, 3s. 6. net. per vol.

Vols. I. and II. PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. [*May 1st*

Vols. III. and IV. SENSE AND SENSIBILITY. [*May 15th*

Remaining Volumes ready in the Autumn.

THE NEW MEDIÆVAL LIBRARY.

Each volume contains Photogravure or Woodcut Reproductions of the Illustrations contained in the Works translated. Each volume further contains a Title-page engraved upon Wood, after a notable contemporary example.

NEW VOLUMES. Ready shortly.

THE BABEE'S BOOK: Mediæval Manners for the Young.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY FINA, Virgin of Santo Geminiano.

(Other volumes in preparation.)

Size 6½ by 4¾ in., boards, cloth, **5s net**; whole brown pigskin, antique style, with clasps, **7s. 6d. net.**

Detailed Prospectus of the Series post-free on application.

NOW READY.

MARIE DE MEDICIS

And the Court of France during the XVIIth Century.

AUTHORISED ENGLISH VERSION.

Translated from the French of M. Louis Batiffol by MARY KING, under the superintendence of H. W. C. DAVIS, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. With Collotype Frontispiece after a rare engraving of the Queen dated 1601. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

BALLADS AND LYRICS OF LOVE. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by F. SIDGWICK. Chiefly selected from "Percy's Reliques." Illustrated with 10 Full-page Reproductions after the Water-Colours by BYAM SHAW, R.I. Large fcap. 4to large type, gilt tops, cloth, **6s. net.** Also 250 numbered copies on Linen Paper, the Plates mounted, bound whole parchment, **12s. 6d. net.** [*May* 1.

Illustrated Prospectus post-free.

THE GREATER ABBEYS OF ENGLAND.

By the Right Rev. ABBOT GASQUET. Being some account—Historical and, in reference to their remains, Topographical—of the Greater Monastic Houses of England. With 60 Illustrations after Water-Colours by WARWICK GOBLE. Large fcap. 4to cloth, gilt top, **20s. net.** Also a Large Paper Edition (limited to 50 numbered copies), **42s. net.** [*May* 1.

Illustrated Prospectus post-free on application.

FROM THE FORELAND TO PENZANCE.

The Ports and Harbours of the South Coast. By CLIVE HOLLAND. Fully Illustrated after Water-Colours by MAURICE RANDALL. Large fcap 4to cloth, gilt top, **12s. 6d. net.** Also a limited number of Large-Paper Copies, **21s. net.** [*Ready shortly.*

Long before "Drake sailed the Main" the Harbours and Ports of the South Coast were old with history. Rye and Winchelsea are now far from reach of high water, but their name remains, although Ports unknown to the world in their day are now undisputed controllers of the Channel and its ships.

Illustrated Prospectus post-free on application.

THE MEDICI SERIES OF COLOURED REPRODUCTIONS

AFTER THE OLD MASTERS.

Subscription = = = £3 per annum, post free.

The Medici Series offers to Subscribers a series of reproductions in pure Collotype, printed in permanent colours upon hand-made linen paper, of the finest examples after the Great Italian Masters. Of the quality of these reproductions THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE says: "Nothing of the kind so good or so cheap has ever before been offered to the public."

The next three plates to be issued will be :—

VII. **FILIPPINO LIPPI.** (?) **The Virgin in Adoration** (TEMPERA). Colour surface 19½ by 15 in. [*On or about 16th inst.* **15s. net.**

VIII. **BOTTICELLI. The Birth of Venus** (TEMPERA.) Colour surface, 36 by 21½ in. [*Shortly.* **25s. net.**

X. **TITIAN. The Madonna of the Cherries** (TEMPERA). Colour surface, half-original. [*July.* **17s. 6d. net.**

By the same Process.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *Never before reproduced.* By an unknown Flemish Master. Now in the Academy, Vienna.

Size of Plate, 26 by 19 in, Colour surface, 16 by 12 in. (about half the original).

Price for prepaid orders before publication, **15s net.** Published price, 17s. 6d. net; postage 6d. [*Ready on about June 1.*

Full particulars of plates and Frames, with method of Publication and terms of Subscription, will be found in an illustrated Prospectus which may be had post free on application.

PHOTO RELIEFS.

A remarkable advance in Photographic knowledge has recently made possible the reproduction, in the colours of the original Della Robbias, &c., photographic facsimilies of such verisimilitude that, although flat prints from negatives taken direct from the original objects, these flat surfaces offer to the eye the complete illusion of a modelling in relief. Eighteen subjects are now ready, viz., Seventeen after the Della Robbias and one after Donatello. The average surface is 18 by 18 inches, and the price is, per subject, **25s.** net.

Detailed Illustrated Prospectus, post free.

Prospectuses of any or all of the following Series will be sent post free on application:—

Books for Children.
The Medici Series of Coloured Reproductions after the Old Masters.
The New Mediæval Library.
Bibliotheca Romanica.
The St. Martin's Library.
Authors for the Pocket.
The Shakespeare Library (including **The Shakespeare Classics**).
The King's Classics.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, Dept. P., 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 3.] SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Diary of the Week	69
Politics and Affairs:—	
The New Government	71
The Position of the Monarch	72
The Next Phase in South Africa	73
The Party of Protection	75
Life and Letters:—	
Fear. By John Galsworthy	76
The Pleasant Land	77
The Onlooker's Risk	78
The Wild Bee	80
Letters from Abroad:—	
Parties in the Prussian Elections. By Ed. Bernstein	81
Contemporaries:—	
Osman Digna. By H. N. Brailsford	82
Poetry:—	
The Gypsies' Road. By Dora Sigerson Shorter	83
The World of Books	84
Books to be Read	84
Letters to the Editor:—	
The Practical Reconstruction of Country Life. By Montague Fordham, M.A.	85
"Fiscal Fallacies." By R. C. Phillimore	85
Kangaroo Island. By A Man of the Woods	85
The Justice of the Licensing Bill. By J. W. F. Gillies, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.	86
The Problem of Medical Relief. By G. C. C.	86
Hamburg. By G. E. Harrison	87
Women Suffragists and the Government. By J. M. Lloyd Thomas. Yet Another Woman Liberal, and Jane Atkinson	87
The Use of the Lash. By A Liberal Member and Carl Heath	88
Reviews:—	
The Pro-Consul as Historian, II.	89
The Nemesis of Pride	90
The Master Mariner	91
Critics for Socialism. II.—Mr. Brougham Villiers	91
Florence and Some Buildings	92
Two Historical Novels	94
Books in Brief:—	
Catherine of Bragança	96
Types of Tragic Drama	96
An Apostle of the North	96
My School and My Gospel	98
Literary and Historical Essays	98
Records of Stirring Times	98
Garcia the Centenarian and His Times	93
The Admiralty of the Atlantic	100
Richard Wilson	100
The Week in the City	100

[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

The new Government is now complete. The Cabinet is practically that which The Nation suggested last week, with the single exception that Lord Elgin retires altogether from the Ministry, and that Lord Ripon retains, for the present, the post of Lord Privy Seal, though neither he nor Sir Henry Fowler are likely long to associate their names with the new Administration. The delays resulting from the King's absence at Biarritz make it impossible for Mr. Lloyd George to introduce the Budget, but there has been no hitch and, we gather, little real difficulty about the considerable, but not revolutionary, changes that have been effected. The Presidents of the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board are, as we suggested last week, to receive the *status* of Secretaries of State. The changes in the conduct of the Board of Admiralty and the Colonial Office are generally approved, even by the Conservative press, which, through the "Times" and the "Morning Post," has acknowledged the suitability and adequacy of the new appointments. Lord Elgin conducted the Colonial Conference with tact, but he has shown a certain want of sympathy with the spirit of Ministerial policy, and Lord Tweedmouth bears the penalty of a singularly thoughtless act of journalism.

* * *

The outer ranks of the Government have been filled with discretion, though we should have liked to see places found for popular and able Parliamentarians of the type of Mr. Lehmann, and it is surprising to see that so good and thoroughly competent a worker as Mr. Whitley, who has given his days and nights to the Parliamentary party, and sought no fee or reward, has been passed by. No new prominence has been given to the small knot of Liberal Leaguers, and on the other hand Mr. Masterman is the only fresh recruit who definitely represents the new Radicalism. The Whips' office needed strengthening in a direction more in consonance with the opinion of the majority of the party. Many of the special appointments are good. Mr. Acland, who has gone to the War Office in place of Mr. Buchanan, was a very capable secretary to Mr. Haldane, and he inherits his father's ability for affairs. It is, however, a pity to lose so good a financier as Mr. Buchanan from the chief centre of useless expenditure. Mr. Buchanan will henceforth represent the India Office in the House of Commons, and, like Mr. Lough, who retires, becomes a Privy Councillor. The same honor is rightly conferred on Lord Fitzmaurice.

* * *

Mr. Lough's successor at the Education Office in the place subordinate to Mr. Runciman, the new head, is Mr. McKinnon Wood, an able municipal statesman, trained in the thorough Progressive school, and long the leader of the party in the London County Council. The new Secretary to the Treasury is Mr. Hobhouse, one of the less adequate of Mr. Asquith's nominations. Dr. Macnamara replaces Mr. Edmund Robertson at the Admiralty, and will bring freshness of mind and statement to an always attractive position. In personal interest, and in suggestion of a fresh outlook on politics, the most notable appointment is that of Mr. Masterman as Under-Secretary of the Local Government Board. Mr. Masterman has feeling and the literary touch, which is more and more missing from modern politics, and if Mr. Burns gives him his head the two men should co-operate in working out the new Poor Law. Colonel Seely takes Mr. Churchill's place at the Colonial Office, and will be its spokesman in the Commons. He knows South Africa, is popular there, in spite of his strong view of Chinese labour, and has both dexterity and charm. But Natal is an ugly problem, and will need strength as well as suavity on the part of the Home Government. Lord Lucas, son of Auberon Herbert, once an outstanding figure in Radicalism, replaces Lord Portsmouth at the War Office, and has youth and talent. Finally, we are glad to see that Mr. Asquith retains the services of Mr. Vaughan Nash, his predecessor's able secretary.

* * *

Meanwhile, the political interest of the hour centres in Mr. Churchill's struggle to retain North-West Manchester. The constituency includes a great body of merchants, a large proportion of Jews, a considerable Irish element, and a mass of workmen, so that it is typical of nearly every phase of our politics. It also represents a Free Trade citadel, with a specially engaging and brilliant champion to hold it. Mr. Joynson-Hicks, his opponent, places a pledge to Balfourism in a corner of his address, and is reported to have said that he would not consider his victory a success for Tariff Reform.

Mr. Churchill's address, written with singular verve and freshness, insists that the Tory aim is to establish "a preferential, retaliatory, or protective tariff." He claims for the Government the creation of a great Afrikander Federation in South Africa under the Union Jack, pledges himself to support the Licensing Bill "in its integrity," pleads for an "amicable" settlement of education, claims a Liberal reduction of forty-three millions in debt, taxation, and expenditure, but does not mention Ireland. He is fighting his campaign with brilliant generalship and incessant soldiering, and has had a warm response from the constituency.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt is pressing his big navy policy with all his might. His message to Congress calling for the construction of the four new "Dreadnoughts" suggested by the Navy Department, is one of the most reactionary State documents which any modern Government has set forth, not excluding Germany. He minimises the uses of arbitration, pretends that great naval armaments are necessary to prevent the oppression of weak nations by strong, though America has used her new navy only for the dragooning of the weak, and suggests that if the United States desires to avoid "insult," it must "be able to repel it." Mr. Roosevelt does not specify what country proposes to insult the most touchy and not the least aggressive of the Great Powers, whose need for a huge navy proceeds entirely from her breach with her own Constitution, and which is more responsible than Germany for the new start in naval armaments.

* * *

The Prussian Landtag was dissolved on April 9th, and the new elections will take place in June. The elections are to be used by the Socialists as a demonstration in favour of a reformed franchise. The Prussian franchise, with its triple plutocratic division and its system of indirect and public voting, has hitherto kept the Socialists entirely out of the Landtag. They may possibly carry a candidate or two on this occasion, but their chief aim is to poll an imposing voting strength. The "Vorwärts" plainly puts its hope of ultimate success on extra-Parliamentary agitation, and it makes the remark—so significant of the change which is coming over the temper of the German social democracy—that "the three-class franchise is incompatible with the peaceful development of Germany, and the incompatibility must be demonstrated." The Radicals, who theoretically support universal, secret, and direct suffrage, are making a sorry show. They are excluding democratic candidates and making pacts with the National Liberals and other reactionaries. It is inevitable that the working alliance in the Reichstag should have a parallel in Prussia, and Prince Bülow's insistence on the profit the Socialists would get from a democratic franchise is having a persuasive effect on a Radical Party already corrupted by compromise.

* * *

In dissolving the Finnish Diet because of its vote of censure on the Senate, the Czar probably desired to postpone the necessity of coming to a decision on the real Finnish problem. That problem is illuminated by three interpellations which are about to be discussed in the Duma. Two, presented by the Right, charge Finland with organising an armed revolt against the Russian connection, and with being the seat of all the Russian conspiracies against the present *régime;* the third, presented by the Octobrists, demands to know why Finnish affairs, unlike the affairs of other provinces, go straight to the Czar from the Finnish Secretary instead of through the Premier. What is sought is a declaration from the Government that Finland is not an autonomous State linked with Russia only through a common sovereign, but merely a province of Russia on the same constitutional footing as the other provinces. In other words, the majority of the Duma is working for a restoration of the Bobrikoff system. So far, the Government has resisted the pressure put upon it, but if, as is probable, the Socialists are returned in nearly their old strength on July 1st, we may see a change.

* * *

The murder of Count Potocki, the Polish Governor of Galicia, by a Ruthenian student, brings before the general public the bitter struggle in that province between the Poles and the Ruthenians. The Austrian Government has won the good-will of the Poles by handing over Galicia to them. Now that the Galician Jews have formed a national party, the Ruthenians, who are a little Russian people of the same blood and tongue as the people of the Ukraine, probably outnumber the Poles in Galicia. Nevertheless, the whole provincial administration is in Polish hands, the Universities are Polish, and the machinery of government is employed to crush out Ruthenian national consciousness and preserve Polish dominion. Under the Universal Franchise Act for the Reichsrath the Poles secured a quite disproportionate number of seats, and they conducted the elections against the Jewish National Party and the Ruthenians with lawlessness and not a little violence. Count Potocki, as Governor, concentrated upon himself the hatred of the suppressed race, and the Ruthenian students held him particularly responsible for the imprisonment of the Lemberg students, which led to a "hunger strike" last year. This is the explanation of the crime.

* * *

An almost comic sidelight was thrown on Protection by a short debate on the hop industry which took place in the House of Commons on its re-assembling on Tuesday. Sir Gilbert Parker, as member for Gravesend, desired the Government to stop the "dumping" of Californian hops, declaring inaccurately that 8,000 tons of foreign hops had been landed here within the last three weeks, and that 15,000 more tons were coming. The Protectionists want a duty of 40s. a hundredweight, which, as Mr. Harold Cox pointed out, was putting a tax on raw material in order to raise the price to the consumer. Sir Gilbert suggested that the evil lay in the Americans who "dumped," but it clearly resides, as the new Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out, in the brewers who buy. "Here," says Mr. George, addressing this industry, "are you, a great patriotic trade, using all this foreign stuff." Mr. Gretton, of Messrs. Bass, made it quite clear that foreign hops came in when the British hop harvest failed. As a matter of fact, the import of foreign hops depends largely on the English season, and the shrinkage of the hop area in Kent and elsewhere is due partly to intensive culture, partly to the brewers' use of substitutes.

* * *

It is now fairly certain that Mr. Taft will get the Republican nomination, but Republicans are not sanguine as to his chance of election. Apart from having to fight in a year of depression as the nominee of a party which has always claimed to be the masters of prosperity, he is faced by the opposition of the Trade Unions. Mr. Taft as a judge ran foul of Labour men by the lavish issue of injunctions, and even conservative labour has been stirred by the decision of the Supreme Court, which brings Trade Unions under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Labour is pressing for a law nullify-

ing that decision; it is not likely to get it, nor will it be consoled by the new Employers' Liability Bill which Congress has just passed, and which it is generally expected the Supreme Court will declare as unconstitutional as the one which preceded it. The really interesting thing in American politics is the future of Labour. The Conservative section has hitherto prevented Labour organising as a party independent of Republicans and Democrats, but events are fighting against Mr. Gomperz and his friends. The American Constitution can hardly remain as it is, if a powerful American Labour Party should be formed.

* * *

The "Daily News" announces the approaching retirement of Sir Antony MacDonnell, the permanent Under-Secretary for Ireland. Sir Antony's greatest service was his brilliant organisation of the scheme of land purchase, and his success in turning the flank of Unionism with the meliorist Wyndham policy, of which he was the real author and executant. His Catholicism, and his honesty, strength of character, and love of his country, were also singularly useful assets in the composing of disputes arising out of the declining land-war. His weakness lay in his long detachment from Parliamentary Government, which a prolonged Indian service implied. This explained some defects both in the Council Bill and Mr. Bryce's Universities Bill, and underlay his general attitude to the Irish Parliamentary Party. But he is very nearly a great man, and he is a very good one.

* * *

Matthew Arnold died twenty years ago last Wednesday, and we are glad to see a disposition to give full weight and emphasis to his authority and message. He is now fixed in his true position as the most searching critic, perhaps the only great critic, of modern English life. His contribution to religious thought has been stamped with the approval of the most eminent of living writers; and the cause of politics has turned at last to the amelioration of precisely those phases of our society which he exposed to all who had eyes to see and which most deeply discredit it in the eyes of good and serious men. Much of what he has written, little considered in his day, might now be taken as a manual of modern thought and social and moral endeavour; and though in his poetry we recognise chiefly the retreat to a rather sad view of the world as he saw it, it more than retains its old power of appeal to the contemplative mind.

* * *

Of only moderate interest is the summer exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, which opened on Monday. There are, however, a few drawings that claim attention. The six ample women in Mr. R. Anning Bell's "Cupid Disarmed" are admirably grouped against their background of heroic landscape, and the childish naughtiness in Cupid's face is a piquant note that relieves the rather massive dignity of his attendants. The colouring is deep and luscious. Mr. R. Thome-Waite's large landscape, "The Setting Sun," is a conscientious and accomplished study of warm atmospheric effect, the peace-inducing contemplation of which is only marred by the unfortunate violence of the sunset picture that hangs just below it. The two contributions of Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper, technically proficient as they are, do not indicate any development in his art, neither does Miss E. Fortescue-Brickdale, another talented artist of the same school, break any fresh ground in her conventional decorative panel, "The Ten Virgins."

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

The Prime Minister may fairly accept the general conclusion about the new Government that in point of *personnel* it is a good one. He has made skilful and courageous use of the material at his disposal; and the general body of the Ministry has been brightened and strengthened. He has taken for his Chancellor the most vivid and original political talent in the party; and he has added to his inner counsels the most striking orator and the best fighting man that Liberalism has gained since Mr. Chamberlain changed the face of politics. He has been wise to repair visible weaknesses in the structure, and to provide the Colonies and the Admiralty with abler heads and more discreet or more exactly trained personalities than they have hitherto obtained. Equal wisdom has been shown in adapting the *status* of Ministers to modern needs and universal practice, and turning the heads of the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board into Secretaries of State. No country whose life-blood is commerce and labour should treat the heads of the departments that chiefly control these tremendous interests as if they were mere satellites to the shining luminaries that direct our foreign, our Indian, and our colonial policies. We may expect to see well-ordered Ministries of the Interior and of Commerce emerge from Mr. Asquith's further labors in co-ordinating the duties of the Home Office, the Local Government Board, and the Board of Trade. And, on the whole, he has distributed the minor appointments that have fallen vacant with regard to such talent, and such promise of power and usefulness, as reside in the younger members of the party. During the last ten years a school of young thinkers and workers has arisen to carry on the Liberal tradition, and to infuse it with fresh ideas, and anyone who glances down the list of under-secretaries in the Asquith administration will see that it is very fairly represented there. Mr. Samuel, Mr. Masterman, Mr. Acland, are all men who have spent thought and labour on the problems with which the modern statesman has to deal. We do not desire to make invidious comparisons, but it is clear that in serviceable talent for public work, the new Government, both in its higher and in its lower branches, compares favourably with Mr. Balfour's administration at any period of its existence, and completely outshines its later years.

Thus far, both the friends and the critics of the Government appear to stand on common ground. The new Ministry is admitted to be efficient, and we may add that while it is composed of men able to govern the Empire with vigor and discretion, it contains no extreme representative of the doctrine of Imperialism, whose logical end is Protection. In this matter, Mr. Asquith has acted fairly and honourably, and with some thought for the balance of forces in the party. But events have decided the part which Imperialism has had to play in the fortunes of the Liberal Party. It was never more than a passing phase, which derived its seeming importance from the South African War, and declined

when the normal tendencies of our policy regained their accustomed strength. The Government therefore, in its general composition and tendencies, was bound to stand to the normal tradition of Liberal Ministries. But it is also necessary to note what is its relation to the politics of the hour. Since the purely Gladstonian conception of politics began to yield, Socialism has arisen, the women's movement has arisen, the Independent Labour Party has been formed, and, as a natural result of these new factors in the national life, men's eyes are no longer fixed almost exclusively on the strife between the old Constitutional parties. The Government, like its predecessor, has to make the best of this situation. The old conditions cannot recur, and Liberalism must console itself with the reflection that if it has to fight for its life with idealistic Socialists, Protectionists, indifferents, monopolist interests and their slaves or supporters, here lies the battleground of modern politics, and here, in choosing to stand for the general welfare of the people, it has a great and, indeed, a decisive, part to play. The Tories have chosen, in the name of Protection and the extended tariff, to embark on the meanest and most hypocritical kind of oppression of poverty by wealth known to the modern State; and sooner or later, in spite of its plausibilities, the worthlessness of that device will find them out. And the same kind of popular disillusion must follow the preaching of revolutionary Socialism. Every intelligent, conscientious Socialist knows this, and realises that he could not stay the ruin of a community which was too heedlessly pushed into the repudiation of private property, and that neither the workmen nor the middle-class Socialists of experience and capacity would know what to do with such a situation if it were brought about. Liberalism is, after all, the guardian of the tradition of liberty, and in that capacity it is always called upon to keep men, including Socialists, alive to the dangers of mere bureaucracy. And, furthermore, when it comes to practical remedies for social evils on co-operative or collectivist lines, Socialists, for all their repudiation of Liberalism, know that within its bosom reside, in the main, those forces of intelligence and of social compunction on which, served as they are by a great organisation, reformers must rely.

Here, then, is a guide to the policy of Liberal Governments, which, unless bad and short-sighted counsels prevail, ensures their usefulness and provides them with definite functions in the interpretation of popular needs. The danger is that this middle position will not prove interesting enough. To the enthusiast, and also to the average Liberal, much was lost when "C.B." went: chiefly a feeling that under him the Government had its "heart in the right place." And the democracy is all for attractiveness in its leaders and their ideas. Socialism is attractive; Protection is attractive. Can Liberalism be made attractive? Is it fresh and sincere enough, has it the gift of disinterestedness which makes the early life of the Labour Party, for all its crudeness, so engaging? Is it not in danger of losing the mass of the workmen, for lack of ideas, for want of feeling and depth in its exponents, and because of its separation, in the persons of its leaders and in its local organisations, from the daily life of the people? With all its merits it ought to be more successful than it is; it ought to be better able to impress the man in the street with the idea that it is going to win. We doubt whether it can thoroughly catch the popular imagination so long as its policy seems to be dominated by Mr. Balfour's will, and unless it emerges from its struggle with the Lords with some substantial trophies of victory, some proof that, by choosing its ground where the Commons are supreme, it can shake that old citadel of privilege to its fall. Here Mr. George's selection for the Chancellorship is hopeful. Finance is not only the key to the fight with the Lords, but it opens up the centre of the warfare with Protection and the struggle to provide a fund for social reform. If, therefore, Mr. Asquith is bold and resourceful, if he does not recoil after a check by the Lords, or recoils only to make a surer lead the next time, if he can show the end of Liberal policy to be the gradual raising of the standard of life for the mass of our population, until they pass far beyond the present low level of comfort and refinement, if he and his more powerful lieutenants can persuade the Nonconformists and the middle-classes to further so truly moral and intelligent an aim, and the workmen not to leave reform for a will-o'-the-wisp, and, above all, if he will not forget Ireland, he will have kept the heart of Liberalism alive. That, and not the exhibition of a mechanical efficiency, is the really important task of the new Government. Politics in the last two decades have become more and more real; and the palm will go to the party which is most in touch with reality.

THE POSITION OF THE MONARCH.

The return of King Edward to London suggests some observations, as true as they are trite, upon the *rôle* of the modern Sovereign in the modern State.

We have heard a good deal of late, perhaps a little too much, about the revival of Monarchy. The one good thing about the absence of the King from his Capital during the recent Ministerial crisis is the evidence which it affords that the popular notion of the supreme importance of the Sovereign in a Constitutional State does not impose upon the reigning Monarch. He did not deem it necessary to leave Biarritz when a new Administration had to be brought into being. There was a suspicion in some minds that the example of his nephew and the prestige of Queen Victoria in her later years had convinced King Edward that in this democratic age the Monarch had regained in personal influence what he had lost in constitutional authority. Biarritz in April has dispelled that alarm. The King knows that kingship in the Prussian sense is an historic survival, a ghost permitted to haunt the places where Monarchs ruled. Therein he shows his good sense, his ability to distinguish the real from the sham. But this month he has shown that he knows it, and therein he has committed the first error of his reign. We maintain the Monarchy for many reasons, historic, traditional, and political. It has its uses, not merely ceremonial, but solid uses, as more than one episode in the late Queen's reign conclusively showed. But one of the conditions of its usefulness is that the less real insignia of the institution must be kept polished, and in full view of

the public. Therefore, when the King remains at Biarritz while the Empire is in the throes of a Ministerial crisis, he commits an error of Statecraft. With his own Royal hand, he writes up before the eyes of all his subjects, "The Monarch is a negligible quantity." And with all due respect to his Majesty, it is necessary to say that this was a mistake.

At the same time, it may turn out that this, the first, and indeed the only blunder of his reign, may, with his Majesty's characteristic good fortune, be a blessing both to the Monarchy and to the Empire. No one can travel on the Continent or in the United States without being reminded at every turn of the prodigious reputation which King Edward has achieved. Mr. Carnegie outdoes any Monarchist in his eulogy of the Royal ambassador of peace. In France the peasants gather in crowds at railway stations merely to see the express whizz by in which "Le Roi" travels. In Germany the few but noisy Chauvinists are obsessed by the conception of his omnipresent influence. He it is who is supposed to direct all the threads of British diplomacy. He is the author of the *entente cordiale*. He is the subtle and weariless statesman who has spun round Germany a network of alliances through which she in vain attempts to break. When he goes to Paris or to Rome, ambassadors have to give solemn explanations—usually disbelieved—as to the innocent object of his Majesty's journeys. It is not too much to say that, in the eyes of many very clever people on the Continent, all the recent diplomacy of Europe centres in the great game of chess between King and Kaiser. Just as in England we credit the direction of German foreign policy not to Prince von Bülow, but to the Kaiser.

Everyone in England knows that this is nonsense. We know our Monarchy and Constitution too well to be under any delusion as to the part which his Majesty plays in international politics. But others do not, and it is a serious and an all-round danger that the King should be supposed to be more important and influential than he really is. And the fact that he did not consider that there was any pressing need for him to be in his Capital when a new Ministry was being formed will, it may be hoped, do something to remind the European and the American public that in his own estimation King Edward is not the real captain of the ship of State, whose rudder is in other hands.

It is always a somewhat thankless task to write of kings. If we praise them when they deserve our eulogy, we are distrusted as flatterers. If we censure them when they go wrong, it is regarded as a species of *lèse majesté*. It is, however, sometimes a duty to tell the truth to kings, and the present occasion offers an opportunity which ought not to be allowed to slip. The popularity of King Edward renders it difficult to suggest that he has made a mistake. But the suggestion may be forgiven when the mistake is pointed out in his own interest. Kings, like meaner mortals, fancy themselves, and, in their case, the prayer that we may not think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think is rarely answered, even if it is offered. But King Edward has, by the exercise of the gifts which he possesses, succeeded in gaining a great reputation for talents which he would be the last to claim. Good nature, good feeling, and instinctive tact are valuable qualities. But they do not turn a popular king into a great statesman. The conception of the Seventh Edward as an English Richelieu which prevails in some quarters in Germany is baseless. The King has neither the powers nor the ambition nor the temperament of Richelieu. He is no student; neither is he an idealist. He is essentially a good-natured, prudent man, with much shrewd sense, much experience of the world, and a habit of dealing with men which has been, at times, of great service to his country. He is sympathetic, quick to see what is the right thing to do in any situation if only he can be got to see it whole. No statesman, Whig or Tory, has ever been influenced, so far as can be known, by any counsels of the King. On the other hand, no one has ever found him obstinate or reactionary. He is, as kings go, one of the best of the bunch. But, perhaps, the best of his qualities is shown in his superiority to the megalomania which unwise or ill-informed people insist on attributing to him.

THE NEXT PHASE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

With what a biting humour has history rounded off the tragic-comic episode of the last decade in South Africa! It is just ten years since that able architect of ruin, then Sir Alfred Milner, discovered in the Bond and in Krugerism that determination of the settled population of the country to rule which he called Africanderdom, and sought to crush. Africanderdom is now triumphant, and by Lord Milner's act. For the war which he engineered brought him a victory far worse than hollow. It brought the permanent and necessary frustration in South Africa of that distinctively British dominion which he half-wrecked the country to establish. The Transvaal is to-day in the hands of a Government whose Prime Minister was Commander-in-Chief of the Boer forces in the war, while its ablest member, Mr. Smuts, was Mr. Chamberlain's diplomatic antagonist in 1899, and two years later raided the Colony at the head of his horse. The Orange River Colony is under the sway of the strongest member of the late Republican *régime*, Mr. Fischer, who has with him an overwhelming majority of Dutch colleagues.

The recent turn of events in Cape Colony has now deposed Dr. Jameson, the leader of the Raid, and has placed in the seat of authority Mr. Merriman, the stoutest opponent of the war policy, with a large majority in both Houses of Assembly whose return is described, not, perhaps, unfairly, as largely attributable to the votes of "ex-rebels," recently restored to the rights of citizenship. Three of the four Colonies are thus solidly Africander under abiding and compact majorities of Dutch-British: the fourth, Natal, remains sunk in the degradation of martial law and in desperate financial straits, the only corner of the country where men of British race rule and hold undivided sway. To Lord Milner this doubtless appears a shocking state of things, for which he would wish to hold our Liberal Government responsible; it is a new and a political Majuba. But the least reflection will dispel the folly

of this view. Had a Conservative Government been continuously in power, the war would have yielded precisely the same fruits, a little tardier, that is all. To have withheld complete self-government for more than a few years would have been so manifest a violation of the spirit and the letter of Vereeniging that shame, to say nothing of the pressure of the other white Colonies, would have forced them to hand over the country to the rule of a Dutch majority somewhat larger and more solid than the present and very much more intransigeant. All this might have been foreseen, and is one more testimony to the blindness of Jingoism. It is quite true that in the outcome there is nothing to fear, but this is because there was no cause for fear before. If it had really been the settled policy and purpose of the Dutch to drive the British into the sea, in order to set up a Federal Republic of their own, they would be in a very much better position to compass this end now than ten years ago. For there is hardly one of the acts of oppression we talked about then which they cannot now, as self-governing British Colonies, commit with impunity. Could we prevent them from spending any money they liked in setting up militia and in importing guns? Can we claim to interfere in any way with their police administration, the decisions of their judges, their system of taxation, the teaching in their schools, their right to expel undesirables, their treatment of the natives, or even of British Indians? Almost every action which formed the substance of Sir Alfred Milner's indictment of the Kruger Government in 1899 is now clearly within the competency of Mr. Botha. Nay, should it be thought that the Constitutions set some limitations on the new Colonial Governments, we have only to cite the current course of events in Natal to dispel any such delusion. If there is anything constitutional, as to restrictions on their native rule or otherwise, which hampers Mr. Botha or Mr. Fischer, he has only to copy Mr. Moor, suspend his Constitution, declare martial law, and the Imperial Government, accepting his own assurances that his illegal conduct was justifiable, will grant him immunity. Such, it appears, is now the status of a self-governing Colony, with which no British Government, Liberal or Conservative, can attempt to interfere unless it is prepared to defy the stout, unanimous resentment of the whole "family."

This process of events, moving so fast, now calls a halt as the several Colonies confront the important issue of their future relations to one another. At the forthcoming inter-Colonial Conference the question of Union or of Federation must force its way to the front as the dominant issue of practical politics in South Africa during the next few years. To the political observer from outside it seems the simplest thing in the world to achieve such Union or Federation among States severed by no strong natural barriers and by no wide divergency of climatic and other physical conditions, and peopled by the same white and coloured races, occupied for the most part in similar industries, and holding the same general level of civilisation. That this community of natural and human conditions does make for unity of government is undeniable. Even before the war the centralising tendency found expression in tentative experiments towards a common policy in customs and railroads which must ultimately have ripened into definite political agreements. But in South Africa itself it is natural that the impending prospect of closer political union should tend for the time to emphasise the difficulties and divergencies of interest between the States. Natal, in virtue of her distinctively British white population, fears to be swamped either in a Union or a Federation where Dutch votes will be dominant; the inland States are suspicious of the manipulation of customs and railroads in the interests of the seaport States; the bitter antagonism displayed in the past between Cape Town and Durban, and the strong interest which the Transvaal has manifested in the development of the shorter route through Lorenzo Marques, are grave obstacles in the way of a Federation which shall be real in its establishment of central government. Besides these specific divergencies, the practical dominance which the mining industry must secure to the Transvaal by virtue of its wealth, its growing population, and the superior capacity and energy of its leaders, remains a source of half-conscious dread to the more backward States. Finally, the unsettled and anomalous condition of that huge speculative estate, Rhodesia, which could not be wholly left out of consideration in a federal scheme, introduces a whole sheaf of difficulties.

That the principle of South African solidarity will finally triumph over these numerous obstacles cannot, however, be seriously questioned. Whether the unifying process will stop with a moderate measure of federal control, or will move further towards unity, will probably depend on that great perpetually disturbing factor, the native question, more than on any other matter. For to any stable genuine Federation some common native policy is admittedly essential; and yet the history and the present local conditions of the several States impose peculiar difficulties upon the attainment of such policy. Cape Colony cannot, and does not, desire to abandon her comparatively enlightened policy as regards the native franchise, education, and land settlement. But none of the other States are prepared to give any real and direct political representation to the natives. Natal, and even possibly the Transvaal, might with reluctance be induced to make some slight experiment in the direction of the New Zealand Maori policy, barring the election of coloured representatives. But the Orange River Colony would entertain no such proposition, nor would Rhodesia, were this State brought into a Federation. It is, indeed, the reluctance to raise this huge underlying issue that holds back Federation as a pressing policy. For it is felt that in the settling of a federal constitution the Imperial Government would claim to have some say upon arrangements which involved the vital interests of the natives who constitute the vast majority of British subjects in South Africa. And, indeed, it is eminently desirable that we should turn our minds more definitely upon the obligations of the Imperial Government in the large re-settlement that is contemplated. That the small groups of white business-politicians who may occupy the seat of government in one of these States cannot be implicitly trusted to show justice or mercy to the subject-race is a lesson bitterly impressed not by one but by a

score of episodes in South African history. If, as is not unnatural, Federation should be accompanied by a demand that the new South African Dominion should be entrusted with the same full measure of government over her subject-races as is possessed by Canada or Australia, the only practical safeguard of the interests of natives might consist in an arrangement for the transfer of such native territories as Zululand, Swaziland, Basutoland, and the Bechuanaland Protectorate to the province of the Federal Government. Though such an arrangement would still leave the large mass of the natives, who, as individuals or in clans, are scattered over the several States, to the separate administration of the State Governments, it would at least substitute a wider and, perhaps, a wiser and humaner judgment for the perilous mis-handling by which from time to time a single State has placed in jeopardy the entire fabric of white civilisation in South Africa.

THE PARTY OF PROTECTION.

Having at length caged their shy bird, our Protectionists apparently decided to let him loose again for a decoy to catch other birds. So he has gone about with free talk about "broadening the basis of taxation," "Imperial unity," and other amiable phrases. With them he seems to have caught Lord Curzon. To some fiscal "innocents" it appears as if Lord Curzon, a Free Trader "at heart," may have saved Mr. Balfour from fiscal damnation by the simple device of furnishing a new formula. The "Westminster Gazette," for instance, ever anxious over fiscal and other wandering souls, finds curious comfort in a cryptic phrase of Lord Curzon's: "It might be that this change, when it did come, would not take precisely the shape that was anticipated by the authors of the movement," followed by a more definite suggestion that what England needed was a tariff like that of India. This Indian tariff, introduced "for revenue purposes in England," might also be utilised for Colonial preference as well as "to improve the position of our trade, or to secure better employment for our working-classes." But does Lord Curzon really imagine that he has persuaded, or can persuade, Mr. Balfour that an Indian tariff will satisfy the demands of the British Protectionists, or even the conditions of his own commitments? Here are some of the points of his Indian tariff. It taxes large numbers of raw materials, it lets manufacturing machinery in free, though taxing the tools of the ordinary workmen; its purely "revenue" purpose is marked by the fact that the import duties upon cotton goods are balanced by excise duties upon domestic manufactures. But Mr. Balfour has declared against all taxation of raw materials, his general tax upon foreign manufactured goods must be taken to include machinery, and in all his fiscal writings he has never suggested that he proposes to rob import duties of their incidental protective value by imposing excise duties. The only resemblance between the Indian tariff and that foreshadowed by Mr. Balfour is the multiplicity of low duties. The notion that Mr. Balfour has drawn or can draw the fiscal reform movement in this country away from Protection towards tariff for revenue only, on the basis of a number of small taxes upon foreign manufactured goods is a delusion, kept alive merely to lure stray Free-fooders into the fold. It has no plausible support, even from the speeches of Mr. Balfour.

For Free Traders and their cause a plain recognition of the fact that Mr. Balfour is committed to Protection in four separate ways is quite essential. In his famous Valentine letter he declared for "a moderate general tariff on manufactured goods," together with "a small duty on foreign wheat" unaccompanied by excise; he has repeatedly advocated the use of a tariff for negotiation and for retaliation, for imperial preference, and for meeting an "unfair competition." Every one of these acts entails Protection. It is quite true that for each case he supplies a "motive" which is not protective in the simpler sense. Indeed, it may be admitted that a new large source of revenue which shall meet the needs of Conservative finance, without recourse to direct taxation, is to him the first consideration, and that, for the rest, his tariff is a blend of imperial cement, anti-dumping, and diplomatic bargaining. But our Protectionist Party know better than to trouble about the "intentions" of their casuistical leader. They are concerned not with what he intends or means, but with what he does. And they are satisfied that, if in two or three years' time the Conservative Party is placed in office, Mr. Balfour will produce a tariff on the lines which they require. This tariff is to produce a revenue large enough to enable them to reduce existing taxes upon income and property, and to furnish the necessary fund for old age pensions and other social progress by shifting the existing taxes from sugar and tea on to agricultural produce without raising the total taxation for the working classes, and by imposing low general duties on imported manufactured goods. This tariff has been proposed by the avowed Protectionists, and formally accepted by Mr. Balfour. When, therefore, any suspected free-fooder or other hesitant Unionist accepts, as Lord Curzon did, "Mr. Balfour's platform," he commits himself to protective duties upon foods and manufactures, and, though he may shy from the admission, upon raw materials.

For neither Mr. Balfour nor any one else has dared to meet the Free Trade challenge upon raw materials. No single one of the tariff objects can be secured without taxing them. Effective negotiation, or retaliation, requires the liberty to tax materials, for in no other way could we bring pressure upon such countries as the United States and Russia; Colonial Preference is impossible without it, for investigation of Colonial imports into this country attests the accuracy of Mr. Asquith's declaration at the Colonial Conference, "that you cannot possibly give a preference which shall be anything like an even-handed preference between the different Colonies of the Empire unless you include in it raw materials as well as food." Most of the flagrant cases of dumping have reference to metal bars, rails, and other materials of manufacture. The outcry about foreign hops in Tuesday's debate in the Commons brings the Protectionists full on to the taxation of raw materials, and

gives a ludicrous turn to the brewers' catchword, "Your beer will cost you more." Finally, if all manufactures which are raw materials for other manufactures are to be exempt, the bearing of the tariff on manufactures will be whittled down to small proportions. Take the single instance of the building trade, upon which Mr. F. J. Voicey has recently furnished some interesting information: "Nearly the whole of the timber used in house construction comes from the Baltic. There is nothing here in Britain to substitute for it. At present it is imported in log or bunch (a small quantity)—deals, battens, boards, laths, mouldings, and joinery. We get steel joists, nails, and glass from Belgium, and slates from France. We get marble goods from Italy, and ready-made doors from Sweden. Canada sends us doors while Belgium provides us with ornamental slates and cement. Spain produces the lead and Belgium the zinc for our roofs." Nearly all these raw materials of the building trade are also manufactured goods and compete with British produce. Are they to be taxed or to enter free? In scores of diverse trades this very practical problem must arise. Finally, the crowning absurdity of the proposal consists in the pretence that a number of low duties, five per cent., upon manufactured imports, without an increase of aggregate food-taxes, can yield the income required by our Protectionists to bribe the working-classes of this country by pensions and other social reforms. Five per cent. on fully manufactured imports would not, upon an outside computation, yield seven millions of money in any ordinary year, and from this must be deducted the enormous expense of collecting a mass of trifling duties from innumerable sources.

But these absurdities and palpable dishonesties must not lead us to suppose that Protectionism must break down in this country by dint of its intrinsic rottenness. Nothing of the sort. If the British manufacturing interests, who are the backbone of the movement, can once get their general tariff, however moderate, the needs of public revenue will be subordinated to their pockets. A British revival of agriculture, imperial unity, and all the other pretty phrases will go by the board, and a naked domination of greed and plunder, Protection in its proper, historic meaning, will be fastened on the necks of our people. This is what we have to fight. All this side play of politicians hankering for return to power, and practising the cajolery of their order, must not concern us over much. These gentlemen, however eminent, will all dance to the tune of the Protectionist paymaster of their party. "The world," said the late Sir James Stephen, "belongs to hard practical men, who know what they want, and mean to get it." This, at any rate, is nominally true of the world of politics. Our fight is essentially for the purity of public life, and in order to realise the task before us we must brush aside all the false distinctions with which the issue has been blurred. Not only is the Conservative Party and its organisation solidly committed to Protection, but Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Milner, and now Lord Curzon, stand for Protection as "the first constructive work of the Unionist Party."

Life and Letters.

FEAR.

I saw him first on a spring day—one of those days when the limbs are lazy with delicious tiredness, the air soft and warm against the face, the heart full of a queer longing to know the hearts of others.

He was quite a little man, with broad, high shoulders and hardly any neck; and what was noticeable in his square, wooden-looking figure, dressed in light grey, shabby tweed, and patched, yellow boots, was that he seemed to have no chest. He was flat—from his white face, with its sandy hair, moustache, and eyebrows, under an old, narrow-brimmed straw hat, right down to his feet. It was as though Life had planed him. His face, too, seemed to have lost all but its bones and skin of yellow white; there were no eyelashes to his reddish-brown, round eyes; there was no colour in his thin lips, compressed as though to keep the secret of a mortal fear. But for the wheeze and rustle of his breathing, he stood very still, nervously rubbing his claw-like hands up and down his trouser legs.

He spoke in a hoarse, faint voice.

"I was a baker. They tell me as how that's where I've done meself the harm. But I never learnt another trade; I was afraid that if I give it up I wouldn't get no other work. Bakin's not good for——"

He laid his thin, yellow fingers where there was so little left to lay them on.

"See, there's my wife and child," he went on in his matter-of-fact voice: "I tell you what it is, sir; I'm fair frightened. If I could give up thinking of what's coming to them, I believe that I'd feel better. But what am I to do? All my savin's have gone now; I'm selling off my things, an' when I'm through with that—there we shall be."

His unlovely little face, with its hard-bitten lips and lashless eyes, quivered all over suddenly, as though within him all his fear had risen up, seized on his features, and set them to a dance of agony; but they were soon still again. Stillness was the only possible condition for a face covering such thoughts as he had had.

"I don't sleep for thinkin' of it—that's against me!"

Yes—that was against him, considering the nature of his health. Any doctor would have told him to sleep well; that sleep, in fact, was quite essential. And I seemed to see him lying on his back, staring at the darkness, with those lashless, red-rimmed eyes, trying to find in its black depths something that was not there—the wan glow of a livelihood of some kind for his wife and child.

"I gets in such a muck o' sweat, worrying about what's going to come to them with me like this; it quite exhausts me, it does really. You wouldn't believe how weak I was!"

And one could not help reminding him that he ought not to worry—it was very bad for him.

"Yes, I know that; I don't think I can last long at this rate."

"If you could give up worrying you would get well much quicker!"

He answered by a look of such humble and unconscious irony, as one may see on the faces of the dead before their last wonder at the end has faded from them.

"They tells me up at the 'ospital to eat well."

And, looking at this meagre little man, it seemed that the advice was good. Good food, and plenty of it!

"I've been doing the best I can, of course." He made this statement without sarcasm, in a voice that seemed to say: This world, I live in, is, of course, a funny world; the sort of fun it likes may be first-rate, but if I were once to begin to laugh at it, where could I stop—I ask you—where?

"Plenty of milk they tell me's the best thing I can take, but the child she's bound to have as much as we can manage to buy. At her age, you see, she needs it. Of course, if I could get a job!—I'd take anything—I'd drive a baker's cart!"

He lifted his little pipes of arms, and let them fall again, and God knows what he meant by such a motion, unless it were to show his strength.

"Of course, some days," he said, "I can hardly get my breath at all, and that's against me."

It would be, as he said, against him; and, encouraged by a look, he added:

"I know I kep' on too long with my profession; but you know what it is, when you've been brought up to a job you get to depend on it—to give it up it's like chuckin' of yerself away. And that's what I've found it—people don't want such as I am now."

And for a full half-minute we stood looking at each other; his bitten, discoloured lips twitched twice, and a faint pink warmed the paper whiteness of his cheeks.

"Up at the 'ospital they don't seem to take no interest in my case any more; seems as if they thought it 'opeless."

Unconscious that he had gone beneath the depths of human nature, shown up the human passion for definite success, illustrated human worship of the idol, strength, human scorn for what is weak—he said these simple words in an almost injured tone. Recovery might be impossible, people did not want such as he was now; but he was still interesting to himself, still loth to find himself a useless bee ejected from the hive. His lashless eyes seemed saying: "I believe I could get well—I do believe I could!"

Yet he was not unreasonable, for he went on:

"When I first went there, they took a lot of interest in me—but that's a year ago. Perhaps I've disappointed them."

Perhaps he had!

"They keep on tellin' me to take plenty of fresh air. Where I live, of course, there's not so very much about, but I take all I can. Not bein' able to get a job, I've been sitting in the Park. I take the child—they tell me not to have her too near me in the house."

And I had a vision of this man of leisure sitting in the Park, rubbing his hands stealthily to keep them dry, and watching with red eyes the other men of leisure; too preoccupied to wonder, even, why his leisure was not like theirs.

"Days like this," he said, "it's warm enough; but I can't enjoy them for thinking of what's coming."

His glance wandered to the pear trees in the garden —they were all in blossom, and lighted by the sun; he looked down again a little hastily. A blackbird sang beyond the further wall. The little baker passed his tongue over his lips.

"I'm a country-man by birth," he said; "it's like the country here. If I could get a job down in the country I should pick up, perhaps. Last time I was in the country I put on 'alf a stone. But who'd take me?"

Again he raised his little pipes of arms; this time it was clearly not to show his strength. No—he seemed to say: No one would take me! I have found that out—I have found out all there is to know. I am done for!

"That's about where it is," he said; "and I wouldn't care so much, but for the baby and my wife. I don't see what I could ha' done, other than what I have done. God knows I kep' on at it till I couldn't keep on no longer."

And as though he knew that he was again near that point when a hundred times he had broken into private agony seen by no creature but himself, he stared hard at me, and his red moustache bristled over his sunken, indrawn lips.

A pigeon flew across; settling on a tree in the next garden, it began to call its mate; and suddenly there came into my mind the memory of a thrush that, some months before, had come to the garden bed where we were standing, and all day long would hide and hop there, avoiding other birds, with its feathers all staring and puffed out; and how it would let us take it up; I remembered, too, the film that kept falling on its eyes, and its sick heart beating so faintly beneath our hands; no bird of all the other birds came near it—knowing that it could no longer peck its living, and was going to die. One day we could not find it; the next day we found it under a bush, dead.

"I suppose it's human nature not to take me on, seein' the state I'm in," the little baker said. "I don't want to be a trouble to no one, I'm sure; I've always kept myself ever since I was that high," he put his land out level with his waist; "and now I can't keep myself, let alone the wife and child. It's the coming to the end of everything—it's the seeing of it coming. Fear—that's what it is. But I suppose I'm not the only one."

And for the moment he seemed comforted by this thought that there were thousands of other working creatures, on whose shoulders sat the grinning cat of mortal illness, all staring with him at utter emptiness—thousands of other working creatures who were dying because fear had made them work too long. His face brightened ever so little, as though the sun had found a way to him. But suddenly that wooden look, the only safe and perfect look, came back to his features. One could have sworn that fear had never touched him, so expressionless, so still was he!

But, hearing that a way would be found, that something would be done, his whole face worked; over his eyes—as over the young thrush's eyes—there seemed to come a film.

"I'm sure," he said, "I'm sure, I——" That which had been his chest heaved violently; he turned away; and his little, flat, thin figure passed down the path, out at the gate, with shoulders twitching as though his heart were choking him.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THE PLEASANT LAND.

WONDERFULLY easy social intercourse Mr. March Phillipps found to be characteristic of the French in Algeria. He discovered on the borders of the desert, encompassed by hostile peoples the same ideal of daily life which occupies the permanent place in the home land in "the green nooks and pleasant valleys, the cottages, smothered in vines, the pastoral farms that nestle on the slopes." It is an ideal of a daily life which has repeatedly essayed the achievement of the impossible, and found that achievement hedged in, on the one side or the other, by the limitations of human existence. Recognising these boundaries, although with occasional frettings against their sharp prohibitions, it has determined to make the best of it, to get the best out of it. Candide had laid down the secret, after his effort to overturn the world, and his more heroic effort to explain it, it is necessary to cultivate the garden; in such cultivation bringing forth not only the stout roots and vegetables necessary for the sustenance of the body, but also fruit that is pleasant to the taste, and all manner of sweet smelling herbs, and gaily coloured flowers. And France, under the third Republic, seems settling down in tranquillity to this ideal of human well-being, with a dominant ideal of social equality, and strong human instinct for all which makes for the ideal of social life; the café as much as the school and the church as an engine of civilisation, family affection, good talk, industry and thrift, a society family based upon a prosperous peasant race which have converted the "pleasant land of France" into one great garden.

It is as a people of the soil, drawing from ownership of its variegated surface forces of determination, tenacity, and affection for their native land, that the French people appear in the summary of the time. After the overwhelming calamity of 1870, "Nature and the wonderful soil of France" began and successfully carried through the work of reparation. M. Hanotaux, in his brilliant history of "Contemporary France," shows the striking contrast: on the one side, the intellectuals overwhelmed, finding their fine theories collapsing before the iron logic of merciless war, declaring that all is lost, the twilight of the gods has come; on the other, the millions of peasants turning with undismayed devotion to gather in the abundant harvest and effect the work of restoration. Renan and Taine were overwhelmed by the pressure of the times. "Henceforth," says his biographer, "the consciousness of his impotence in the sphere of action oppressed Renan, and even threatened the fundamental serenity of his nature." "My heart is dead within my breast," was the cry of Taine. "I feel as if I were living in a madhouse. I have even lost the feeling of indignation." "I am in a continuous state of dumb anger and dry despair." Meantime, out in the cornfields and vineyards and orchards the common people were turning to man's common labour, the life and work of the day. The two astonishing harvests, the

two summers after the war, sufficed to cover the amount of the war indemnity; everywhere intensive cultivation gathered in "wealth born of sunshine." The nation, in its hour of anguish, fell back upon the strength of the working people, and was saved. "This obscure mass, unknown to itself," says M. Hanotaux, "hardly known to those who direct its movements, is the producer of those riches drawn from the soil which brought about national deliverance. This mass alone lives in familiar intercourse with Nature, the supreme resource in disaster; through its constant labour and continued thrift, by its anonymous and sustained work, it is conscious of being the very essence of France."

The "very essence of France" Mr. Prothero presents in his essays which bear so attractive a title. "The Pleasant Land of France" (John Murray) covers a wide field of interest: from examination of the condition of the French peasant and the various styles of farming and land tenure to analysis of the spirit of Rabelais, and some charming translations of modern French poetry. But it is all sustained by a setting of high praise welcome to all the lovers of the most loveable of all the nations of the world. "In France," says the author in his preface, "I have spent many of the happiest days of my life. To her pleasant land I owe a lasting debt of gratitude. If anything contained in these pages helps to disperse a single national prejudice, or to place any features in the genius and character of our neighbours in a fairer light, their object will have been gained." He forsakes Paris for the little provincial city, dependent for its prosperity on the patronage of the rural cultivators around it, with its air of gaiety, comfort, and acquiescence, sharply challenged by the old ruined castle above the hillsides, or the great Church whose strong and defiant roof and arches and tower proclaim another kingdom—perhaps dead, perhaps only sleeping in the sunlight, while the sunlight endures. Here, especially in the little *place* which is the centre of the social life, is a scene busy and active, yet "steeped in that indefinable atmosphere of gay leisure which is the heritage of a people who, in spite of their indefatigable industry, have yet succeeded in keeping on good terms with idleness." Mr. Prothero, like Mr. March Phillipps, finds the inevitable café the centre and symbol of the organised social life. "A history of cafés," he declares, "would be the most important chapter in the history of modern French society: clean, bright, and gay, they are the *salons* of the democracy. We have, to our historical loss, nothing like them." "There is a babel of voices; but the chief stimulants are coffee or *sorbets*, and drunkenness is practically unknown within their doors." There is fierce gambling in cards or dominoes, with two lumps of sugar for stakes, perpetual talk, perpetual laughter, that easy friendliness and familiarity which Matthew Arnold laboured to exalt to his fellow countrymen as the excellent side of the "café-haunting, dominoes-playing Frenchman," and laboured in vain. Out and beyond the little lights of these little centres, where men huddle together for companionship and the arrest of fear, stretch the realities of difficult, elemental things. It is a land studded with the ruins of all the past, with every rock and stone testifying to the once puissant emotion of extravagant human endeavour. Here is a manor house dismantled, as it has stood for a hundred years, or a round tower testifying to the fury of the Huguenot wars, or the cloister of a deserted monastery, with the ivy and nettle flung over its crumbling arches, and "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" defiantly daubed on its walls, or a wayside shrine, before which the flowers are withered, to whom none is so poor as to do reverence. And behind (again) this human background to the present is the record of man's achievement in a magnificent past, is that Nature which judges, with compassion, if with a kind of abiding irony, alike the present's tranquillity and comfort and the past's hungry ardours; in the afternoon sunshine with its clear white radiance illuminating the long white streets of the little white villages deserted by all but the very young and the very old; in the tall poplars and quick clear rivers, and opulent earth, which responds to the efforts of man to compel it fruitful increase; in those diverse seas and oceans which beat around its long, wave-beaten shores; in the silence and vast spaces of its starlit night. Out of such a play of forces, to-day still challenged by the hope and fire of yesterday; existence occupied with labour, sorrow, and joy, a determination to "make the best of it" between dawn and sunset, and the dignity that comes from possession, and a readiness to defend that possession to the death, has the France of to-day been born.

"The Frenchman of to-day," declares Mr. Prothero, "has overleaped the stage of imaginative romance which separates the child from the man." He finds illustration in one of the quieter streams which water that delightful country of Touraine, wandering so peacefully between tall trees through the rich, warm soil, beneath the shadow of low, vine-covered hills. "It flows through centres of human life, caring for no other world than that of man. Easy of access, keenly alive to external impression, suffering no passing object to escape the alertness of its notice, quick to reflect on its surface the most passing lights and ephemeral shadows, it will never achieve a romantic end by precipitating itself from a precipice." Just as the average Englishman remains, "if not a schoolboy, an undergraduate," so the "average Frenchman remains, in many respects, a child." He never feels the personal sense of the ludicrous. He has no perception of incongruities. "He cannot understand the meaning of the word 'prig,' because at no time, though often self-important, does he take the serious view of life, or of his part in it, the precocious conception of which distinguishes that variety of the human race." "It is as a child that he can take delight in simple, almost infant-like, pleasures, that he enjoys himself freely, and often selfishly, expresses his emotions openly, whether of joy, pleasure, affection, or rage, and walks in processions as if he were part of a pageant, not as if he were a shame-faced criminal." This frankness and indifference go far to explain a divergent point of view, which will probably never be reconciled or even, by the general on both sides, understood. "If he is immoral," says Mr. Prothero, "he is so frankly, and without disguise; he bangs the front door noisily as he goes or returns, while the Englishman, shoes in hand, lets himself out and in with a latch key, and, probably, officiates next morning at family prayers." And this child element, Mr. Prothero might have added, is responsible for that ultimate survival of something incalculable, manifesting itself in astonishing heroisms, energies, and brutalities which exist beneath a life apparently fashioned for an unending succession of comfort, security, and repose. In the midst of these tiny, pleasant cities, with their green-shuttered white houses, or set in large villages where the weeds and wild grasses encamp in the untrodden street, the traveller will come upon sudden visions of strong compelling things, the twin towers of the Cathedral of Séez rising from the apple orchards of Normandy, the flying buttresses and brown cascade of chapels in the central square at Le Mans, the huge height and splendour of the great church at Bourges, dominating the level, peaceful plain below. Seeing these, and the descendants of those who once fashioned them, the traveller will recognise also a force dormant, but still unsubdued, in a people who to-day seem content with quietness, but to-morrow may once again find the necessity laid upon them to voyage forth into uncharted seas, once more to assail the boundaries of man's effort, once more, in the collapse of such high enterprise, to stamp with an epic the pages of human history.

THE ONLOOKER'S RISK.

Literature demands an audience, and art a spectator, for, enviable as his subject would be, the last man left on earth will neither compose the epic of humanity nor adorn the vacant palace he has chosen with frescoes of our crumbling wrecks. No artist or poet could work without hope of rousing emotion like his own in some kindred soul, and the kindred soul of an ideal listener

or spectator must have a peculiar quality of its own. Some have thought that if only all the world painted or wrote poetry, then art or letters would triumph in accomplishment. But, indeed, it is very doubtful. Artists are too much engrossed in their own work to judge of art, writers never read, and as for learning, it would be a precarious enlightenment for professors to take in each other's lectures. No one went to Thackeray for an appreciation of Dickens, Tolstoy and Tourgénieff could hardly sit in the same room without biting, and Carlyle compared a great poet's splendour to the sewage of Sodom.

For the complete reader and the ideal contemplator of the arts a certain negligence and detachment appear needful, an unprofessional freshness, something that perhaps Kant meant when he said that art must be "ohne Interesse"—without personal interest or desire. Quick to sympathise, ready for anything, clever, and untrammeled by "parti pris"—such is the man best fitted to enjoy the artist in form or word. To take an instance; we all know Mr. Lewis Hind's books, their happy appreciation, their open-hearted ease, their equal freedom from pedantry and from spite. Whether he is adventuring among pictures, or statues, or books, there we have the spirit of the real spectator, the genuine listener to words. Quite serious in the pursuit of beauty, but mercifully preserved from boredom, and never doctrinaire in consistency, he comes fresh and radiant to any style, provided it is good. A gallery full of him, a theatre full of him, a future abounding in his like—what a pleasing reward for any artist or other master of imaginative things!

It is a delightful gift, this appreciative power, and almost as necessary for art as the artist himself, being, as it were, the air he breathes. In his new book, "The Diary of a Looker-On" (Eveleigh Nash), Mr. Lewis Hind is as lavish of its charm as ever, and dispenses his Treasure of the Humble with fine generosity. He is full of understanding and of sympathy, he expands to any ray of power, and for the great masters—why, he takes them all to his heart. In catholicity and personal delight in genius, he reminds one of Cleon's lines:

> "I have not chanted verse like Homer, no—
> Nor swept string like Terpander, no—nor carved
> And painted men like Pheidias and his friend:
> I am not great as they are, point by point,
> But I have entered into sympathy
> With these four, running these into one soul,
> Who, separate, ignored each other's arts.
> Say, is it nothing that I know them all?"

There is the charm of the ideal spectator again, and we feel the pleasure of the open mind, just guided by a trained instinct for the best. The ideal spectator, as we have seen, is essential for art. Why is it, then, that the mention of Cleon, that faultless looker-on, suggests a danger as well as a charm?

Let us take another side of Mr. Lewis Hind's work, of which there are many excellent specimens in the present book. As he has often shown before, it pleases him to appear as a looker-on in life as well as in art. He likes to take some common scene, some incident that crosses his leisurely path—one of "life's little things," as he called it in the title of an earlier book—and to indicate its strangeness, to point out its queer contrasts, or to reveal the secret emotion hidden there. At a Maeterlinck play he shows us the average man pleased to win half-a-crown off his mate by a bet whether the dramatist is alive or dead. In a scene called "Faith" he shows us the overwhelming belief of a poor Cornish preacher contrasted with the eternity of the stars. In an admirable sketch called "Tramps," he shows us the simplicity of simple people contrasted with himself. In a motor rushing to London, he is haunted persistently by Bishop Creighton's words, "To me the one supreme object of life is, and always has been, to draw near to God."

It is all excellently done. The writer is the psychologist of the commonplace, seeking to reveal the soul that lies so close below the surface of every day, and his revelation nearly always "comes off." We are grateful to him, all the more when we remember Maeterlinck's saying about the many people whose one aim is to discourage the divine element in their soul. Our only protest is that life is not a picture-gallery, nor a book of verses under a hedge. It would be very comforting if it were. But as things stand, we cannot do with very many lookers-on in the battle. That the looker-on sees most of the game is a familiar fallacy, but the Irish add the needed sting when they say, "The best hurler is always in the ditch," or the English, when they say, "Old maids' children are the best"; and the Greek had a line, "Preachers go light whose foot is free from care." This charming air of detachment, this luxury of sympathetic emotion that stands aloof and looks at a thing, and feels how interesting it is, and says so, is very enviable, and we enjoy it now and then from the hand of a master of the passing mood. But it is insufficient when we are "dry with rage and extreme toil." It might become too much like that neat and trimly dressed lord who came, fresh as a bridegroom, upon Hotspur in the field and counselled parmaceti as the sovereignest thing in life for an inward bruise.

Take two passages that reveal the risk run by amateurs in life. After going down the Thames in a County Council steamer, the author writes:—

> "Yes; the voyage was worth twopence. I had been in touch with those who go down to the sea in ships. I had caught at the emotion that the poet felt,"

and the quotation follows.

Or again, having heard a girl sing something of Christina Rossetti's, and in the same room conversed with a sportsman and golfer, Mr. Hind concludes:—

> "To whom am I most in debt? She aroused my emotions, he my interest. She took her heart in her hand, he his gun. I, who do neither, encounter them, look on, and enjoy both."

That is the natural attitude of the looker-on, and we cannot complain when he assumes it. We admit its charm and its temptation. It is the attitude of thousands who lose themselves in aesthetic delight over religions they do not believe in. We can only say again that these second-hand and reflected emotions appear insufficient compared to the possessing passion of those whose heart and soul and bodily senses are involved upon some great issue in the conflict of existence. It was a harsh law in Athens that fined the man who belonged to neither party in the State, but one can discern its meaning. When the battle is joined, the dilettante should run away, and among the thunder of the captains and the shouting the best place for the "mugwump" is underground. We know the fate of those who had no hope of death—whom neither hell nor heaven would receive, because they stood neither for God nor for his enemies. And we suppose the fate of those who wish to stand about equally for both would be much the same.

When a thing has been well said, it is not done, and all is never over with the shouting. In the thick of battle we want soldiers so engrossed in victory that they feel no wounds, and lose the outworks of their being without a pang. A similar absorption, an asceticism that sheds many possibilities, seems essential for all greatness. We turn to the deaf musician, to the men who, like linnets, sang the better for their blindness, to the prophet whose book kept him thin for many years, to the impassioned jester who made his bed a sentry-post of freedom, or to the exiles and excommunicated of Russia. Such are the men whose words are half battles, because, if doomed to go, like the Happy Warrior, in company with pain, and fear, and bloodshed, they turn their necessity to glorious gain—like the Happy Warrior

> "Who, if he be called upon to face,
> Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
> Is happy as a Lover; and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired."

But we seem to have come a long way from the looker-on, and we do not wish to part distantly from a writer so perceptive, so urbane, and capable of giving and receiving so much pleasure. Let us conclude with a characteristic scene and saying from his own book. He describes how, riding in Wales, he came upon a preacher's cottage, lonely among hills and rain and miry roads.

"How does he stand the monotony?" he asked his companion. "The Bible is to him the Word of God," was the answer. "He lives to preach it. There is no monotony when all life is one great desire." There it is. Most onlookers in life are possessed by no one great desire to save them from monotony—a monotony of borrowed and detached sensations.

THE WILD BEE.

A LARGE share of the damage done by such an uncertain Spring as this falls on and through the wild bee. Our big banded humble bee came from her hibernaculum soon after the middle of March. On fine days we saw members of her species fanning the dead leaves in the wood as they searched likely crannies for nesting sites. The sallows were putting out silver "palm," and here and there an early tree was soon decked with the fully opened golden tassels. But from that day to this, hours propitious for humble bee and sallow at the same time have been extraordinarily few. Cold winds have forbidden flight to the bees, and milder winds have been so boisterous as to make settlement on the blooms a matter of difficulty and annoyance. A portion of Nature's machinery has been out of gear. The insect cog has failed to catch at the right place, and though the blossom wheel cannot be said to have whirred on, it has, nevertheless, moved ahead of the opportunities of the humble bee.

A cold snap in the midst of bright hours is a matter of comparative indifference to the hive bee who knows precisely where to go for a sure shelter. The humble bee in all probability burns her boats when she comes forth from her winter retreat. She will only regain that retreat by chance when searching for an extempore shelter. When the shower or the cold chill comes, she must find quickly what bivouac she can. The under side of a bough will do for a short shower, but if it turns to drizzle and is followed by a night of frost, the vigil may prove fatal. In her winter sleep she can withstand a wonderful amount of cold, but she cannot re-enter such a sleep on an empty stomach without making it the sleep of death. Yet somehow she manages. When the sun comes out again and the sallows are odorous in still air, there is the humble bee large and fit, loudly droning as she goes about her work. And on sunny banks, there she is looking for the hole already selected for a nest, but not yet so well known that she can go to it "in a bee line."

The bees probably come forth in successive squads as the early flowers do. The pioneer of mid-March is as likely to have been slain by the cold winds as the pioneer wallflower blossom to be cut off by an extra sharp frost. England is perhaps a few million humble bees worse off than might have been the case if they had been called when the first honey-harvest was ready, and had found the Spring faithful to her promise. A few million now mean a few score millions to the worse when the more important blossoms of early summer are to be fertilised, and autumn may lack an incalculable tonnage of seed and fruit because those two wheels of Nature missed a tooth or two in the latter half of March.

How many people have told us that the humble bee does not sting? Perhaps ten for every sting we received from them when in boyhood we used to harry their nests for the mere fun of it. Undoubtedly the worker humble bee of summer stings, the yellow-headed carder, the big ground bumble and the red-tailed one worst of all. But what of the queen bee of spring? There is *a priori* argument to show why she may be unarmed. The drone bee of the hive does not sting, and the bee books allow us to suppose that the queen is of the same disposition if not the same incapacity. We are told by some bee authorities, though not by all, that when two queens are fighting, and come to a pass when to sting would be doubly fatal, they lose hold and take a fresh grip. Another writer will cheerfully speak of the battle ending with a sting, and Maeterlinck makes her stab again and again at her rival, through the wax of the queen cell; but somehow there is a suspicion that imagination has helped out observation. On the other hand, we have seen it stated in cold and responsible print that the sting of the worker bee is a transformer ovipositor, a claim that amounts to saying that the bee that lays eggs cannot sting.

There is only one way of making certain, or, at any rate, of proving, the affirmative, namely, by getting stung. So we pluck up courage each year and catch these early queens in the hand, as they sip the sallow blooms or the flowering currant. But we have not the full hardiness of the investigator. We can catch them but we cannot hold them. A second or two seem like eternity, and there is scarcely time for the most active of queens to see for herself whether she can sting or not before the hand opens itself and allows her to fly out. It seems to us that it would be far easier to stare at the sun till we became blind, as Newton is said to have done, than to hold a bee in the hand till we got stung. Only one out of dozens of these tentative experiments has resulted in a sting. But that was not certainly a queen bee. On the one hand, the month was June and the bee was caught from an acre of rhododendron blossom; on the other hand, it was two thousand feet above sea level in North Derbyshire. On the whole, we believe that even up there the queens were beginning to stay at home, and that their half-daughters were working the rhododendrons.

The bees on the sallow are all of the banded or the red-tailed kind. Not far away is a patch of red dead-nettle on a piece of land that was used as a garden last year. Always the red dead-nettle seems to find out these spots of dug land. If we turned up a piece miles from a human habitation we should expect to find an abundant crop of dead-nettle following ours of peas or potatoes. And on the pink blossoms we should expect to find the same bees that are so busy on our patch by the sallow bush. At first sight they are the yellow-headed social bees. But their yellow is greyer and more silky, though rather more sparse, and these bees are not working. They are darting about from one blossom to another in an evident spirit of hedonism. They seem to be filling in the time while they are waiting for something to turn up. They are not honest bees at all, but cuckoos. They are waiting for honest black Anthophora with the yellow legs, whom they intend to make responsible for the upbringing of their offspring.

Black Anthophora is unlucky enough to have a yellow husband, and it seems to be a matter of difficulty for her to know when she is wooed by him and when pursued by one of these wretched cuckoos. We see her sometimes pursued in the neighbourhood of the dead-nettles by five or six yellowish insects, one of which may be a legitimate wooer, but the bulk of which are certainly adventurers, or worse. Again, we see her coming to the hole she has prepared as a nest in a brick wall, and close behind her comes a grey attendant. The first time you see this happen in bright sunshine, you think that there is a grey bee flying near the wall and its black shadow cast before it. We do not believe that Anthophora's husband would follow her to a place where he would be so keenly reminded of that hated subject—work. That grey shadow is no doubt the cuckoo, intent on getting her egg within the nest of the black host. Probably the cuckoo does not enter the hole in the other's absence as most other cuckoos do. She piles indignity on injury by dashing in and laying an instantaneous egg on the other's back, so that she herself carries that to the nest that shall make all her labour vain. For though sometimes there is food enough for both cuckoo and lawful grub, we suspect that more usually the latter is starved for the interloper's benefit. Certainly the cuckoos are this year as ten to one of the Anthophora.

These are but one or two of the bees of Spring. Several species of Andrena are beginning to come forth from their eleven months' rest under the lawn, and are digging galleries in it as their mothers did before them. Their cuckoos will be there also by the time they are carrying in the pollen on which Andrena grubs or cuckoo Nomada, as the fates determine, will feed. We are looking, too, for the re-appearance of the more notable

Osmia, whose mud nest, plastered on the house-wall last summer, has defied all the weather of winter as well as the best cement mortar might do. Within, sleep the nymphs that are to form this year's generation of Osmia, or (if the cuckoo we saw hovering there last summer has been successful) this summer's generation of wasplike Epeolus. For the hive bee, industrious and clever as she is, has sprung from queer stock. Some cannot carry their industry beyond the point of providing for a grub or two that will not be born till the mother is dead; others can just carry on through the summer and leave scattered daughters somehow to survive the winter and the more terrible untimely spring; while, in a third set, industry has disappeared and cleverness has run to parasitism. "Go to the bee, thou sluggard" is no more sound advice than "Go to the ant," unless the species to be imitated is very particularly named.

Letters from Abroad.

PARTIES IN THE PRUSSIAN ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

THE successful enforcement of the two Bills that put the vitality of Prince Bülow's *bloc* policy on trial, viz., the law on associations and public assemblies, and the Stock Exchange law, suggests to a certain extent the result of the elections to the Prussian Diet now fixed for the month of June. It looks as if in the composition of this influential body no change of any importance was to be expected.

As a rule there is not much of a fight at the Prussian elections. The three-class system, combined with the public voting, takes the spirit of straightforward fighting away from the whole thing. It is a battle of intrigues, rather than of discussion. Even at the time of the greatest excitement, and when no Reichstag existed to divert the interest of the people, *i.e.*, in the years of the struggle about the constitutional rights of the Diet, much less than half of the electorate went to the poll at all. The highest percentage of voting was recorded in 1862, when 34·3 per cent. of the voters took part in the election. From then the percentage fell to less than 20 during several decades, until in 1903, in a considerable number of divisions, the Socialists entered the field. But even their intervention could not raise the average of the country above a poll of 23·62 per cent. of those entitled to vote.

This low average, which makes the Prussian Diet the mere travesty of a House representing the nation, is in the first instance due to the abstention of those belonging to the third class of the electorate. It is they who in their great majority don't care to vote. And their disinclination is easily understood. They form five-sixths of the electorate, and their total voting power is only a third, against the two privileged classes. These two can, at the election of the members, always annihilate their vote. Why then risk prosecution or vexation by voting in public before a registrar who enters the vote in a list open to those in power? The whole system is calculated to disgust people with their vote.

There were at the last election (1903) in Prussia:—

Electors of the First Class	...	238,845, or	3·36 per cent. of the whole.
,, ,, Second Class	...	856,914, or	12·07 ,, ,,
,, ,, Third Class	...	6,006,204, or	84·57 ,, ,,
Total of the Electorate	...	7,101,963	100 per cent.

Even of the first-class voters not quite one half—viz., 49·24 per cent.—went to the poll. Of the second class the actual voters were 34·27 per cent., little more than a third, and of the third class only 21·18 per cent., little more than a fifth, cared to take part in the election. Much more could be said to prove the vileness of the system, but these facts alone will, I suppose, suffice.

The first-class electors and the second class electors are in most divisions in their great majority either Liberals or Conservatives. As long as these two political groups fight each other, the vote of the third class elector is of some importance, since it may change the balance in favour of the one of the two that otherwise would be beaten. But if they agree to share up the seats between them beforehand, the vote of the third class electors would, as far as the composition of the Diet is concerned, be practically worthless. They might as well have no votes at all.

Now this is precisely what is very likely to happen in a good many of the divisions this time. In some of them matters will be arranged from the outset between Liberals and Conservatives, in others there will be some competition, but no fighting worth the name. All of which is greatly facilitated by the fact that, with the exception of the provinces annexed in 1866, and a few newly-created divisions, the divisions elect either two or three members. Parties are almost compelled to compromise. In former years the Freisinnige at least entered the fight with a free hand, and took their choice between the other parties after the election of the Wahlmänner—or members of the electoral college. Thus a compromise between the Freisinnige and the Socialists was still theoretically possible. But this time the Freisinnige are almost in the same way allied to the Conservatives or the national Liberals. Here and there they will fight them in a very tame fashion, but they will always be ready to support them against the Socialists wherever a ballot between the two may become necessary.

This is the situation as already visibly outlined. The democratic stalwarts of the Freisinnige, courageous Dr. Barth and his friends, have done their very best to stir up a movement inside the party against the *bloc* policy, and at one moment it looked as if they would succeed. The way the Conservatives obstructed the Stock Exchange Bill made the blood of the tamest of the Stock Exchange gentry boil, and the latter are of great influence in the councils of the Freisinnige. But then a compromise was brought about by the aid of some National Liberals who had conferred with Bülow. The Conservatives agreed to give the Stock Exchange freedom if the Freisinnige would sacrifice the Corn Exchange, and this settled the fate of Herr Barth's agitation. He still holds large meetings, but with this electoral system meetings don't settle things. It is the party machinery that decides, and this latter is in the hands of his strongest opponents.

Nor can it be denied that the passing of the two above-named Bills has justified their policy in the eyes of many people formerly in doubt about it. Both Bills contain very objectionable things. The language prescriptions in the Association Bill are as infamous as they are stupid, and the sacrifice of the Corn Exchange in order to save the Stock Exchange can—if we accept the view of the Bible—almost be compared to the sacrifice of Jesus in order to set Barabbas free. A free Corn Exchange is under present circumstances surely of much greater interest for the people at large than a free Stock Exchange. But the restrictions under which the Stock Exchange smarted were in their way also harmful to the nation, for they contributed much to keep the rate of interest high, and if the Reichstag had rejected the Association Law because of the languages clause, Prussia—the Freisinnige say in defence of their conduct—would have been free to enact much more severe restrictions in that respect, and would have done it, as everybody must know who knows the mind of the Prussian Government in regard to the Poles. As it is, the Association Law has at least the advantage of taking the decisions about associations and public meetings away from the States, the greatest of which are tied with a restricted suffrage, and of putting them under the control of the Empire, whose Parliament—the Reichstag—is elected on a democratic franchise.

To give the devil his due, and to paint things not blacker than they are, I have to admit that there is something to be said for these excuses. Re-action in our days likes to proceed on the sly, adorned with some nice-looking patches of progressive reform which make people afraid of assaulting it lest the attack might damage the seductive attire. There are, indeed, a few good points in the new association law. It gives women full freedom in regard to political movements, it facilitates meetings in the open air, which is of importance for the workers in the smaller places where they very rarely can find decent halls for their demonstrating assemblies, and

it does away with several tiresome and sometimes hampering prescriptions of the old Prussian law. On the other hand, the Poles retain their full rights in regard to political associations and to public meetings at election times. Even in ordinary times overflow meetings in fenced yards or gardens will, according to the new law, be freed from the general restrictions concerning meetings in the open air. To be short, progressive and reactionary provisions are so interwoven in the measure that the average non-political man finds himself nonplussed as to its real character. Apart from the Poles, very few people feel strongly about it.

This is the great difficulty of our democratic Radicals who try to educate the broader-minded middle-classes to resolute resistance against the combined rule of bureaucrats, agrarians, and protectionist manufacturers. There is no deep and passionate feeling amongst these classes. Even if a speaker with such gifts of eloquence as Herr Barth succeeds in making them understand the dangers of the present policy of small alms and no thorough reform, the political small traders come afterwards and tell them so much of profits and losses that they lose heart again and prefer the safe policy of compromise before the battle.

This is the moral of the opening of the election movement. The democratic Radicals have adherents all over the country, but they are mostly but small groups of idealogues who are shunted aside by those who hold the strings of the Freisinnige, and who have succeeded in winning over some otherwise gifted and honest men for their policy of barter. In fact, the Freisinnige are to-day only a section of the National Liberals, and some papers already talk jubilantly about a revival of the fruitful days when National Liberalism as a big party carried the most important legislative measures in Parliament. They forget that at the time in question —the 'seventies of the nineteenth century—the National Liberals and the Progressists together had a clear majority in both Parliaments, whilst now they number in the Reichstag less, and in the Prussian Diet very little more, than a fourth of the members. In the Prussian Diet the two sections of the Conservative Party hold almost half the seats, and with their present policy the Liberals will at best wrest a dozen or two from them, who are their good neighbours in the Bülow *bloc*. To destroy the power of the Conservatives would, as shown above, require an alliance of the Liberals and Socialists, and of such an abomination both sections of official Liberalism will not hear. Nor is the idea popular with the Socialistic masses.

The Socialists have, however, entered the field and mean to fight with more vigour than ever. Except a few divisions, where in consequence of the social structure of the population, wage-earners and their adherents belong in large numbers to the second-class electorate, the three-class system precludes them from winning seats. But this will in no way diminish their fighting spirit. They conceive the battle, in the first instance, as a fight for the removal of the three-class system and the other iniquities of the present franchise law. They will make the electoral fight an impressive demonstration for universal suffrage, and it looks as if in this they will have a good many of those workers at their side who, until now, have been the patient armour-bearers of the different middle-class parties.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, April 13th.

Contemporaries.

OSMAN DIGNA.

TEN years have passed since Mahdism came to its end. Its death was greater than its life. Who has forgotten even now the story of its euthanasia? Defeated, abandoned, and pursued, the Khalifa, with his Emirs round him, turned to confront their hunters, knelt on their praying-mats in the desert, and waited, praising the greatness of God, their faces to Mecca and the enemy, while the bullets mowed them down.

I saw the scene rehearsed the other day by one who had survived the act of faith. An old man now, with white beard sharply outlined against an almost ebony skin, his fine features and lithe, tall form told of his Arab descent. The fragment of an arm hung at his side, to remind him of that tremendous moment. He told his tale with the smile of a child, and the brevity of a soldier. "There were the English, and here were we, with the Khalifa in our midst. We got down from our camels. He gave the word and led our prayers"—and here the old man fell on his knees and prostrated himself before Allah, and the shower of lead which his old ears still heard around him. "They were all killed, and I was wounded."

"And why," I asked, "did you do it?"

"It was the hour of prayer."

The answer, I think, was finer than the deed. It robbed it of the colour of the theatre in which history has painted it. Those Arab chieftains were not posing before heaven and the enemy. They had no thought of making a superb end. The hour of prayer had come, and they knelt as habit and ritual prescribed. They had knelt before in rain-storms and dust-storms. They knelt as simply amid the infidel bullets.

It was in a prison that I heard the tale. A sentry stood at the door with fixed bayonet, and the gaoler listened at my side with a tolerant smile. The British public consigned the Khalifa and his Emirs to the temple of fame. The Egyptian War Office buried the survivors in the prison of Damietta. Gaunt and forbidding, it stands beside a hospital and a court-house in a bleak enclosure beside the Nile. There is in all Egypt no damper or colder place than this decaying sea-port among the swamps. One prisoner had died—"of the damp," his brother said. Another, who used to sit all day beside a brazier, has been transferred to a prison in the South. Seven remain, counting the years of their exile, and hoping faintly for release.

One by one I visited their rooms. Each room housed a family which boasts its princely rank. The stone floor was neatly sanded, the bare walls irreproachably whitewashed. Each room had its little truckle beds, and its platform on which the prisoner's wife sat cross-legged with her babies round her. Every morning the children of captivity sally out to the freedom of school, and their parents watch behind the bayonet of the sentinel for their return. A paternal Government is teaching scientific agriculture to the boys, and some have already received posts in the Soudan. The parents count the uneventful years. The routine of the prison is rarely broken. Sometimes, they told me, they are allowed to sun themselves in the doorway. From three in the afternoon till sundown they may walk in the courtyard. Occasionally, at Bairam, a relative is allowed by special permission of the War Office to visit their prison. They do not smoke; they play no games, rigid Puritans that they are. Reading is not for them in the category of pleasures. I asked if they had any pastimes. They answered gravely and without affectation, "We say our prayers."

Who are they, these untried prisoners, who are expiating an indefinite sentence, soldiers to whom no parole has been offered? Six belong to the Baggara tribe; two are cousins of the Khalifa; one is the son of his designated successor. Two are now old men, beyond the age when men dream of raids and revolts. Four were mere lads when the prison doors closed upon them. They have ripened and married and bred children in captivity. One of the four was a boy of twelve when first he was captured; the other three ranged from fifteen to twenty. They are prisoners, not for any part which they can have played in the bloody past, but simply because they reckon their descent from the Mahdi's Emirs. The memory of the angry past is already faint in their minds, and no spiritual exaltation sustains them. They stood together in the corridor as I took leave of them, a file of broken and submissive men. In a sort of chorus they solemnly renounced all faith in the Mahdi. Latterly, indeed, they told me, even in the days of the Khalifa, they had ceased to believe that he was a Prophet. They had followed the Khalifa simply as kinsmen and loyal clansmen. For the rest, as they put it, "Has not the Soudan become even as Egypt, and is not the English Government our father?" Recollecting a certain answer to a question in the House of Commons, I inquired if they did not dread the vengeance of their private enemies, for that,

I believe, is now the pretext for their imprisonment. No, they answered; their relatives in the Soudan are safe; why should they fear?

There was yet a seventh prisoner, the most famous of them all—Osman Digna. We paused at his door, and the gaoler, peering cautiously through the peep-hole, bade us wait, for the old man was at prayer. He rose at length—a tall, gaunt figure, stately in his white robe and simple turban. Courteous, yet taciturn, he answered my questions curtly and with indifferent negatives. He was well and vigorous. He complained of nothing. He asked for nothing, not even liberty. I began to despair of gaining his confidence. Neither wife nor child shared his captivity. A single book, carefully folded in a threadbare linen cover, gave the only clue to his occupations. "He eats," whispered the gaoler, "only once a day, and does not mix with the other prisoners." He was talking now more rapidly to my interpreter, and his hoarse, guttural voice betrayed a note of excitement. A series of unintelligible questions reached me, one after the other. "What Government was it which held him prisoner?" "What is the place you call a prison?" "He has something to say," whispered the interpreter; "let him talk."

"In the years before the Mahdi arose," the hoarse, eager voice was saying, "the world walked in ignorance and darkness. It had forgotten God, and nowhere was the Law obeyed. The Book was forgotten, and even the Sultan ruled by man-made laws. Are not the Laws by which men should walk set forth in the Koran? Yet the Sultan had made laws of his own invention for the government of the earth. Then God spoke to the Mahdi, and he arose, the Prophet whose coming is foretold in the Book. The Mahdi summoned the Sultan to obedience, saying, 'Arise, and repent, and rule by the Law of the Book.' If the Sultan had obeyed, the Mahdi would have retired, and spent the rest of his life in prayer. But the Sultan would not hear, neither would the Egyptians transmit the message.

"Now, when God saw the disobedience of the Sultan, and that he ruled by man-made laws, and would not hearken to the voice of the Mahdi, His Prophet, he sent a scourge to punish the Turks and the Egyptians. That scourge was the English. They have taken Egypt. It is the Lord's judgment on Sultan Abdul Hamid."

Here the old man paused. Rising to his full height, he spoke again, his voice clear and authoritative at last. "Know, too," he went on, "that I also am a Prophet, the interpreter of God, even as you are the interpreter of this Englishman." He clutched his throat. "The voice is mine, but the words I speak are the words which God has given me. To me, Osman Digna, is given a message. I am a Prophet, even as Mohamet was a Prophet. My commission from God came to me from the hands of the Mahdi. I went to him at Kordofan, where he was with the Khalifa, when I heard that the English were coming from India, and the Mahdi made me his equal. He gave me a letter, and sealed it with his seal, and in the letter was written, 'Let him who obeys us, obey you, and let him who honours us, honour you also.' Thus he did that the prophecy might be fulfilled, and the Book obeyed. For it is written, 'We sent unto them two apostles, but they charged them with imposture. Wherefore we strengthened them with a third.' (Koran, Sura 36.) I am that third.

"Then it was that the Mahdi gave me this Book" (he snatched the old linen-covered Koran from his bed), "and bade me keep it, and rule by it, and restore its Law to the earth.

"I am a prisoner. But I hold the Book. To whom shall I transmit the Book which is the very Law of God?" (He held it in his sinuous brown fingers, as Moses might have held the tablets when he came down from Sinai—a man of the same race, living in the same communion with God, untroubled by the march of the centuries and the decay of faith.) "To whom shall I transmit it? To the Sultan? To the Khedive? To the King of the English? Nay, but God has taken care of His Book. Am I not the prisoner of the English? Is not the Book in their care and charge?

"Hear, then, my message. God has chosen out the English, for he saw that they are the strongest. He has ordered the world to walk after the ordinances of His Book. He has placed His Book and His Prophet in the keeping of the English. The Lord has ordered the English to spread Islam, and to destroy its foes. The English are now the prophets of Islam. Hear the voice of God. It is written in the Book, 'The Lord chose out Adam and Abraham.' I say unto you, 'The Lord has chosen the English.' Are they not the first in war? Have they not captured the Book and imprisoned its Prophet? Let the Egyptians be humble before them"—he glowered at his gaoler—"they are Moslems only by the permission of the English. So is my mission ended. I have waited for this day. I have transmitted my message by your hand to the English people. I am happy, for my message is spoken."

The old man was silent at last. The centuries had rolled backwards in his white-washed cell. I had seen Sinai and Mecca, and talked with a patriarch who was young with Moses, and contemporary with Mahomet. He had wrestled with facts and destiny, and woven from it a philosophy of history, as naïve and as cogent as Daniel's. "In the beginning was the word." "In the beginning was the fact." Osman Digna is of Faust's opinion. The English are his fact. He has found a place for us in his scheme of things.

We came rapidly down from Sinai. The gaoler was looking impatiently at his watch. The six dervishes were waiting anxiously at the door. They assured me that they regarded the pretensions of the Prophet with abhorrence. They believed, indeed, that he was mad. For two years he had been imprisoned in solitude. Then they were allowed to see him; but for twenty months he lay on his bed and spoke to no one. Then he began to talk of his message; the Government must not blame them.

Nine years of prison have done their work. The little men have grown servile. The great man is mad.

"I fought against him in the Soudan," said the gaoler, as we left the prison. "He was a wonderful soldier—just like De Wet. Is De Wet also in prison?"

"No, Captain, De Wet is not in prison. De Wet is a Minister of the Crown."

H. N. Brailsford.

Poetry.

THE GYPSIES' ROAD.

I shall go on the gypsies' road,
The road that has no ending;
For the sedge is brown on the lone lake side,
The wild geese eastward tending.

I shall go as the unfettered wave,
From shore to shore, forgetting
The grief that lies 'neath a roof-tree's shade,
The years that bring regretting.

No law shall dare my wandering stay,
No man my acres measure;
The world was made for the gypsies' feet,
The winding road for pleasure.

And I shall drift as the pale leaf strayed,
Whither the wild wind listed.
I shall sleep in the dark of the hedge,
'Neath rose and thorn entwisted.

This was a call in the heart of the night,
A whispering dream's dear treasure.
"The world was made for the Nomads' feet,
The winding road for pleasure."

I stole at dawn from my roof-tree's shade,
And the cares that it did cover;
I flew to the heart of the fierce north wind,
As a maid will greet her lover.

But a thousand hands did draw me back
And bid me to their tending;
I may not go on the gypsies' road—
The road that has no ending.

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

READERS of THE NATION will be pleased to hear that a collection of the prose sketches contributed by Mr. John Galsworthy to our columns, together with some additional pieces, is to be published next month by Mr. Grant Richards. The title will be "A Commentary." Mr. Galsworthy describes his book as an effort to point out social evils, and the forces that make against their betterment.

* * *

MR. JOHN MURRAY'S new list is particularly strong in biography. Besides the memoirs of Colonel Saunderson and of the fifth Duke of Newcastle, already announced in these columns, we are to have "The Life of Sir William Russell," by Mr. J. B. Atkins, "The Military Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Sir Joseph Thackwell," by Colonel H. C. Wylly, and a life of Baldassare Castiglione, by Mrs. Ady (Julia Cartwright). Sir William Russell was, of course, the pioneer and most distinguished of war correspondents. He followed every campaign of importance from the Danish War in 1850 to the Egyptian campaign of 1882. His diaries and private correspondence, which have been placed at Mr. Atkins' disposal, should be full of interest, for Russell was a writer of great power of description and lively humour. His services to truth and humanity in the Crimean War need no panegyric; they represent one of the great feats of independent journalism.

* * *

SIR JOSEPH THACKWELL was a cavalry officer, who saw a great deal of active service both on the Continent and in India, and as he kept a diary from the time when he entered the service until his death, the account of his life by Colonel Wylly should be of considerable historical value. Thackwell was in the 15th Hussars during the Corunna campaign, at Vittoria, and at Waterloo. He was selected for the command of the cavalry division during the Afghan War, the Gwalior campaign, and both the wars against the Sikhs, and was also second in command to Lord Gough in the army of the Punjab.

* * *

IN Count Baldassare Castiglione, Mrs. Ady has an excellent subject. Apart from his famous work, "The Courtier," which is an Italian classic, and one of the most characteristic prose works of the Italian Renaissance, Castiglione's career was one of peculiar interest. Attaching himself early in life to the brilliant Court of Urbino, he was sent by the Duke as ambassador to Henry VIII., who made him a Knight of the Garter. He was afterwards ambassador at the Vatican in the days of Leo X., and was sent as nuncio to Charles V., showing great talent and dexterity. After the sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon in 1527, he took refuge in Spain, where he lived until his death. His letters—many of which in the Vatican library are to be published for the first time in the coming biography—throw a flood of light on the tangled diplomatic relations of the age. It is, however, to "The Courtier" that he owes his fame. An English version, by Sir Thomas Hoby, appeared in 1561. It was received with universal applause, and exercised a marked influence on the English writers of the later sixteenth century, including Sir Philip Sidney.

* * *

IT would be hard to say whether more books upon Napoleon or upon the Stuarts have made their appearance during the last few seasons. Both subjects are engaging enough, and as fresh material upon both is continually coming to light, it is not surprising that they have been so much written about. The latest announcement of interest connected with the Stuarts is that Miss Alice Shield is engaged upon a book dealing with the life and times of Henry Stuart, Cardinal of York, the Jacobite Henry IX., and one of the best representatives of his unlucky house. It will be remembered that Miss Shield is joint author with Mr. Andrew Lang of "The King Over the Water," a fresh and scholarly contribution to Jacobite history. The volume will be issued by Messrs. Longmans.

* * *

A MORE than ordinarily interesting colour-book, "The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew," is promised by Messrs. Cassell for the early autumn. Mr. W. J. Bean, the assistant curator of the Gardens, who is responsible for the letterpress, has divided his work into five parts, dealing respectively with the historical, the landscape, and the scientific aspects of the subject, and with the indoor and outdoor collections of plants. He has had the assistance of several well-known contributors, including Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, who has written an introduction. Forty of the illustrations are half-tone plates from photographs by Mr. J. E. Wallis, and the remaining twenty are reproductions in colour from paintings by Mr. H. A. Olivier. The originals by Mr. Olivier are now on view at the Grafton Galleries, where they form part of the artist's large exhibition of Portraits of Indian Princes, and other subjects; and the proof plates which we have seen reproduce with wonderful fidelity these vivacious and sympathetic renderings of Kew's floral landscape.

* * *

A BOOK of travel which promises to be of great freshness and interest, which Messrs. Kegan Paul have in preparation, is "The People of the Polar North," by Knud Rasmussen. The book is practically the only contribution which European literature has so far received on the character, customs, legends, and religious beliefs of the Polar Eskimos. The author, Knud Rasmussen, had an Eskimo mother, and grew up in Greenland, so that when he went to Cape York, the most northerly inhabited point in the world, to study the mode of life and beliefs of the people, he had the great advantage of a thorough knowledge of the language. For folk-lorists and students of comparative religion the book should prove of immense value, as it contains a store of tales and legends related to him by the East Greenlanders, a race now almost extinct, as well as the jealously guarded formulae of their magic.

* * *

MR. LAURENCE BINYON'S lectures on the art of China and Japan are to be published by Mr. Edward Arnold, under the title "Pictorial Art in the Far East." Much fresh knowledge of Far Eastern art has been made accessible of late years, and Mr. Binyon claims that Chinese painting—hitherto practically unknown in Europe—is a subject worthy of close study. He also treats of the older schools of Japan, and of the interesting though subsidiary schools of art in India, Persia, and Tibet. His aim has been to treat Eastern art not merely from the technical historical side, but as a theme of living interest with its background of Oriental thought and civilisation.

* * *

MR. CHARLES RICKETTS, whose work both as painter and sculptor is a feature of the International Exhibition now being held, is writing a book in which he will express his views upon the principles of contemporary art. Many readers will remember that the beautiful stage scenery used in the recent productions of Mr. Laurence Binyon's "Attila" and Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell" was due to Mr. Ricketts.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"John Thadeus Delane: His Life and Correspondence." By Arthur Irwin Dasent. (Murray. 2 vols. 32s. net.)

"The New Order." Edited by Lord Malmesbury. (Griffiths. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Pleasant Land of France." By Rowland E. Prothero. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Marie de Médicis and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century." By Louis Batiffol. Translated by M. King and H. W. C. Davis. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

"From Pekin to Sikkim, through the Ordos, the Gobi Desert, and Tibet." By Count De Lesdain. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"H. M. I.: Some Passages in the Life of an Inspector of Schools." By E. M. Sneyd-Kynnersley. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Indian Problems." By S. M. Mitra. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

"French Novelists of To-Day." By Winifred Stephens. (Lane. 5s. net.)

"The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." By W. H. Davies. With a Preface by Bernard Shaw. (Fifield. 6s.)

"Crossriggs." By Mary and Jane Findlater. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"Jean Racine." Par Jules Lemaître. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

"Voyage en Portugal." Par G. de Beauregard et L. de Fouchier. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

"Les Deux Aspects de l'Immanence et le Problème religieux." Par l'Abbé Thamiry. (Paris: Blond. 4fr.)

"Les Scruples de Sganarelle." Roman. Par Henri de Régnier. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.)

Letters to the Editor.

THE PRACTICAL RECONSTRUCTON OF COUNTRY LIFE.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—I venture to ask permission to call attention to the importance of making an immediate stand in reinstating the people on the land through the operation of the Small Holdings Act, and thus giving our country people clearer hope for the future, and preventing a relapse to Protection, with its concurrent strengthening of the rule of the landlords.

In this connection it is important to realise that the difficulties of administration and the other defects in the Act have given rise to a strong undercurrent of disappointment. I do not criticise these defects, they may be unavoidable; but in practice they are irritating. A workingman who wants a small plot close to his cottage, where there may be land suitable and easily obtainable, is not favourably impressed when it is explained to him that the Act does not operate directly. He must, he is told, wait until the County Council or Commissioners have prepared a draft scheme for submission to the Board of Agriculture, under which at some later date he may obtain a distant plot without a cottage, in conjunction with others. And a young villager who wants a cottage and acre of land to settle down in married life is dissatisfied when he is told that the Parish or County Council have the power to build him a cottage if he can persuade them to do it. He, probably, decides to accept the alternative solution of emigration. Both men believe in their hearts that they have a clear right to the land, and feel that something is wrong. Such cases must be numerous. Nevertheless, a number of villagers (small in proportion to our population and the greatness of the issue) will persist, and in time obtain the land. But long before this time comes the feeling of dissatisfaction with the Government and the authorities will have obtained a permanent hold on the minds of the people.

Now if we are to combat this wave of thought, we must take much more active steps in some direction that will strike the popular imagination and fill it with new thoughts.

I offer two suggestions. Our progressive leaders might do far more to encourage village associations on a democratic basis. Such organisations are needed not only to bring our present laws into action, but to act as a driving force to bring about the general revival of country life. They would help to deal with the land question in all its aspects, the cottage difficulty, the organisafion of co-operation and credit banking, to advance popular representation on the Parish and other Councils, to promote more social life, and even to bring back some workers from the towns, and to aid the re-introduction of workshops into the villages. The people must find their own solutions, and some such organisations are needed everywhere. In this district a start has been made by the formation of about a dozen "Land Clubs," working on these lines. They have between three and four hundred members, and are federated into a union engaged in promoting the acquisition of land, and the general revival of country life in its various aspects. The organisation is democratic, seems suited to its requirements, and has every appearance of permanency. Doubtless similar associations are growing up elsewhere.

We had hoped that this movement might have received immediate direct support from the Board of Agriculture, exercising its powers under sec. 39, s.s. 4, of the Act. Such recognition would have done something to create the confidence between the people and the power of the State—so urgently needed if there is to be effective joint action. But this support is not, as yet, forthcoming.

Meanwhile, I suggest that this organisation might serve as a model for a larger movement, spreading through the country. The amalgamated land clubs would act as a voice for our country people, and bring their difficulties clearly before the nation and Parliament.

The second suggestion I submit is this: The Board of Agriculture should take immediate advantage of sec. 16 of the Act to establish at once, in conjunction with the Land Clubs, small holdings with houses attached. They should be organised, as far as possible, on a co-operative basis and supported by credit banks; their working should be aided by experiment plots, and practical advice given by agricultural specialists. Experimental work on this line is, I feel sure, an absolute necessity. Could it not be started forthwith? It would strike the popular imagination, and convince our country people that a new era is really beginning. These people would see that the Government recognises their right to the land, and was prepared to give an immediate definite start to the new reconstruction that we all know to be needed. This policy should have been started on fifty years ago; let there be no further delay.—Yours, &c.,

MONTAGUE FORDHAM, M.A. (Cantab).

Limpsfield, Surrey,
April 13th, 1908.

"FISCAL FALLACIES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—By the "old level" I meant the general level of prices in the trade before foreign cars are taxed. "J. A. H." asks "Why are we entitled to expect that fresh capital will enable British cars to reach this level?"

If motor-cars can be better and more cheaply made in France than in England, we should have few, if any, English cars. But, as a matter of fact, the home market is fairly evenly shared between the British and foreign makers. It is difficult to suppose that there are now and always must be, say, fifty good French and fifty good English cars, and that the rest of the English cars are and always must be inferior. But it is very likely that, as the French maker originally got a start in the English market and produced a good article, the English investor was shy of risking capital in competition with established foreign firms. I believe that in the main English capital has hitherto been devoted to supplying a demand for low-priced touring cars, which the French makers did not cater for. I do not take it that French cars are necessarily "better or cheaper than the English cars which failed to get made and sold," because I see no matured monopoly which would cause "this advantage of the French over the English economy of production," and because the reasons given above seem to me a sufficient explanation of the French cars being sold in England.

If this is so, one would expect that the withdrawal of the French cars from the English market would create a demand, which would continue to bring fresh capital into the motor trade until the remuneration of that capital fell to the average rate of remuneration in similar industries. That there was a time when there was "no lack of capital . . . but unemployed plant was standing in the English motor trade," does not seem to me to invalidate this, because that plant may have been, and probably was, unsuitable for turning out such cars as the French were supplying, and because it is not necessary to my argument to assume that the total of French and English capital is insufficient.—Yours, &c.,

R. C. PHILLIMORE.

Battler's Green, Watford, Herts,
April 13th, 1908.

KANGAROO ISLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As you interest your readers in nature subjects, you may care to hear of the measures taken in South Australia to stay the rapid extinction of wild creatures by what is called "the march of civilisation." All the intelligent inhabitants of this huge but sparsely populated State (not the ornithologists and botanists only) are demanding the formation of a national reserve, under the control of trustees, for the fauna and flora peculiar to the Australian continent; and the general verdict seems to favour Kangaroo Island, for reasons which appear in the scheme that has already been put forward in the Adelaide Press. A writer in the "Adelaide Observer" describes the flora of the island as unusually interesting, many species of plants being quite distinct from those on the mainland. "The vast geological interval that must have elapsed since separation from the continent makes it probable that Kangaroo Island may still prove the habitat of many primitive types of vegetation

which should be carefully safeguarded." In illustration of this the writer ventures to predict that the narrow-leafed gum, which is indigenous to Kangaroo Island, "may prove to be a primitive form from which other species of eucalyptus have been gradually evolved."

It is proposed that the reserve should occupy an area comprising about 313 square miles situated at the western end of Kangaroo Island. This island, at its eastern extremity, is only a few miles from the mainland, but in spite of a beautiful climate, the aridity of the soil makes it unsuitable for profitable husbandry.

Kangaroo Island is, of course, as its name implies, the home of the marsupial, and possesses indeed a species of kangaroo whose skin is very valuable; a rare specimen of the wallaby is also found there. Australasia is curiously free from the larger carnivorous animals which prey upon man, his flocks and his herds. The dingo, or wild dog, is almost the only destructive animal indigenous to the Australian continent, but luckily he never seems to have been deposited in Kangaroo Island, and we may be sure that he and his kind will be rigorously excluded from the reserve. But Kangaroo Island deserves even more celebrity as the home of birds than of marsupials. It will be an ideal centre of bird life; nothing is wanting. It is not only covered with bushes and trees, but contains fresh-water lagoons, admirably adapted for the breeding and preservation of all the varieties of Australian waterfowl. Gullies thickly planted with tall sugar gum trees run northward to the coast, and in their moist and shady depths a congenial home is to be found for the gorgeous lyre-bird and his dowdy wife, to whom, however, her gallant mate habitually pays assiduous attention, furling and unfurling his beautifully marked tail (which is above three feet long) for her amusement and gratification, with a musical accompaniment. As a mocker and an imitator the lyre-birds are ahead of all competitors. They can imitate every sound they chance to hear, and amusing stories are told of the perplexity of "new chums," who perhaps hear (as they work in the forest) an invisible companion chopping wood and whistling, until at length the mystery is solved by a glimpse of the mischievous lyre-bird in a neighbouring thicket. These curious fowls build their nest upon the ground, and the female only lays one egg in the year.

The island is lucky, too, in still possessing some birds that are now extinct upon the mainland—such as "Leach's cockatoo," a black beauty with scarlet tail feathers. This bird feeds upon the cones of the shea oak, a tree that is plentiful in the island. Unfortunately, the casoar, or Kangaroo Island emu, has total disappeared. It was discovered by François Peron, naturalist to Commander Baudin's expedition, in 1800; but other ornithological rarities exist in the proposed reserve, which are not found in the Adelaide hills or on Yorke's Peninsula. To those who urge that an area of over 300 square miles is too large, it must be pointed out that a scheme of this kind, with all its future potentialities, can only be carried out on an extensive scale. Moreover, it is only a quarter of the whole island, which has at present very few inhabitants. The Government of Australia will, it is thought, have little difficulty in coming to a satisfactory arrangement with the three or four leaseholders, whose tenure will be disturbed if the reserve is formed. America has half a dozen or more of these wildernesses for her bird and plant life, and even New Zealand, as we have seen, has set apart various islands and a few large parks for the same purpose. Fiord Park in New Zealand has now become a favourite resort for tourists and travellers from all over the world—a fact that may reassure any commercially-minded Colonial who regards the idea of the suggested reserve with feelings of misgiving, if not of hostility.

Kangaroo Island has had an uneventful, not to say inglorious, existence, since it was explored in 1800 by Baudin, commander of a small French expedition, which went on a journey of geographical discovery in the Southern Seas more than a century ago. If the island should be the fortunate area chosen for the ornithology, zoology, and botany of Australia, it will at length emerge from obscurity, and may even attract the attention of Thomas Cook & Son.—Yours, &c.,

A Man of the Woods.

April 11th, 1908.

THE JUSTICE OF THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—A note in a recent issue has attracted my attention.

It refers to what you call the "neat exposure" of the brewers' arguments against the Licensing Bill by Mr. J. K. Jerome, which is to the effect that if this Bill will, as stated by the brewers, not diminish drinking, why should they object to it? The explanation is so obvious that I can only conclude that neither Mr. Jerome nor you can have read a word upon the other side. The Bill will certainly not diminish drinking, but it will change the channels of distribution. The brewer would probably brew the same quantity as before, but he would have to pay heavily towards the compensation fund, and eventually for the licenses which he is permitted to continue. The effect of the Bill would be that he would lose the profit on his retail trade, and the enormous capital which has been sunk in licensed houses would be, to all intents and purposes, confiscated.

Let the State be honest, and pay value for what it seizes.

I trust that in justice to the facts you will publish this letter.—Yours, &c.,

J. W. F. Gillies, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

25, Vineyard Hill Road, Wimbledon Park, S.W.,
March 30th, 1908.

THE PROBLEM OF MEDICAL RELIEF.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—A very important proposal has been considered and approved of by the London County Council. There can be no doubt as to the advisability of making the poor-law part of the borough administration, just as education is, in subordination to the Council as the central and co-ordinating authority. In matters concerning the public health there is at present divided management. The medical officer of health and his department see to many matters, including infectious diseases, although vaccination is attended to by the Guardians. The school children are medically inspected by the Council, and the sick poor are taken care of by the Guardians—in the infirmary, at the dispensary, or at their homes, by the parish doctor. I should have said, *some* of the sick poor. Note that, as to all these, payment is made for services rendered.

When this unification of authorities is completed, place must be found for the large numbers of hospital out-patients. Of these about half may be regarded as properly subjects for the parish doctor. One-tenth probably can pay an ordinary fee to their doctor. What shall be done with the other two-fifths, numbering in the Metropolis many thousands?

Now at present there is no discrimination as to means, save in a few of the best-managed hospitals, such as Great Ormond Street. Inasmuch as the working man or woman is used to small systematic payments (such as weekly rent, &c.), a scheme of small weekly or monthly payments will probably have to be enforced, *i.e.*, the system of provident dispensaries. One most essential point should not be omitted, namely, the payment for professional services. While the pauper pays, through the rates, for the medical or surgical skill by which he benefits, the comparatively well-to-do artisan pays nothing whatever, nor do the charitable subscribers to hospitals. It is surely evident that this is a great abuse of charity.

At the present time there are hospitals being built or enlarged in the metropolitan area. In every one of these, King's College, Hampstead, London, Bartholomew's, with the possible exception of the proposed general hospital at Putney, if I mistake not, the hospital management continue and insist upon re-establishing the same old bad method of indiscriminate medical relief—a degrading almsgiving. Why not give each man a glass of beer in the out-patients' waiting-room, and so encourage a distressful industry?

It may be asked, if the poor-law and the provident dispensary deal with all those suitable cases, what will be done with the hospital out-patients? My answer is: obviously there will be none, excepting a possible or probable 5 to 8 per cent., sent up by the local practitioner for further advice or for special operation.

The ultimate solution will rest with the charitable con-

tributor, who cannot pay at the same time for the parish doctor and for the hospital's out-patients. In view of the approaching Conference on hospitals, I trust this subject may find a place in your columns.—Yours, &c.,

G. C. C.

March 28th, 1908.

HAMBURG.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The free port of Hamburg must not be confounded with the town of Hamburg. The town of Hamburg is within the Zollverein, the free port is not. The free port has an area of 2,537 acres, and, although it is a portion of a larger port area, with very few exceptions, all vessels arriving at Hamburg from sea are unloaded within it. D. M. Stevenson and yourself seem to agree in thinking that the free port of Hamburg is merely a free bonding area. It is much more than that: it is a real free trade port. Not only may goods be landed in it under bond and re-exported without paying duty, but industries are carried on in it, and goods may there "be completely altered by any process, or may be produced." (See White Paper 344 of 1904, entitled "Continental Free Ports.")—Yours, &c.,

G. E. HARRISON.

Darlington Villa, Stroud.

WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The action of the Suffragettes at Peckham is a signal example of essential tragedy as a war of good against good.

The indignant correspondents in your issue of the 4th inst. doubtless represent the resentment of many sincere minds against the Women's Social and Political Union, which fights a Government committed to the passing of the Licensing Bill and other important measures of social reform. The situation is, to say the least, unfortunate for the militant Suffragettes, if only for the reason that it provides their critics with a capital weapon of attack, and offers a unique opportunity for misrepresenting these women, and arraying them, in the eyes of shallow observers, on the side of the brewers and an unscrupulous campaign of reaction.

I am a minister of religion, a total abstainer, a radical temperance reformer eager to see the passing of the Bill, and ready to welcome even complete prohibition at the earliest possible moment. I cannot think lightly of opposition to the present Government. But, even so, I would invite your correspondents to reflect a little more deeply on the action of these women before condemning them, and to look at their attitude, as we must look at all great issues, from a non-party point of view.

The women's movement is in its essential spirit a revolutionary movement, and it must be judged as such. Until we can imaginatively visualise this revolt of a sex in the perspective and proportions in which it appears to the women themselves, all our arguments, however straight and direct, are not on the same plane, and being produced ever so far (and ever so often) will not meet.

Let us assume that even their overt tactics are as lawless and revolutionary as their opponents represent them to be. What then? Are lawless and revolutionary tactics never justifiable? It would be interesting to have the answer of those of your readers who, even while possessing the vote, were, or are, Passive Resisters. The most conservatively disposed students of such treatises as Sidgwick's "Elements of Politics," T. H. Green's "Lectures on Political Obligation," Dr. Bernard Bosanquet's "Philosophical Theory of the State," must feel the enormous difficulty of deciding when it is the duty of a good citizen to rebel, and this difficulty is here increased when we bear in mind that women are not yet citizens in the full sense. As a rule we are wise in such matters after the event. For the philosopher (however little of a pragmatist), as for the plain blunt man, this political problem often resolves itself into a case where nothing succeeds like success. We still honour the breakers of the Fugitive Slave Laws, and in our hearts, if not with our lips, condone the action of the male rioters in our country on behalf of the franchise we now enjoy. On the whole, most of us probably endorse T. H. Green's guarded and qualified conclusion that "there may be cases in which public interest—not merely according to some remote philosopher's view of it, but according to conceptions which the people are able to assimilate—is best served by a violation of some actual law."

An argument, not altogether specious, might surely be made out that a State that exacts taxes and rates from women, and subjects them to the obligations of citizens, and yet condemns them, on the mere ground of their sex, to political outlawry, cannot have the same claim upon their obedience that it has upon its represented male subjects. With perfect sobriety it might be urged that the women's position is closely akin to that of slaves demanding human and civic rights. The analogy, so far as it obtains, tells politically even more forcibly in favour of the women; for the slaves were exempt from taxation and the common obligations of citizenship.

The point, then, that must be insisted upon is that these women are in the thick of a momentous national, if not revolutionary, movement on behalf of a completer democracy. To fail to seize this fact firmly is to fail altogether to understand the political consciousness of the militant woman. For her the claim to a vote is paramount, and dominates the whole field of political activity. Earl Russell, in his powerful letter in the "Daily News" of the 3rd inst., put this aspect of the case quite conclusively when he wrote: "The policy of the Suffragettes is a perfectly clear and an easily intelligible policy. They are women who say that to them the grant of the franchise is a matter of more immediate importance than any other political issue. Personally, of course, I do not think so, but then, I am not a woman. But in what way does their position differ . . . from that of an Independent Labour man, who thinks that the various Labour questions are of more importance than any party issue?"

I will add one further remark. Russia is at the present moment engaged in an extraordinarily drastic piece of licensing legislation. Will it be seriously argued that the whole democratic movement of the Russian reformers should now be suspended *sine die* in order that the Government may, without embarrassment, concentrate on this measure of social reform? What the Russian reformers demand is not any particular detail of good government on the part of an unrepresentative power, but their just share in self-government as the necessary pre-requisite of good government. Similarly, what the women demand in England is not primarily a Licensing Bill brought in by a male section of the community, but their political enfranchisement as a means of securing free speech through the ballot on all matters affecting their own and the nation's well-being.

If the Government refuses a reasonable pledge to redress the women's wrongs, if no facilities are immediately granted to pass Mr. Stanger's Bill into law, the responsibility for the Suffragettes' bye-election policy must be laid upon the Government, and the women must be held absolved of blame. As a supporter of the Government and as a temperance worker, I venture to appeal for such facilities not only to effect a grant of political justice, but in order that the moral energy of these women may be diverted, ere it is too late, from a determined opposition into an ardent and enthusiastic support.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.

Nottingham, April 7th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I agree not only with every argument, but with every word of your correspondent, "Another Woman Liberal," in a recent number, and I venture to add a further argument, which requires, I think, to be clearly stated by those who dissent from the Suffragettes' general view of the Woman Suffrage question, as well as from their methods.

It is this: Liberalism means to us now something more developed, something more democratic, than it did twenty-two years ago, when a Woman Suffrage Bill passed its second reading. If it is true, as we are so often told, that the extension of the suffrage to women is a recognised Liberal principle, so also is it quite as true that the time for widen-

ing the franchise on a property qualification is past, so far as a Liberal Government is concerned. Twenty-two years ago the principle was possible, but it is so no longer. The Liberal movement has passed beyond it, and its effects are now more clearly seen. These effects would probably be not merely injurious in the ways your correspondent suggests, but it is evident from arguments used at elections that a large number of propertied women, when enfranchised themselves, would use every means in their power to prevent the suffrage being further democratised. The "small end of the wedge" can be used as a means to keep the door closed, instead of open.

Women are necessarily affected by a property qualification Bill in a different way from men, owing to their legal status by marriage. It means that married women *must* be debarred from the franchise. But rich husbands and fathers could easily obtain votes for their wives and daughters by purchase of land or houses. And the only way in which the family vote could be fairly balanced is by the enfranchisement of married women and their daughters. And the only practical methods for their enfranchisement is through Adult Suffrage—universal, men and women. It is impartial; it gives votes to poverty in its numbers as well as to riches, which is able to double and treble its votes. It is the only system which can create righteous equality. Women members of the Labour Party and of the Co-operative Guild have seen this.

All countries and colonies that have extended the suffrage to women have adopted, I believe, the system of Adult Suffrage. It has its dangers no doubt, and it means an enormous change in our constitution. It demands a mandate from the country, for such a change cannot be forced. It must be accepted as a special question at a general election.

That this would defer the giving the suffrage to women is of minor importance compared to the far greater importance of getting real political equality for all. We do not want to see *a* principle established but *the* right one—the only one that a democratic government can propose and that Liberal men and women can accept.

The cry for *any* form of Woman Suffrage, without discrimination, is not a Liberal cry; it may be anti-Liberal in principle and injurious in its effect.

This argument, naturally, does not appeal to Suffragettes, who are doing their utmost at elections to oppose all Liberal reforms; it is addressed to those who believe in political morality and in a consistent loyalty to Liberal principles; to those, in short, with whom Liberalism is, as your correspondent nobly says: "A cause, a flag, a faith."—Yours, &c.,

YET ANOTHER WOMAN LIBERAL.

April 13th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be allowed to point out that your correspondent, "A Woman Conservative," is in error in stating that the leaders of the great "Suffragette" movement are not unanimous in their demands? There are at present three bodies of women working for this reform, viz., the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, which comprises over a hundred societies and local committees in England and Scotland, the Women's Social and Political Union, and the Women's Freedom League. These organisations of women all ask for precisely the same thing—the removal of sex disability by the extension of the franchise to women on the same terms as it now is, or may be, granted to men. It is estimated that by this extension of the franchise between one and two million more voters would be added to those now in existence, and this, in the opinion of "A Woman Conservative," would be a mere drop in the ocean. Does she argue that, because women ask for little, therefore they should have nothing? By the vote being given even to this limited number some members of a class now totally unrepresented will have the right to express their opinions at the polling booth, and candidates for election must take into account the wants of women, who will then be recognised as citizens. The status of women as a whole will thus be raised, since it will be possible for any woman to become an elector; and the degrading doctrine of sex disability will be for ever swept away.

"A Woman Conservative" thinks that the "Suffragettes" should give up their undignified demonstrations, and join the leaders of the anti-sweating movement, to encourage women to join trades unions and so combine to stand out for a minimum wage. But men do not find trades unions sufficient without their votes to back them up. The women's trades unions realise that to make their resolutions effective they, too, must have Parliamentary representation, and it is precisely the women who are most active in organising trades unions amongst women who are most urgent in demanding the franchise. Can "A Woman Conservative" be ignorant that many of the Suffragist leaders are in that prominent position mainly because they have been forced to realise the hopelessness of attempting to ameliorate the condition of poor working women until they have Parliamentary representation? If "A Woman Conservative" sincerely desires to mitigate "the terrible evil of woman's sweated labour," let her go and work amongst the poor victims, and she, too, will soon be amongst those who, disregarding sneers and censure on their conduct, urge by every means in their power the right of women to a share in the franchise.

"E. P." is troubled by the bye-election policy pursued by some of the Suffragists, and states that they "are using all their influence against their principles to spite their oppressors," these oppressors being broadly described as "men." The bye-election policy of the Women's Social and Political Union is directed against the Liberal candidate at every bye-election because he is the nominee of the party now in power which refuses to give women votes. They used their influence at Peckham, not in "a wild passion," but as a well-considered mode of action—the mostly likely, in their opinion, to achieve their end. When British women have votes they will use them, as it is acknowledged the women in our colonies do, in furthering what they regard, without any affectation, as "most sacred and lofty in politics."—Yours, &c.,

(MRS.) JANE ATKINSON.

April 13th, 1908.

"THE USE OF THE LASH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Every humane man will be grateful to you for your timely and courageous words on this subject. It may be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will have read them. It made one indeed ashamed to hear a Liberal Home Secretary attempting to justify, as he did last week, this barbarous and degrading punishment. The practice of flogging adult offenders has been abolished in the Army and Navy, and in most civilised countries. Even in England it is only possible under an old statute of forty years ago, passed in a panic, against the advice of the best judgment of that day. Very few judges now resort to it, so that the penalty, as you point out, is irregular and spasmodic. It is high time it was abolished altogether. In the meanwhile it is surely not too much to ask that the Home Secretary, in all such cases, should exercise the prerogative of mercy which belongs to him.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL MEMBER.

April 14th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on the use of the lash deserves the thanks of all penological reformers. That "it can never be just to sentence any man to flog another" sums up the whole question. But what applies to flogging applies to all violent physical punishment. The evil contagion of violence spread by "humane" judges is great. And the Press, unfortunately, helps. Witness the Cardiff newspaper placard: "More bare backs to be flogged!" Lord John Russell pointed out some seventy years ago in regard to hanging that the greatest evil of all was the barbarous reaction on the public mind. One may hope, at any rate, that the Criminal Appeal Act will in the future make it unnecessary for the Home Secretary to provide certificates in "humanity" for flogging and hanging judges.—Yours, &c.,

CARL HEATH, Hon. Sec.,
Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment,
145, New Kent Road, S.E.,
April 12th, 1908.

Reviews.

THE PRO-CONSUL AS HISTORIAN.*
II.

Mr. Sidney Low tells a story of Lord Cromer which admirably illustrates those parts of his book that strike one as the least convincing, if they are not the least characteristic. A friend, seeking to relax the rather strained relationships between him and Nubar Pasha, interviewed each statesman in turn. "What a pity that two such excellent men do not get on!" was the burden of his song. "You are greatly mistaken," was Nubar's reply. "I have the greatest respect for Lord Cromer. He has only one fault: he never knows his own mind." Lord Cromer was not less illuminating. "Nubar is an excellent fellow," he said. "What makes him so difficult is that he has no tact." It is impossible to resist the conclusion that Lord Cromer's belief in his own tactfulness has borne him triumphantly through these volumes: otherwise not a few pages of it would have been left unwritten. We might have learned less of the mental and moral shortcomings of Pasha, and Sheik, and "Alim," of Gordon, Tewfik, Nubar, Tigrane, of Turks and Moslems, and Copts, and Armenians, and the congeries of personalities and races through which this powerful, self-centred, highly-conscientious Englishman worked. We should not have mourned with Lord Cromer that he should be constrained by sad experience to think that the Oriental "in the loomp is bad." He may be right. But so far as he develops his thesis, he must forgive us for saying that he explains his own confession that native Egypt has yielded no meed of gratitude or affection for his and his country's great work of material renovation. To him East is East and West is West, and the two can never meet. In a moment of inadvertence the former gave the latter its religion. Lord Cromer would almost make us believe that the gift was more than repaid when the West retorted on the East by forcibly presenting it with its Progress and its Politics.

Until the full results of this munificence are revealed, Lord Cromer seems to be of opinion that the character of the Egyptian will continue to disclose such dark and un-English blemishes as being courteous when "he thinks it his interest to be so"; in "not wanting to be reformed," and imagining that the reformer "bodes him no good"; in cherishing political opinions "not infrequently connected with some personal grievance"; in lack of accuracy as to numbers and details of past events, like battles; in either putting too much salt into his soup or (on this fault being corrected) putting none at all; and in possessing ladies whose interference in politics is "mischievous." We confess that we have had some difficulty in discovering the root of Lord Cromer's scepticism as to the soundness of the Egyptian-Oriental type. Half the faults of which he takes such keen note might be alleged against the Englishman of the eighteenth century. If the Egyptian mixes his medicine with witchcraft or devil-worship, so did our ancestors. And is not the question of moral and political capacity affected by the mixture of races, the unfavourable interior history of the country and its rulers, the presence of bad European elements, the character of the international control, at once interested and capricious? Lord Cromer admits all these considerations; indeed, he states them with singular fairness. It is true that he adopts the conclusion of the immobility of the Moslem faith, and quotes approvingly Sir William Muir's saying, "Islam stands still." But he is not unaware of the rapid growth of the spirit of nationalism in Moslem lands, and of the extent to which Western science and culture are undermining the rigid forms of Mohammedan orthodoxy. "It is, indeed, not improbable," he writes, "that in its passage through the European crucible many of the distinctive features of Islam, the good alike with the bad, will be volatilised, and that it will eventually issue forth in a form scarcely capable of recognition." At least that form has been plastic enough to receive a tolerably deep imprint of Lord Cromer's system. And he is broad-minded enough both to desire a form of Egyptian "autonomy" rather than a British dominion, and to believe that through the development of local institutions a fairly efficient Oriental State may be created. The European stamp will be on it, and any guise which it may eventually assume must thus make possible the fusion in "one self-governing body" of the diverse elements, Moslem or Christian, Asiatic or African, that compose it. Lord Cromer says truly that this would mean the loss of the ideal of Moslem patriotism. But it would represent no mean addition to the circle of civilised and self-sustaining nations, and the people that could be deemed capable of conquering such a place in the modern world must be more richly endowed than Lord Cromer is willing, in terms, to admit.

Setting all these defects aside, no man who values the substantial gifts of order and good government will be disposed to depreciate this record, written at times with a certain massive strength, an imposing glitter of style and scholarship, that just recall the touch of Gibbon. If Lord Cromer has not freed Egypt from herself and for herself, from Europe and for civilisation, he has all but cut the bonds that were strangling all her activities at once. The work is his and England's. France unfortunately has no share in it. And so far as the material aspect of it is concerned—the wresting of the Soudan from Mahdism and (better still) from the Khalifa, the restoration of Egyptian finance and the reduction of direct and indirect taxation, the practical abolition of slavery, forced labour, and the lash, the stemming of the Oriental plague of extravagance and corruption in government, the introduction of European science and medicine, the thrusting of the thin steel ribbon of railways into the heart of the desert, the revival of agriculture, the loosening of the bondholder's clutch—it exhibits the best fruit that the best kind of English soldiering and organising, and, above all, the special English tradition of energy and uprightness in public work, can put forth. What the difficulties of the task must have been is powerfully suggested by Lord Cromer's vivid picture of the mixed human material out of which the structure had to be built. Think of governing, through perpetually changing squads of young or middle-aged Britons from India, Oxford, Sandhurst, and Whitehall, a country whose capital shows such sights as these:—

> "The first passer-by is manifestly an Egyptian fellah who has come into the city to sell his garden produce. The head-gear, dress, and aquiline nose of the second render it easy to recognise a Bedouin who is perhaps come to Cairo to buy ammunition for his flint-lock gun, but who is ill at ease amidst urban surroundings, and will hasten to return to the more congenial air of the desert. The small, thick-lipped man with dreamy eyes, who has a far-away look of one of the bas-reliefs on an ancient Egyptian tomb, but who Champollion and other *savants* tell us is not the lineal descendant of the ancient Egyptians, is presumably a Coptic clerk in some Government office. The face, which peers somewhat loweringly over a heavy moustache from the window of a passing brougham, is probably that of some Turco-Egyptian Pasha. The man with a bold, handsome, cruel face, who swaggers by in long boots and baggy trousers, must surely be a Circassian. The Syrian money-lender, who comes next, will get out of his way, albeit he may be about to sell up the Circassian's property the next day, to recover a loan of which the capital and interest, at any ordinary rate, have been already paid twenty times over. The green turban, dignified mien, and slow gait of the seventh passer-by denote some pious Sheik, perhaps on his way to the famous University of El-Azhar. The eighth must be a Jew, who has just returned from a tour in Asia Minor with a stock of embroideries, which he is about to sell to the winter tourists. The ninth would seem to be some Levantine nondescript, whose ethnological status defies diagnosis; and the tenth, though not easily distinguishable from the latter class, is in reality one of the petty traders of whom Greece is so prolific, and who are to be found dotted all over the Ottoman dominions."

So far as Lord Cromer's dealings with the simpler races, the exterior problems, are concerned, Lord Cromer has succeeded, and, with the aged Faust, he may hail as fair the moment in which all this work of amelioration reached its crown. If we are asked to assess as precisely the moral conquests of his rule, the extent to which it has created relations of sympathy between the British agents and the subtler, more cultivated types of Egyptians, sharpened by contact with French life and civilisation, we must confess with regret that we see the witness of failure in his own ironical and often acidulated criticism. Lord Cromer tells us himself that though he was at pains to acquire the Turkish language, he never learned Arabic. And that fact helps us to understand why he, who won so many things for Egypt, should never have tried to win its heart.

* "Modern Egypt." By the Earl of Cromer. Macmillan. 2 vols. 24s. net.

THE NEMESIS OF PRIDE.*

Let it be granted that literature is intended to be heard or read. Unheard, unread, it has failed of its purpose—an untimely birth, entombed in oblivion to all but the author's memory of vain hopes and pangs. Yet we keep an admiration for the writer who has no care who hears or who reads, or whether any will. It used to be said of an easy style that he who runs may read, but now the author in a hurry must write for one who rides upon the wings of the County Council's lightning. Yes, and an author must make haste in winning fame, for diuturnity is a folly of expectation, and a good book lives barely six months. So it is that in an age of haste and scraps we approach with grateful wonder the writer who regards time and space as equally indifferent, and with studious deliberation lays himself out for an eternity of forgetfulness. In him we realise again the slow quietude of ancient things; in him beyond these noises there is peace.

Such a writer Mr. Charles Doughty has always been. It is thirty years now since he wandered in Arabia Deserta, and the spacious books in which he wrote his unequalled account of those wanderings remained unknown, except to a few scholars and travellers, till Mr. Garnett the other day, as we have noticed before, reduced them to two large volumes as crammed with reading as two ordinary bookshelves. Even so, they elude the modern laws of industrial economy, nor are they assisted to popularity by a style unlike the habit of suburban tubes. Take any of these 600 closely-printed leaves; take these few sentences on an Arab encampment, where the first volume falls open of itself:

> "Sitting thus, if there any one rises, the mare snorts softly, looking that it is he who should now bring her delicious bever of warm camel milk, and, gazing after him, she whinnies with pleasance. There is a foster camel to every nomad mare, since they taste no corn, and the harsh desert stalks could not else sustain her. . . . Twice she will drink, and at the hottest of the summer season, even thrice in a daylight. . . . Who has wife or horse, after the ancient proverb, may rue; he shall never be in rest, for such brittle possessions are likely to be always ailing. Yet in that serene climate, where the element is the tent of the world, the Beduw have little other care of their mares; it is unknown in the desert so much as to rub them."

The style has an affectation of simplicity. It is not so affected as William Morris's prose. It does not talk of "wanhope" or "noseling to the ground." But there is the fatal touch of arts-and-crafts about it, though for tales of the desert, where the element is the tent of the world, it has its peculiar fitness, and if we dug up some Elizabethan book of travels written in style like that, with what tender satisfaction book-lovers would expatiate on their treasure!

Nearly a quarter of a century's silence followed the "Arabia," for here was a man who did not make haste. Then a work of similar immensity appeared, and of interest still more remote. Imagine the hardihood of one who could spend years of persistent labour upon a blank-verse history of ancient Britain and the introduction of Christianity into these islands! Imagine his proud disregard of advice! It is like the Chinaman's who sits down for a lifetime to carve an ivory ball. It is prouder, for the Chinaman may sell his ivory ball to pay for his funeral expenses, but we suppose the profits on "The Dawn in Britain" would not bury a cat. A more hopeless subject or form for modern success could hardly be found. Yet we can just imagine some Lewis Morris with sugared commonplace attracting a score of readers from religious circles, even with early British Christianity as his theme. About Mr. Doughty there is no soft attraction, no sentiment or tender appeal. Through all these six volumes of solid verse there is no touch of prettiness, no yielding to comfortable humanity; but all is stern, hard, and succinct; more like Cæsar's narrative than ordinary poetic stuff.

Opening the sixth volume at random, we light upon the place where Romans who have flogged the queen and outraged her daughters are dragged before Boadicea, our Celtic Joan of Arc:—

> "Whence they nigh dead, what for their heinous guilt,
> Durst not their craven eyes lift on her looks.
> Boudicca them, that, at her royal knees,
> Grovel, on their breasts! adjudged to hasty death.
> She spurned them; trode, with fury, on their base necks.
> Sith, when men have long worried them, with hounds;
> They lopped each brutish poll, from his lewd corse.
> Their bloody carcases, drawn without the walls,
> Of Prasutagos' dune; all, in that fosse,
> To beaks of hoodie crows and teeth of beasts,
> Those perfumed swarthy Romans forth were cast."

In which lines, the only concession to what people expect in poetry is the word "perfumed."

Or, for such tenderness as is, take a few lines where a child discovers her mother dead of childbirth in the fen, among tumbled rushes:—

> "Rosmerta, child, loud wept; nor wist she, aught,
> What thing is this! Loud weeps she, kissing oft
> Her clay-cold lips. All, in her little smock,
> The babe then lapped; and, shrieking, to the lake,
> Starts; though prick sedge, though cumber rush her feet,
> Blindfoot, for grief, nor wots her passing grief."

In which there is no touch of common tenderness, except the word "little." As for the two last lines, beautiful in conception though they are, we can picture some wretched schoolboy, when our language is dead as Latin, put on to construe them, and, weeping, flogged; him not detecting case accusative, nor subject case, nor verb, nor sense at all.

But then comes the disheartening question whether the book will be given to torment a schoolboy ever, and we think it will not. The poet's pride has something noble, something of the ancient time. His indifference to fame or mortality comes like a tonic air. His use of language is personal and strong, for he goes to the very heart of words. We believe his long epic to be excellent history also, perhaps the best history ever written of the time, and we know at least one man who has read it right through, almost without intermission, which is more than we can say of the "Faerie Queene." But we doubt if recording time will ever produce a second. The thing is too difficult, the language too harsh and constrained. It cannot be preserved as a monument of the English of any period, for the English is only its own. It may be objected that Milton's English also is only his own, and so it is. But none of his contemporaries would perceive anything quaint, difficult, or antiquated in Milton's English; nor do we even now, outside the use of half-a-dozen words, like "grain" or "tedded." The "Ring and the Book" was preserved for a time by its human and dramatic interest, in spite of its headstrong style. But even that interest could not keep it in the centre for long, and in "The Dawn in Britain" the human interest is carefully constrained, and there is no drama. We should like it to be preserved, for we admire its strength and flinty self-restraint. We can imagine a cult of it arising among scholarly and sensitive readers in a leisured countryside. But other life than this we can hardly hope for it here below.

In his new work of "Adam Cast Forth," the title alone shows the poet's pride and courage more than maintained. It is the story of those poor dear First Parents of ours, taken up where "Paradise Lost" left them, and carried on till they have issue of three children—all at one birth, a needless ferity, unsanctioned of Holy Writ, though perhaps Arabian tradition so records. Unhappily, the isolation of pride here exacts its penalty, and indifference to criticism exaggerates the poet's habit into tricks. Of Adama, who is Eve, we expect a simple tongue, but nothing will persuade us that German was the speech of Paradise, even after the Fall. Yet Adama enters the poem with the hideous German line:—

> "Spouse-father, it am Adama I that speak."

And too frequently we meet such language as these rocky and barren words:—

> "But ah now spouteth thick warm salt living blood,
> From the man's nostrils! Faltering stayeth him Adam:
> He him agonising leaneth up to cliff craig!
> He an hand réacheth fórth, which lo a stone uptaketh;
> To stanch, to purge that stain ah, of drizzling gore."

In a long experience of bloody wounds, the present reviewer had never thought of washing them with a stone. That hint he will remember, but hopes to forget the language. For, though saved from alliteration, it is like Wagner's so-called poems; it is almost worse. There lies the pity of it, for Mr. Doughty was born to be a master in language, as in adventurous life.

* "Adam Cast Forth." By Charles M. Doughty. Duckworth & Co. 4s. 6d. net.

THE MASTER MARINER.*

The appearance of a second and enlarged edition of Lord Dunraven's work is a proof of the high esteem in which this aid to self-instruction in the complex and mysterious science of navigation is held by those who aspire to become certificated masters of their own or other people's ships. Although the works of Lecky, Martin, and Rosser still hold high position as text-books in all nautical academies, there can be little doubt that, for all purposes of instruction, so far as the man of average educational attainments is concerned, no published work can compare with this book of Lord Dunraven's in the essentials of lucidity of explanation and accurate conception of the difficulties likely to be experienced by the learner. A most human and living treatment of the dry scientific bases of a somewhat uninspiring subject is maintained throughout the work, and an undercurrent of humorous commiseration for examinees adds a welcome touch to the otherwise dull pages of Logarithms and tables of "Day's work."

But whether Lord Dunraven's labours will help to swell appreciably the ranks of the 242 yacht owners and other gentlemen who, according to "Lloyd's Yacht Register" "have obtained certificates as Masters of their own yachts," is another question. In the first place, there is, at present, no law which prevents the owner of a yacht from signing himself on as Master, or from acting as Master if he thinks fit. Indeed, the yacht owner is wise in any case to register as "Owner and Master," even when he ships a sailing master to take charge of his vessel, because on the high seas the Master is the head and fount of all law, and it is not remotely inconceivable that under some circumstances a Master may put his owner in irons.

In the second place, the fact that the yachtsman who loves the sea for its own sake and delights in sailing and exploring, rarely owns anything larger than a twenty-tonner, on board of which he cruises from port to port, as his whims or the winds may direct. He is really only a coaster, and coasting is the boundary line where navigation ends and seamanship comes in. For him no traverse tables spread their arid deserts of sines, cosecants, and tangents. His one book of reference is the nautical almanack for the year—his guides, the large scale chart and the sailing directions which accompany it. With these, and a bosom friend of similar tastes to his own, and his two paid hands in the forecastle, the command of the narrow seas is his: and on him the pageant of the summer skies, and the songs of the wind and sea are freely lavished.

No phase of modern existence is quite comparable to the blessed state of freedom granted to the fortunate being who can thus spend his days and nights in this healthiest form of all sport, wherein adventure is freely commingled with perpetual and sustained interest. It is the nearest possible return to that golden age when to put to sea was to open up an unfathomable vista of imagination—to voyage into the unknown, with the glimmering vision of the Fortunate Isles as ultimate port.

His floating home of hollow oak, wherein is garnered all the accumulated knowledge and experience of a thousand years of seafaring, is, when built and rigged as a cruiser, staunch enough to cope with any gale likely to blow on our coasts. Give her sea room and she will ride out a summer storm, hove to and head to sea, as buoyantly as a gull. Let the breeze catch her on a lee shore, and she will work her way off long before there is weight enough in the sea to cripple her. Before a freshening gale she will wing her way to port, outfooting the following sea, lifting her bow high and clear above the wrinkled face of the overtaken wave, as she rushes onward to her haven; and her crew, washed with salt spray and whipped by the wind, will, when the anchor bites the ground and the wet sails are furled, sleep the sweet sleep of the labouring man.

The knowledge that will enable a man to handle a sailing yacht at sea, to carry her from port to port in safety, and to berth her securely in port or roadstead, cannot, however, be got from books, for it is the final development of the spirit of opportunism applied to the affairs of the sea. No two emergencies are ever alike—there is no "best way" of doing anything. There is rarely more than one way, all other ways may lead to disaster; and the one way must be taken almost instinctively. The man must not only be a part of his ship, he must be also a part of the wind and the tides, he must have merged his being into some portion of the universe and act in harmony with its elements.

The chapter dealing with the tides is, perhaps, the most interesting part of the book to the coasting yachtsman. It is full of accurate information, and elaborate examples of methods of finding the times of high water by the moon's transit, of places as wide apart as Brest and Natal. But these are only for the wretched candidate for examination by the Board of Trade. The consummate coaster will smile at them, and pass on to the end of the chapter, where he will find agreement with his attitude when he reads the author's closing words, "I should add that in these cases the times obtained are only approximate, and that it is quite useless, except for the examination, to dive into these minutiæ."

The cruiser's tide-table is in his head. The tides are so much a part of his daily life that their rise and fall, height, direction and velocity are felt by instinct. He plays on them as upon an instrument. Sea-lawyer that he is, he cheats them legally when he can, and patiently abides their strength when no breath from the heavens helps him to master it.

Lord Dunraven's services to yachting have been many and various, and all yachtsmen will remember his able contributions to the "Field" on the proposed alterations in the rule of rating for racing yachts in 1892, when the whole system of measurement was changed in the most revolutionary manner. His latest service to seamen and yachtsmen is, perhaps, his greatest; and all who go down to the sea in ships will be grateful to him for it, whether they desire to possess the coveted "blue ticket" or are merely content to sail the seas by the simple methods of their forefathers, the fisherman and the coaster.

* "The Practice and Theory of Navigation." By the Earl of Dunraven. Macmillan & Co. 25s. 6d. net.

CRITICS FOR SOCIALISM.

II.—Mr. Brougham Villiers.*

The successful literary exposition of any important contemporary movement demands a rare combination of sympathy and critical restraint. No subject has suffered more for lack of this treatment than Socialism. Most writers upon this theme are unprofitable partisans, while the few cooler and more scientific critics are so much concerned with doctrines or experiments that they fail to convey the vital unity, the *élan*, of the movement. The great merit of this book of Mr. Villiers is that it is a lucid exposition of the actual movement of Socialism in this country by a fully-informed and sympathetic student, who understands the limits of the use of sympathy in the art of interpretation. It is in our judgment by far the best general historical treatment of the origin and play of forces in the Labour-Socialist movement of this country that has yet appeared.

Wisely eschewing any close examination of the economic and political formulæ which middle-class theorists in Germany and elsewhere have imported into the revolt of the workers against the economic and political domination of the possessing and directing classes, Mr. Villiers traces the gathering of interests and passions which in each advanced industrial nation have gradually fashioned the sort of Socialism adapted to their history and their national character. The main current of the whole movement, as he shows it, is the organisation of the masses of workmen first brought into close contact and into solidarity of interests and grievances by the new industrial conditions of the industrial revolution. In the trade unions, co-operative societies, and other working-class institutions for industrial, educational, and recreative purposes, which sprang up in the early decades of the nineteenth century, he finds the expressions of that instinct of association which later on was to be drawn more and more into the use of political institutions, and so to take on the form of State Socialism. Full justice is done to the educative and inspiring efforts of the early Owenites, Chartists, and Christian Socialists of the middle century, as later to the teaching of such writers as Carlyle and Ruskin, but Mr. Villiers rightly assigns the

* "The Socialist Movement in England." By Brougham Villiers. Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

chief importance to the gradual moulding of a working-class policy through the changing relations between capital and labour. Not until formal political democracy was achieved by the widening of the franchise, and the general spread of the elements of education gave increased mobility to ideas, did the movement begin to take on any conscious tinge of Socialism. The early English doctrinal Socialism, as given in various writers contemporary with Ricardo, was a premature intellectual product almost entirely barren of results, and not until the re-formulation of doctrine by Lassalle, Marx, and others in the early 'sixties did any intellectual stiffening pass into the working-class movement. Even then, as Mr. Villiers clearly recognises, the British movement was very slow to take on the useful thought and tactics of the Continental movement. "British Socialists received from Germany two invaluable things, each necessary to the warfare with modern capitalism—the idea of the careful and scientific study of modern conditions, and that of independent political organisation. Unfortunately, they were slow to recognise either the necessity of making a fresh and independent study of contemporary British industrial society as thorough as that of Marx, or that the Socialist Party in Britain must be constructed on British lines."

It may well be doubted whether English workers ever have taken either of these necessities from Germany: the first they have never taken at all, for with the exception of a few middle-class Socialists there has been no serious endeavour to accumulate a stock of ordered knowledge; the second, as indeed Mr. Villiers recognises, is in the course of being evolved from the logic of events rather than from the example of Germany. Though the powerful impetus given to economic thinking among the intelligent artisans by Henry George (to whose influence Mr. Villiers hardly does justice), by the fiery preaching of the Social Democrats and the more sober instruction of other definitely Socialistic bodies and journals, has now begun to make the Socialistic implications of our democratic movement manifest to thoughtful onlookers, Socialism is still in the main an unconscious force. It may remain so. English people do things, and they do not always come even afterwards to recognise the nature or intellectual significance of what they have done. But no doubt Mr. Villiers is correct in regarding the Labour Representation Committee and the Labour Party as genuine instruments of British Socialism, engaged in the work of forwarding the policy of nationalisation and municipalisation, the public support of social weaklings, the fuller control over private industry, and the taxation of unearned incomes, which constitute the actual Socialism of to-day.

It is not quite clear how Mr. Villiers diagnoses the changes in political parties which must follow the growth of this potential or actual Socialist Party in Parliament. He tells us that "the first practical effect of Labour's arrival in the House is that Parliament will, for the future, be compelled to give continuous attention to the 'condition of England' question, whatever party is in power." And again: "Liberalism, in particular, will be compelled to support its assertion that there is no need for a Labour Party by becoming more and more like the Labour Party itself. The advent of a Labour Party must ere long be followed by the retirement of the typical Liberal capitalist from every industrial constituency where the Labour Party gains a foothold."

The "urge of the world" towards co-operation as the great human economy Mr. Villiers holds to be the driving force in Socialism; for as the people realises more its political power, and so trusts the State and the municipality not as outside powers but as instruments for the expression of the popular will, it will tend more and more to substitute these forms of public co-operation for the private co-operative forms, the companies and societies, into which the co-operative spirit flows at present. Though English Socialism will imbibe little either of the formularist or the revolutionary spirit of Continental Socialism, it will move along in a constant instinctive pressure, by a series of more or less opportunist steps, towards a State which shall replace much of the competition and the private monopolies of to-day by public industries.

Mr. Villiers does not see, even in the remote future, a complete Socialist State directly ordering the entire field of production. Provided the great instruments of capitalism engaged in the production and the distribution of the chief national and intellectual necessaries by routine processes are public operated, there may still remain a host of arts and crafts, chiefly occupied in making special and superior sorts of goods which may be left to private enterprise.

Several interesting chapters treat of the right attitude of the State towards the claim of women through maternity, the liquor trade and the question how far public services should be communised, and a particularly powerful refutation is given of the charge that Socialism destroys individual liberty. But though Mr. Villiers' discussion of these highly-controversial themes is often brilliant and always profitable, the great value of his book consists in its lucid account of the rough, unintellectual, adaptive type of Socialism which in England has emerged from a medley of popular movements, causes, and demands, and has found a rude instrument in the new Labour Party, through which it is striving to obtain some more or less coherent and effective expression.

All Liberals who are not too scornful of Socialism to wish to understand it as set forth by this brilliant exponent will read Mr. Villiers' book.

FLORENCE AND SOME BUILDINGS.*

The author of this exceedingly clever and thoughtful book anticipates the most obvious criticisms that can be passed upon it. Because, he says, he has arranged his buildings in historic rather than architectural order, the reader with architectural sympathies may find it desultory; and because he has written of the Badia a Settimo and not of that of Florence, of Santa Maria Novella and not of Santa Croce, the student with his own ideas of the importance of various buildings will consider him capricious. Now there is nothing more likely than that these preferences and omissions will be found fault with, if only for the simple reason that it is impossible to please everyone; and we ourselves could increase the list of whys and wherefores. We might ask, for instance, why in the many pages devoted to the Baptistery there is not even a bare reference to Ghiberti's gates; why in a book that deals so intimately with the civil and military life of Florence there is no mention of the military engineering that Michelangelo undertook at the bidding of the Signory in 1527, and why half a dozen other artist notabilities closely connected with the city have been ignored? For one may note that the "Builders of Florence" in Mr. Wood Brown's scheme are not restricted to the makers of structures in brick or stone, but include anybody who contributed prominently to its moral and material prosperity, or, indeed, to its decadence. Yet we should be extremely reluctant to press these or any omissions, since after reading the book we are quite ready to admit that they are easily accounted for.

Florentine architecture is to a peculiar extent the outward and visible expression of the city's growth and of the inward and spiritual forces that swayed that growth. It recalls not merely her instinct for beauty, but her laws, her social code, her system of defence, and especially her commerce. The latter is important because Florence, the home of art, was first and foremost a commercial city. Her *artes* were those of wool-weaving and silk-making, not less than those of building, painting, and sculpture. She resembled Venice in this respect. Indeed, her history is like that of Venice in nearly everything except the form of government, which was as variable in Florence as it was stable in the Adriatic city. Even in regard to the Oriental influence the analogy between the two cities holds true. Florence had her Greek colony, which brought her Christianity in the first instance, and in the second leavened her humanism. The close relationship, therefore, between the buildings of Florence and her life, her development and commerce, is one of the big facts to be grasped by any serious student of her art and architecture, and Mr. Wood Brown has not forgotten to keep it well to the front. His purpose is to connect history and architecture as surely as they are connected in life. In a task of such magnitude that which

* "The Builders of Florence." By J. Wood Brown, M.A. With seventy-four Illustrations by Herbert Railton. Methuen & Co. 18s. net.

SEVENTH THOUSAND.

MODERN EGYPT

By the EARL OF CROMER.

With Portrait and Map. Two Vols. 8vo, 24s. net.

F. C. SELOUS'S New Book

African Nature Notes and Reminiscences.

By F. C. SELOUS, F.Z.S., Author of "A Hunter's Wandering's in Africa," "Travel and Adventure in South East Africa." With a Foreword by President ROOSEVELT and Illustrations by E. H. CALDWELL. 8vo, 10s. net.

The Story of the Guides. By Col. C. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B. With Illustrations, 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

A concise record of the busy career of service—the Mutiny, Kabul, Afghan War, 1878-80, Chitral, the Malakand, and minor wars—seen by the corps since, some sixty years ago, it was originated by Sir Henry Lawrence and raised by Sir Harry Lumsden.

Autobiography of Montagu Burrows, Captain R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. Edited by His Son, STEPHEN M. BURROWS. With Portraits. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net. [*Next week.*

The Eversley Tennyson. Annotated by ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. Edited by HALLAM LORD TENNYSON. In 9 vols.

Vol. I. Poems, with Portrait. Vol. II. Poems. Vol. III. Enoch Arden and In Memoriam. Vol. IV. The Princess and Maud. Vol. V. Idylls of the King. Globe 8vo, 4s. net each.

National and Social Problems. By FREDERIC HARRISON. Extra crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. *April* 28.

A volume of great and varied interest. These collected papers deal with European political problems of the highest moment and with questions of Labour, Unionism and Socialism.

General History of Western Nations from 5000 B.C. to 1900 A.D. By EMIL REICH, Doctor Juris, Author of "New Student's Atlas of English History," etc. Part I. ANTIQUITY, Vols. I. and II. 8vo., 15s. net.

The two volumes treat (1) of the method of history; (2) of the great inland empires of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, the Hittites, &c.; (3) of the border nations called the Hebrews, the Phœnicians, and the Archaic Hellenes; (4) the historic Greeks; (5) the Romans.

Atlas Antiquus. In 48 Original Graphic Maps, with Elaborate Text to each Map, and full Index. By Dr. EMIL REICH. Crown 4to, 10s. net.

Herodotus, BOOKS VII.—IX. With Introduction, Text, Apparatus, Commentary, Appendices, Indices, Maps. By REGINALD WALTER MACAN, D.Litt. 3 vols. 8vo, 30s. net. [*Classical Library.*

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

Herodotus, Books IV.—VI. By the same editor. In 2 vols. 8vo, Reduced to 20s. net.

Plays of Aeschylus. The Suppliant Maidens—The Persians—The Seven Against Thebes—The Prometheus Bound. Translated into English Verse by E. D. A. MORSHEAD, M.A. Pott 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. [*Golden Treasury Series.*

Highways & Byways in Hampshire. By D. H. MOUTRAY READ. With Illustrations by ARTHUR B. CONNOR. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

Diary of John Evelyn. With Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. 3s. 6d. Or Limp Leather, 5s. net. [*Globe Library.*

H.M.I. Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, by E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, formerly H.M.I. North-west Division. 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

A highly entertaining book, containing a large number of good stories told by a *raconteur* of exceptional ability.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

If you Live in the Country,
If you Love the Country,

READ

THE COUNTRY HOME

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine.	Price 6d. Net.	Now on Sale Everywhere.

¶ To all who have a common interest in the country, THE COUNTRY HOME will appeal. Illustrated articles on interesting homes with their surroundings. —Natural History.—Rural Industries.—Country Customs. —Garden and Greenhouse.—Poultry.—Insect Pests.— The Planning of Cottages and Buildings.—The Interior of the Home.—Furnishing.—The Gathering Together of Old Ornaments.

These are but a few of the subjects dealt with in THE COUNTRY HOME.

6s. NOVELS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
Author of "The Younger Set."

MAROTZ. By JOHN AYSCOUGH.

THE ANCIENT LAW. By ELLEN GLASGOW.
Author of "The Deliverance."

A COMEDY OF MOODS. By GREVILLE H. TEMPANY.

THE DAUGHTER. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.
Author of "Conflict."

THE BURNING CRESSET. By HOWARD PEASE.
Author of "Magnus Sinclair."

THE BEST EXPLANATION OF THE SOCIALIST IDEA IS CONTAINED IN

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD

BY

H. G. WELLS. 6/-

Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S WORKS

JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND. 6s.
CONTENTS: "John Bull's Other Island"; "How He Lied to Her Husband"; "Major Barbara."

MAN AND SUPERMAN. 6s.
A Comedy and a Philosophy, containing as well "The Revolutionist's Handbook" and "Maxims for Revolutionists."

PLAYS PLEASANT. 6s.
CONTENTS: (1) Arms and the Man. (2) Candida. (3) The Man of Destiny. (4) You never can Tell.

PLAYS UNPLEASANT. 6s.
CONTENTS: (1) Widowers' Houses. (2) The Philanderer. (3) Mrs. Warren's Profession.

THREE PLAYS FOR PURITANS. 6s.
CONTENTS: (1) The Devil's Disciple. (2) Cæsar and Cleopatra. (3) Captain Brassbound's Conversion.

CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION. 6s.
Being No. 4 of the Novels of his Nonage, containing also "The Admirable Bashville," and an Essay on Modern Prize-Fighting.

THE IRRATIONAL KNOT. A Novel. 6s.

THE COMMON SENSE OF MUNICIPAL TRADING. 2s. 6d.

THE PERFECT WAGNERITE.
A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

DRAMATIC OPINIONS AND ESSAYS.
With the Author's Apology. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

London: A. CONSTABLE and Co., Ltd.

seems capricious in choice of details may be understood and condoned.

Mr. Wood Brown divides his work into four parts, each of which contains four chapters. The first part, devoted to the substance, the spirit, and the form of the city, is mainly introductory and expository. The principal features are the tracing of the gradual supersession of the classic spirit by Christianity and that of the evolution of civic government from the trade guilds; the latter including a carefully wrought investigation of the forms of government in town and country, the principal difference between which lay in the former's possession of Charlemagne's "Libertas." The concluding chapter of this part introduces us fairly to the architectural side of the volume. It is in the main a general discussion of first principles, in which readers should note especially the pages on the root idea of the Florentine palazzo and on the miltiary models that were adapted by civil architects. The twelve buildings dealt with are as follows: the Church of Ognissanti, the Certosa of the Val d'Ema, Or S. Michele, Santa Maria Novella, Santa Felicita, San Stephano and San Giovani, S. Maria del Fiore, the Badia a Settimo, the Bargello, the Palazzo della Signoria, and San Marco. To each building is appended a story, and each story has not merely a specific interest, but also one that bears directly upon the whole organic life of the city.

As part of that life, the politics of Florence are abnormally interesting. They were opportunist in a sense. She had to steer her course through the turmoil of the eternal conflict between Church and Empire, that occupied medieval Italy for centuries. If anything, she was Guelph rather than Ghibelline, for the reason that self-interest drove her into the arms of the less material oppressor. But she made use of both, whilst keeping tenaciously to her main purpose of independence, and in time emerged, a triumphant city, from the struggle betwixt the two.

The author has given us a valuable and readable book despite its discursiveness. Mr. Railton's line drawings show feeling for architectural detail, and fulfil their illustrative purpose.

TWO HISTORICAL NOVELS.*

The difficulties of writing a historical novel that shall convey to us a complete illusion of time and place do not lie on the surface. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the best historical novel ever written does recreate for us the actual men and manners of, say, two centuries ago. Even Tolstoy, in "War and Peace," peopled the Russia of 1800 with the men of two generations later, and we have only to turn to the pages of Fielding, let alone of Defoe, to realise how impossible it is for the modern Englishman to draw out of his consciousness the mental tones and shades of feeling of eighteenth century society. Here lies the difficulty: given a social environment, with necessities, a mental outlook, that are different from ours and that have vanished, our shades of modern thought and feeling are utterly foreign to it. And yet the novelist is forced to work with his modern feelings and conceptions. The genius of Shakespeare conquered the problem by his universality: his Romans and his Elizabethans are not of their age but for all time. Scott's success rested largely on his careful study of old-fashioned types, "throwbacks," or Conservative survivals in the Scotch countryside which bred him. He succeeded best with an atmosphere familiar to him, as in "Rob Roy," which is immensely superior to "Ivanhoe," for example. And this is natural, for science, indeed, teaches us that the further we go back along the line of our ancestors the more unlike to them are we, according to their remoteness. This is borne out by an examination of any series of historical portraits, say of Holbein's Windsor drawings of the Court nobles of Henry VIII. The types of face in that collection bear little resemblance to the upper-class types of to-day: they are obviously at a greater remove from us than are the Georgian types of Hogarth. As with the face so with the mind. How is the historical novelist to recreate the mental atmosphere of the men, say, of Charles I. or of Henry VIII.? He relies a good deal on literary and documentary evidence of the period, but his people, underneath their doublets and jerkins, practically think and feel as modern men. To do Mr. Hueffer justice, we must concede that his characters in "The Fifth Queen Crowned" are not modern types. Whatever they may be, their thoughts, motives, and actions are quite unlike those of our contemporaries. In this respect Mr. Hueffer creates a strange psychological atmosphere which, though we often question it sharply, retains a dream-like power over us. It is not always humanly satisfactory, but it is undeniably picturesquely effective.

The artistic method, indeed, of our author's historical triology, which, we are glad to see, has won the encomium of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and will shortly appear in translation in the "Journal des Débats," an honour which has been rarely paid to an English novelist, is conditioned by the flow of an extraordinarily picturesque fancy. Apparently without effort, whole scenes are visualised by him, with groups of figures, sitting, standing, moving away, gesticulating in dumb show, and all the detail of the scene down to the dust on the wall, or the crumbs fallen on the floor, are as sharply in place as is the detail of a pre-Raphaelite picture. In a curious way the appearance, movements, and gesticulations of the characters seem to govern and determine their speech, and there is a sort of break between the two, as though the figures in a picture sudden began to move, and came to a halt before speaking. Something of the same effect may be noted in William Morris's poems and in work of his school, that aimed first and foremost at the perfect visualisation of a scene. How cleverly these little picturesque etchings are wrought by our author a single quotation may convey:—

> ". . . Mary Hall was afraid, and she sent her yard-worker and a shepherd a great way round to fetch the larger boat of two to ferry over the Queen's men. Then she went indoors to redd up the houseplace, and to attire herself.
>
> "To the old farmstead, that was made of wood, hung over here and there with tilework, with a base of bricks, she had added a houseplace for the old folk to sit all day. It was built of wattles that had had clay cast over them, and was whitened on the outside, and thatched nearly down to the ground like any squatter's hut; it had cupboards of wood nearly all round it, and beneath the cupboards were lockers, worn smooth with men sitting upon them, after the Dutch fashion—for there in Lincolnshire they had much traffic with the Dutch. There was a great table, made of one slab of a huge oak from near Boston. Here they all ate. And above the ingle was another slab of oak from the same tree. Her little old stepmother sat in a stuff chair covered with a sheepskin; she sat there night and day, shivering with the shaking palsy. At times she let out of her an eldritch shriek, very like the call of a hedgehog, but she never spoke, and she was fed with a spoon by a little misbegotten son of Edward Hall's. The old stepfather always sat opposite her; he had no use of his legs, and his head was always stiffly screwed round towards the door as if he were peering; but that was the rheumatism. To atone for his wife's dumbness, he chattered incessantly whenever anyone was on that floor; but because he spoke always in Lincolnshire, May Hall could scarce understand him, and, indeed, she had long ceased to listen. He spoke of forgotten floods and ploughings, ancient fairs, the boundaries of fields long since flooded over, of a visit to Boston that King Edward IV. had made, and of how he, for his fair speech and old lineage, had been chosen of all the Radigund's men to present into the King's hands three silver horseshoes. Behind his back was a great dresser with nailed shelves, having upon them a little pewter ware and many wooden bowls for the hinds' feeding. A door on the right side, painted black, went down into the cellar beneath the old house. Another door, of bars of iron with huge locks, where slept the maids and the hinds. This was always open by day, but locked in the dark hours. For the hinds were accounted brutish lumps that went savage at night, like wild beasts, so that if they spared the master's throat, which was unlikely, it was certain that they would little spare the salted meat, the dried fish, the moad, metheglin, and cyder that their poor cellar afforded. The floor was of stamped clay, wet and sweating, but covered with rushes, so that the place had a mouldering smell. Behind the heavy door there were huge bolts and crossbars against robbers; the raftered ceiling was so low that it touched her hair when she walked across the floor. The windows had no glass, but were filled with a thin, reddish sheepskin-like parchment. Before the stairway was a wicket gate to keep the dogs—of whom there were many, large and fierce, to protect them alike from robbers and the hinds—to keep the dogs from going into the upper room . . .
>
> "Her best gown was all damp and mouldy in the attic that was her bower. She made it meet as best she could, and, indeed, she had so little fat living sitting at the head of her table with a whip for unruly hinds and louts before her—so little

---

* "The Fifth Queen Crowned." By Ford Madox Hueffer. Nash. 6s.

"The Burning Cresset." By Howard Pease. Constable. 6s.

NEW SIX SHILLING NOVELS.

THE GREY KNIGHT:

An Autumn Love Story.

By MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE, Author of "Peter's Mother."

Daily Graphic.—"An interesting story. A sense of pleasant rest is imparted, and it is made the more pleasant by many delightful touches of humour."

CROSSRIGGS.

By MARY and JANE FINDLATER.

Authors of "A Blind Bird's Nest," "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," &c.

DAN RIACH: SOCIALIST.

By the Author of "MISS MOLLY."

Manchester Courier.—"A fascinating study of character. The plot is admirably unfolded, but the strength of the book lies in its clear delineation of character."

MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL

SIR HENRY WYLIE NORMAN.

By Sir WILLIAM LEE-WARNER, K.C.S.I.

With Portraits. Demy 8vo, **14s. net.**

Daily Telegraph.—"The story of a man of remarkable ability and of remarkable personal charm, told in a simple, dignified, and deeply interesting fashion."

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

By MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. Revised and in Parts Re-written, by FREDERIC G. KENYON, D.Litt., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. With 2 Portraits, crown 8vo, **7s. 6d. net.**

Evening Standard.—"The work of the present editor has aimed solely at making a valuable book more serviceable to future generations of students and lovers of Robert Browning."

MEMORIES OF MEN & BOOKS.

By REV. PROFESSOR ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A.

With a Portrait, small demy 8vo, **8s. 6d. net.**

Globe.—"As a contribution to one side of the social life of the past century, Mr. Church's volume is of much value."

THE PASSING OF MOROCCO.

By FREDERICK MOORE, Author of "The Balkan Trail."

With a Cover Design, Men and Illustrations, **5s. net.** [*Just published.*

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

From . . .

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons' List.

Prospectuses of these books may be had post-free on application.

JUST OUT.

SERVIA AND THE SERVIANS.

By M. CHEDO MIJATOVICH, late Servian Minister to the Court of St. James's.

With 16 Illustrations, in demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 16s. net.

The author of this book is a recognised authority on all Servian affairs, and in this book he gives us a very vivid account of the religious and social life, the institutions and the traditions of Servian folk. As an authoritative history of Servia from an ethnographical, historical and political point of view, this book is believed to stand alone.

SIR JOHN GORST'S RECOLLECTIONS.

NEW ZEALAND REVISITED.

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 12s. 6d. net, with 16 Illustrations.

"This charmingly chatty book."—*Western Mail.* "Amusing and instructive."—*Morning Leader.* "Will be valued at its true worth by every intelligent reader."—*Daily Telegraph.* "Sir John has a fluent and descriptive pen."—*Daily Express.* "Delightful."—*Manchester Guardian.* "A pleasant and readable book."—*Globe.*

"A Book of Very Deep Interest."

MODERNISM: a Record and Review.

By the Rev. A. LESLIE LILLEY, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Paddington.

With Epistle Dedicatory to the Rev. Father G. Tyrrell. 6s. net.

"Mr. Lilley's lively pages make us feel the excitement of the contemporary movement in France. The volume will help anyone who cares so to do to trace for himself the growth of a controversy which is of momentous importance for Western Christianity. . . . It is wholesome reading."
—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MESSIANIC IDEA: a Study in Comparative Religions.

By the Rev. W. O. E. OESTERLEY, D.D.

In crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LTD., 1, Amen Corner, London, E.C.

From ROUTLEDGE'S SPRING LIST.

ASPECTS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

By RICHARD H. P. CURLE. With an Engraved Portrait after G. F. WATTS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"A distinguished and well-balanced piece of work, which should gain its author immediate recognition, as among the most sane and well informed of the younger critics of the day."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"I would advise any aspirant to the study of Meredith to read a book by Mr. Richard Curle, very recently published, entitled 'Aspects of George Meredith.' It is the work of a convinced and penetrating admirer, and analyses a number of points highly deserving of being taken into consideration."—Mr. W. M. ROSSETTI, in the *Daily News.*

A RESIDENT'S WIFE IN NIGERIA

By CONSTANCE LARYMORE. With 41 Illustrations on Art Paper, and a Portrait of the Author, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

"Mrs. Larymore is not only a skilled traveller in wild countries, but is able to describe her wanderings most graphically with pen and camera. One of the most enjoyable books of travel we have seen of late."—*Globe.*

"Miss Kingsley has shown us that a woman can travel. . . . Mrs. Larymore gives a further demonstration of the fact. . . . In Miss Kingsley's book nothing is more striking than the good humour of the writer; Mrs. Larymore has the same fine gift of kindly optimism. A most engaging account of her life and experiences in Nigeria."—*Liverpool Courier.*

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF;

OR, CANADA AS I SAW IT.

By B. STEWART, Author of "My Experiences in Cyprus," &c. With 16 Plates, crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

"There has been quite a flood of books about Canada of late, but few of them have been of such deep interest as this. . . . In every way this latest volume on Canada is a valuable one. It gives a true picture of the country from the Canadian side, and all through the reader feels that he is in the hands of a writer who has a thorough grasp of his subject."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

THE CASE FOR THE GOAT,

WITH THE PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE OF 24 EXPERTS.

By "HOME COUNTIES." With 16 Full-page Plates, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s.6d.; also with 4 Full-page Plates, boards, 1s.

"Shows how easily anybody with no more accommodation than a backyard in the suburbs can become a keeper of live stock which will make him independent of the dairyman."—*Lancet.*

"May be warmly recommended as containing much that is very likely to be useful."—*Spectator.*

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED.
Carter Lane, E.C.

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER and PUBLIC OPINION

Sir Hubert Herkomer, the distinguished artist, writing from Bushey to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION, says, on February 11th, 1908:—

Dear Sir—It gives me great pleasure to tell you how your paper, PUBLIC OPINION, answers a purpose in my life. Although I read a great deal, I find it impossible to keep abreast of the trend of higher thought that is going on around me, which can only be gathered from various articles and letters in the newspapers, and articles in magazines. But your paper gives me the assurance that I miss nothing which could be of use to me in the train of thought upon which I may just be engaged, and seldom does a weekly issue of PUBLIC OPINION appear from which I cannot cull some useful suggestion. As a lecturer on art, I need all the suggestions on life that I can get into my hands, for I treat art in all its phases popularly. From PUBLIC OPINION I get to know certain modern authors with whose methods of thinking I am in sympathy, and those I follow up further. Your paper does me the service to point to them.

Your selection of current thought is worthy of all praise, for it gives one a wholesome feeling that the world is after all not going to the devil, but contains thinkers and good men and women.

I wish you with all my heart continuous success with your paper.

Yours very truly,
(Sgd.) HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

PUBLIC OPINION.

A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.
EVERY FRIDAY. TWOPENCE.

Edited by PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION,
30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis St., London, E.C.

Specimens free on application.

PERCY L. PARKER.

fat living that she could well get into her wedding-gown of yellow cramosyn. She smoothed her hair back into her cord hood that for so long had not come out of its press. She washed her face in a bucket of water; that and the press and her bed, with grey woollen curtains, were all the furnishing her room had. The straw of the roof caught in her hood when she moved, and she heard her old father-in-law cackling to the servant-maids through the cracks of the floor."

How pictorial is every touch here, reminding us of one of the medieval interiors with which the members of the P.R.B. discomforted the pundits of the Royal Academy in the 'fifties.

Although there is strain and artificiality in the highly mannered conversation put into the mouths of most of the characters, the author undoubtedly succeeds in painting a very interesting portrait of Henry VIII. Historians have always been at loggerheads over Henry's character, and Mr. Hueffer's reading of him as a man whose full-blooded, gross-hearted nature was inspired by the craft of our insular, unconscious hypocrisy, is probably near the mark. On our author's Katharine Howard, the Fifth Queen, and her simple virtue, her clear-eyed pride, and her intense devotion to the Catholic faith, the historians will probably have something to say. His Katharine could probably be less easily defended than his Mary Tudor, whose relentless nature is better indicated than the narrow bigotry which makes her memory so detestable. The scenes between Katharine and Mary are among the best in the book, and the analysis of the forces at work which led to Katharine's downfall is clever. In the closing scenes, which show us the web of Court intrigue closing around the young Queen, there is a sombreness which is certainly impressive. If the wires are too often jerked by the author's hand the atmosphere is of highly original quality. Altogether the last volume of his triology strengthens a work which, in its wealth of richly-picturesque archæological detail, may be compared with a latter-day tapestry.

Readers who demand less illusion and originality in a historical novel than Mr. Hueffer provides for them may find entertainment and profit in "The Burning Cresset," a study of the abortive rising in 1715 by Lord Derwentwater and the Northumbrian adherents of the Stuart cause. The figure of the unfortunate leader is sketched sympathetically, and the author outlines, creditably if vaguely, the most picturesque features of the short campaign which brought the Earl to the scaffold. The best character in the story is the fighting Irishman, Brian, whose unquenchable pugnacity and native craft are well set off by the infirm purpose and incompetence of the Jacobite generals. Mr. Pease, we think, is happiest when dealing with his humble country folk, and we may note here that we should find much more variety in historical romance if the narrative came more often from the lips of humble soldiers of fortune, and less from the principals in command. The chief defect of "The Burning Cresset" lies in the author's extremely modern style, and the unnaturally stilted phraseology of most of the characters. The novel is, however, vigorous and readable, and is much easier and not less profitable to read than the account given of Lord Derwentwater's rising in most of our English histories.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Most of the historians and diarists of her own age have given us anything but a favourable portrait of Charles II.'s Portuguese Queen, whose dowry added Tangier and Bombay to our possessions, and so laid the foundation of British supremacy in the East. Miss Lillias C. Davidson's capable and picturesque biography, "Catherine of Bragança, Infanta of Portugal and Queen-Consort of England" (Murray, 15s. net), is a spirited attempt to place Catherine before English readers in a more attractive light. It would be hard to imagine anyone less fitted by nature and by training than Catherine was to be the wife of such a man as Charles II., or to preside over the dissolute Court of the Restoration. In person she was far from beautiful. One writer describes her as "a woman of mean appearance and of no agreeable temper," and Lord Dartmouth says that "she was very short and broad, of a swarthy complexion, one of her foreteeth stood out, which held her upper lip." She had, however, fine eyes, a mass of glossy hair, and beautifully proportioned hands and feet. In spite of her low stature she had a dignified carriage. Pepys saw her driving in the Park in 1663, looking "mighty pretty in a white-laced waistcoat and crimson short petticoat." Brought up in the stiff formality and seclusion of the Portuguese Court, unable to speak either English or French, and of a pious, almost ascetic, temperament, she was, at the time of her marriage, better fitted to enter a convent than to become the mate of a crowned rake like Charles II. For the mixture of contempt and negligence with which Charles treated her in the early years of their married life Miss Davidson (without great weight of evidence) blames Clarendon. By compelling her to receive Lady Castlemaine he put upon her an indignity which any woman of spirit would be bound to resent, but though Catherine held out for a time, she capitulated tamely enough, and afterwards treated the long train of royal favourites with equanimity. So complaisant did she become that Pepys tells us she never entered her own dressing-room without warning, lest she should surprise her husband flirting with her maids. Charles in return treated her with greater consideration, and though he never loved her, when, owing to her childlessness, there was a strong movement to have her divorced, he resisted the attempt. He also championed her cause at the time of the Popish Plot, when she ran some danger of death on a false charge of treason. These facts do something to redeem Charles II.'s conduct towards her. Seven years after her husband's death Catherine returned to Portugal, and on the failure of her brother's health she became Queen-Regent of the country in 1705. Her brief but just and vigorous rule shows that she possessed powers which, under more favourable circumstances, might have won for her an independent reputation. If Miss Davidson hardly makes out her case that Catherine was "one of the best and purest women who ever shared the throne of England," she has at least given us a readable and sympathetic biography and a carefully studied picture of the society in which Catherine moved.

* * *

Professor C. E. Vaughan's "Types of Tragic Drama" (Macmillan, 5s. net) is a contribution to literary criticism of real value and freshness, which want of space compels us to dismiss more briefly than we should have wished. It is composed of lectures delivered to a general audience at the University of Leeds upon the great writers of tragedy from Æschylus and Sophocles to Browning and Ibsen. Professor Vaughan's main thesis is that the development of tragedy has been, on the whole, "a change from the presentation of action to the presentation of character, a gradual shifting of the scene from that which is without to that which is within." This theme is worked out with great skill and judgment. Professor Vaughan shows how greatly the romantic drama gained in force and interest by the admission of those humorous and grotesque elements which classical tragedy excluded. What strikes us most in reading his book is the catholic sympathy which enables him to do full justice to writers as violently opposed to each other as Racine and Victor Hugo. The lecture on Seneca and Roman tragedy is also a fine piece of criticism, particularly valuable from the fact that, despite his enormous influence upon Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and the other Elizabethans, Seneca has seldom been studied in a workmanlike way. It is a pity that Professor Vaughan did not allow two lectures instead of one for his discussion of some recent types of drama. What he says upon the subject is excellent, though it leaves room for fuller treatment. Browning, Maeterlinck, and Ibsen can hardly be treated to much solid purpose in a single lecture. We heartily recommend his book. It is a sound and masterly examination of the development of dramatic literature, and no student can afford to overlook it.

* * *

Few men have lived a life of such unremitting labour and hardships on the outskirts of civilisation as the late Bishop Bompas. Mr. H. A. Cody's memoir, "An Apostle of the North" (Seeley, 7s. 6d. net), is a memorial to one of the most self-denying missionaries of our time. A sound scholar and a book-lover, Bishop Bompas threw himself heart and soul into the work of spreading Christianity

NEW EDITIONS OF "EREWHON" BUTLER

"Samuel Butler was, in his own department, the greatest English writer of the latter half of the 19th century."—*Bernard Shaw.*

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. A Novel. Entirely re-set. **6s.** 424 pp.
EREWHON A Satire. 11th issue. **2s. 6d.** net. ... ... 324 pp.
EREWHON RE-VISITED. 3rd issue. **2s. 6d.** net. ... ... 340 pp.
ESSAYS ON LIFE, ART, AND SCIENCE. 2s. 6d. net. ... 340 pp

Now Ready. 6s.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUPER-TRAMP

By W. H. DAVIES (Author of "The Soul's Destroyer.")

WITH 8-PAGE PREFACE BY BERNARD SHAW.

"I recommend this most remarkable Autobiography of a Super-Tramp to your special attention." (Note made by Mr. Bernard Shaw on the MS. sent to the publisher.

Now Ready. 3s. 6d. nett.

ON CAMBRIAN AND CUMBRIAN HILLS

By HENRY S. SALT. With Two Photographs.
A record of forty years' experience. A delightful companion for the hills.

London: A. C. FIFIELD, 44, FLEET STREET, E.C.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS.

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

The Daily News

Founded by

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846.

Honored tradition and the spirit of modern enterprise are combined in "The Daily News." Matters of serious interest are reported at length. Place is also found, in shorter form, for the lighter news items which are a feature of 20th century journalism.

"The Daily News" is the **only** London Liberal newspaper that devotes every day a whole page to Financial and Commercial matters, Trade and Market reports and Stock Exchange Intelligence.

Its daily Parliamentary report is far more detailed than that of any other ½d. paper, and nearly a column is given to the Law List.

If you do not read "The Daily News" it is impossible for you to follow the progress of Liberalism.

HEAD OFFICES—
Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE INQUIRER

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL RELIGION

Special Articles of Interest to Liberal Thinkers and Workers.

Reviews of Important Books and Magazines.

News of Churches and Societies.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:
6/6 per year, to all parts of the World.

SPECIMEN COPY FREE ON APPLICATION.

Published every Friday at
3, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

among the Indians and Eskimos of the North-West. He was the first bishop of Athabasca, and when the diocese was sub-divided in 1883 he selected the less accessible district of Mackenzie River. When, later on, another sub-division took place, he retreated still farther north, and became Bishop of Selkirk, presiding over the Yukon region. So remote was he from civilisation that there usually elapsed a period of from three to four years between the time he ordered a parcel of books and the time they reached him. Apart from its picture of the great missionary bishop, this book is of interest from the account it gives of the lives of trappers and Indians in the North-West at a time when the district was less known than it is at present. The opening up of the Klondyke region and the state of the gold-mining camps there are also dealt with. The book is illustrated by an unusually interesting series of photographs.

* * *

The story of the Herkomer Art School, which was founded at Bushey in 1883, and ended its career twenty-one years later with the severance of Sir Hubert Herkomer's connection with its management, is set forth in Sir Hubert's "My School and My Gospel" (Constable, 21s. net). The starting of a school in a small country village, at that time far less accessible than it is now, was a daring scheme in itself, and perhaps justified the epithet of "Utopian" applied by those who doubted whether it would ever compete successfully with metropolitan institutions like the Slade or Heatherley's; yet few schools have enjoyed a better reputation for soundness of instruction, and few were more materially prosperous. In this book Professor Herkomer tells us of the school's beginnings, its stringent curriculum, the life of its students; explains his own practice as a teacher; and incidentally epitomises his many-sided activity. His theory of teaching is decidedly anti-Academic: search for the student's personality, and direct him accordingly—this is virtually his motto. He is against the copying of casts from the antique, holding that the beginner in art cannot understand the antique. In fact, he is against anything, including an unduly protracted course of pencil drawing, that tends to hinder the development of the painting instinct in the student who means to paint. What differentiated the Herkomer school from most others was the fact that the teaching was extended beyond the school curriculum. Artists who had been through the school were encouraged to settle in Bushey, and to begin their professional career under the surveillance of their former master. During this first period of independence, the most critical of all, perhaps, as Professor Herkomer suggests, an occasional piece of friendly advice was particularly helpful; and correspondingly it was valuable inasmuch as the master could best estimate the effect of his teaching when the student was just beginning work on his own account. In this connection one may note that, though the Herkomer School has ceased to exist, its fruits remain in a large and flourishing colony of artists, amongst whom the professor still lives and labours. His theatrical experiments, which took the form of pictorial music plays, are described here. It will be remembered that a revolt against too much convention in stage scenery—particularly against the stage moon—was inaugurated at Bushey, and that the ventures at the theatre built in connection with the art school aroused much comment at the time. The book bears full witness to its author's wholesome ideals and enormous human energy.

* * *

The late Mr. Henry Grey Graham was a scholarly minister of the Church of Scotland, whose knowledge of the life and letters of the eighteenth century was almost unrivalled. His "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century" will long hold the field as by far the best book on the subject, and "Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century" gives a capital picture of Edinburgh literary society during that period. A posthumous volume, "Literary and Historical Essays" (Black, 5s. net), opens with a brief account of Mr. Graham's quiet and uneventful career. He began his ministerial work at Nenthorn in Berwickshire. When Russel of "The Scotsman" went to live there, Graham was very nervous about preaching before him. A friendship soon sprang up between the two men, and at Russel's request, Graham contributed many reviews and some leading articles to "The Scotsman." The concluding essay in the present volume is an appreciation of Russel, a journalist of marked and striking personality, who made "The Scotsman" one of the most powerful organs in the country. The three lectures on "Society in France Before the Revolution," originally delivered at the Royal Institution, are marked by sureness of touch and profound knowledge of the period. Other subjects treated in the volume are Samuel Richardson (a writer for whom Mr. Graham shows a want of sympathy which prevents his essay from being first rate), Robert Heron, the origins of Glasgow University, and life in a country manse in the early eighteenth century. All of them are written in a vivid style, and bear traces of wide reading.

* * *

"Records of Stirring Times, 1726-1822" (Heinemann, 10s. net), by the authoress of "Old Days in Diplomacy," and edited by M. Montgomery-Campbell, is based upon unpublished documents in possession of the authoress. The most interesting of them are those addressed to Colonel Disbrowe, from whom the authoress is descended. Colonel Disbrowe was Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., and though his letters add little to our knowledge of the political history of the times when they were written, they furnish an agreeable picture of Queen Charlotte and her daughters. The Queen was a great stickler for etiquette. The ceremony known as the Message of Form, which consisted in the formal presentation of the Queen's congratulations to ladies of rank after the birth of a child, is amusingly described, and the ingredients of the caudle which played so important a part in the ceremony are given. The latter part of the book is taken up with an account of the turmoil caused in European diplomatic relations by Napoleon's wars. The "Manuscrit de St. Hélène," which appeared in 1817, and was supposed to be the work of Napoleon, is considered at some length, but the authoress does not seem to know the theory—or at any rate, does not accept it—that the "Manuscrit" is the work of a Swiss forger. The book affords some agreeable glimpses into the social life of the Georgian era, but its historical value is slight.

* * *

Centenarians who have other claims to distinction than the energy they showed in keeping themselves alive are few in number, but the subject of Mr. M. Sterling Mackinlay's pleasantly anecdotal memoir, "Garcia the Centenarian, and His Times" (Blackwood, 15s. net), achieved fame in two separate fields. He was the greatest of modern teachers of singing, and he invented the laryngoscope, an instrument which Huxley placed among the most important inventions of the medical world. The famous Spanish maestro, who died less than two years ago, was born at Zafra in Catalonia (not Madrid, as has been often stated) in 1805, seven months before the battle of Trafalgar. With a view to helping his readers to realise the space covered by Garcia's career, Mr. Mackinlay brings together some interesting historical events, but more to the point is his survey of the musical world at the date when Garcia was born. "Beethoven had not yet completed his thirty-seventh year, Schubert was a boy of eight, Auber, Bishop, Charles Burney, Callcott, Cherubini, Dibden, Halévy, 'Papa' Haydn, Meyerbeer, Paganini, Rossini, Spohr, Weber, these were all living, and many of them had yet to become famous. As for Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms, they were not even born; while Gounod, Wagner, and Verdi were still mere schoolboys when Garcia was a full-blown operatic baritone." The list of Garcia's pupils includes nearly all the most famous singers of the nineteenth century, from Jenny Lind and his own sisters, Maria Malibron and Pauline Viardot, to Miss Marie Tempest. His influence upon music was exerted almost entirely through his pupils, many of whom became in turn teachers whose methods are still a force in the musical world. We are told that Garcia disliked the heavy orchestration of Wagner's compositions, but the relations between the two men were cordial. Wagner was so delighted with the way in which his niece's voice improved under Garcia's tuition that he wrote a letter full of the warmest recognition, and twenty-five years later he urged Garcia to undertake the training of the singers for the first Bayreuth Festival. Garcia, who was then over seventy, had to decline owing to his engagements in London. Mr. Mackinlay does not attempt to paint a picture of Garcia's per-

MAPLE & CO

ARE SPECIALISTS
FOR COMFORTABLE

CLUB & LOUNGE CHAIRS & SETTEES

Inspection invited, or Illustrated Catalogue of Chairs sent free

LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

LONDON PARIS BUENOS AIRES

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

HIGHEST QUALITY

TURKISH TOWELS

AND SIMILAR GOODS.
SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it

WILL BE REPLACED.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from 6d. to £10.

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

406 pages, 8vo, cloth, 2s. post free.

HEAVEN AND HELL:
Things Heard and Seen.
By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER wrote:—"There is one grand and beautiful idea underlying all Swedenborg's revelations or speculations about the future life. His remarkably suggestive books are becoming familiar to the reading and reflecting portion of the community."

LONDON: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1, Bloomsbury St.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
[And at READING.]
MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.
NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

BOOKS WANTED.—£20 each offered. Guy Mannering, 1st edit., 3 vols. 1815, in boards uncut. Thackeray's Vanity Fair, 20 Nos., 1847-48. Vicar of Wakefield, 2 vols., Salisbury, 1766. Walton's Angler, 1653. Paradise Lost, 1667. Lamb's Shakespeare Tales, 2 vols., boards, 1827, 30/- each offered for. Scrope's Salmon Fishing, 1843. Gardiner's History of England, 2 vols., 1863. Ireland's Napoleon, 4 vols., coloured plates. Jesse's George Selwyn, 4 vols., 1843. Books with inscriptions written inside by Carlyle, Meredith, Keats, Lamb, &c. All books with coloured plates by Ackerman, &c. Special list of wants free, high prices paid. Please let us know your wants. We can supply everything.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Experts, 21, John Bright St., Birmingham.
[Bargain, Harmsworth's Encyclopædia, 10 vols., 25/- cost £2 16s. net.]

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD
(Viâ NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. / OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. / TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the
GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,
London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Will be ready in a few days.

sonality. His method is discursive and a trifle scrappy, but his book makes an entertaining record of the musical life of the last century, full of lively gossip and anecdote.

* * *

The title of Mr. Percival Hislam's "The Admiralty of the Atlantic" (Longmans, 6s. 6d. net), was suggested by a signal made at Revel six years ago by the German Emperor to the Tsar to the effect that "the Admiral of the Atlantic greets the Admiral of the Pacific." The book claims to be an inquiry into the development of German sea-power—past, present, and prospective—but the past history of the German Navy is dismissed in thirty pages (which are hardly fresh), another thirty are given to its present position, while the remaining one hundred and fifty pages are devoted to future possibilities, and to comparisons between the different navies of the world. Mr. Hislam's work is apparently intended for the general reader rather than for the student of naval affairs. His point of view may be judged from the ingenuous dictum that "the continuance of the present system of free imports into England is vital to German ambitions, a fact which she fully realises, but which has not received by any means its share of attention in this country. . . . The substitution of a tariff would undoubtedly lead to international complications, and possibly to a conflict; but the conflict must come sooner or later, and the sooner it comes the shorter, less costly, and less bloody it will be." We are surprised to find this baseless and pernicious doctrine set forth in a book which purports to be a serious study of naval policy. On the question of the possibility of an invasion of England, Mr. Hislam supports General Maurice's view that with proper precautions we have little to fear from such an attempt "so long as the British navy bears to the German something like its present ratio of superiority." The book will give ordinary readers a rough view of the comparative naval strengths of the Powers, but the author's attitude to Germany is bad. He suggests that she is only waiting for a chance to declare war against us. That is the usual anti-German pose. The anti-British party in Germany takes the same view about this country.

* * *

If the auction prices realised by the pictures of Richard Wilson during the last eighteen years are an index to this painter's popularity, he is still waiting for the public appreciation that his delicate and original talent deserves. The average figure is extremely low. Yet quite recently there has been some slight improvement, and a decided increase of interest on the part of connoisseurs is likely to enhance the market value of his work in the near future. Apart from this matter, however, Mr. Beaumont Fletcher has done good service in writing the artist's biography for "The Makers of British Art" series (Walter Scott, 3s. 6d. net). Certainly the book is less biographical than most of the volumes in the same series, but we get the outstanding details of a career, half sordid and wholly pathetic, that was one long struggle against financial adversity. If the tale is not more complete, it is hardly the author's fault, since the material provided by Wilson's old-time apologists, Allan Cunningham and Thomas Wright, of Norwood, is but scanty, and no modern writer has essayed a "Life" on which to draw. As a critical study, Mr. Fletcher's book has considerable interest. In vindicating Wilson's title to be called the father of English landscape painting, he connects the love of nature and the serene melancholy observable in his art with the Celtism derived from his Welsh origin, and shows how it was that the artist's temperament found its final expression in those classical compositions of Italian landscape with which his name is most intimately associated. Contrasting Wilson with Gainsborough, he considers the former to be a distinctly "objective" painter. This is obviously true in regard to Wilson's portraiture, but, assuming that Mr. Fletcher means by an "objective" landscape a transcript of nature in which individual temperament is subordinated to the point of elimination, we cannot follow him in this estimate of Wilson's landscape. Constable was a far more direct and literal interpreter of nature than Wilson; but one cannot call even Constable "objective." As is usual with this series, the pictures are finely reproduced and the appendices are useful, while these decided advantages are balanced by the raucous blue cover, which is, as ever, a blot upon the book's attractiveness.

The Week in the City.

The stock markets have been rather quiet and stagnant, expecting the Easter vacation, and doubtful about the future of the money market. There is talk of a Russian loan, and the German loan has evidently not been a great success. That a four per cent. loan has only just been covered with the help of the banks shows the nakedness and poverty of the Fatherland in a startling light. But what is still more disconcerting is the fact that Berlin cannot rid itself of the 5½ per cent. bank rate. And yet even with this rate they do not draw gold from London. If the situation were reversed we should all be in a panic. Trade shows no signs of mending anywhere, and few people expect any revival until after the harvest. A good harvest in America might set everything in motion again. As it is, we can only be thankful that things are so much better here than in Germany or the United States, where the natural decline is exaggerated by the artificial conditions produced by tariffs. It is quite heartrending to read the accounts of the misery of the labouring classes in the great towns of Germany and the United States. And in the former the proposed new taxes have created such a panic that the Radical Congress, which represents an important section of the *Bloc*, has been driven to propose military and naval retrenchment! Some light on the state of things in Hamburg is thrown by the fact that a large London grain company, which is about to go into liquidation, is reported to have lost £70,000 in bad debts in Hamburg alone. One would like to be able to say something cheerful about the commercial outlook, but the truth is that the air is full of failure; and things, in Germany especially, are likely to be worse before they are better.

Germany's Corn Imports.

Fifty years ago Germany was a large exporter of corn. Now she imports considerably, and suffers accordingly in consequence of the heavy tariff. It is estimated that the total requirement of breadstuffs for Germany, for the year 1907-08, will be about 16,200,000 tons. A writer in the "Corn Trade News" has estimated that the crop yield for this year (assuming a normal season) will be 9,842,000 tons of rye, and 4,612,000 tons of wheat. Taking all kinds of grain, he puts the German crop at 14,855,000 tons. There would therefore be 1,345,000 tons to be provided by imports, mainly wheat. Germany on the average imports between 70,000,000 and 85,000,000 bushels of wheat a year. In the last season the wheat crop was unusually poor, and therefore a more than ordinary deficit had to be made up by imports. The record of crops and imports of wheat in metric tons for five years past shows that imports tend to increase rather than to diminish, in spite of the protective tariff. That the total needs of the Empire are nearly 6,000,000 tons of wheat is shown by the following Table:—

Wheat.	Crop.	Imports.	Total Tons.
1906-07 ...	3,939,563 ...	2,003,671 ...	5,943,234
1905-06 ...	3,699,882 ...	2,268,203 ...	5,969,085
1904-05 ...	3,804,828 ...	1,694,724 ...	5,499,552
1903-04 ...	3,555,064 ...	1,915,966 ...	5,471,030
1902-03 ...	3,900,396 ...	1,808,082 ...	5,708,478

How small a part rye plays in the imports of breadstuffs is shown by a second Table, comparing crops and imports for the five-year period. The normal rye needs are 10,000,000 tons a year, while imports do not average more than 400,000 tons:—

Rye.	Crop.	Imports.	Total Tons.
1906-07 ...	9,625,738 ...	269,711 ...	9,895,449
1905-06 ...	9,606,727 ...	460,630 ...	10,067,457
1904-05 ...	10,060,762 ...	251,003 ...	9,809,759
1903-04 ...	9,904,493 ...	195,667 ...	10,100,160
1902-03 ...	9,494,150 ...	757,373 ...	10,251,523

But, unfortunately for the German working-classes, who eat mainly dark-coloured bread made of rye, the rye imports are now usually sufficient to raise the price in the home market by the full amount of the duty.

Lucellum.

To the PROFIT-SHARING SECURED NOTEHOLDERS OF THE UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC RAILWAYS COMPANY OF LONDON, LIMITED.

The Directors of the Underground Electric Railways Company of London, Limited, have carefully considered the best means for meeting the Company's financial requirements, and for dealing with its 5 per Cent. Profit Sharing Secured Notes, which mature 1st June, 1908. The Directors have, in consultation with Messrs. Speyer and with Advisory Committees in London and Amsterdam, formulated a Scheme of readjustment which they, Messrs. Speyer and the Committees, recommend to your consideration and approval.

The main features of the Scheme may be briefly summarised as follows:—

The Company is to create the following securities:—

£1,000,000 5 PER CENT. PRIOR LIEN BONDS to Bearer, due 1st November, 1920.

(Redeemable at par in whole or part, at the Company's option, at any time on six months' notice.)

Principal and interest will be payable in London in Sterling, or at the holder's option in New York at the exchange of $4.86·66 per £, or in Frankfort on Maine at the exchange of Mks. 20.40 per £, or in Amsterdam at the exchange of Fl. 12.12 per £.

Interest will run from the 1st May, 1908, and will be payable half-yearly on the 1st May and 1st November. The rate of interest will be such as to yield a clear 5 per cent. per annum after payment of British income-tax.

The Trust Deed will, under carefully drawn restrictions, empower the Company to issue an additional £250,000 Bonds, ranking *pari passu* with the other Prior Lien Bonds for the time being outstanding.

The Bonds are to be secured by a first charge upon the collaterals now deposited as security for the Profit Sharing Secured Notes, with an addition of £3,500,000 (nominal) of Shares of the Baker Street and Waterloo, Great Northern, Piccadilly and Brompton, and Charing Cross, Euston and Hampstead Railway Companies, and a charge (without power of sale or foreclosure) on the Company's Power House undertaking, subject to the now authorised Power House First and Second Debenture Issues or any reissue thereof or re-borrowing to redeem such Debentures.

£3,000,000 4½ PER CENT. BONDS OF 1933 to Bearer, due 1st January, 1933.

(Redeemable at par in whole or part, at the Company's option, at any time on six months' notice.)

Principal and interest will be payable in London in Sterling, or at the holder's option in New York at the exchange of $4.86·66 per £, or in Frankfort on Maine at the Exchange of Mks. 20.40 per £, or in Amsterdam at the exchange of Fl. 12.12 per £.

Interest will run from the 1st December, 1907. The first coupon will represent seven months' interest, and will be payable one month after the Scheme becomes binding. Subsequent coupons will be payable half-yearly on the 1st January and 1st July. The rate of interest will be such as to yield a clear 4½ per cent. per annum after payment of British income-tax.

The 4½ per Cent. Bonds will be secured by a charge on the same collaterals as the Prior Lien Bonds, similar to but ranking immediately after the charge of those Bonds.

The Trust Deed will provide, *inter alia*, that, in the event of four consecutive coupons being at any one time in arrear and unpaid, the charge for securing the 4½ per Cent. Bonds shall become immediately enforceable, in which event the Trustee may and, upon request of bearers of a majority in value of the outstanding amount of such Bonds, shall (subject to the rights of the Prior Lien Bondholders) realise the Stocks and Shares deposited as collateral.

£5,200,000 6 PER CENT. INCOME BONDS to Bearer, due 1st January, 1948.

(Redeemable at par in whole or part, at the Company's option, at any time on six months' notice.)

Principal and interest will be payable in London in Sterling, or at the holder's option in New York at the exchange of $4.86·66 per £, or in Frankfort on Maine at the exchange of Mks. 20.40 per £, or in Amsterdam at the exchange of Fl. 12.12 per £.

The Trust Deed will provide for payment of the interest on the Income Bonds (which is to be non-cumulative) in semi-annual instalments out of the profits of each half-year available for the purpose and remaining after making or providing for all other payments on revenue account for such half-year and setting aside such sums for reserve as the Directors may think expedient. The full rate of interest will be such as to yield a clear 6 per cent. per annum, free of British income-tax.

The holders of the Income Bonds are to be entitled, as far as the law will permit, to attend and vote at all Meetings of the Company, but they are not to vote on any resolution for putting the Company into liquidation. They are to have eleven votes for each £100 of principal of the said Bonds.

TERMS OF CONVERSION.

Noteholders will be asked to exchange their Notes as to 40 per cent. of their nominal value into 4½ per Cent. Bonds of 1933 at par, and as to 70 per cent. of their nominal value into Income Bonds at par, the exchange taking place as on the 1st December, 1907.

The 4½ per Cent. Bonds of 1933 and the Income Bonds given in exchange for those Notes which are payable in United States currency, will be issued in even amounts of Sterling, the exchange being made at the rate of $4.86·66 to the £ sterling, and Scrip will be given for the resulting fractional parts, convertible into new Bonds when presented in amounts of £20 or multiples thereof.

The following table shows the way in which it is proposed to deal with the new securities:—

APPLICATION OF PROPOSED NEW SECURITIES.

	5 per cent. Prior Lien Bonds.	4½ per cent. Bonds of 1933.	6 per cent. Income Bonds.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Holders of £3,599 268 9s. 8d. 5 per cent. Profit Sharing Secured Notes ..	—	1,439,707 7 10	2,519,487 18 9
To Holders of 16,550,000 dols. 5 per cent. Profit Sharing Secured Notes (taken at 4·86·66 dols.) ..	—	1,360,292 12 2	2,380,512 1 3
Reserved for Special Interest Fund	—	200,000 0 0	300,000 0 0
Underwritten by Messrs. Speyer and their friends	1,000,000 0 0	—	—
	£1,000,000 0 0	£3,000,000 0 0	£5,200,000 0 0

The Coupon due the 1st December, 1907, on the Notes, and the seven months' interest, due 1st July, 1908, on the 4½ per cent. Bonds of 1933, will be paid in full in cash out of the proceeds of the issue of Prior Lien Bonds.

SPECIAL INTEREST FUND.

The estimated net revenues of the Company would scarcely warrant the Company in undertaking a definite obligation to pay the interest during the first few years on the 4½ per cent. Bonds of 1933, but in order that the Noteholders may not suffer so serious a reduction in their income as would otherwise be the case during the further development of the enterprise, Messrs. Speyer Brothers, of London, Messrs. Speyer & Co., of New York, and Mr. Lazard Speyer-Ellissen, of Frankfort on Maine, have by Agreement with the Company dated the 7th April, 1908, undertaken to purchase on or before each 1st January and 1st July, commencing with the 1st January, 1909, such an amount of 4½ per Cent. Bonds and Income Bonds at the price and rate of £300 and accrued interest on the 4½ per Cent. Bonds for £200 (nominal) of 4½ per Cent. Bonds, and £300 (nominal) of Income Bonds (taken together) as will by the proceeds make good any deficiency in the full interest for the preceding half-year on the 4½ per cent. Bonds which the Revenues of the Company to the close of such half-year remaining after making or providing for all payments on revenue account (except interest on the Income Bonds) for the same half-year, but before providing for reserve, are insufficient to meet. Messrs. Speyer, however, stipulate that they are not to be liable under such undertaking for more than £300,000 in all (being the purchase money of £200,000 of 4½ per Cent. Bonds and £300,000 of Income Bonds). The Company are to set aside the purchase money of the said Bonds, and apply it solely for payment of the interest on the 4½ per cent. Bonds.

The Directors are of opinion that the Special Interest Fund of £300,000 will be sufficient to make up any deficiencies down to and including the 1st July, 1912, and that thereafter, if not before, the surplus income of the Company will be sufficient to meet all the Company's fixed charges.

As Messrs. Speyer agree to purchase the above Bonds at the price named from a desire to assist the Company in arranging with the Noteholders, and their agreement to do so is conditional upon the Scheme becoming binding, all Noteholders are urged to accept th Scheme and deposit their Notes under the Deposit Agreement referred to below without delay.

SALE OF PRIOR LIEN BONDS AND APPLICATION OF PROCEEDS.

The proposed issue of £1,000,000 Prior Lien Bonds will be offered to the Noteholders and Shareholders for subscription at the price of £93 per £100 Bond as soon as may be after the Scheme becomes binding, the Bonds to carry interest from the date of payment of the final instalment in each case, and the whole of such proposed issue has been underwritten by Messrs. Speyer and their friends at the foregoing price, conditionally on the Scheme being accepted by the Noteholders and Shareholders and becoming binding.

An Agreement dated 7th April, 1908, has been entered into between Messrs. Speyer Brothers, Messrs. Speyer & Co., Mr. Lazard Speyer-Ellissen, and Messrs. Teixeira de Mattos Bros., all therein referred to as "the Readjustment Managers," of the first part, those holders of Profit Sharing Secured Notes who deposit their Notes under that Agreement, of the second part, and the Depositaries referred to below of the third part. This Agreement provides for the deposit of Notes for the purpose of better ensuring the carrying of the Scheme. The Directors, however, reserve the right to decide whether, in view of the number of Notes deposited under this Agreement or otherwise, they are justified in proceeding with the Scheme.

DEPOSIT OF NOTES.

Noteholders are invited to deposit their Notes, under the terms of the foregoing Agreement, on or before the 1st May, 1908, with one or other of the following Depositaries, viz.:—

The London & Westminster Bank, Limited, Lothbury, London, E.C.;

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York, No. 28, Nassau Street, New York;

The Associatie Cassa, Amsterdam;

Or with Mr. Lazard Speyer-Ellissen, Frankfort on Maine, as Agent for the first-named Depositary.

Under the above Deposit Agreement negotiable receipts for the deposited Notes will be issued by the respective Depositaries, which, if the Scheme becomes binding with or without modification, will be exchanged in due course for the new securities mentioned above, stamped with the British Stamp duty where necessary. If the Scheme does not become binding, receipt holders are, on being so requested by advertisement, to surrender their receipts and withdraw the Notes and coupons represented thereby (or a like amount of Notes and coupons).

Owing to there being no other means of binding a dissentient minority of the Noteholders, it is intended to proceed with the scheme under the Joint Stock Companies Arrangement Act, 1870.

Copies of the complete Circular (of which this notice is only a synopsis), to which the Deposit Agreement and the full Scheme are scheduled, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company in London, or at the Offices of the above-mentioned Readjustment Managers, where copies of the Agreement as to the Special Interest Fund can also be inspected.

By order of the Board,

W. E. MANDELICK,
Secretary.

14th April, 1908.

Referring to the foregoing Notice, the undersigned recommend to the Noteholders the prompt acceptance of the Company's proposals, and urge them to deposit their Notes on or before 1st May, 1908, with one or other of the Depositaries mentioned in the foregoing Notice.

As the Company's Circular contains further information of importance to the Noteholders, they are advised to obtain copies thereof at the Office of either of the undersigned.

SPEYER BROTHERS.
SPEYER & CO.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.
14th April, 1908.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.

Each packet is dated with the year of issue.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.

All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5.9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.

Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS HOTEL. Tel.: 0199. Mrs. F. Sara.

BARON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Magnificent Moor Views.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.

DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.

Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.

GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

SWISS CAFE, Union Street. Moderate. Genoni Bros.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGANDINE.

BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.

WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell Manager

EDUCATIONAL.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK.

(Under the Management of the Society of Friends.)

Twenty-six boys passed University Entrance Examinations in 1906 and 1907.

A new feature for post-Matriculation students is a CITIZENSHIP COURSE, including Economics and Modern History with special reference to existing political institutions and social problems.

The School continues to hold a strong position in Leisure-Hour work:—Natural History, Archaeology, Carpentry, etc.

For copies of prospectus and full particulars with regard to scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

Head Master: Arthur Rowntree, Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.

RUGBY SCHOOL.

THE EXAMINATION FOR SCHOLARSHIPS

Will Begin MONDAY, JUNE 1st.

Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN JULY.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. 1854 GERRARD

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of College life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

Scholarship Examination, June 2nd, 3rd & 4th.

One of **£87**, five or more of **£50**, five or more of **£30** (£21 for Day Scholars) per annum. Faber Exhibition of £12 awarded to boy who does best in examination. Council nominations, value **£12** per annum, may be awarded to boys who do well, but fail to obtain a scholarship. For particulars, apply to the Head Master or Secretary.

CO-EDUCATION.

ST. LEONARD'S SCHOOL, BALDOCK, HERTFORDSHIRE, has been Opened for BOYS and GIRLS.

PRINCIPAL—MRS. ENNIS RICHMOND.

(Author of "Boyhood," "Through Boyhood to Manhood," etc.)

HEAD MASTER—MR. KENNETH RICHMOND.

"A Natural Education" and "For Our Daughters," Lectures given by Mrs. Richmond on the Co-Education of Boys and Girls may be had from Messrs. G. Street & Co., Ltd., 42, Albemarle-street, London, W. Price 3d. each; single copy 4d., post free.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON).

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Ten Entrance Scholarships, from £50 to £60, and several Bursaries of not more than £30, tenable for three years at the College, will be awarded on the results of an Examination to be held from June 29th to July 4th, 1908. Names must be entered before May 30th. The College prepares Students for London Degrees and also for certain of the Oxford Honour Examinations. Inclusive fee, £100 a year.

For forms of entry and further particulars, apply to the SECRETARY Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields; gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

NEXT TERM, MAY 1st.

ST. GEORGE'S PUBLIC CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL,

HARPENDEN, HERTS.

Headmaster—The REV. CECIL GRANT, M.A.

The next Term begins on Thursday, May 7th.

For prospectus and full particulars apply to The CO-EDUCATIONAL PUBLIC SCHOOLS TRUST, LTD., 41, Moorgate Street, E.C.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Christiania—The Cammermeyer Boghandel, Car Johans Gade, 41 and 43.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

By the Author of "The Opportunity of Liberalism."

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

By BROUGHAM VILLIERS. Demy 8vo, 10/6 net.

The Manchester Guardian says: "Mr. Villiers's book does just what such a history ought to do—sets out clearly the main facts and personalities, but does not load the story with minutiæ, giving the main attention to a spirited account of the stream of tendencies which have expressed themselves in the more definite socialistic movement."

The Scotsman says: "Thoughtful, clearly written, and wel based in the study of the severer socialistic literature, of whicl it provides a useful bibliography, the work cannot but prov of interest to readers in search of an introduction, at onc informative and sympathetic, to this important subject."

THE STANDARD LIBRARY OF HISTORY.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS.

NEW VOLUME READY.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

(B.C. 29—A.D. 476.)

By H. STUART JONES, M.A. With Maps and many other Illustrations. 5s.

A complete list of the Volumes in the Story of the Nations, the greatest historical library in the world, will be sent post free on application to T. Fisher Unwin, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

PORTUGAL.

By H. MORSE STEPHENS, M.A. New Edition. With a new chapter dealing with the most recent events, by Major MARTIN HUME, and 5 new Illustrations, including Portraits of the late King and Crown Prince and the new King. 5s. (Nations series.)

HISTORY OF IRELAND TO THE COMING OF HENRY II.

By ARTHUR UA CLERIGH, M.A., K.C. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

This volume is complete in itself. It is a record of Irish history from the earliest times to 1171.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

A Record of his Life and Work.

By his Daughter, HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER. With an account of his Parliamentary Struggle, Politics, and Teachings, by JOHN M. ROBERTSON, M.P. New and Cheaper Edition. With New Introductory Chapter. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net. Uniform with Mr. Morley's "Life of Richard Cobden."

LIFE OF GOETHE.

By HEINRICH DUNTZER. With Authentic Illustrations and Facsimiles. Cheap Edition. Cloth 2s. 6d. net. Uniform with "Charles Bradlaugh."

HISTORY OF CIVILISATION.

By CHARLES SEIGNOBOS. 5s. net each.

Vol. I. HISTORY OF ANCIENT CIVILISATION.
Vol. II. HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL CIVILISATION.

A concise review of the development of European civilisation since the downfall o the Roman Empire.

THE PROGRAMME OF MODERNISM: A Reply to the Encyclical *Pascendi* of Pius X.

Translated from the Italian by FATHER TYRRELL. 5s. net.

"Amidst the quickly growing mass of literature dealing with the Modernist Movement in the Roman Catholic Church, this little volume may, without hesitation, be singled out as the best source of information for those who want to know the facts in brief."—*Manchester Guardian.*

WILD HONEY FROM VARIOUS THYME.

By MICHAEL FIELD. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"'Wild Honey' is one of the most delightful books that the last ten years have given us, and should be read by every lover of poetry."—*The Academy.*

THE CANADIAN KIPLING.

THE SONGS OF A SOURDOUGH.

By ROBERT W. SERVICE. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

"In 'Songs of a Sourdough' Mr. Service has got nearer to the heart of the old-time-place miner than any other verse-maker in all the length and height of the great Dominion."—*The Morning Post.*

MY LIFE IN THE OPEN.

By WILL H. OGILVIE, Author of "Fair Girls and Grey Horses." With an Introduction and a Portrait. 5s. net.

Vital impressions of open-air life in many parts of the world.

BRITISH BIRD LIFE.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, M.B.O.U., F.R.H.S. With an Introduction by SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., and over 50 Illustrations. Cheap Edition, 3s. 6d.

Popular sketches of every species of bird which regularly nests in the British Isles.

LAST HOURS WITH NATURE.

By MRS. BRIGHTWEN. Edited by W. H. CHESSON Profusely Illustrated. Cloth 2s. 6d. net.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT

Readers of *The Nation* will be interested in seeing a list of books written by members of the New Parliament.

Published by Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Mr. JOHN MORLEY.
"The Life of Richard Cobden."

Mr. JOHN BURNS.
In "Labour and Protection."

Mr. R. B. HALDANE.
"Army Reform."

Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.
In "The Johnson Club Papers."

Mr. W. RUNCIMAN.
In "British Industries under Free Trade

Mr. C. F. G. MASTERMAN.
"In Peril of Change," and
"The Heart of the Empire."

ORIENTAL CAMPAIGNS AND EUROPEAN FURLOUGHS.

The Autobiography of an Indian Mutiny Veteran.

By Col. EDWIN MAUDE, late H.M. 2nd (Leinster Regiment. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

"We have thoroughly enjoyed every page of these reminiscences of an ol soldier."—*Daily Graphic.*

CRIMINAL APPEAL AND EVIDENCE.

By N. W. SIBLEY, B.A., LL.M., Joint Author of "Inter national Law as interpreted during the Russo-Japanese War," 15s. net.

"Mr. Sibley's work is so exhaustive that its adoption as a text book b students may be confidently recommended."—*Journal of Commerce.*

HEALTH AT ITS BEST *v.* CANCER AND OTHER DISEASES.

By ROBERT BELL, M.B., M.D., F.F.P.S. 5s. net.

"A book to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."—*The Referee.*

THE MOTOR CAR AND ITS ENGINE

A Practical Treatise for Motor Engineers, includin owners and chauffeurs.

By JOHN BATEY. Cloth, 5s. net.

SPECIAL EDITION.

THE MERMAID SERIES.

THE BEST PLAYS OF THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

LITERAL REPRODUCTIONS OF THE OLD TEXT

With Photogravure Frontispieces.

A complete list of volumes and particulars of the specia editions in preparation will be sent post free to any address o application to T. FISHER UNWIN, Adelphi Terrace, London.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

THE NATION, with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 4.] SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Diary of the Week	105
Politics and Affairs:—	
Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman	108
Idealism in Politics	109
A Vision of New Toryism	111
The Peril in the Balkans	112
Some Abuses of Club Life	114
Life and Letters:—	
The Economics of Tipping	115
The Child's Fetish	116
Sharing. By K....	117
The Tyranny of the Clock	118
Short Story:—	
The Death of the Rich Man. By Padraic Colum	119
Art:—	
Pictures at the Paris Salon	120
Communications:—	
Mr. McKenna's Opportunity. By One who Knows...	121
Letters to the Editor:—	
Martial Law in Natal. By George Greenwood, M.P.	123
The "Crux" in "The Tempest." By E. W. Lummis	123
The Garrotting Fallacy. By Criminologist	124
"The Practical Reconstruction of Country Life." By J. Frome Wilkinson	124
"The Merchant of Venice," at His Majesty's Theatre. By H. V. R.	124
Protection and Unemployment. By Forrest Hewit...	125
Women and the Suffrage. By B. C. S. and A. Kelly	125
Poetry:—	
The Forsaken Room. By J. Marjoram	125
The World of Books	126
Books to be Read	126
Reviews:—	
The England of Domesday. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb	128
A Master in Israel	130
Arab and Greek...	132
Two Novels of Domestic Life	134
Books in Brief:—	
The King's General in the West	136
The Cave Boy	136
The Week in the City	136

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman died without pain at a quarter past nine on Wednesday, after a period of unconsciousness. He was in his seventy-second year and had been for forty years continuously a member of the House of Commons. Till within a few days of his death, he was at once its leader and its "Father," his association stretching back to the first Gladstone Government. He had borne his long illness with the courage which was his outstanding and ennobling quality, and had fought for life with the full knowledge that the battle might go against him. We have endeavoured to describe his work and personality elsewhere, but we think we may say here that of late his most profound feeling and source of public anxiety were on the score of Ireland. His desire to aid the cause of nationality was so strong that at a time when his illness had assumed the gravest symptoms, and when it seemed impossible to postpone Mr. Redmond's motion on Home Rule, he insisted that he must join in the debate, against the urgent counsel of his doctors, and with the knowledge that an attempt to rise from his sick bed and to speak in the House of Commons might instantly be fatal. Mr. Birrell's illness averted this heroic decision. We may further add that the common notion of Sir Henry's great wealth was erroneous. He was not a man of very large possessions, though he gave generously to many public objects. He was in private life an example of amiability, of a serenity of mind and temper, which no public tumult could ruffle. He thus bestowed and received affection, and both in rich measure. He was singularly free from the vanity or the selfishness of public life; so that, though he won the attachment of the outer world, those who knew him best will mourn him most.

* * *

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is to be buried at Meigle, which is close to his Scottish seat, on Tuesday, and a funeral service will be held in Westminster Abbey at noon on Monday. The King and Queen, now absent in Copenhagen, and other members of the Royal Family, have sent messages of condolence, which have been especially warm in view of the singular affection which was entertained for him by most of the members of the Royal House. Since the days of Lord Beaconsfield, no Prime Minister has been so popular with Royalty, a relationship which was maintained without any practice or suggestion of the courtier's art. The tone of the Opposition Press has been notably warm, "The Times" describing Sir Henry "as a power for peace and reconciliation," and happily quoting Lockhart's phrase that public life was to him "an extension of the hearth." The feeling abroad and in the Colonies has been not less sympathetically expressed. The Radical German papers claim him especially as an "idealist" and a friend of international peace. Votes of condolence were carried unanimously in both Houses of the Cape Parliament, Mr. Merriman, the Premier, declaring that the unification of South Africa, if it were accomplished, would be his work. General Botha, in a message to the "Daily Chronicle," telegraphed that "in making it possible for the two races to live and work together harmoniously he has laid the foundations of a united South Africa." The Ministry of the Orange Colony have sent special messages of condolence.

* * *

The result of the Manchester election will be known by the time that The Nation is in the hands of its readers. The contest has been fought with unexampled energy, and, though the method has been popular, it has been more intellectual and less sensational than the saturnalia of Peckham. Mr. Churchill has secured the votes of the Jews, of a body of Manchester merchants who adhere to Free Trade, and of those Irish Catholics who decline to be led by their priests, who, in their turn, follow the strong Conservative bias of the English Catholic Bishops. This choice has been determined by Mr. Churchill's notable declaration on Home Rule. Speaking "with the full confidence of the Prime Minister," he said that the "Liberal Party should claim full authority and a free hand to deal with the problem of Irish self-government without being restricted to mere measures of devolution of the character of the Irish Council Bill." On this declaration Mr. Redmond and Mr. T. P. O'Connor advised the Irish to vote in his favour, since they had "elicited a declaration, on the authority of the Prime Minister, that Home Rule, in the sense of Mr. Redmond's resolution, will be put before the Government by the electors at the general election." Mr. Lloyd George, in the course of an electric speech, remarkable for its sustained brilliancy of spirit and phrasing, also stated that Old Age Pensions would be conceded within a twelvemonth. The chief factors hostile to Mr. Churchill have been the unscrupulous use made of the rise in the price of coal and bread, the organisation of the liquor

interest, the work of suffragettes and friends of the barmaids, coupled with the inevitable loss of votes which active Governments sustain. The correspondent of "The Times," in a careful review of the situation on the eve of the poll, thinks that the most dangerous element is the candidature of Mr. Irving, the doctrinaire Socialist, and concludes that if he polls well Mr. Churchill must lose. Should this be the case, revolutionary Socialism will merely have played its accustomed part in British politics of taking a back seat in the reactionist procession.

* * *

Mr. Runciman has been re-elected for Dewsbury by a majority of 1,516. His majority at the General Election was 3,810. The contest, like that at North-West Manchester, was three-cornered. The Liberal poll has fallen by 1,170 votes, that of the Labor candidate, Mr. Turner, by 183 votes, that of the Conservative-Protectionist has risen by 1,124. The Free Trade majority is still overwhelming, for both Liberalism and Labor based their appeal upon it, and the abnormal conditions of 1906 cannot, of course, be maintained. But some breach has been made in the Liberal strength. The topics of the election were all domestic—trade, unemployment, liquor reform; and the Labor opposition was pointed by some sharp criticisms by Mr. Runciman of the Unemployed Bill. But it is significant that, as we have often urged, Liberalism and Labor tend to decline, if they do decline, together, and one does not gain at the expense of the other.

* * *

Italy commenced a naval demonstration against Turkey to compel her to consent to the establishment of Italian post-offices in the five Turkish towns in which the other Powers have them. The demonstration was cancelled on Monday, when Turkey yielded, reserving, however, the right to take future action against the whole system of foreign post-offices on Turkish territory. There can be no doubt that Italy's object was political rather than commercial, and the Turkish objections were also political. The foreign post-offices are extensions of the doctrine of extra-territoriality, which is obnoxious because a limitation of Turkish sovereignty. Italy is pressing other claims in connection with Tripoli, and her energy in pushing her private interests is no doubt calculated to stir the Concert to emulation, and to inspire the Turkish Government with a fuller consciousness of its moral inferiority to the Western Powers.

* * *

The Mohmands to the north of the Kabul River and the Khaiber are threatening trouble. They are reported to have gathered 10,000 tribesmen, and they have sniped some posts. The Mohmands have been restless since the Zakkha Khel expedition, which they, no doubt, regarded as the beginning of a movement to bring the frontier tribes under administrative control. The Indian Government has concentrated a large force, but is obviously not anxious for another expedition, especially as the weather is very hot. The Mohmands themselves should not prove a very serious nut to crack. The country is more accessible than that south of the Khaiber, and the tribes inferior fighting material. On the other hand, they are very near the Afghan frontier, and complications with Afghanistan might well arise if the Amir's subjects, as in 1897, were to assist the Mohmands. It is to be hoped that an expedition will not be necessary, otherwise it is only too likely that another nail may be put into the coffin of the Curzon frontier settlement.

The National Union, which represents between six and seven thousand of elementary school teachers, has made an interesting contribution to the movement for educational peace. On Monday it passed a resolution at its Conference at Hastings, asking the Government to call a conference with the view to a compromise before proceeding with their Bill. The special position of the teachers was stated by their President, Mr. Nicholls, who objected to the McKenna Bill because it established contracting-out and thus vetoed a national system, and to the St. Asaph Bill because it set up the right of entry in public schools. His own scheme was a general form of simple religious teaching within school hours, given by the teachers, and supplemented by special doctrinal teaching in voluntary schools. This was to be given an hour before and after the school day, when the school-house would be at the disposal of the trustees, free of charge and properly warmed, cleaned, and lighted. The same facilities were to be offered in the evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays. Personally, we prefer such a settlement either to the McKenna or the St. Asaph Bill. In any case, we hope that the conference, if it comes, will not be confined to "priests" and "presbyters," and that representatives of the teachers will be admitted to it. It will not do to admit that English public education is merely a matter for clerical arrangement.

* * *

Three Treaties were signed on Thursday. The first is the Arbitration Treaty between England and the United States, which we have already described. It is limited both as to subjects and as to an express reservation of the power of the American Senate, which has now resisted the Irish hostility that proved fatal to the Treaty negotiated by Lord Salisbury. The other two Treaties guarantee the *status quo* in the North Sea and the Baltic in the interest of the smaller sea-side States. All the documents, therefore, tend to peace. Under the North Sea Treaty, Denmark and Holland receive a guarantee against aggression from Great Britain, Germany, and France. Under the Baltic agreement Sweden, while losing the protective Treaty of 1855, receives, with Denmark, a guarantee from Russia and Germany, both Baltic Powers. We imagine that the Aland Islands are made safe, and that there is no question of the Baltic becoming a "closed sea." Otherwise Great Britain could never have assented to the Treaty.

* * *

The Duma has passed by an overwhelming majority the Bill for the building of the Amur railway. The new line will link Vladivostok with Transbaikalia by a northern route remote from the Japanese outposts, and running through Russian territory only. It will traverse a frozen region without a future; it will cost some £50,000,000; and it will be of no strategical value until the Transiberian line is doubled; but the reactionary Duma prefers to waste money on perilous Imperialistic ventures to tackling the thorny land question. Another indication of its temper is given by the recommendation of the Defence Committee to introduce the Russian conscription system into Finland. Negotiations are on foot to form a *bloc* of the Moderate Right, the Octobrists, and the Cadets against the extreme Right and extreme Left. They have failed so far, and it is not obvious what the Cadets could do in such company. The Czar has signified his passion for reform by pardoning Gurko, the Assistant Minister of the Interior, who was found guilty last year of embezzling the money voted for the starving peasants. The appearance in the "Revue des

deux Mondes" and the "Preussische Jahrbücher" of inspired articles on Russia's finances, points to a new appeal to the loan market at no distant date.

* * *

The Congo debate began in the Belgian Chamber on Wednesday, when only a little preliminary skirmishing was indulged in. The Socialists proposed that the question of annexation should be referred to the nation, and the Premier replied that there was no constitutional provision for the referendum, though it is worth noting that the "Morning Post" some days ago announced that a special session would be given to the Congo after the elections. The opponents of annexation are very active. The Socialists in conference last Sunday condemned it on any conditions, and they have been driving home to the Belgian people its responsibilities certain and probable.

* * *

Some significant movements have taken place during the week in the practical politics of British Socialist parties. On the one hand, the Social Democratic Federation, which met in conference at Manchester, has rejected by 130 votes to 30 a resolution of fusion with the Independent Labour Party, moved on the ground that both bodies were now equally committed to doctrinaire Socialism. The resolution of fusion received, however, a rather notable convert in the veteran Mr. Hyndman, hitherto a resolute opponent of union. On the other hand, Mr. Irving, the Socialist candidate in North-West Manchester, lacks the support of the advanced Labour members, and Mr. Wells writes an open letter to the "Daily News," declaring that Mr. Irving merely represents "the extreme, old-fashioned, and implacable type of Socialist theory, limited, doctrinaire, and cantankerous"; while, on the other hand, Mr. Churchill's position was in harmony "with the spirit of our movement." He therefore recommended reasonable Socialists to vote for the Liberal candidate, so as to secure, among other ends, a Socialist answer to gross misrepresentations of Socialism by candidates like Mr. Joynson-Hicks.

* * *

The founding of Quebec by Champlain, its first Governor, three hundred years ago, and the beginning of modern Canadian history, are to be commemorated by a great celebration in which Great Britain, Canada, and France are happily and properly joined. The special feature of the festival is to be the purchase by the Canadian people of land on the Heights of Abraham, where Wolfe fought the battle which decided the destinies of Canada. The hero who won, the hero who lost, and both heroes who died, are united in the proposed memorial, and a French squadron will be present in the celebration, in token of one of the most brilliant and stainless passages in French colonial development. An executive committee, headed by Lord Midleton, invites subscriptions, which are to be handed to the Canadian Committee by the Prince of Wales, when he attends the ceremony next July. They should be sent to the Wolfe and Montcalm Memorial Account, at the Bank of England.

* * *

One of the greatest feats of Western statesmanship and administration in Eastern lands was terminated on Wednesday, when Sir Robert Hart, for forty-five years Inspector-General of Maritime Customs in China, left Peking. Sir Robert's organisation of the Imperial customs, which involved practically the maintenance of the foreign trade of China, had not only the qualities of ability and perfect probity, which nearly all such European services to the East possess, but it was achieved in sympathy and in co-operation with the people and the Government that it benefited. Sir Robert has for nearly half-a-century been at once the most powerful and the most trusted European in China. He opposed the thoughtless and reckless policy of exploitation which ended in the Boxer rising and the joint war. It is interesting to read the tribute to his character of the *Shun-tien Shih-pao*, a leading Chinese newspaper in Peking. "Never," it says, "has the employment of a foreign statesman been so fruitful of success in the world's history. Such long-maintained trust, such faith growing deeper and deeper on one side, such generous affection and sustained diligence on the other—these marvellous results may well leave one speechless." This is a rare tribute from the East to the West.

* * *

Mr. Morley has made a careful and judicious selection for the Bishopric of Bombay. The new Bishop, Mr. Palmer, is a scholar and tutor of Balliol, and as he was a Craven scholar, and obtained a first both in "Mods" and in "Greats," Mr. Morley may claim to have revived an almost dying tradition of scholarship in the episcopacy. Mr. Palmer has also Liberal tendencies in thought and in social interests. We note that the "Times," in its balanced view of the late Prime Minister's career, praises his ecclesiastical appointments, and suggests the well-known fact that they were largely influenced by the Primate's advice. We cannot, however, agree that this was a strong point in Sir Henry's dispensation of patronage. Some two or three minor appointments have been good, but no one can say that the nominations to the Bishoprics of Newcastle and Chichester added strength of mind or character to the English Episcopate.

* * *

The "Shakespeare Memorial Committee" has issued a statement in which it rejects the plan of a national theatre, and adheres to its design of an "architectural and symbolical monument," but suggests that it has under consideration, as a "subsidiary project," the idea of a "Shakespeare theatre." This may seem to be some concession to public opinion, but we would point out that the Committee itself has no right or power to speak for the nation, least of all to commit it to an artistic enterprise which is doomed to failure. The signatories of the letter to the "Times," this (Friday) morning do not include a single living British writer of the first eminence. They do not comprise one dramatic author, or critic, and only two Shakespearian writers of consequence. The presence of sculptors and architects on such a body is, at this stage, a grave disadvantage, rather than a merit; and the primary design of the Committee, as to which they have strangely committed themselves in the selection of a site, is open to every kind of objection. The Committee carries no weight, and we hope that subscriptions will be rigorously withheld from it.

* * *

The large exhibition of paintings by Mr. H. A. Olivier at the Grafton Galleries has for its principal features a series of twenty-four portraits of the Princes of Central India. As regards political importance, the most conspicuous exhibit is the portrait of H.H. Maharaja Madho Rao Sindhia, the Hindu chief of Gwalior, whose State is one of the largest in India; while another full-length picture of great interest is that of the veteran H.H. Maharaja Pratap Singh, of Orchha. Mr. Olivier works in the direct manner of Mr. Ouless and Mr. Cope, and may be congratulated both on the character he has imparted to most of his subjects' faces and on the detailed workmanship of their accoutrements

Politics and Affairs.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

The death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is an event which, though it possesses no element of tragedy, has greatly touched the people of these islands. Affection does not readily flow to public men, for most conspicuous service in the field of human action tends to harden character, and those whom we most deeply mourn have not as a rule held traffic on the greater ways of life. But now and then statesmen and national leaders, such as William of Orange, Fox, Garibaldi, Lincoln, suggest, in their leaving, a feeling more intimate than that which usually accompanies the passing of the great. One reason is that a part of their personality seems to consist of the home-spun stuff of which, happily, the social fabric is mainly composed. Of such a character was the late Prime Minister. He made no pretence to greatness, and, despising the watchful vanity that attends on and half ruins public life, disliked and distrusted those who used language of undue praise concerning his gifts and achievements. Of his limitations he was fully aware, and he probably did less than justice to the qualities of insight and wise detachment of mind which eventually secured him his surprising success as a political chieftain. He preferred to be thought a plain man among plain men, and in this preference, and in the strain of genial warmth which was inseparable from his nature, lies, we imagine, one explanation of the great popularity which he finally secured. He was liked as, for example, Gladstone was never liked, though he had to fight much the same kind of battle against an excited public opinion, basing itself on patriotic feeling and national interest, and though, during his two years of Premiership, he carried advanced legislation, and attacks on privileged bodies like the House of Lords, farther than any previous Liberal leader had done. But these things did not appear to count against him in the favour even of moderate men, any more than his deposition of the Duke of Cambridge affected his friendship with that much-aggrieved soldier. The passing storms of aversion from which his Government suffered seemed to leave him almost untouched.

Sir Henry's death will not be felt less heavily by his countrymen because he did not actually die Prime Minister of Great Britain, and his removal no longer affects the material calculations of our politics. For his career has left a deep impression on our times, and has permanently affected both the fortunes of his own party and the general aspect of British government. In resigning power when he felt himself unable to wield it, he acted in harmony with his character, and with the conception of leadership to which he firmly adhered. He came to the rescue of Liberalism when it was a mere hulk, floating captainless and rudderless on the waste of waters. When he had given it its proper force and direction, he was willing to surrender the chief post into the hands of another. He told the present writer that he had no desire to be Prime Minister, and was willing to serve under Lord Spencer. But when his captaincy involved the existence of his party, and an unstable but attractive personality was beckoning it along the way to destruction, he showed the utmost tenacity, both of political purpose and of his own position. For a considerable time he had not more than fifty men in the House of Commons on whom he could rely. Intrigue and half-heartedness had reduced the fighting power of Parliamentary Liberalism to its lowest point when he made the famous Leicester speech, which, though its immediate effect was the establishment of the Liberal League, really expunged the policy of the "clean slate," and scattered to the winds a combination based on disregard of the historic purpose of Liberalism, and an inability to divine and pursue the sources of its future strength. We know what would have happened if Lord Rosebery had even temporarily succeeded. Not a place would have been found in present-day politics for a shadowy form of Whiggery, cut off from the humanitarian traditions of the old Whig Party, and based merely on uncritical fear of a passing phase of opinion. It was in this crisis that "C. B." insisted on a formal renewal of his own mandate, and flatly declined to wipe a single measure, or ideal, or aspiration out of the Liberal programme. The issue of the quarrel was decided when the leader who had borne the heat and burden of the day called "Forward," while the leader who had kept his tent while the battle raged most fiercely cried "Back." Gladstone's genius continually enriched and renewed the moral resources of Liberalism. It was reserved for an inferior intelligence, but a character of rare strength and integrity, to save it from absolute bankruptcy.

Such resolutions test the reins of men and constitute the final qualification for leadership. Mr. Balfour, with a great majority at his back, made the clever man's mistake throughout the Parliament of 1900 of reckoning with every leader of the Liberal Party save the personage who, on account of his toughness of fibre and essential power of temperament, decreed the Tory downfall. In the following intellectual work of the Parliamentary Opposition "C. B." did not bear the supreme part. He was neither a great Parliamentary orator nor a master of intellectual fence. He was content to leave to others the detailed work of safeguarding Free Trade, just as, when Prime Minister, he took a less conspicuous part in the work of devising Bills and resolutions than his successor, Mr. Asquith. But more than any of his colleagues he discerned and elaborated the true answer to Mr. Chamberlain's policy of Protection. Many Liberals were for preaching Free Trade and Free Trade only. "C. B." saw that that was a mere form of Conservatism, fatal to Liberalism. So he insisted on linking the defence of Free Trade with social reform. He accepted Mr. Chamberlain's statements of the weak points in our social organism, and pressed them into the service of a constructive social policy. By this means he retained in being a party that could alone save the essential principles of external commerce and interior welfare. "C. B.'s" glory was to maintain a solid and eventually a disciplined force at the time when counsels of disruption were tendered so deftly and persuasively that they looked like an invitation to enter a new Land of Promise. When this thrifty forethought bore its in-

evitable fruit, no other uniting personality presented itself but his own. It was vain to suppose that the man who had led the party to power could not lead it in the Commons. For a moment Sir Henry wavered, and was only induced to remain in the representative House by his wife's firm persuasion. His decision proved to be the final and indispensable link in the business of cementing the party that emerged from the General Election of 1906.

For it is clear that no one but he could have established a proper and promising relationship between Liberalism and Labour. The present Prime Minister is, we believe, perfectly capable of maintaining and strengthening that association, and the confidence established between him and his predecessor is of good augury for the success of the new departure. But two years ago, it was a question even more of a personality than a policy. A new situation had arisen; it was for Liberalism to choose whether it would go forward with the democratic movement and its new representative, the Labour Party, or sink back to party conventionalism, and eventually to Conservatism, abandoning on the way Home Rule, and the case for forlorn or struggling causes in nations and classes, and abruptly disowning all association or sympathy with tentative or meliorist Socialism. The late Premier's demeanour and ways of life, the attraction which plain men felt for a "russet-coated captain," who kept in closer touch with the inner life of the House of Commons than Prime Ministers are wont to maintain, and who, middle-class as he was, shared not a few ideals and beliefs common to workmen-politicians of nearly all shades of democratic opinion, secured a half-conscious but real advance of Liberalism towards the new propaganda and the new party. "C. B." did not provide an exact and formal means of approach or contact between Liberalism and visions of a State fashioned on more or less co-operative lines. But he kept the ground open, and Mr. Asquith reaps in this respect what his predecessor has sown. Moreover, his courage and firm grasp of principle came to the rescue on important occasions, and secured him in Cabinet the dominance which he maintained through his unrivalled ascendency in the House of Commons. Without his personal intervention we doubt whether South Africa would have had self-government in a form which would have secured the great political aim of acceptance by the Dutch community. Thus, at a stroke, he wiped out the worst leavings of the war, and truly made South Africa one. Just as he stoutly defended the truth and appositeness of his phrase "methods of barbarism," so he literally fulfilled his pledges to make South Africa a free dominion under the British flag. An intellect which thus went surely to the heart of things was not contemptible; it was, indeed, a more truly serviceable gift than the sceptical and wavering intelligence, occupied always with the outworks of thought, of Mr. Balfour. The human gift of tact came in to reinforce "C. B.'s" clearness of view and directness of temperament and character. In all his successes, half social and half political, the art of the late Prime Minister was half the art which conceals art, and half the spontaneous bent of his own nature. In spite of some strong prepossessions on army matters, he was usually a Radical, and always a democrat. His dislike of privilege was, indeed, less intellectual than moral and instinctive.

However, it is not easy to fix the mind purely on the public services of a man who, though he has died within a few days of surrendering the practical government of the British Empire, was so amiable and so widely beloved as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Humanity comes before politics, and a peculiar grace surrounds a personality that attains to great power and yet, as we have said, commends itself especially by its appeal to the hearts of his fellows. The late Prime Minister was such a man, and in this respect is distinguished from nearly all the figures who have attained to great political authority in recent times, with the exception of a popular leader whose name we have already used, Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln was, indeed, a masterful and a magical figure, and neither in intellectual greatness nor in magnitude of achievement can any comparison lie between him and the statesman whose body reposes in Downing Street. But a certain quality of homeliness and friendliness unites them. Both were of simple origin. Both served long in adversity. Both had unpopular causes to defend. Both possessed gifts of humour and shrewd judgment, joined to steadfastness of opinion and essential simplicity of character. Both were able to measure and to welcome new forces in political life, and preferred to look to the common affections of mankind rather than to rely on the favour of the rich and the powerful. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in particular, hated the things which the poor have most reason to hate—such as war, and the business, which precedes war, of exciting nations against each other. Such statesmen represent and uphold essentially moral forces in public life, for they encourage the lowly to believe that, in spite of the formidable examples of supreme force joined to contempt of, or indifference to, the average lot, government may sometimes devolve on men who feel for them, and would fain refashion the world to suit a better time than ours.

IDEALISM IN POLITICS.

Where to find the extreme politician is a problem suggested by some recent events in the Socialist world. To the genuine country Tory, the mild Liberalism of a very average Liberal condidate breathes of revolution and nothing less. This very Liberal perhaps finds some nominal colleagues a good deal too advanced for himself, and is daily conscious of a party of reckless extremists outside his own world, who profess the creed of Labour. That there could possibly be any one more extreme than Mr. Keir Hardie is a suggestion which he would scout as inconceivable. But if he will look at the reports of the Social Democratic Congress, held at the end of last week in Manchester, he will see Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends treated as moderates, if not as backsliders, while the pure milk of the word is claimed for the Social Democratic Federation alone. We should be surprised if the Social Democrats, in their turn, are not fated to be denounced as mealy-mouthed moderates, trucklers to capital, ready to compromise and subordinate principle to expediency, by some Anarchist

congress; and if we could get inside the Anarchist world we should probably find a similar schism between the opportunist, who only wants to blow people up when there is a prospect of gaining something by it, and the real puritan of the movement, who is for the bomb always and everywhere. The question between the moderate and the extremist is largely one of perspective. Anybody who is more than one degree removed from the speaker is relegated to the extremes. His left-hand man goes a little too far, and his right-hand comrade is too cautious. But both are "reasonable" people, with whom he can discuss matters. The man beyond them on either side is quite a different being. He is an immovable reactionary, or an impracticable idealist. Meanwhile, every group is lumped together by people at a still greater distance as forming a single school. The divergences which within the group are matters of such lively and sensitive consciousness, disappear entirely in the bird's eye view. To the True Blue mind the mild being may be barely distinguishable as a separate entity, but everyone beyond him is at once Socialist, Anarchist, and Atheist, bent on destroying the throne, the altar, and the home with dynamite and "marching through rapine and ruin" to the dismemberment of society.

We do not suppose that the True Blue mind is capable of noticing, still less of being affected, by the attitude of any such body as the Social Democratic Federation. But the more reflective moderate man may see in it something of a counterpoise to the Hull resolution which alarmed him some time ago. That resolution seemed to identify the Labour Party with Socialism, and indeed, on the strength of that resolution, the wiser heads among the Social Democrats inclined to an affiliation with the Labour Party, which might have restored their Federation to a real niche, if a small one, in the political structure. But the Federation as a whole would have nothing of it. The Labour Party is tainted with Parliamentarism. It is even accused of desiring social reform. Its remedies for unemployment, which made some of us open our eyes the other day, are altogether too namby pamby. It is suspected of compromise and practicality. Shall the Free Socialist of the pure blood be accused of such things? Shall we deal with the accursed thing, existing society? Shall we be suspected of desiring to reform that which must be destroyed root and branch? Perish the thought! Pure Socialism wraps itself up in its virtue, and keeps itself unspotted from the world.

The little incident is the more interesting because Mr. Wells, Mr. "Brougham Villiers," and others, have been explaining to us recently that the distinguishing feature of modern Socialism is the abandonment of the impracticable attitude. Socialism, we have learnt, was in the hands of Marx a rigid mechanical system very logical and coherent within, but incapable of adapting itself to the actual world. Partly through the action of the Fabians, but mainly through the actual rise of a Labour Party as a political force, a great change has gradually come about. Socialism remains an ideal, perhaps not so clear and concise an ideal as it was, but still an intelligible ideal, but it is quite clearly and explicitly recognised that it is an ideal into which modern society has to grow. There is to be no catastrophic change. There is to be evolution proceeding through rational persuasion, and the appeal to the social instincts and intellectual honesty of men and women. Now, many things may happen to a movement which thus descends, as it were, from the heights to the plain. But one thing is pretty sure to be among them. It will leave some of its old adherents in occupation of the peaks, where in their solitary grandeur they will stand denouncing their former associates for desertion of principle. The severance of the Social Democrats from the working body of the Labour Party seems to us to illustrate aptly enough this phase in the movement, and in reality to confirm the account of the main trend of Socialist thought which Mr. Wells has given.

While the Socialist, in descending to the plain, has brought his ideals into closer contact with the actual world, the world itself, it is fair to say, has made an almost equal movement in the direction of the Socialist. It is in vain that newspapers seek to frighten us with names. No one can deny that the old assumptions which stood as a clear and hard barrier against Socialistic legislation have been deserted by both parties. Free competition as a remedy for all ills, once the device of the most advanced party, is now abandoned by the most retrograde. The course of events has of itself compelled the adoption of many measures which would once have been denounced as Socialistic, and the growing sense of social compunction, and the spreading knowledge of the extent and the causes of poverty have done much to incline people to listen to anyone, whatever his creed, who had a remedy for economic misery to propose. As regards Socialism, indeed these considerations cut both ways. If they show that the Socialist is no longer a political pariah, they go also to prove that we can have Socialistic measures without becoming Socialists. We can accept much of the Socialist spirit, of the ideal of industrial co-operation, of the deepening sense of collective responsibility, and embody the new teaching usefully in our legislation without committing themselves, body and soul, to a brand new order of society with cast-iron arrangements complete. It may be doubted whether we are an inch nearer the "Socialist State" of the idealist, because we have done many things and shall do many more which embody what is good in Socialist teaching. It is impossible even to say how far the present trend will convey us. Seventy years ago emancipation from political and even religious monopoly was the need most urgently felt. The movement was still highly incomplete when new needs arose, and it was recognised that the positive intervention of the State to redress economic inequality and much resulting social misery was necessitated by the very forces which the work of emancipation was setting free. For twenty years these needs have been making themselves felt. They have influenced all parties and borne fruit in a long course of legislation. To-day probably they are felt more keenly than ever. Their influence is still on the upward swell of the wave. But whether they will fling us safe and stationary on the shores of that Socialist Utopia in which they were to be for ever satisfied is quite another question. The chances are that long before this consummation is reached new problems will arise.

The conditions we are now producing will bring fresh and unsuspected difficulties in their train, and the advanced thinkers of the next generation may be again deprecating excessive legislation. But these, like all questions of the ultimate destiny of society, are matters of speculation. For practical men and for thinkers who would grapple with reality, the problem is to deal with the evils of our own time, not so much in the light of remote ideals that may never become actual, as under the guidance of permanent principles of social justice which, however much they change in the force of their application, never lose their validity and vital truth.

A VISION OF NEW TORYISM.

It is in the melting-pot, as all parties are in the melting-pot under the impact of two novel and tremendous forces; the shrinkage of the world, which has thrown black and white and yellow peoples into sudden collision, the demand for social betterment which arises, with ever more insistent cry, from the Social Abyss. From that melting-pot it is impossible at the present to foresee what will emerge as the completed product. The Tory Party, then the party in power, and hence a party with a settled instead of a fluid policy, first felt the impulse of that impact. Its rash and premature advocacy of an Imperial unity, based on a Tariff whose nature and effects had in no degree been carefully estimated, alienated one section of impartial electors. Its total and contemptuous neglect of the new hunger for Social Reform alienated another. In such dolorous condition, in the early years of the twentieth century, it staggered helplessly to inevitable ruin. The causes of that ruin, its effects, the possibilities of its reparation, are diagnosed only by the few. In that remarkable anonymous work, "A Lodge in the Wilderness," issued last year, there appeared a really serious attempt at discussion of the actual situation in the light of the play of forces outside of, but profoundly influencing, the normal arena of the party strife. What could be saved of a vision of Empire in an effort to consolidate the British race and its dependent people, set in a world which had grown so dangerous and so small? What could be given in satisfaction of the determination towards a freer, fuller life amongst the "rude mechanicals" compatible with the maintenance of the ancient Tory traditions of "Constitution, Church, and Property"?

The author of the book asked such questions rather than provided answers to them. He recognised, at least, the difficulties of the situation, in a challenge of a time, new and untempered and hazardous in its possibilities. If he could not completely reveal the solution, he could at least appreciate the problem for which a solution is desired. No such modesty of purpose characterises the young Protectionist politicians who have united to plead for the advanced Tory policy. "The New Order: Studies in Unionist Policy" (Francis Griffiths) does not penetrate very deep below the surface view of political controversy. The contributors to its pages are very content to plunge around amid the conventional phrases: slapping out cheerily at their opponents, manufacturing clever party "scores," offering the raw material of platform speeches to an audience which should be desirous of something more satisfying. "The chief need," says Lord Malmesbury, in the introduction to this volume, "of both the old historic parties in England at the present moment is a logical and intelligible system of political philosophy, in the absence of which practical politics must necessarily drift hither and thither among the shallows of opportunism." But the "logical and intelligible system of political philosophy" is still to seek amongst these vivacious advocates of the new order.

Instead we find attacks upon the House of Commons, which, in the valuable verdict of Lord Winterton, "was never weaker or more incompetent than it is to-day" and "is quite incapable of carrying into effect its own will, the will of the people, or anyone else's will," except that of those who control the Cabinet; or astonishing statements concerning Germany—"in spite of the fact that Germany's emigration is more than equalled by her immigration, unemployment is practically unknown"; pleas for the good old system of resolute government in Ireland, with laments over "the temporary lapse under Mr. Wyndham, the importance of which cannot be overestimated," or grotesque allusions to Free Trade such as those of Mr. Spencer-Churchill. "There was in Pandora's box an unmentioned imp, destined to destroy aggregations of selfish and unpatriotic individuals. We now recognise him as the bacillus of Free Trade." Not all, it may be acknowledged, is down to this level. Mr. M. H. Temple's essay on "Religious Education" is a serious, fair, and suggestive contribution to an exceedingly difficult subject: and Mr. Steel-Maitland on "Labour" presents a closely reasoned plea for the decasualisation of industry, and for the elimination of sweating and its attendant evils by the Wages Boards system. From such a deliberate piece of social pleading, however, the reader passes into a devastating diagnosis by Sir John Rolleston of the "Financial Results of Free Trade," in which such fervid appeals as "Think of that, you working men of England, and, above all, you working men of England who are out of employment," garnish an account of the motor-car industry as a typical example of the collapse of Free Trade England; an assertion that "Capital has not materially benefited by the recent trade boom"; and an ascribing of the recent enormous shrinkage of "our finest investments, beginning with Consols," to the direct responsibility of our fiscal system.

From such a quaint jumble of sanity and its opposite there is some difficulty in disentangling any coherent and lucid body of doctrine. But—in brief—these politicians may be discovered as advocating the driving of the Tory Party along certain definite lines. The Constitutional policy demands the maintenance of the House of Lords, with suggestions of the possibility of minor reforms: the maintenance of strong Government in Ireland, congenial to the "loyalists," stimulated by a vague hope that its continuance will break the power of the priest and the League; in home defence "a

Citizen Army" (blessed paraphrase for Conscription) from which "no one would be allowed to buy himself off," and for which, "on the contrary, a proportional poll tax would be levied on the medically unfit, according to their means." In Imperial matters, Mr. Bernhard Wise makes a somewhat unexpected rally in favour of democracy. "Imperialism, in short, must march with democracy, after the pattern of the over-sea dominions, where democracy rules untrammelled by privilege or tradition, and Imperialism is a living faith." And in social affairs this newest political philosophy is revealed as somewhat dolorously groping after a creed which will win back to Toryism the lost allegiance of the working-classes, terrified by Socialism, and repudiating it in fierce language, but in any specific advocacy of remedies for specific disease, finding no line of advance but along that similar pathway of Socialistic development, which has been pursued by both political parties, almost unknowingly, for more than half a century. The arguments are honest, and the men are in earnest; but the ultimate results are far from inspiring. If this is the best that "young England" of the twentieth century can effect in reconstruction, the outlook is bleak and mournful.

The fact is, that few, if any, of these contributors rightly understand the nature of the changes—the profound and amazing changes—which have come upon the world. Democracy is awake—in all the cities of Europe—with a new life and new desires, which will by no means be satisfied with a few kindly doles of restrictive social legislation. The awakening has passed from the demand for political equality to the demand for a greater social equality. On one side the free citizen, said M. Viviani to the French Chamber, is a brute—in the law in which he often lives, the impossible hours of his labour, the shortness and precariousness of his working days. On the other he is a god, an individual member of the sovereign people, possessed of all the political rights which are possessed by the millionaire. That is not a condition of stable equilibrium. Socialism is preaching crude political doctrines of reconstruction, which might effect a similar ruin to the ruin first effected when Rousseau's theories of disease and remedy commenced to work themselves out in practical affairs. But Socialism is a result, not a cause; a theory and a gospel inevitably bred of a hazardous condition of social organisation; an educated proletariat confronting unparalleled accumulation, of which their share is scanty and uncertain. "Socialism," said Professor Wallace in wise verdict, "whatever its aberrations, has the credit of keeping people alive to the fact that the social compact is always making, and never made, and that it has now become like an ill-fitting dress, which is displacing the assimilative system of society, causing irregular excitation of the heart, and clogging the organs of breathing."

And the same is true of the large problem outside. Again, it is a problem of awakening. The East is arousing from its long sleep. There is "unrest" in India. Japan has suddenly leapt into a position of equality in strength and determination, with the great military Powers of the West. South Africa reveals an insoluble problem of black and white, and the future relations of the one to the other. And if the old peoples are attaining consciousness, the newer nations which still maintain the British flag and the real, if vague, allegiance to a British Dominion, are attaining self-consciousness Canada, a nation; Australia, a nation, are visions which count for as much at least as the vision of Canada and Australia as integral parts in a world confederation. Once again the mysterious and unanalysable force of Nationality is proving itself stronger than the appeal of Empire, and once again, therefore, a right apprehension of the meaning and terrible power of national aspirations is necessary for satisfactory direction of the courses of coming change. But the men who are heralding the "New Order" seem blind to the meaning of national devotion. To the most determined and persistent assertion of national claims and sacrifices that the modern world has ever seen, they turn blind eyes of misunderstanding and contempt. "Workmen who wish for the true welfare of their country," says Mr. Hugh O'Neill, "are convinced that the cry of 'Ireland a nation' is impossible of realisation, and, were it attempted, would lead to untold misfortune." Yet nothing is more certain than that the other nations of the British dominion, so rapidly destined to acquire a dominant position in any united counsels of policy, would immediately grant Home Rule to Ireland. Nor can it be denied that the Colonial and, to a lesser degree, the Imperial instinct, is at open warfare with much that these men hold to be established and secure. The House of Lords as an hereditary chamber, with an absolute power of veto; the establishment of one particular church; the dominance of the Land Monopoly and the Drink Monopoly; these and other abuses are confronted by the free democratic communities over the sea with a mixture of astonishment and disdain. The attempt to fuse this new democratic spirit with the feudal *régime* is inevitably destined to failure.

THE PERIL IN THE BALKANS.

Turkish statesmen have, in recent years, learned one lesson. They show the old blind facility for blundering into a quarrel. They lack the art of evading a public humiliation, and concealing a retreat with a brave show of geniality. But this, at last, they have learned—that it is wise to surrender before the ships of an indignant Power have actually reached their coasts. The affair of the Italian post-offices was settled this week, while the Italian ships were within telegraphic range of their port. The Turks appear to be realising, at last, something of the meaning of sea-power. No other State is so vulnerable from the sea. Here, indeed, lies the weakness of the one alliance which the Sultan has known how to retain. His only friend in Europe is a land-Power. Italy had a real grievance. No other European State has quite so many subjects resident in the Ottoman Empire; none has a better claim to the indispensable facility of an honest and reliable postal service. But Signor Tittoni, we may feel sure, was thinking of some larger stake than his post-offices. The economic rivalry of the European Powers in Turkey has resolved

itself of recent years into a diplomatic scramble for concessions in the ante-rooms of Yildiz Palace. A Power which disdains to pose, as Germany does, as the only friend of the Islamic reaction, must rely upon the mailed fist for success. Crispi assembled an army in Sicily to second the British intervention in Armenia which never took place. To-day Italian policy is in the hands of men who pursue more realistic aims. They have asserted, by their rough emphasis of a purely commercial demand, the sort of prestige which depends on the ability to use force to back interests. Italy is one of the Great Powers; she can coerce.

This Turco-Italian episode is, indeed, only one of many evidences that the centre of European unrest has shifted from Morocco to the Balkans. To find the clue to this quickening of interest in a weary and derelict problem, it is necessary to travel somewhat further backwards than the Austrian railway scheme which first set Europe talking. The real impetus, in all probability came from the prolonged and theatrical visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to Bulgaria last autumn. There is hardly a doubt that it resulted in something more definite than speeches and demonstrations. The "Temps," which is hardly likely to be misinformed, admitted that the rumours of the signature of a military convention were a happy anticipation of events. In one form or another, and under every sort of correct reserve, Prince Ferdinand has probably pledged himself to use his rather formidable army as a Russian advance guard, in the event of a Turkish war. The idea apparently is that with some aid from the Black Sea Fleet and the Russian cavalry, a Bulgarian army would be able to deal with the Turks in Europe, while the Russians themselves advanced into the Armenian provinces.

Here was the first capital fact of the new situation. The second was the Austrian reply. She withdrew from her accord with Russia, renounced her mandate as a reforming Power, and suddenly embarked on a railway scheme for which there was no apparent urgency. The new Novi-Bazar line will be longer than the existing route to Salonica *viâ* Belgrade and Nish. The presumption is, therefore, that the motives for its construction are political and strategical, rather than economic. But if the new line is strategical, why was it that the Porte assented so promptly to its construction? It is plausible to suggest that the Porte, like the "Temps," believed in the success of the Grand Duke Vladimir's mission, and wished to check an eventual Russo-Bulgarian advance by calling in Austrian aid. Then came the third phase in the evolution of this crisis—the launching of Sir Edward Grey's reform scheme for Macedonia, with its almost prophetic appeal for concerted European action. Why was it that, after two years of a too modest inaction, he suddenly assumed the part of a leader in the Concert? Pursuing the same line of conjecture, he may have realised that without drastic reform the chaos in Macedonia must speedily result in war. The last phase is the most disquieting of all. Russia has welcomed the English initiative, while declining its operative proposals. Her attitude is friendly, considerate, and even cordial, but her counter scheme is hardly likely to remove the causes of unrest. If, to pursue our theory, she did look to war as the ultimate solution, it is thus that she would behave. She would endeavour to retain the friendship of the liberal Powers, and the sympathies of Bulgaria, while rejecting a remedy which might render war unnecessary.

A mind which allows itself to dwell on this plausible structure of conjecture may find some facts to confirm it. Even before the close of the Japanese War, certain agents of Grand Ducal intrigue connected with the notorious *Agence Latine* had begun to revive the moribund Panslavist propaganda, both in Russia and abroad. No sooner was peace concluded than reactionary circles began to talk of a Balkan campaign as the surest means of restoring the tone of the army and the prestige of the autocracy. The Press, with hardly a distinction of party, turned its attention to Macedonia. The Grand Duke Vladimir belongs emphatically to this school of thought. Finally, it is apparently a fact that some unusual military preparations are going on in the Caucasus. The unrest in Persia would hardly justify any considerable military activity, but the continual Turkish violations of the Persian frontier might supply a clue. The only apparently decisive fact which suggests that Russian ambitions are really turned in another direction is the adoption this week by the Duma of M. Stolypin's grandiose scheme for the construction of over one thousand miles of railway, at a cost of over twenty millions sterling, down the Amur Valley to Vladivstock. That a Power, just emerging from defeat and revolution, and still wrestling with the spectre of bankruptcy, should contemplate such a scheme as this seems sufficiently insane. But is hardly credible that she should even dream of such commitments in the Far East if she regarded a war with Turkey as a possibility.

It is, however, of little use to apply the test of sanity to any detail in Russian policy. The Japanese war was a wanton folly. The present policy of internal repression seems to us mere madness. The decision to re-build the fleet, and, at the same time, to continue the exploitation of Siberia, strikes the Western mind as an inexplicable error. Yet all these things are facts. If we were asked what the probable results to Russia of a second Turkish war would be, we should say (1) certain bankruptcy, since Turkey could pay no indemnity; (2) a renewal of such incidents as the mutiny of the "Potemkin," and (3) a recrudescence of revolution comparable to that which occurred at the close of the Japanese war. But it by no means follows that the reactionaries who control the policy of the Court are likely to reason in this fashion. What seems to us a national insanity, may be, from some private standpoint, a very shrewd piece of business indeed. The mad quarrel with Japan was due to the fact that the courtier Bezobrazoff and certain of the Grand Dukes had acquired valuable forests across the Yalu in Korean territory. It is an interesting, and possibly significant, fact that the Amur railway will also pass through valuable forests. War is usually profitable to some one, and there were sinister tales of the profits which certain of the Grand Dukes made in the Japanese campaign. Russian policy is always apt to be deflected by such undisciplined personal factors as these.

There may be a Siberian faction at Court, and a Balkan faction. Incompatible as their aims would appear to be, it does not follow that the momentary triumph of one interest precludes the success of the other.

It is one thing to realise that this country must never again oppose Russia in a war of liberation in the Near East; it is quite another to desire such a solution. The expansion of Bulgaria down to the San Stefano line would be a tolerable solution of the European difficulty. But the Armenians have nothing to gain from a Russian conquest until Russia adopts a new policy towards her subject-races. A war, moreover, would unchain abominable possibilities of conflict and suffering—famine and massacre at the best, Armageddon at the worst. The moral of such a possibility—and it is at least a possibility—is that public opinion must lose no opportunity of seconding the efforts of Sir Edward Grey to secure reform without a resort to war. His revised proposals represent in our opinion a minimum. If compromise were to go further, war would offer almost the only hope of release from an intolerable chaos which is only nominally a state of peace.

SOME ABUSES OF CLUB LIFE.

We very much hope that whatever view the Government will take of the machinery of the Licensing Bill—and criticism has not seriously affected it—they will not be tempted to weaken greatly their plan of dealing with clubs. As it stands, the Bill is not too strong in this direction. If it were cut down still further—if, for example, Mr. Asquith accepted many such proposals as the suggestion to take the registration of these institutions from an administrative body and place it in the hands of a county-court judge—its entire fabric might be endangered. It would never do—it would be an act of high impolicy—to stop one form of the retail sale of alcohol and encourage the trade to flow into channels in which the public interest is less carefully guarded. As it is, there have been signs of a tendency to substitute clubs for public-houses whose licenses have been withdrawn under the Act of 1902. The brewers have facilities for this kind of transfer. Not a few clubs are in their debt; others have been financed by them. There is an obvious advantage in exchanging the direct oversight of the law for the virtual privacy and semi-inviolability of club premises. The financial inducement is also considerable. Public-houses are subject to license-duties, and are dear objects in the open market. A club is only liable to a trifling registration fee, and no special monopoly value attaches to its home. The Government must walk with wary feet, or it may find itself trapped.

At the same time, the attempt to deal with clubs is a matter of great delicacy. There is the danger of interfering with the association of men for more or less harmless pleasure, the peril attending a peculiarly irksome form of sumptuary law. There is a risk of bearing less hardly on the rich than on the poor. It is, of course, right to establish a general power of inspection, but few who realise how methods of police work out will be brought to believe that precisely the same kind of interference will prevail in Pall Mall and in the Whitechapel Road. Club-life is of the essence of modern society. Though it has its elements of idleness and wastefulness, it is part of the quick interchange of thought and human relationship which is indispensable both to modern industrialism and to modern democracy. It must therefore be touched with a wary hand, and, in particular, must be touched on the side of abuse. The question is: Has not such an abuse arisen? We cannot imagine how any friend of rational club-life can deny that this is the case. The circulars and appeals of the Club and Institute Union—the society binds together some 1,200 or more workmen's clubs—suggest such an abuse. Issues of "Club Life," which we have read, are full of warnings against it. Certain investigations that we have made into the conduct of some of these institutions point to the same conclusion.

Abuse is indeed separable from some features of popular club life in England. The hours of opening are very long, often extending till past one in the morning. The system under which a transfer ticket entitles a member of a single institution to enter the premises of 1,200 clubs, also affiliated to the Club and Institute Union, is open to grave objection, and must qualify their political character and value. Is there indeed any large intellectual or political interest attaching to the average Radical or Conservative club, at least in London? We wish we could answer the question in the affirmative. But as we run our eyes over some of the balance-sheets of these institutions, we find few or no signs of any strong interest in politics or social affairs. Clubs, whose receipts from the bar run quarterly into thousands of pounds, record an expenditure of a few shillings on their library or their store of newspapers. The book readers appear to be very few, and even among the journals taken in we are informed that the sporting papers and the sporting news are more generally read. The lectures are thinly attended. Indeed, so far as we can see, the only serious item of revenue or expenditure which compares with the dominating interest of drink, is that which deals with games and entertainments. The latter are of the music-hall type, and centre round the Sunday night gathering, to which women and children are admitted. We do not gather, from the description of these amusements, that they rise to any serious level of artistry. But that may be a matter of taste.

The main source of danger to workmen's club-life seems to us to be the preponderating, the overwhelming, interest of the bar. It is clear that out of the bar the club lives. It may have other sides, but this element must settle its general conduct and character. We take at random from a pile of balance sheets before us that of an East End Radical Club for a single quarter, and we find that out of a total income of less tnan £1,000, over £700 accrued from "bar takings." The same account shows an expenditure on the library of £2 7s. 3d. Another balance sheet of the Central Society shows a quarterly receipt of over £1,600 from the bar, out of a total of over £2,500. Similar results appear on many, indeed on all, the documents of clubs which sell alcoholic liquor, and they are the great majority. The profits are clearly enormous, for the accounts often specify that they range from 40 to 50 per cent., and we gather that the retail prices are lower than those which prevail in the public-house. All this suggests a close association between the brewery interest and a large number of workmen's clubs, an association which the friends of the Licensing Bill are bound to watch in the interests of the people, no less than in common justice to the publicans. It is clear that an indefinite multiplication of new clubs must be firmly checked if we do not want the vital machinery of the measure to run to waste, and worse than waste. With regard to the existing institutions, we hope that their conductors will see that there is a case for setting their house in order, and that no self-respecting Government could shut the door to the extension of the retail trade in liquor on one side and open it wide on another.

Life and Letters.

THE ECONOMICS OF TIPPING.

Among the minor irritants of holiday-making, tipping occupies a considerable place. At such seasons we are thrown upon the mercy of a continuous series of strangers for those incidental personal services which are essential to make travel comfortable, or even tolerable. The whole nature of the proceeding throws out of gear the ordinary business mechanism. The traveller, the visitor, the pleasure-seeker, is presumed to have put on his "lighter self," which scorns the "higgling of the market," is out to enjoy himself, and in vulgar language "to blow it." The sorts of service rendered to him on the railway, or the steamship, in hotels and restaurants, or in the home of friends, lie outside the routine of a price-tariff, and do not admit of bargaining. And yet, involving as they do labour and the livelihood of many persons, they must be paid for. But who shall pay, in what manner and upon what scale? There is the rub. Most of these services are rendered by persons who are the employees of some business, hotel, restaurant, railway, livery stable, which is supposed to pay their wages out of the ordinary takings of the trade. But there is a general tendency to shift the payment of as much as possible on to an extra fund, coined out of the goodwill or careless generosity of casual customers. In order that this may be done, there needs to be some direct personal relation between the employee and the customer. The service of the cook is as important as that of the waiter, that of the stoker as that of the porter, but the personal contact is not there.

This brings us close to the *rationale* of tipping. It is a supplement to the ordinary cash mechanism of our social system, growing out of special personal relations that evade a set tariff. It has two supports. Why must one tip a railway porter, who is the servant of the company, and presumably is paid by them "what he is worth"? Well, in the first place, because it is not practicable for the company so closely to supervise a porter's work as to prevent him from shirking it, or to ensure that he does his best and quickest. In the second place, the value of his service to the traveller depends a good deal not upon what he does, but upon the way he does it. What holds of the porter holds also of the waiter, the cabman, the hair-cutter, the bathing-man, and in general of domestic service. Beyond the routine factor in such service, which can be, and in most instances is, regularly paid for by the employer, there lies an elusive factor, springing directly from personal skill, which can be given or withheld according to the good or ill-will or indifference of the servant. It is this that becomes the instrument of tipping. And it is this fact that causes all the trouble, the discontent, the irritation and uncertainty. There is no "economic" method of fixing a price for an article which is never twice the same, which lies outside the regulation of the market.

Nor does this exhaust the subtlety of the habit. For there belongs to it the pretence, not wholly false, that the tip is not a price at all, not a payment for any specific service, but a general sign of goodwill, which reflects some sort of credit for generosity upon the payer, and is a bounty and a recognition of extra skill or zeal in the recipient. On the part of recipients there is a strong desire to keep gratuities outside the recognised wage system, and there is a good deal to suggest that this struggle has been successful. For even in the case of hotels and restaurants, where tips are certainly taken into account in a reduction of wages, it is tolerably clear that the net takings of waiters who are allowed to take tips are a good deal higher than the wages where tips are successfully forbidden.

Thus regarded, there is something not wholly unreasonable and very human in the practice. Among the phrases which cover it, gratuities, douceurs, vails, *pour-boires*, "something for yourself," there is one which throws real light upon its nature. A *douceur* does suggest that there are departments of industry which need sweetening and softening by payments which recognise a semi-friendly relation between the two parties. Unfortunately this humane side lends itself to very grave abuses, and it may be doubted whether the normal tendency of a *douceur* is not to harden and irritate rather than to soften and assuage. To the traveller or the visitor who is timid, sensitive, limited in means, or unaccustomed to moving among strangers, the habit involves more worry and annoyance than is easily admitted. An exaggerated scale of expectations is purposely maintained for the encouragement of the well-to-do or generous donors, and real or feigned disappointment in the demeanour of servants wounds the self-esteem of the departing guest. Few people like to be thought mean, and tipping trades upon this fear. Only two sorts of person do not suffer, the profusely rich, who may even delight in the "largess" of conspicuous waste, and the curmudgeon who is indifferent to what other people think of him provided that he gets off cheap. It is doubtless to the former class that much of the suffering of ordinary persons must be attributed. The imitation of the rich by the lower classes has caused the practice to filter down until we reach the pathetic sight of the ill-paid work-woman pinching twopence out of her penurious wage to fee the well-to-do railway porter who carries her box. With some of the complaints which have lately found ventilation in the "Times" we cannot profess deep concern. Whether fifteen or twenty per cent. upon the bill is a proper waiters' fee for a two guinea dinner party at Prince's, or the Savoy, does not arouse much personal feeling among ordinary men and women who are more disposed to question the extravagance of the dinner than to scrutinise the waiters' share. But one really striking and instructive feature emerges from the correspondence, namely, the extraordinary divergence in the estimates of proper and sufficient tipping. It seems that there are persons who are fools enough to pay, or, at least, to boast of having paid, five pounds in tips to servants for a week-end in a country house, though one writer, whose social authority is highly recommended by himself, avers that such a visit can be done handsomely upon a sovereign, including adequate fees to the butler and the chauffeur. Though there is something a little humorous in the endeavour to fight the extravagance of millionaires and plungers under the name of "good form," the protest is a meritorious one, if it leads to tempering the social dominion of mere riches.

There is, however, a worse aspect of tipping than any we have yet named, which links it to a whole large economic under-world of bribery, corruption, blackmail, and illicit commissions that more or less permeate our social system. If it is true that the London, Chatham and South-Eastern Railway knowingly allows its servants to place mendacious notices "Reserved" upon their carriages at Dover in order to blackmail tired, struggling, and anxious passengers just landed from the Calais steamers, the directors and the management of that railroad deserve all the punishment meted out to them by indignant correspondents and something more. The prevalence of this mal-practice is not, however, as is sometimes suggested, peculiarly English, or confined to railways. Everywhere along the beaten road of pleasure on the Continental routes elaborate conspiracies of blackmail fasten themselves upon the ordinary business arrangements; every service at railway station or hotel spreads itself among the largest number of attendants so as to extort the maximum of backsheesh. The demoralisation of such a system is everywhere evident; it generates deceit, insolence, contempt, extravagance among its practitioners, ill-will, anxiety, and alternately a sense of meanness and of resentment against extortion, among the patients.

But while the grievance is evident there seems no available remedy. The truth is, of course, that it is one of the minor organic ailments of our defective social system. So long as there exists a lot of unearned or easily gotten wealth, some of it will spill over into these side-streams of personal extravagance, boring channels of habit for the imitation of those who cannot afford

such payments. So long as competition for work and wages remains so keen that every regular business payment is cut down to a minimum, the tendency to eke out a more comfortable livelihood by forced gratuities, half dole, half blackmail, will remain irresistible. Only when the worker gains self-respect enough to deter him from seeking these gratuities will tipping disappear, or resume its legitimate rôle of an occasional token of goodwill and friendship, which he who gives is glad to give, and he who receives can do so without any sense of inferiority.

THE CHILD'S FETISH.

We know that the Toy Exhibition in Southampton Row this week had a very instructive and educational side. The mere use of the German word "Foreword" on the programme was enough to warn everyone that "Pädagogik" was lurking somewhere. And, sure enough, ten lines down the "Foreword," we came to the Toy as a "profound educational agency," and were further told that "educational possibilities in the way of informing and developing the minds of children by means of toys are practically unlimited." Writing evidently with authority, the "Westminster Gazette" also stated that the exhibition was "organised by the Sociological Association principally for the purpose of teaching parents how to select their children's toys, so that they may unconsciously instruct them as well as merely amuse them."

It is all quite true, of course. We have not the slightest doubt that, taken by the hundred thousand, the minds of little boys and girls do follow those queer curves meandering through rigid squares on the scientific charts of pleasure that hung on the walls. It is not very informing to be told that the human young first take delight in "biting and tasting plays." No one who has watched a baby with its coral, or a child of three with a pot of jam ever thought of doubting it. But when the curves proceed to show that the young regularly pass on from the biting and tasting stage through the stages of hunting, pasture, and agriculture, to the final stage of "shop and commerce," which is continued till the age of forty, then we feel we are on the edge of a peculiar scientific theory. Darwin used to insist, perhaps too confidently, that from the first conception of life a being passed rapidly through all the stages of incalculable evolution that had produced its parents, so that every creature at maturity was not merely the heir of all the ages, like Tennyson's "trampled orphan," but their living summary, their abstract in little, their hurried addition. Similarly, these sociological curves in terms of toys tend to establish the hypothesis that the human being's mind skims precipitately through the untold cycles of its ancestral history, from the biting and tasting stage that may be studied with the help of nuts or a mustard sandwich in a certain House at the Zoo, through the slow millenniums of Nimrod, Abraham, and Ruth, up to the highest development of man in a haberdasher's back-parlour or some living-in establishment on the Commercial Road.

It is kind of the curves to continue childhood's delight in the toys of shop—true "idols of the market-place"—up to the age of forty. But after that age they hold out no further hope of play, and childhood would seem to be over, did we not recall the many maturer citizens who may still be seen trafficking useless goods with zest, cultivating their suburban gardens in the agricultural stage, shepherding their children or their dogs, sitting in punts or missing rabbits with the hunter's lust for blood, and even condescending to the "biting and tasting plays" of the first stage of all, with an occasional drink. The oldest need not despair. As long as there is life, there are toys, and the mind in maturity, like the fully-developed body, is but the summary of its past, capable of renewing its old delights, not in successive stages, but haphazard as they come. Look at any decent man and woman among children—do you suppose they are meditating the Sociological Association's precepts and choosing out games and toys that may instruct and not merely amuse, remembering that from one to four is "the age of social play," from four to six "the age of individual play," and so on through the ages of "intelligent play," "competitive group games," and "co-operative group games"? Not a bit of it. They are full of the game themselves. They are enjoying part of their own summary. The man who does not take as much delight in making the boat, and the woman in dressing the doll, as the child for whom they are supposed to be working, must be poor, bloodless creatures, born decrepit in soul—

> "Hated as their age increases,
> By their nephews and their nieces."

Every age of life has its natural and appropriate toys, if we may include among toys such things as art collections, walking-sticks, books, and magnificent funerals. But it is more comforting as a sign of human brotherhood that certain forms of toy are universally beloved from pole to pole, and from the anthropoid up to Queen Victoria. That girls from world-without-end should have taken the doll to their hearts, was but an expectation of providence, for the usage of motherhood has been the one thing essential to mankind. Here in this Exhibition of delights, or in the Museum cases still gazed upon by their mummies, are to be seen the crude and rigid dolls of Egypt, fashioned before Bishop Usher's creation of the world; the dolls of Greece, jointed limb for limb like the dolls of Holland now; the Roman doll swaddled in grave-clothes to comfort the buried child. Here is the Kaffir doll of gourd and beads, the Nigerian doll of lizard skin, the Congo doll of solid iron, the Khartoum doll of clay with savage eyes, the hairy doll from Greenland's icy mountains. Some Gascon of the Gironde has imagined the startling doll of a ghost; and last comes silly Suffolk with two of the best dolls of all—one a flowered skirt of rag, a shawl, a cap, with all the obdurate, unyielding Suffolk nature painted on its velveteen face; the other, mere jointed slivers of flint, such as once were used for implements of war.

Give man or woman the first glimmer of art, and dolls are as inevitable as hairpins. But what about knuckle-bones? What practice necessary for the preservation of the race, what indispensable pleasure, lies in throwing the joints of pigs or sheep into the air and catching them on the back of your hand? We could have imagined many forms of delight equal to that, and some superior. Yet knuckle-bones are almost conterminous with humanity; for Pompeian ladies they were modelled of crystal, for our country labourers "dibs" must serve; but immortal souls of nearly every colour have spent much of their brief portion here below in tossing them up. Dice and draughts are widely common to mankind, and hardly more exhilarating than knuckle-bones, before coinage was current. The top, the whistle, the rattle, and the drum seem almost universal, and they more deeply stir the spirit. But, indeed, the instruments of sound, including the comb, the bull-roarer, the slate pencil, and the squib, are scarcely to be reckoned as toys in the proper sense, being in their perfection little else than miniature anticipations of the orchestra.

Imperfection is in the essence of a toy, as of all great art. Those exact imitations of grocers' shops and milk-carts, steamers, gigs, and good little children having tea may be all very well for princes and the young of millionaires. Princes and millionaires are abnormal *ex officio*. But the genuine child turns wearily from them to the obvious impossibility of that Canton dragon, that Burmese tiger, or to the crocodile that cocks its tail like a wren, or just to a string of bobbins and a rag-doll with no legs and a patch of velveteen for a face. In the Exhibition there was a castle (made by Bermondsey children, we think) that was noble in its powerful imperfection—as noble as the Bayeux tapestry, which it strangely recalled. There was also a yellow 'bus, running from Hornsey to Victoria, that could hardly be beaten for the unconscious excellence of its horseflesh—straight barrel body, straight legs of stick, neck and head flat and clear as from Caran d'Ache's own stables.

But we dare not praise for fear of self-consciousness, and the moment such art becomes conscious, it is dead.

Here and there a genuine idol had got mixed up in the merry show, like a parson at a ball, and it is never very easy to draw the line. With what kind of life and power does the heathen invest the queer shape he has made and worships? In reason he knows that it is not alive, he knows that at any moment he could break it in pieces, throw it on the fire with the rest of the log, and say, "Ah, ha! I am warm!" Yet he is afraid of it, he cherishes it, beats it, feeds and washes it, sometimes he even keeps a doctor for its complaints. We think a girl is very seldom afraid of her own doll's powers, though a mask or ugly form which he has himself made will terrify even a boy to distraction. But otherwise a child will cherish a doll, beat, feed, wash it, and constantly believe it is ill enough for bed and singularly unpleasant medicines. Undoubtedly, the doll is endowed with a kind of living personality not far removed from the idol's, and we do not wonder that in Japan, where certain ancestral dolls may be played with only once a year, they have become household gods, as sacred as the Penates were. To the enlightened, it must appear very foolish and superstitious; but, after all, let us take the enlightened themselves. Does not the great poet, the great novelist, invest with some kind of life the creature whom he produces just as truly as a girl makes a rag doll? If he does not, we would not give a doll's hair for all his characters together, and did not Thackeray himself, at the end of his greatest novel, talk of putting away his toys into their box?

SHARING.

In the spiritual and mental world, as well as in economics, there is a rough division of society into two classes —productive and non-productive. There are creators and distributors of immaterial wealth, and there are people who apparently have nothing to do but consume it. Compare the hard-handed son of toil with the tramp, the merchant prince with the idle exquisite. You will find all these distinctions repeated in the realm of mind and soul.

And there are sins, or limitations, characteristic of the two types. There is a sin of dependence, and a sin of independence—a temper that cannot or will not give, and a temper that cannot or will not take. Between the two is the life of co-operation—interdependence, or sharing.

Some people can do nothing for themselves, not even burn their own smoke, although they seem to find a pathetic satisfaction in seeing it darken the general horizon. Others burn smokeless fuel. Some, all their days, exploit the resources of other men and women. They seem to live by a kind of vacuum suction, and they are always renewing the vacuum. They hold an Irish wake over every dead joy. A headache or a heartache brings them nearly to death's door, attended by a crowd of sympathetic well-wishers. And there are others, who indulge in none of the privileges of dying—save death.

The former people are anxious to show even a stranger over their house of life. They give you the records of their spiritual conflicts—there is every record, except the scars. Or they bring you to the oratory, with shrines, and tapers burning, and possibly ask your counsel about the number of tapers before a particular shrine. While others never really let you enter their house of life at all. You are shown into an outer court, a garden, or an office—at best, a stately reception room, shut off by long corridors from the interior of the building—its weeping or laughter, birth or death.

Briefly, there are the people who, morally and emotionally, are supported by others. And there are others, who support them—the strong, uncomplaining people who seem, like Atlas, to bear the world on their shoulders—a whole world of human responsibilities and cares. We value, revere, confide in them; we know that they will never repudiate or fail us. They mediate between us and God, and, very frequently, we neither love God nor them. We cannot say to them:—

> "The weakness you reveal endears you more,
> Like the far traces of decay in suns."

For they reveal no weakness, and we stupidly conclude that there is none to reveal. There seems to be no element in their lives of peril and uncertainty. They will always be worthy of themselves, always essential to us; but we have no conviction of being essential to them. Rather, we look upon them as we might upon a great rock in a weary land. We rest under its shadow, but we know that it can neither miss nor welcome us. Is it not so with God, and with these strong and steadfast souls whose shelter we accept, but which we cannot shelter? We are convinced that all exceptional power constitutes a subtle barrier, whether it be material power, or wealth of mind or of soul. It often gives without sharing. It relieves from external pressure, rather than imparts an inward vitality, and protects, rather than fortifies. It misses the note of appeal which calls out the latent resources of others. Judged as a force for the regeneration of the world, it has every element of strength save weakness.

Two watchwords must be learned before we can enter into life's comradeship—one is weakness, the other is strength. Some never learn the word of strength, and they are beggars, not comrades. They are mere camp-followers, or pensioners who have not earned their pensions, who, if they ever saw active service, took the first opportunity of being invalided home. But there are others who have not learned, or who repress, the word of weakness, who do not fall out of rank, but who unconsciously advance out of it, who will rescue a fellow-soldier under fire, but will not submit to be rescued, who never really look upon themselves not as themselves at all, but as an integral part of the regiment, and who, at the heart of comradeship, miss its secret and its joy.

The world does not understand how this barrier of exceptional strength tends to disappear when steadily regarded. For the strongest are weak, and weak enough, and all human strength is potential failure. We should be astonished if we knew how many apparently adequate people are conscious in their inmost souls of the watchword of weakness. Some of them, indeed, are so conscious of it that they fear to utter it, lest they should forget the watchword of strength, lest the desire for the relief of human companionship should grow by what it feeds on, and become an imperious craving, vitiating nerve and will. Others, again, are afraid of the venture of trust, and they endure isolation, because they see the shadow of misunderstanding, the darker shadow of a possible betrayal dogging the steps of confident affection.

There are some who value the inner side of life, and its sincerity of emotion, so highly that they refuse to subject it to the daily strain of intimacy—the wear and tear of words and actions. They fear to cheapen their spiritual experience, or make it meretricious, and they forget that silence may become an actual lie, that starves and kills the soul whose purity it was only meant to guard.

Others regard emotion almost in the light of an enemy, and self as a mere opportunity for self-renunciation. This spirit appears even in their prayers. They pray that God's will may be done, that no concession may be made to their human frailty, that they may not be considered. They almost find it illogical to pray simply and whole-heartedly for the welfare of those they love. Here, as elsewhere, they strive to do all things decently and in order; they have a reception room, even for God. The passion, the wild, inarticulate longing, the desires with which the heart is breaking, are sternly repressed, and they meet Him with fortitude, less like children than soldiers. Such prayer is wonderfully different from that of the exacting and selfish, and yet, perhaps, it is the prayer of those who have never loved to the uttermost, and hence have failed to realise all love, Divine and human, as a supreme inadequacy. For faith anchors, as upon a rock, not only on God's sufficiency, but on His insufficiency, and in His Fatherhood the two are one.

Some bear their own burdens to the last fraction, in a certain blindness of spiritual pride, and many,

through sheer unwillingness to add to the burden of others—a mistaken generosity. They do not understand that perfect generosity is manifested quite as frequently in taking as in giving. There is, again, a class of people who stand aloof in a fierce reticence, maintaining that a man's soul is his castle. There is some truth in this view, inasmuch as the soul is not a pageant or a theatre. But perhaps there is more falsehood. In the first place, there are outward manifestations of the spiritual life which no one can keep to himself. There are spiritual results which he records day by day, in the strange palimpsests of voice and face, which he who runs may read more or less correctly, and which, by higher critics, are readily decipherable. It is not easy to impose either a positive or a negative falsehood on the world; we are surrounded by too many higher critics in respect of character. They know whether this castle, whose keys we guard so jealously, is a home, or a place of tears and exile. They have a very shrewd idea what guests have sojourned there, what pictures hang on the walls, or whether all the pictures are of self in a hundred rôles. They can tell if the rooms are furnished royally, or are squalid and mean and bare—if there are any dungeons, and what prisoners inhabit them, what ghosts of dead ideals haunt the castle night and day. And they discern at a glance, which is often more than the occupant himself does, whether his account of his soul is or is not authentic. Fortunately, higher critics—being like old tried soldiers, who know the look of a veteran and of a recruit, of a deserter and of a V.C.—are for the most part kindly people, who see much and say little.

That is merely by way of illustrating that the theory of the castle, or even the outer court, fails in real life. We cannot if we would, keep spiritual results to ourselves. But what is more, they are not intended to be kept to ourselves.

Whether we will or not, we must add to the common store. Every personal experience is a fund upon which the universal experience can draw, whether we regard it in its aspect of integration, or of differentiation—whether, that is, we are thinking of other human beings, or of the absolute consciousness. The fact is that a man's soul resembles not so much a castle as a workshop or a laboratory, in which service and love are perfected, with doors that are shut indeed against mere curiosity, interference or distraction, but open to co-operation, to suggestions from without, ready both to admit and to impart all knowledge that can really further human welfare.

It does not follow that the details of a man's psychology should be put upon the market. They cannot be. The winepress must be trodden alone, although the wine be for the healing of the nations. Only the artist or inventor knows the history of some long travail of creation: it is not even divined save by one who has passed through a similar experience. And that rule holds good in the making of saints. To be sure, there are maladies of the soul that can only be reached by the light cure, and by skilled operators who know all about the disease. Here, as in physical life, the dissecting room is a necessity, but it is an exception. We do not live there, any more than plants live with their roots above ground. They are represented by their leaves and flowers, and though it may be necessary to dig them up occasionally, if they were dug up constantly the leaves and flowers would die.

And yet, it must always be remembered that neither life nor death to one's own self is possible, that the whole being, body, soul, and spirit, and even our besetting sins, are a stewardship for the common weal.

There is a great fellowship of imperfect men and women who hunger after perfection, who give and take help thankfully, who blunder and hope and toil, and believe in God and one another. And there is a great sharing among them, a sharing that resolves itself now into giving, now receiving, but that in its supreme form is both, that has done with shame and pride, with extortion and self-sufficiency, that is the Divine forgiveness of our human sin of separateness.

K.

THE TYRANNY OF THE CLOCK.

The other morning, sleep fell from us in one piece and discovered us wide awake. The sun shone thinly and brightly through the window, a blackbird distilled his mellowest notes from the pear tree beneath the window, and the cheerful song of "Cuckoo, cuckoo," went swinging round the half-circle from north to south, as though some human caller-up was striding round and swinging a hand-bell in time to his march. Without stopping to guess what the time might be, we dressed without shaving and came down. The blackbird had ceased to sing and had gone to fetch worms; a hedge-sparrow flew across the lawn with loudly flirting wings; the bees were issuing from the hive, for it was known that the flowers were awake; a bluebottle already found it pleasant to bask on the coping of the wall at the end of the terrace. The cowslips in the field below seemed mightily refreshed with their night's sleep. Their spangles of dew were just damped off and no more, and their stalks were full to the last cell with distilled water tinged with the distinctive flavour of this sweet flower. High in the maiden sky a wood-pigeon winged across, touched to a rosy bronze by the not too ardent sun, and the colour of bursting sycamore, hawthorn, and tall elm were such as only the top of the morning can give.

It was some primeval instinct made imperative on that one occasion that took us out of bed without even a glance at the artificial monitor that, ticking complacently on the mantelpiece, would have told us that there were two hours yet to be slept, and that the sun, the blackbird, and the cuckoo were inconveniences that the world has agreed to ignore. That morning stroll by the stream where the sea-blue kingfisher and the dipper divided the sovereignty of air, and even disputed the water-lordship of the trout, was an illicit pleasure, for we had done our duty to Society by playing bridge till past midnight and ought, therefore, to have slept till nine. Yet in spite of all our artificialities, the natural man in us will respond to the morning call of spring which about the first of May becomes so insistent as not to be shut out by the thickest of window curtains. It is then that we become troubled about ourselves, saying that we are attacked by insomnia, and must take drugs appropriate to the disease. It seldom strikes us that the sun, though a less regular time-keeper than the clock, is worthier of obedience. The fear against becoming sun-worshippers is the greatest fear that afflicts us. We dodge it on the one hand by making Easter and Whitsuntide movable feasts, and on the other by ignoring the fact that the natural day begins some four hours earlier in summer than in winter.

In some other countries the sway of the sun is more undeniable, and the ignoble clock succumbs to him. In Spain and in India, for example, the mid-day siesta or more or less prolonged rest from work is imperative, and the very early morning and late evening are the best used parts of the twenty-four hours. In our latitude we have striven to harness the sun to our own nocturnal purposes rather than to obey his ruling. Dismal was the disappointment when we found that we could not store up his light in cucumbers and let it out during the night. We get along fairly well by using a far older and more extensive battery, the coal measures, and the little suns that we make by means of passing a strong electric current through a carbon pencil are, in their way, not bad. We hope to treat him still more shamefully later on by getting electricity from his pale rival, the moon, through the tides ever rising and falling with infinite power at every part of our coast. The time may come when we shall be able to sit up all night under a brilliantly-lighted sky and sleep all day without the necessity of knowing whether there be a sun or no.

Instead of grieving at the waste of the tides that might be turned into electric light, we shall do much better to give attention to the floods of daylight that are wasted while we are in bed. That is what has been courageously done by the promoters of the Daylight Saving Bill, Mr. Robert Pearce, Sir William Bull, and Mr. Horniman. Many notable men, especially scientists, have honoured themselves by giving the Bill their support. It attacks the tyranny of the clock in a ten-

tative fashion. Instead of making the hour of breakfast or the first hour of work move back towards midnight as the rising of the sun moves, it is content to gain and give back just eighty minutes of daylight by means of four weekly jumps in the months of April and September. The revolution occurs while the great majority of us are asleep. The small hour between two and three a.m. is made twenty minutes shorter four times in April and twenty minutes longer four times in September, and Sunday is the one day on which this indignity to the clock is perpetrated. Even the bridge player will be asleep on Sunday morning when the clocks chime two. He will not notice that it is forty minutes later instead of sixty when three strikes. When it strikes eight he will get up. His own watch he will have forwarded the night before, and will by this time have forgotten all about it. The morning will seem a little brighter and fresher than clock users have a right to expect, but every brazen dial in the house will bear him out that all is well. On Monday his egg will boil at the same time, his train will run at the same apparent minute, and all the difference he will find will be that the daylight will serve him better at the desk by day and last better on the tennis court in the evening.

It is a simple and delightfully hypocritical way of gaining eighty minutes per diem more sunshine through the four summer months. The more we think of it as we walk rather early in the morning by the trout steam, the better does it please us. Some fourth-dimensional genius might have discovered a way of giving us an extra hour between noon and one p.m. We would not have given him a thank you for it. It would have been one more weltering hour at the desk, a longer time between uprising and down-lying, with no more time for the best purposes of life. But here we have (*imprimis*) nearly an hour and a-half added to that best part of the day, the summer morning. The walk before breakfast still begins at six and still occupies an hour. But it is cut from a far finer portion of the day. It is notorious that even those mornings that are grey by the time the ordinary mortal gets up, are often full of sunshine. Not less superior to noon is the early morning of those days that we find at present uniformly too hot. The earlier up, the better, is a maxim that applies also to those days. We have only to see how the wild animals enjoy the morning and the evening of the summer days to be sure that we have not made a mistake by imitating them. On the first Monday in April, being, in spite of the clock, twenty minutes earlier than usual, we surprise the crow at some new game, catching him at an earlier point on his morning round. On the next Monday, we find among the foot-prints of the deer, long scratches that they made in their hurry to get out of our way. A week later, or, perhaps, the week after that, we may catch sight of the badger as he melts away towards his sett, and find what he has been so busy about among the dead bracken.

Therefore let us first rejoice that our new eighty minutes are to be taken from the best end of the day. Next important is the fact that, the day's work done, our evenings will contain eighty minutes more daylight. In summer, everyone, whether he has energy or not to get up early, makes the best of the very last lingering ray of the setting sun. We feel as though we had come into a handsome legacy on the first evening when we take dinner without having the lamp lighted. When the two hours available for tennis or cricket lengthen into two more we feel rich indeed. The amount of betterment of this kind that the sun gives us in the month of April is about forty-three minutes. To this, Mr. Pearce's Bill adds in four easy payments of twenty minutes each a solid eighty minutes. The six o'clock at which we arrive home and don our flannels, when the new Act comes into force, comes at what we now call twenty minutes to five, and on the twenty-fifth of June the sun does not set till twenty past eight. If we feel ready for bed by that time (nine-forty by the clock), so much the better. We are saving candle-light as well as daylight, and the light of body and soul. And if we want more daylight still, there is plenty to be had by cutting a little deeper towards the dawn.

Short Story.

THE DEATH OF THE RICH MAN.

It was a road as shelterless and bare as any road in Connacht. On one side there was a far-stretching bog, on the other side little fields, cold with tracts of water. You faced the Connacht hills, bleak and treeless, with little streams across them like threads of steel. There was a solitary figure on the road—a woman with bare feet and ragged clothes. She was bent, and used a stick; but she carried herself swiftly, and had something of a challenge in her face. Her toothless mouth was tightly closed, her chin protruded, wisps of hair fell about her distrustful eyes. She was an isolated individual, and it would be hard to communicate the sensations and facts that made up her life. Irish speakers would call the woman a "shuler." The word is literally the same as "tramp," but it carries no anti-social suggestion. None of the lonely cabins about would refuse her hospitality; she would get shelter for the night in any one of them, the sack of chaff beside the smouldering fire, the share in the household bit. But though she slept by their fires and ate their potatoes and salt, this woman was apart from them, and apart from all those who lived in houses, who tilled their fields, and reared up sons and daughters; she had been moulded by unkind forces, the silence of the roads, the bitterness of the winds, the long hours of hunger. She moved swiftly along the shelterless road, muttering to herself, for the appetite was planning within her. There on her way was a certain village, but before going through it she would give herself a while of contentment. She took a short pipe out of her pocket and sought the sheltered side of a bush. Then she drew her feet under her clothes and sucked in the satisfaction of tobacco.

You may be sure the shuler saw through the village, though her gaze was across the road. Midway on the village street there was a great house; it was two stories above the cottages, and a storey higher than the other shops. It was set high above its neighbours, but to many its height represented effort, ability, discipline. It was the house of Michael Gilsenin, farmer, shopkeeper, local councillor. "Gilsenin, the Gombeen man," the shuler muttered, and she spat out. Now the phrase "Gombeen man" would signify a grasping peasant dealer, who squeezed riches out of the poverty of his class, and few people spoke of Michael Gilsenin as a Gombeen man; but his townsmen and the peasants around would tell you that Michael Gilsenin had the open hand for the poor, and that he never denied them the bag of meal, nor the sack of seed-potatoes; no, nor the few pounds that would bring a boy or youth the prosperity of America. To the woman on the ditch Michael Gilsenin was the very embodiment of worldly prosperity. It was said—and the shuler exclaimed on Heaven at the thought—that Michael's two daughters would receive dowries of a thousand pounds each. Michael had furnished the new chapel at a cost of five hundred pounds; he had bought recently a great stock of horses and cattle; he had built sheds and stables behind his shop. And Michael Gilsenin had created all his good fortune by his own effort. The shuler wondered what bad luck eternal Justice would send on his household to balance this prosperity. And in her backward-reaching mind, the shuler could rake out only one thing to Michael's discredit. This was his treatment of Thady, his elder brother. It was Thady who owned the cabin and the farm on which the Gilsenin had begun their lives. Michael had reduced his grasping and slow-witted brother to subordination, and he had used his brother's inheritance to forward himself. In forwarding himself Michael had forwarded the family, Thady included, and now, instead of life in a cabin, Thady had a place in a great house. Michael was old now, the shuler mused, he was nearly as old as herself. It was well for those who would come after him. His daughters had dowries that made them the talk of Connacht, and his son would succeed to stock, farms, and shop. The shuler stretched out her neck and looked

down the road and in to the village street. She saw the tall grey building, the house of stone with the slated roof and the many windows. And she saw a man hobbling out of the village. He had two sticks under him for he was bent with the pains. The man was Thady Gilsenin, Michael's brother.

Thady Gilsenin was grudging and hard-fisted to the beggars, but he always stayed to have speech with them. His affinities were with these people of the roads. By his hardness and meanness, by his isolation and his ailments, he was kin to the shuler and her like. She quenched the pipe, hid it under her clothes, and waited for Thady Gilsenin.

* * *

He stood before her, a grey figure leaning on two sticks. His hands were swollen with the pains, their joints were raised and shining.

"Well, ma'am," said Thady, "you're round this way again, I see."

"My coming won't be any loss to you, Thady Gilsenin," the shuler returned.

Thady turned round and looked back at the big house.

"And how is the decent man, your brother?" asked the shuler, "and how are his daughters, the fine growing girls?"

"His fine daughters are well enough," said Thady, turning round.

"There will be a grand marriage here some day," said the shuler, "I'm living on the thought of that marriage."

"It's not marriage that's on our minds," Thady said, in a resigned way.

The shuler was quick to detect something in his tone.

"Is it death?" she asked.

"Ay, ma'am, Death," said Thady; "Death comes to us all."

"And it is Michael that is likely to die?"

"Michael himself," said Thady.

This to the tramp was as the news of revolution to men of desperate fortune. The death of Michael Gilsenin would be a revolution with spoils and without dangers. She was thrilled with expectancy, and she said aloud: "O God, receive the prayers of the poor, and be merciful to Michael Gilsenin this day and this night. May angels watch over him. May he receive a portion of the bed of heaven through the gracious intercession of the blessed Mother of God. May he reign in splendour thro' eternity. Amen, amen, amen." And crying out this she rose to her feet. "I'm going to his house," she said. "I'll go down on my two knees and I'll pray for the soul of Michael Gilsenin, the man who was good to the poor." She went towards the village striking her breast and muttering cries. Thady stood for a moment, looking after her; then he began to hobble forward on his two sticks. They were like a pair of old crows, hopping down the village, towards the house of Michael Gilsenin.

* * *

She could never have imagined such comforts and conveniences as she saw now in the chamber of the dying man. There was the bed, large enough to hold three people, with its stiff hanging and its stiff counterpane, its fine sheets, its blankets and quilt, its heap of soft pillows. There was the carpet warm under her own feet, and then the curtains to the window that shut out the noise and the glare. A small table with fruit and wine was by the bed, and a red lamp burnt perpetually before the image of the Sacred Heart, and so the wasting body and the awakening soul had their comforts and their convenience. Michael's two daughters were in the room. They stood there broken and listless; they had just come out of the convent and this was their noviciate in grief. The shuler noted how rich was the stuff in their black dresses, and noted, too, their white hands, and the clever shape of their dresses. As for the dying man, she gave no heed to him after the first encounter. He was near his hour, and she had looked too often upon the coming of death.

They gave her a bed in the loft, and she lay that night above the stable that was back of the great house. She had warmed herself by the kitchen fire, and had taken her fill of tea, and now she smoked and mused, well satisfied with herself. "This night I'm better off than the man in the wide bed," she said to herself. "I'm better off than you this night, Michael Gilsenin, for all your lands and shops and well-dressed daughters. I'm better off than you this night, Michael Gilsenin, for all your stock and riches. Faith, I can hear your cattle stir in the sheds, and in a while you won't even hear the rain upon the grass. You have children to come after you, Michael Gilsenin, but that's not much after all, for they'll forget you when they've come from the burial. Ay, they will in truth! I've forgotten the man that lay beside me, and the child that I carried in my arms." She pulled a sack over her feet and knees and up to the waist, and sleep came to her on the straw. But she was awake and felt the tremor through the house, when Death came and took his dues. From that onward her sleep was broken, for people had come and horses were being brought out of the stable. Once old Thady came out, and the shuler heard him mutter about the loss in hay and oats.

When she came down to the yard she saw a well-dressed young man tending his horse. One of Michael's daughters came and stood with the young man, and the two talked earnestly together. The shuler knelt down on a flag and began sobbing and clapping her hands, she was working up to a paroxysm, but gradually, for she wanted to attract the attention of the pair without distressing them overmuch. The girl went indoors, and the young man followed her. The shuler saw two empty bottles; they were worth a penny. She hid them under her dress and went into the house. She made her way to the front door, passing by many people. People of importance were coming, and in such an assembly something surely would be gained. She stood by the street door and watched the great people come, priests, doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers and councillors. She stood there like an old carrion bird, her eyes were keen with greed, and her outstretched hand was shaking. She heard old Thady saying, "Now, thank God, we can be clear for the day of the fair. I was thinking that he would still be with us on the fair day, and we would have to close the shop, and that would be a great loss to us. Now we can have everything cleared off in time. God be good to Michael's soul."

PADRAIC COLUM.

Art.

PICTURES AT THE PARIS SALON.

THOSE who have followed the exhibitions of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, and are in sympathy with its aims, cannot but feel disappointed in the present collection of pictures, and a little anxious as to the future of this body of artists, whose secession from the older society caused such a sensation in the art world of Paris nearly twenty years ago. For the last five years and more there have been signs of growing dissatisfaction and even reports of the dissolution of this Salon. Men began to question the *raison d'être* of the Society, and to doubt if the ambitions of its members had been realised, and if modern art movements were welcome within its walls. Since then many of the original founders and several of its most celebrated members have for ever gone. Puvis de Chavanne, Whistler, Burne Jones, and Carrière, to name but a few, have no rivals among the present exhibitors. What has been said before must be restated here, and it is singularly apposite to this year's Salon. There are no signs of really promising work by the younger painters, and for many of the associates it is obvious that they seem bent on showing the validity of the aphorism that facility and decadence are perilously akin. Some, having found a formula, are intent upon repeating it *ad nauseam*. Their want of emotion is betrayed, as they yearly insist upon the same effect with a heavier hand. After all is said, there can be no art without emotion. Happily a Cottet and a Zuloaga

exist to testify that their work is deeply penetrated by the finest feeling.

Lovers of historical and allegorical painting will rejoice in M. Maurice Denis' three decorative panels of Spring. A primitive of the twentieth century, M. Denis has attracted much attention by his daringly original simplicity of colour and outline. Fra Angelico never sang a gayer song than do these pictures, and the pure *joie de vivre* and brilliancy of the white and blue colouring are as delightful as an Oriental vase. M. Besuard unfortunately shows nothing here, and his abstention is always regretted.

M. Roll and M. Courtois represent official art. Both very unlike, it is true, the former at least shows some idea of an imaginative composition if rather leaden in colour. The latter's "Adam and Eve" is bad in colour and savours of the confectioner. Mr. Abbey's two Shakespearian subjects have both been seen at Burlington House; of the two, "Anne of Gloster" is the more successful and shows a really decorative treatment. M. Willette displays all his gifts of fancy in his "*La vie n'est peut-être qu'un rêve.*"

Mr. Sargent is another absentee this year, but there are several remarkable examples of portraiture. In the dancing figure of Mlle. Brival in the part of "Carmen," M. Ignacio Zuloaga is at his very best. The dancer is wrapt in a vivid red shawl of Chinese design, and, lit up by the footlights, her figure casts dark shadows on the background, while two seated gypsies strum their guitars. The depth and richness of the colour, the sense of movement, and the powerful temperament of the artist make this one of the most striking works of the Salon. The same dexterity, the same brilliant gifts, are to be found in his two other canvasses, "The Dwarf" and the "Witches of Segovia," the latter a Spanish conception of the first scene of "Macbeth." They all witness to the same uncompromising fidelity, and to the true artist's power of visualising, and are an answer to those people who imagine that tradition is incompatible with evolution. The veriest tyro would know that these were by a Spaniard, the grey-green skies recall Goya, and Velasquez has been absorbed in all the essentials.

M. Boldini's two portraits are both worthy examples of his brush, and full of *esprit* and grace, whilst M. Jacques Blanche seems to take a malicious pleasure in baffling his public. His group of portraits is singularly impersonal, now reminiscent of M. Simon, now of Mr. Wilson Steer. M. Prinet has never appeared to greater advantage than in his large portrait group, which has something of the old Flemish spirit in its conception. Not attractive in subject, it nevertheless arrests the eye by the sheer truth and intense conviction with which it is painted. M. Carolus Duran's "Chamberlain of the Pope" is vigorous, and yet painted with greater restraint than his recent contributions. There are good portraits by Mr. von Glehn and Mr. Rolshoren, and in M. Baugniès' "Chasseresse" are qualities of no mean order. The three full-length portraits by M. de la Gaudara are, as usual, full of the subtle distinction that characterises all his work. Of the three, the centre figure is the most successful, both in hue and colour; but the general impression is one of lifelessness, and the tones are apt to be a little sickly. Mr. Lambert's portrait group near by is full of charm, and is moreover personal. Mr. Lavery's portrait of Miss Elsie will hardly contribute to his reputation. Mr. Melchers, Mlle. Breslau and Mlle. Bosnanka have notable qualities in their work, and add greatly to the high level of excellence attained in portrait painting. M. L. Simon's large interior of a church at Assisi, in spite of the masterly handling, the skill displayed in the broad masses of light and shade, and the style so much in evidence, is not very moving, and the scene might be equally well laid in Brittany. Precisely opposite is the dominant note of M. Cottet's *Douleur*. On the quay of a Breton sea-port, a corpse of a sailor has been washed ashore. Round the nude body stand sorrowing friends. All the attention is riveted upon the central figure of the sailor's mother, a Mater Dolorosa, swooning in grief; at the feet and head stand old, weather-beaten fishermen. All these figures are in shadow, and are silhouetted against a leaden grey sky. The only note of colour is the deep red of the sails, sharply defined by the last rays of the setting sun. In spite of certain minor defects this modern Pieta holds you spellbound by its sincerity of feeling.

Landscape is well represented by M. N. Sidaner's poetic rendering of Hampton Court, seen at the fascinating hour of twilight, when nature takes on an opal tint, and by M. Ménard's studies of the Matterhorn, full of the distinguished style that is his own. Mr. J. Morrice has four small pictures, all permeated by his unusually refined colour sense. M. Roger sees Venice in pearly grey, M. A. Smith very obviously, and M. Twill through picture postcards.

M. C. Delvaille's panel is rather summary, and is less satisfactory than his nude study, one of the few examples here. In his "Guinguette," M. S. Veber should feel gratified at the laughter his picture raises. He is a Parisian Breughel, and has an original scheme of colour and design. Before leaving, M. Bernard Boutet de Monvel's five portraits deserve mention, for the merit of the drawing and originality of idea; also M. Dauchez' plains of Brittany, full of atmosphere and character.

Communications.

MR. McKENNA'S OPPORTUNITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—From more than one point of view Mr. McKenna's appointment as Sir John Fisher's chief is more important than that of any previous First Lord of the Admiralty for a whole generation. We have heard the usual banalities about the round man in the square hole, and ignorance of the technical details of his high office. There is much to be said for our English system of placing a statesman of distinction over the permanent staff of State Departments, but this is not the place to say it. When Mr. McKenna takes his seat at the head of the table in the oak-wainscotted Board-room at the Admiralty, he will already have discovered that one of the difficulties confronting him will be the overdue demarkation of the boundary between policy and administration. Mr. Balfour's Ministry in some measure, and Lord Tweedmouth to a greater extent, sought to thrust upon the Sea Lords responsibility which belongs to the Cabinet. There is reason to believe that on more than one occasion the Board of Admiralty have refused to relieve the Cabinet of responsibility for naval policy, which can only be determined after national policy is declared.

Whatever his defects or advantages, Mr. McKenna goes to the Admiralty better equipped for the performance of the duties of the First Lord than the majority of his predecessors, owing to his financial training at the Treasury. No statesman can properly discharge the duties of the head of the Admiralty who has not mastered the strategical value of national credit, which is determined mainly by national expenditure. In the formula "instant readiness for war" the average naval "expert" is inclined to lay stress upon material and personnel, and too often ignores the fact that peace strategy in finance is as essential to success in war as war strategy or tactics after hostilities have broken out. Mr. McKenna's appointment as First Lord is accompanied by a rumbling volume of menace lest he should reduce expenditure. None of the critics, so far as I know, have any misgiving as to whether the existing expenditure at the Admiralty is capable of division into

(1) That which is essential to national safety, and

(2) That which is not.

Mr. McKenna needs to be a strong man with a cool head if he intends to enforce more economical methods of carrying on the Service of the Fleet, not because of Sea Lords who know, but of "patriots" who don't. Still, he will be encouraged in his quest for increasing efficiency at lower cost by recalling the history of some of the money squan-

dered at the Admiralty during the last decade. In all cases they have been the result of patriotic pressure from those who thought they knew what wise naval policy should be. Let Mr. McKenna, for instance, call for a return of the real cost of the bricks and mortar at Dover, Gibraltar, and Malta during the last eight years. If the money wasted on masonry protection for men-of-war were in the Treasury to-day, or if a quarter of it had been spent on organising a systematic patrol by additional destroyers and submarines in home waters, it is undeniable that the country would be in a far stronger position to face the next war than she is to-day.

I will take yet another example of money wasted because the First Lord of the Admiralty of the day had neither the insight nor the force of character needed to resist the demands of extravagant and short-sighted technical advisers. Twelve millions sterling were spent on building the "County" class of cruiser; but if Mr. McKenna were to summon the eighteen captains of those ships one by one to his room at Whitehall, he would learn that, in the opinion of those who command them in battle, under existing conditions of naval warfare, the "County" ships belong to a class to which peace is a necessity.

I have now cited two examples of money wasted under the strong impulse of public opinion to spend money somehow on the Navy, even when spent uselessly. The present Sea Lords have effected greater economies afloat and ashore than any previous Board, and they deserve all praise for their exertions. The economies that they have effected, however, have been more or less the result of sporadic efforts by amateurs. The saving made, for example, by insisting on small repairs being done at sea is, in part at all events, annulled by the increase in the pay and numbers of retired Admirals. Every penny that we spend on the Navy, whether on buttons or on guns, on second-class boys or on Admirals, should be directed towards the creation of fighting efficiency. That is the test which Sir John Fisher has accepted as the touchstone of naval administration. Nevertheless, the naval service afloat has no incentive to economy, provided the hard-and-fast regulations of the department are complied with. Nobody gets *kudos* or promotion for saving the nation's shillings. In a large establishment, good housekeeping produces the best results to host and guests at the lowest cost. There is room for the introduction of the spirit of the thrifty housekeeper into the Navy. That the waste of food is enormous anyone can see for himself who has watched a big fleet at anchor. To present the argument for economy in one sentence, it is merely necessary to say that naval expenditure now, as ever, is divided into that which is productive of fighting efficiency and that which is not. I have no sympathy with the unintelligent cry for reduction which ignores the paramount necessity of maintaining a proper standard of naval strength. For discriminate economy there is still an ample field, even though more money is spent on coal and other things indispensable for fitness in war.

As Mr. McKenna has surveyed Britain's defences from the Treasury standpoint, he is familiar with the bearing of the recent military changes on the naval position. He knows that Mr. Haldane's new Territorial soldiers are not trained to encounter picked foreign troops, and that since the Militia has disappeared the responsibility attaching to the Navy of maintaining the virginity of these shores has increased since the passing of the Territorial Act. At the same time, every man in the Territorial Force is a missionary of the idea that money should be spent on the "Home Guards." Every penny laid out on non-essentials on the Army is taken either from the Navy, or social reform, or, without necessity, from the pockets of the people; but the curtailment of superfluous outlay, however well justified, will be met by a storm of ignorant and interested declamation from those who confuse cost and results. It cannot be too frequently explained that the principal danger ahead of this country is not the lack of ships or seamen, but of credit maimed by extravagance in time of peace and, perhaps, unintelligent patriotism. Mr. McKenna can do much to support the Chancellor of the Exchequer to enhance the strength of this country in time of peril, and, with some intimate knowledge of the facts, I venture to express a hope that the new First Lord will take his courage in both hands and face the inevitable storm of obloquy that will break upon him when he co-operates with the Treasury to place the credit of this country in a stronger position, and to shame the War Office into a wiser mood.

Lastly, there is a way by which the new First Lord can strengthen our naval power without the outlay of a penny. The state of the Channel Fleet is unsatisfactory. Two of the Admirals are not on speaking terms. The Beresford-Scott signal incident was merely a symptom of unrest and indiscipline that should be removed forthwith at any cost to individuals. Not more "Dreadnoughts," but more discipline, is required. Defective gunnery and the low place of the Channel Fleet on the gunnery returns speak for themselves. Both sides have appealed to the public Press. Open bids for popularity have been made at the cost of war efficiency. The system of granting week-end leave in the Channel Fleet has reached danger point. Leave, of course, is enormously popular with the men, but unless the enemy are kind enough to attack us on a Wednesday or Thursday the Fleet stands a good chance of being unprepared. Absentees on Saturday, Sunday, and part of Monday think of something else than their duty on Friday and Tuesday. The expenditure of thirty millions sterling on the Navy would not strengthen the Fleet to such an extent as the restoration of order in the squadron upon which the first brunt of battle would fall. And the increase of national credit by rigid economy, if obtained, will do more to strengthen our Sea Power than lavishness in speculative outlay.—Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

April 22nd, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

MARTIAL LAW IN NATAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Every lover of justice, freedom, and legality must have been grateful for the article on "The Rebellion of Natal" in your issue of March 28th. The action of Mr. Moor and his colleagues forces us to ask how long is the Home Government to persist in a policy of non-interference while a handful of men claiming to represent, but, in fact (as we have good reason to believe) misrepresenting the small white population of the Colony, are bringing discredit upon our Colonial system and dishonour upon the British flag?

What are the facts? Early in December last martial law was proclaimed in Zululand (unhappily annexed to the Colony in 1897) and in the Northern districts of Natal. This proclamation, as abundantly appears from the Blue-book of January last, and as has been expressly admitted by Ministers in answer to questions in the House of Commons, was issued contrary to the advice of the Governor, and has been maintained in force against the expressed wishes of the Colonial Secretary. So strongly, indeed, did Sir M. Nathan feel on this matter that he pointed out to Mr. Moor that "the continued maintenance of martial law tended to bring the civil law into contempt, and to prove the Government devoid of moral power" (Cd. 3,888, p. 218). And what, Sir, is "martial law"? I know no better statement of it than that contained in the joint opinion of the law officers of the Crown in 1838, Sir John Campbell and Sir R. M. Rolfe (each of whom subsequently became Lord Chancellor) addressed to the Governor of Canada, and quoted in Forsyth's cases and opinions on Constitutional law, at p. 198. There we read: "Martial law is stated by Lord Hale to be in truth no law, but something rather indulged than allowed as a law, and it can only be tolerated because, by reason of open rebellion, the enforcing of any other law has become impossible. It cannot be said in strictness to *supersede* the ordinary tribunals, inasmuch as it only exists by reason of those tribunals having been already practically superseded. . . . The right of resorting to such an extremity is a right arising from and limited by the necessity of the case—*quod necessitas cogit, defendit.*" Lord Alverstone had, I imagine, this opinion in his mind when, speaking in the House of Lords in April, 1902, he said, "The foundation of martial law is necessity." (See "Hansard," vol. 105, p. 123., vol. 106, p. 1,155.) In January, 1867,

Lord Carnarvon issued a celebrated Circular Despatch to Colonial Governors, which the present Government caused to be reprinted in the Natal Blue-book of May, 1906 (Cd. 2,905). Here we read that martial law "is a measure which can only be justified by overruling considerations of public safety, and must be accepted as a lamentable alternative to the anarchy and social confusion which would otherwise ensue." In particular, it is laid down that to justify martial law there must be "men in armed resistance" to the authority of the Crown. Agreeably with this, Lord Elgin telegraphed to Sir M. Nathan, on December 27th last: "Martial law ought never to be extended to any district where there is not armed resistance to the authority of the Crown which cannot be dealt with by the military acting merely in aid of the civil power in the ordinary manner." (Cd. 3,888, p. 194.)

Now, Sir, there is no pretence for saying that any of the conditions which justify the proclamation of martial law existed in Zululand or the Northern Districts of Natal in December last, or have come into existence since that date. Mr. Moor's Government coolly decided "to maintain martial law pending the arrest of criminals and further search for arms," purposes for which, as Lord Elgin promptly pointed out, the maintenance of martial law is entirely unjustifiable (Cd. 3,888, Nos. 99 and 100). Nevertheless, as Mr. Churchill stated in answer to a question put by me in the House of Commons on February 12th last, "Martial law remains in force in Zululand, despite the view of the Governor and the Secretary of State that it is not required"; and Mr. Moor has publicly expressed his determination to continue it until the Natal Parliament has met and passed an Act of Indemnity.

It comes to this, therefore: that the Ministers of a Colony which has been granted a Constitution by the Imperial Parliament can at any time, by a stroke of the pen, set aside that Constitution for an indefinite period, suspend all civil rights, and govern by martial law, which, as Lord Hale said, is not law at all, but only the will of the military authorities; and then, at their own good time, they will come to the Imperial Government, as they did in 1906, and demand, as of right, that Government's assent to an Act of Indemnity to cover all acts of violence and illegality done under that entirely unconstitutional proclamation of martial law. The Imperial Government, it seems, is to have no say in that matter at all, although, if the unhappy Zulus had been provoked into a rising (and one can hardly resist the suggestion that such was the intention of Colonel McKenzie's invasion of their territory), this country would have been immediately called upon to supply troops to put down the rebellion! And when members of Parliament, jealous for law and liberty and constitutional government, and the honour of our Empire, venture to put questions on these subjects to the representative of the Colonial Office in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister of the Colony characterises such questions as "damnable interference"!

Sir, I have come to the limits of my space, otherwise I should have liked to say something about the case of the miserable chief, Tilonko, now undergoing a sentence of ten years' deportation to St. Helena. This man was tried by court-martial in July, 1906, at which date not only had all native disturbances in Zululand subsided, but the two Houses of Legislature in the Colony had actually passed an Act of Indemnity. That Act was obviously intended to apply to all things done *previously* to its receiving the sanction of the Colonial Legislature; yet, inasmuch as it did not receive the Royal Assent here (an assent which, I venture to think, ought not to have been given without inquiry into all the circumstances) until October 1st, 1906, it was held to apply to this unhappy chief, who, though he had been sentenced on evidence of a most unsatisfactory character, was thus deprived (for so the Act provides) of all right of appeal. You, Sir, have pointed out, in the admirable article to which I have referred, how the present state of things affects the paramount chief, Dinizulu, to whom this country lies under special obligations to secure justice and fair play. Much more will have to be said upon that subject later on.

In conclusion, I would urge three things. First, that the Government, before giving their assent to another Act of Indemnity in Natal, should, at least, give facilities for the discussion in the House of Commons of all these matters of grave constitutional importance; secondly, that, as you suggest, an Imperial Commission of Inquiry should be appointed; and, thirdly, that Zululand should be constituted a native reserve on the model of Basutoland.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

House of Commons,
April 13th, 1908.

P.S.—Lord Carnarvon's Circular Despatch already referred to states that the entire responsibility for the proclamation of martial law, and for the withdrawal of such proclamation at any moment, rests with the Colonial Governor. I was informed, however, in answer to a question which I put to the Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs, that this applies only to Crown Colonies, and that in the case of a self-governing colony the Governor is bound to act in accordance with the advice of his Ministers. I venture to think that this question requires further consideration. I would submit, though with much diffidence, that when the Governor is clearly of opinion that the proclamation of martial law is unjustifiable, not only has he the right, but it is his duty, as the representative of the Crown, to refuse to issue such a proclamation. He would, of course, have to be prepared to face the resignation of his Ministers—a by no means unprecedented situation.

THE "CRUX" IN "THE TEMPEST."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"He was not of an age, but for all time," so that a reply to a letter about him which appeared at the end of February is not too late at the end of April.

The passage in "The Tempest" III., i., 13-15, is really no crux at all. Mr. N. W. Hill creates a difficulty by quoting the folio thus:—

"Most busy, least when I do it."

(with a comma after *busy*, none after *least*, and an inserted *a* in the latter word), whereas it really reads:—

"Most busie lest, when I doe it."

The comma was used in Elizabethan English, as in modern German, to mark off a subordinate clause. The word "lest" is excluded from that clause, and closely connected with "busie." "Busie lest" makes no sense, but is an obvious misprint for "busiest." It is quite easy to see how this came about. The two letters *l* and *i* were as easily confused in rapidly written manuscript in Shakespeare's time as to-day. Shakespeare himself neglected the ligatures between his letters, neglected the dot over the *i*, and sometimes wrote it larger than an adjacent *l*. (For instance, in the first signature to his will, the first *i* is larger than the second *l*, and has no dot; and none of his signatures has its full complement of ligatures.) Let the word "busiest" have stood in his MS. as "bus iest" or "bus ie st," with no ligature after the first *s* (as in his two signatures on the deeds of the Blackfriars house, and the third signature to his will), and perhaps none before the second *s* (for he used the tall form of this letter, which does not join very readily in either direction, and in the Blackfriars signatures stands quite disconnected), let the copyist or compositor have written "busie," looked again carelessly at his copy and mistaken "iest" for "lest," and the folio misprint is explained. The first folio contains thousands of similar errors. The sense of:

"I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour,
Most busiest when I do it."

is perfectly limpid. The context shows that Ferdinand is resuming his work after a short rest. He says, "I am forgetting my labour: but even my labour is refreshed by these sweet thoughts—indeed, they are busiest when I am doing it." What could be simpler? It merely gives a new turn to what he has already said:—

"The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures."

The occurrence, too, in this earlier passage, of the phrase "my labours," explains how the careless copyist, seven lines later, came to turn "my labour" into the

plural. Even grammatically the lines are correct and clear; "most busiest" is a predicative epithet referring back to "sweet thoughts," the subject of the sentence. Very few of the suggested emendations are equally correct, and nearly all of them (such as Speddings' "most busiest when idlest," with the similar attempts of Bray, the Cambridge editors, Verplanck, Rolfe, and others) make Ferdinand say the very opposite of what he has been saying in the preceding lines. Mr. John Bullock's "busiliest" is more wanton still, since it destroys both sense and rhythm. What again has Scipio's remark, that he was never so little at leisure as when out of office, to do with this passage? Ovid's reference to the girls with Proserpine, and the lines from Terence, are almost equally wide of the mark. Truly a variorum Shakespeare is a monument to human perversity and misplaced scholarship!

Fuldera, Graubünden, E. W. Lummis, Pfarrer.
April 16th, 1908.

THE GARROTTING FALLACY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—As you are aware, one of the commonest fallacies which goes the rounds of the Press is that relating to the alleged effect of the lash upon garrotting. One is almost weary of answering the oft-refuted statement, but if you can find room for the following extract from "Mysteries of Police and Crime," by Major Arthur Griffiths (who has just died), perhaps we shall hear less of the garrotting fallacy in the future. Major Griffiths, who was for many years a prison governor, and afterwards an Inspector of Prisons, writes:—

> "Garrotte robberies are still of common occurrence in the lonely streets at all hours, and the process is much the same. While one practitioner throttles, the other rifles. Through the winter of 1895-6 they were most numerous in the Borough, and no less than fifty were committed in a couple of months. They were the work of a number, all of whom were eventually taken into custody. . . . The streets of London are to this day strangely insecure."

This was written at a time when the amount of flogging under the Garrotting Act of 1863 had almost reached its highest point. For fuller particulars I would refer your readers to "Facts About Flogging," by the Hon. Secretary of the Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane, London. Several years ago this League published a challenge on the subject. It has been circulated throughout the English-speaking world, and, so far, has not been answered.—Yours, &c.,

April, 1908. Criminologist.

"THE PRACTICAL RECONSTRUCTION OF COUNTRY LIFE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In political and social action, as well as in that of other spheres, faith must go before, or at least accompany, the same, if it is to be effective at all. As I have shown before, Mr. Montague Fordham seems in his treatment of the Small Holdings and Allotments Act to alternately—

> "Damn with faint praise . . . ."

be

> "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,"

or else to commit himself to wholesale and open condemnation, as "a law so complicated in form and dilatory in its procedure that most of us turn from it in disgust" (The Nation, January 25th). As an old social worker and Liberal, I cannot help feeling that the one thing to condemn is the attitude of your correspondent. In this matter I am making no personal attack; the way Mr. Montague Fordham looks at it is, I am afraid, that of the Socialistic Party generally, and it would be easy to substitute other names for that of Mr. Fordham. It is quite time that the workers in the Liberal camp, for the economic and social betterment of the people at large, should speak out plainly, as being those who have borne the burden and heat of the day. They have, in the darkest hour, steadily laboured for the new order in rural England, which is so greatly a restoration of an older order than that largely in possession. It is the belittling of the work of those who have gone before, and the "without sneering, teaching the rest to sneer," that is the worst side of the new Socialism. It is quite true that the older Land Acts for the benefit of the agricultural labourer and the "small man" were difficult to put into effective operation in localities where legislative help was most needed; but still I could point to good work done again and again. The Act, however, that had its "appointed day" on January 1st last has, to a very large extent, removed or lessened the difficulty. It is quite possible to make land tenure too easy, and so weaken initial powers and, above all, the discipline of individual and united action on the part of the would-be beneficiaries. What Mr. Fordham largely forgets is that the land in this country is already in ownership, occupation, and cultivation. There are lines of continuity spread all over; these may be gradually altered and bent, but the Socialistic policy makes for their destruction, not alteration. Again, while Mr. Fordham is ready to make use of the Liberal land charter, in his letter he carefully refrains from even a line of acknowledgment of the indebtedness of labour to that great party in the Commonwealth; while, in action, Socialists are being put up on all possible occasions in order to turn out Liberal holders of seats in Parliament. This can only be because Socialists believe the Liberal Party to be hostile to the betterment of the people, and an impediment to their progress. All this comes from the impossible conception of clearing out the old and setting up the new by the wave of a wand ungifted with magical powers. At the same time there is necessarily a call on local authorities, as well as the central, to perform impossibilities—to take land at a moment's notice, without a moment's consideration of present ownership, and above all, occupation; to ignore all existing interests and rights. I am persuaded that if local associations and committees of Liberals will systematically take the thing in hand (as I tried to set forth in the late "Tribune"), there will not be need for further setting up of machinery outside an Act which is ready to provide for and acknowledge combination and co-operation. Agricultural experts and experiment plots can be overdone. After all, what we want is a return to the simple outdoor rural life of a householder and his family providing primarily for home consumption before they think about profits by sales. By all means keep the authorities under the new Land Act up to their work; but that is quite another thing to hustling them and trying to drive them to a motor-speed which would lead to more harm than good in results.—Yours, &c.,

J. Frome Wilkinson.
Barley Rectory, April 21st, 1908.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In the article on Mr. Tree's "Merchant of Venice," which appeared in your issue of the 11th inst., it is stated that "if the action were followed quite literally, no twentieth century audience, gentle or simple, would endure it." Allow me to point out that this play was in fact produced, almost verbatim, and without scenery, by the Elizabethan Stage Society, at the King's Theatre, Fulham, in May, 1907. The performances were public ones; whether they were successful financially I do not know, but when I was there the theatre appeared fairly full, and a mixed audience was certainly appreciative. Personally I enjoyed it more, on the whole, than any Shakespearian production I have ever seen, and I have seen almost all that have been given in London during the last twenty years.

Of the Shakespearian productions at His Majesty's Theatre it is difficult for any lover of Shakespeare to speak with patience. One such person, at any rate, after he had witnessed the disastrous mangling of "A Winter's Tale," when fragments of the text were gabbled to an accompaniment of processions, songs, dances, and real waterfalls, resolved that he would never see another. Mr. Tree's attitude towards Shakespeare has been admirably treated by Mr. Bernard Shaw in several of the articles which are reprinted in "Dramatic Essays and Opinions" (see, for instance, Vol. II., pp. 375-8), though the best of all his articles on the subject, "The Dying Tongue of Great Elizabeth" ("Saturday Review," February 11th, 1905), is not, unluckily, included in those volumes.—Yours, &c.,

April 21st, 1908. H. V. R.

PROTECTION AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The crop of letters which the article of "J. A. H." on the tariff as a cure for unemployment has brought forth makes it quite evident that any attempt to deal with the problem by reference to an isolated industry will land the Free Trader in a dangerous morass of half-truths, and Mr. Frank Bowly is right in pointing to the danger of allowing the enemy to make his own rules for the game.

May we not sum up the case against the Tariff as a cure for unemployment thus:—

Employment in any country depends ultimately upon the national income, for it is from the national income that the wages fund and the power to consume are derived. No employment is possible without these two factors, and employment is strictly limited by the combined effect of both.

Now, the national income is relatively greater or smaller, according to the productivity of the national industry, and the national industry is most productive when it follows the lines of least resistance. But the effect of a protective tariff is to prevent it following the lines of least resistance, and to force it into channels through which it would not naturally flow.

In other words, under a state of Free Trade or free imports, industry specialises upon the production of those commodities which for the least expenditure of energy it can obtain the highest exchange value, and in so doing capital and labour are most efficiently employed.

The effect of a tariff, however, is to lower the exchange value of the product of national industry, and by so doing to reduce the national income on which the wage fund and the effective demand for commodities depend.

Thus we see that a protective tariff must bring about lessened employment.

It may be argued that effective national demand may be added to by an effective foreign demand; the reply is that a tariff tends to prevent this additional foreign demand by shutting off the commodities which would flow into the country in payment therefor. It may also be argued that the wages fund might be increased by the influx of foreign capital; but that influx would depend on the probability of its profitable employment, which, in its turn, would depend on the productivity of the national industry. But the effect of a tariff is to decrease this productivity by lowering its exchange value. Thus Protection is bound to operate against the inflow of capital and consequent increase of the wages fund.—Yours, &c.,

FORREST HEWIT.

Strathcarn, Bury Old Road, Manchester,
April 15th, 1908.

WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you permit me to make clear to "A Woman Conservative" that any divergence of opinion now existing among the various suffrage societies refers only to the methods chosen by them for enforcing the claim of woman's suffrage, not to the basis on which they are asking for enfranchisement? With the exception of the Adult Suffrage Society, all the women's suffrage societies are asking for the vote "on the same terms as it is, or may be, granted to men." This would, on the present franchise, give the vote to about two and a quarter millions of women, and would not disqualify married women by reason of their being married, but only if they did not possess the necessary qualification for the vote.

Your correspondent fears that a possible difference of political opinion between a husband and wife, both enfranchised, would embitter their relations, and cause disunion in the home. But, Sir, this result may be reached in any home by a difference of opinion about a child's education or the weekly dole of money allowed for housekeeping, both of which are fruitful sources of much bitterness of feeling between husbands and wives. If married happiness can survive these continual sources of irritation, which are not diminished by the influence of unrepealed laws that withhold from the married woman the legal guardianship of her own children, and the legal right to maintenance by her husband, it will certainly survive the woman's possession of the power to work for such legislation as will tend to dignify rather than to depreciate the status of woman in the home.

The point that woman's sweated labour will only be cured by strong combination on the part of women workers is an argument for, and not against, agitating for the speedy enfranchisement of women. It is true, as "A Woman Conservative" says, that men owe much to the strength of their trades unions; but they had their trades unions before they had their votes, and it is only since they possessed the latter that they have been able to enforce the claims of labour. Women to-day have their unions—the Teachers' Union, for instance, contains far more women members than men—yet women are unable to obtain equal salaries with men for equal work.

It is only when strong combination is backed up by political power that labour is effectually protected. That social reformers are of this opinion, and do not hold with "A Woman Conservative" that it would be better to agitate for anti-sweating legislation than for the vote, is indicated by the significant fact that the "Suffragettes" include among them large numbers of women who have spent many years of their lives in trying, without the vote, to secure better conditions for women's labour, and have now thrown in their lot with those who place their enfranchisement before every other reform.—Yours, &c.,

B. C. S.

April 13th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "E. P.," has missed the point of the Women Suffragists' campaign against the Government. The National Women's Social and Political Union oppose the Liberal nominee at all bye-elections simply because he represents a Government that will not give women the vote. There is no "spite" against the Government, or against men in general, in a purely political opposition of this kind. The Irish Party pursued the same policy; so did the Roman Catholics at Peckham; so might the Jews in North-West Manchester, an they chose. But when women follow the example of men politicians they are told that they "are using all their influence against their principles to spite their oppressors." Is this quite a fair thing to say of any body of politicians because the principle they uphold does not happen to be the one to which their opponents give the pre-eminence?—Yours, &c.,

A. KELLY.

Westminster, April 13th, 1908.

[Several letters on the above subject are unavoidably held over until next week.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

THE FORSAKEN ROOM.

THE Mirror gleams: "I saw, but will I tell?"
A pin: "She dropped me, pity my despair!"
A comb: "I glow—was burnished in her hair"—
A rose plucked for her wafts: "Her lips did spell
What I will not repeat, who loved to dwell
Close to the little cross that nestled where
Sorrow for Wrong, and Courage 'neath Despair
In her warm blood leapt—leapt unconquerable!"

Swallows rejoice to build beneath these eaves
Where jasmine clings; the sun among its leaves
(All fluttered, for she pressed them back last night)
Traces in sweet deceptive light and shade
Her head, upon the pillow where 'twas laid—
Her fingers, on the book where she did write.

J. MARJORAM.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE form of Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "Marriage," represents, in its original setting at all events, a new departure in dramatic composition. It was written in one act, which must occupy over two hours on the stage. Of course, a division may be made, but those who have read the play think that it will well bear the shape its author originally gave it.

* * *

IN an article on "The Neglect of Irish Writers," in an American Catholic magazine, Miss Katharine Tynan says some very severe things about the want of literary culture among Irish people. The Irish literary movement is, she holds, only a one-sided revival, for although the writers have come, they find no readers among Irish people or elsewhere. Few of those who have any real knowledge of Irish life will agree with this view. Ireland is a poor country, but it spends a fair proportion upon books, and volumes by writers such as Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. George Russell, Dr. Hyde, Father Sheehan, Miss Emily Lawless, Miss Jane Barlow, and Dr. Barry may be seen in most Irish houses. Still wider of the mark is the verdict expressed in the following sentences: "This neglect of Irish writers is a thing that moves the *sæva indignatio* to think upon. The Irish are talking still of the '48 men who wrote verses *à servir*. There was not a born literary man among them except John Mitchell."

* * *

MISS TYNAN seems to have forgotten one at least of the contributors to "The Nation," and "The United Irishman" who, if not a born literary man, was born a man of genius and a poet—James Clarence Mangan. The current number of "The Dublin Review" contains an interesting article on Mangan, written by the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy shortly before his death. Duffy knew Mangan well, and when "The Nation" was founded in 1842 he chose Mangan as one of the contributors. Among other things established in the article are the fact that while Mangan drank to excess, he was not at any time an opium-eater, as has often been stated. The real facts about Mangan's love affair, which were told for the first time in Duffy's reminiscences, are repeated here, and the mistakes in Mitchell's version pointed out. The life of the author of "Dark Rosaleen," which has been well told by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, was one of the saddest in the history of literature. He was a true poet, though his reputation suffers from the mass of inferior work he produced owing to his writing under the bitter lash of necessity.

* * *

UNDER the title "Napoleon and His Fellow-Travellers," Mr. Clement Shorter will issue next autumn, through Messrs. Cassell, a reprint, with notes and elucidations, of the more important of the pamphlets written by eye-witnesses of Napoleon's experiences on the "Bellerophon" and the "Northumberland," the latter being the vessel that carried him from Plymouth to St. Helena. Among the pamphlets contained in the volume is that issued by Warden, the surgeon of the "Northumberland," which went through twenty editions during Napoleon's lifetime, but has not been reprinted for eighty years. In annotating this pamphlet Mr. Shorter has had the help of Warden's son, who is still alive. Another interesting item is the privately printed pamphlet which was circulated among his friends by the third Lord Lyttelton, giving an account of two conversations he had with Napoleon while the "Northumberland" was lying off Plymouth. This latter pamphlet is exceedingly rare—it is not to be found in the British Museum—as only fifty copies were printed. Mr. Shorter's volume should make a most interesting addition to the vast mass of Napoleonic literature.

* * *

THE aim of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's "India Through the Ages," which Messrs. Routledge have in preparation, is to give a popular account of Indian history which will steer a middle course between the attitude towards Indian affairs taken by British statesmen and soldiers, and that which presents itself to the mind of a patriotic native. Mrs. Steel is eminently qualified for such a task. Apart from their artistic merits, her novels are remarkable for the knowledge they show of native and English life, and for their insight and balance.

* * *

A PROMISING biography which is shortly to be issued by Mr. John Lane is "The Life of Sir Halliday Macartney," by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger. Sir Halliday Macartney's career was a remarkable one. He founded the first Chinese arsenal, commanded Li Hung Chang's forces during the Taeping rebellion, was Secretary to the first Chinese Embassy to Europe, and for thirty years remained Secretary and Councillor to the Chinese Legation in London. His knowledge of the inner working of Chinese diplomacy and of Far Eastern affairs was equalled only by that of Sir Robert Hart. As he left behind him a mass of important letters and papers, Mr. Boulger's work should add greatly to our knowledge of the attitude adopted by China towards European countries. In particular, we are promised much fresh light on the Sun Yat Sen case, and on the war with France over Tonking.

* * *

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON'S long-promised book, "George Grenfell and the Congo," is now in the printer's hands, and will be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson in a few weeks. The book should attract considerable attention, for Grenfell left behind him a number of diaries and papers bearing on the condition of the Congo Free State, and these, together with such material as the Baptist Missionary Society could obtain from Grenfell's colleagues, have been placed at Sir Harry Johnston's disposal. After Stanley, Grenfell was the leading explorer of the Congo Basin, and he also explored the Cameroons. Sir Harry Johnston is specially qualified to write on Grenfell's life and work, as he has been Consul in the district where the late explorer laboured and made his acquaintance there. There are to be nearly three hundred illustrations, most of them reproductions of photographs taken by Grenfell himself.

* * *

AMONG books announced by the Oxford University Press as in active preparation are "The Works of Ben Jonson," edited by Professor C. H. Herford and Mr. P. Simpson; "The Works of Marlowe," edited by Professor Raleigh and Mr. C. F. Tucker Brooke; "Campion's Poetical Works," edited by Mr. Percival Vivian; "Donne's Poetical Works," edited by Mr. H. J. C. Grierson; and "Herrick's Poetical Works," edited by Mr. G. S. Gordon.

* * *

BY the death of M. Emile Gebhardt, on Wednesday last, the French Academy loses one of its most distinguished members. M. Gebhardt had, in addition to profound scholarship, an unusual power of imparting freshness and vitality to his historical studies. His works on the Italian Renaissance—a period which especially attracted him—have been widely read. They have all the accuracy of the modern scientific historian, and at the same time reproduce the atmosphere of the period, and abound in picturesque details. M. Gebhart was born in 1839; he belonged to the Faculty of Letters at Nancy from 1865 to 1879, whence he was called to be Professor of the Literatures of Southern Europe at Paris. He became a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in 1895, and was elected to the French Academy in 1904.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Early London." By Sir Walter Besant. (Black. 30s. net.)

"African Notes and Reminiscences." By F. C. Selous. With a Foreword by President Roosevelt. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"My Father: An Aberdeenshire Minister 1812-1891." By W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net.)

"The Gospel of Pain." By Thomas J. Hardy. (Bell. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Tree of Heaven." By Robert W. Chambers. (Constable. 6s.)

"Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne." Publiés d'après le manuscrit original par Charles Nicoullaud. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7 fr. 50.)

"Deutschland und die grosse Politik anno 1907." Von Prof. Dr. Schiemann. (Berlin: Reimer. M. 7.)

By the Author of "The Opportunity of Liberalism."

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

By BROUGHAM VILLIERS. Demy 8vo, 10/6 net.

The Manchester Guardian says: "Mr. Villiers's book does just what such a history ought to do—sets out clearly the main facts and personalities, but does not load the story with minutiæ, giving the main attention to a spirited account of the stream of tendencies which have expressed themselves in the more definite socialistic movement."

The Scotsman says: "Thoughtful, clearly written, and well based in the study of the severer socialistic literature, of which it provides a useful bibliography, the work cannot but prove of interest to readers in search of an introduction, at once informative and sympathetic, to this important subject."

THE STANDARD LIBRARY OF HISTORY.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS.

NEW VOLUME READY.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

(B.C. 29—A.D. 476.)

By H. STUART JONES, M.A. With Maps and many other Illustrations. 5s.

A complete list of the Volumes in the Story of the Nations, the greatest historical library in the world, will be sent post free on application to T. Fisher Unwin, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

PORTUGAL.

By H. MORSE STEPHENS, M.A. New Edition. With a new chapter dealing with the most recent events, by Major MARTIN HUME, and 5 new Illustrations, including Portraits of the late King and Crown Prince and the new King. 5s. (Nations series.)

HISTORY OF IRELAND TO THE COMING OF HENRY II.

By ARTHUR UA CLERIGH, M.A., K.C. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

This volume is complete in itself. It is a record of Irish history from the earliest times to 1171.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

A Record of his Life and Work.

By his Daughter, HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER. With an account of his Parliamentary Struggle, Politics, and Teachings, by JOHN M. ROBERTSON, M.P. New and Cheaper Edition. With New Introductory Chapter. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net. Uniform with Mr. Morley's "Life of Richard Cobden."

LIFE OF GOETHE.

By HEINRICH DUNTZER. With Authentic Illustrations and Facsimiles. Cheap Edition. Cloth 2s. 6d. net. Uniform with "Charles Bradlaugh."

HISTORY OF CIVILISATION.

By CHARLES SEIGNOBOS. 5s. net each.

Vol. I. HISTORY OF ANCIENT CIVILISATION.
Vol. II. HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL CIVILISATION.

A concise review of the development of European civilisation since the downfall o ie Roman Empire.

THE PROGRAMME OF MODERNISM:

A Reply to the Encyclical *Pascendi* of Pius X.

Translated from the Italian by FATHER TYRRELL. 5s. net.

"Amidst the quickly growing mass of literature dealing with the Modernist Movement in the Roman Catholic Church, this little volume may, without hesitation, e singled out as the best source of information for those who want to know the cts in brief."—*Manchester Guardian.*

WILD HONEY FROM VARIOUS THYME.

By MICHAEL FIELD. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"'Wild Honey' is one of the most delightful books that the last ten years have iven us, and should be read by every lover of poetry."—*The Academy.*

THE CANADIAN KIPLING.

THE SONGS OF A SOURDOUGH.

By ROBERT W. SERVICE. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

"In 'Songs of a Sourdough' Mr. Service has got nearer to the heart of the ld-time-place miner than any other verse-maker in all the length and height of the reat Dominion."—*The Morning Post.*

MY LIFE IN THE OPEN.

By WILL H. OGILVIE, Author of "Fair Girls and Grey Horses." With an Introduction and a Portrait. 5s. net.

Vital impressions of open-air life in many parts of the world.

BRITISH BIRD LIFE.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, M.B.O.U., F.R.H.S. With an Introduction by SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., and over 50 Illustrations. Cheap Edition, 3s 6d.

Popular sketches of every species of bird which regularly nests in the British les.

LAST HOURS WITH NATURE.

By MRS. BRIGHTWEN. Edited by W. H. CHESSON. Profusely Illustrated. Cloth 2s. 6d. net.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT

Readers of *The Nation* will be interested in seeing a list of books written by members of the New Parliament.

Published by Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Mr. JOHN MORLEY.
"The Life of Richard Cobden."

Mr. JOHN BURNS.
In "Labour and Protection."

Mr. R. B. HALDANE.
"Army Reform."

Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.
In "The Johnson Club Papers."

Mr. W. RUNCIMAN.
In "British Industries under Free Trade.

Mr. C. F. G. MASTERMAN.
"In Peril of Change," and
"The Heart of the Empire."

ORIENTAL CAMPAIGNS AND EUROPEAN FURLOUGHS.

The Autobiography of an Indian Mutiny Veteran.

By Col. EDWIN MAUDE, late H.M. 2nd (Leinster) Regiment. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

"We have thoroughly enjoyed every page of these reminiscences of an old soldier."—*Daily Graphic.*

CRIMINAL APPEAL AND EVIDENCE.

By N. W. SIBLEY, B.A., LL.M., Joint Author of "International Law as interpreted during the Russo-Japanese War," 15s. net.

"Mr. Sibley's work is so exhaustive that its adoption as a text book by students may be confidently recommended."—*Journal of Commerce.*

HEALTH AT ITS BEST *v.* CANCER AND OTHER DISEASES.

By ROBERT BELL, M.B., M.D., F.F.P.S. 5s. net.

"A book to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."—*The Referee.*

THE MOTOR CAR AND ITS ENGINE.

A Practical Treatise for Motor Engineers, including owners and chauffeurs.

By JOHN BATEY. Cloth, 5s. net.

SPECIAL EDITION.

THE MERMAID SERIES.

THE BEST PLAYS OF THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

LITERAL REPRODUCTIONS OF THE OLD TEXT.

With Photogravure Frontispieces.

A complete list of volumes and particulars of the special editions in preparation will be sent post free to any address on application to T. FISHER UNWIN, Adelphi Terrace, London.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

Reviews.

THE ENGLAND OF DOMESDAY.*

The eleventh century, as Professor Vinogradoff reminds us, was the turning-point in the evolution of the English social organism. Down to that date "we witness the stunted growth of a Teutonic State, which might have resulted in something more akin to the formation of Denmark or Norway than to that of England as it has come to be" From the eleventh century onward, "most of the great forces of English history—royalty, the landed aristocracy, the Church, local institutions—proceed on their course of development through many a momentous crisis, but without substantial break." A description of the English social organism at that date can therefore scarcely fail to be both interesting and valuable. We may perhaps doubt whether the cleavage of the eleventh century is quite as marked with regard to some of the great forces as it is with regard to others; whether, for instance, that particular century gave anything like so decided a twist to London and to Exeter as it did to rural landlordism; whether it controlled the subsequent development of trade so markedly as did some other centuries; or whether it deflected the course of religion and the Anglican Church as much as it did that of the military forces of the Crown. These and some other important features of the English social organism are designedly omitted from Professor Vinogradoff's survey. What he gives us is a valuable analysis, derived almost entirely from Domesday Book, of the organisation of the military forces, of the Governmental taxation, of the land tenure, of the husbandry, and of the relations between the different classes of rural society that prevailed at the end of the eleventh century. And so obscure are "the short barren abstracts of Domesday Book," and so little has yet been done in patient, systematic exploration of their mysteries, that—even after Maitland's brilliant studies, and the contributions of Mr. Round, Mr. W. H. Stevenson, Mr. Ballard, and others—this analysis constitutes a real advance in our understanding of the period.

To put it shortly, Professor Vinogradoff withholds his adherence from some of the widely accepted generalisations to which we have been treated in the last two or three decades. In his judgment the pendulum has swung too far. We cannot, it is true, nowadays reinstate in its supremacy the free village community of early Victorian archæology. But Professor Vinogradoff does not find the English rural township entirely organised from above, and completely dependent upon a landowning superior. With patient learning he insists on the evidence for lordless villages, for holdings not included in any manor, for a certain degree of corporate ownership by village communities; for the persistence of this and that remnant of Celtic, of Danish, or of Saxon village organisation, intermingling with the arrangements of the Norman lawyers. In the township, as distinguished from the manor, he has a very real faith. The "prolonged existence" of the township, and its "great hold on the people," are "traced back with perfect continuity to tribal ownership and custom." The traditions "start from the conquering tribes settling on the soil of Great Britain in the course of the mighty invasions and migrations of Germanic and Scandinavian warriors." From "the maegth and the guild," the township develops into the effective "unit of social organisation," with its "common rights in woods and pastures," and the joint ownership characteristic "of a very close agrarian community." These townships "assume duties in regard to taxation, police, and justice, for which they are held responsible by the general government of the country." They are "the links of a chain which appears more completely and clearly in the action of hundreds, wapentakes and shires." The ubiquitous system of manors was an altogether later development. "If we look to the antecedents of the manor in Anglo-Saxon times, we do not find a single institution corresponding to the Conquest manor, but we do find several institutions working each by itself"—the "ham" or centre of an estate, the "bocland" held on privileged tenure, the "soke" or jurisdictional franchise, and the element of "lordship"—which were destined to be combined into the manorial system, and superposed upon the still continuing township.

Professor Vinogradoff gives us many interesting details as to the hundred, which "for the bulk of the population . . . was the most common and active of the public institutions. . . The small landowners and tenants had not often to do with the shire moot; already in the eleventh century the latter was managed by a group of thanes, which might be likened to the county families of later days, well-to-do people, who could afford to appear at the sessions, and were able to exercise local influence. . . . It was different, to a certain extent, with the hundred. Its court met sufficiently often to transact a good deal of legal and administrative business." Small suitors really had to attend. "It was the congregation of the freemen . . . even the lowest classes being represented by their tithings, or at least by their chief pledges." A feature to which Professor Vinogradoff does not seem to have paid attention, so far at least as the present work is concerned, is the extent to which the hundred court stood in hierarchical relation to other courts of subordinate or at any rate more restricted jurisdiction. The organisation of this hierarchy of courts, and the relations of the halmote, or portmoot, or the leet of the village with the distant hundred court—such as we find exemplified, for instance at Berkeley, or Taunton, or Farnham—appear to deserve further study.

If we may venture a criticism on so learned a work by so great a scholar, it is that this picture of Society in the eleventh century suffers, in our judgment, from being drawn from too restricted a selection of sources. Professor Vinogradoff's acquaintance with what he calls "the short, barren abstracts of Domesday Book" is so profound that it is impossible to regret the absence of an exhaustive analysis of the whole of that invaluable record. The time ought to have passed for the use merely of illustrative examples gathered from that store, and for the citing of particulars of this or that country only. It is difficult to understand why Domesday Book has not been, by this time, microscopically and completely indexed for persons, places, and things, and why a complete analysis has not been made of each man's holdings, wherever situated, of everything relating to each particular place, whomsoever it concerns, of all the markets, of every reference to bees and pigs and ploughs, of every kind of court and officer, and so on. Only by means of such an exhaustive analysis can we gain assurance as to what is the rule and what is the exception. And the choice of materials suffers, too, from too narrow a restriction in time. Professor Vinogradoff is so keenly alive to the danger of mixing his centuries, and of ascribing to the eleventh what may have existed only in the twelfth and thirteenth, that he shuts his eyes to the many significant indications as to the manor and the township that are afforded by the records of later times. In the present work, he seems to have imposed upon himself the restriction of citing no source, and of using no material, subsequent to Domesday Book itself. But the English township and manor is spread out before us in six or seven centuries of life, much of which has been placed on record. We ought not to be above learning what some eleventh century institution really meant from a surviving village custom of the nineteenth or an unusually extended manor roll of the eighteenth century. Professor Vinogradoff himself has said elsewhere "that it would amount to a kind of scholarly self-annihilation to reconstruct the open-field arrangement of each period purely and solely on the strength of the evidence belonging to this period." What is true of the open-field system is true, also, of the township and the manor, the hundred and the shire. The "kind of scholarly self-annihilation" which prevents Professor Vinogradoff from enriching his picture of English Society in the eleventh century by all the indications that so great an authority could draw from the materials of the fifteenth, the seventeenth, and even the nineteenth, century, comes near to being an "actionable wrong" to historical science.

Sidney and Beatrice Webb.

* "English Society in the Eleventh Century: Essays in English Medieval History." By Professor Paul Vinogradoff. (Clarendon Press. 16s. net.)

SEVENTH THOUSAND.

MODERN EGYPT

By the EARL OF CROMER.

With Portrait and Map. Two Vols. 8vo, 24s. net.

F. C. SELOUS'S New Book

African Nature Notes and Reminiscences.

By F. C. SELOUS, F.Z.S., Author of "A Hunter's Wandering's in Africa," "Travel and Adventure in South East Africa." With a Foreword by President ROOSEVELT and Illustrations by E. H. CALDWELL. 8vo, 10s. net.

The Story of the Guides. By Col. C. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B. With Illustrations, 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

A concise record of the busy career of service—the Mutiny, Kabul, Afghan War, 1878-80, Chitral, the Malakand, and minor wars—seen by the corps since, some sixty years ago, it was originated by Sir Henry Lawrence and raised by Sir Harry Lumsden.

Autobiography of Montagu Burrows, Captain R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. Edited by His Son, STEPHEN M. BURROWS. With Portraits. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net. [*Next week.*

The Eversley Tennyson. Annotated by ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. Edited by HALLAM LORD TENNYSON. In 9 vols.

Vol. I. Poems, with Portrait. Vol. II. Poems. Vol. III. Enoch Arden and In Memoriam. Vol. IV. The Princess and Maud. Vol. V. Idylls of the King. Globe 8vo, 4s. net each.

National and Social Problems. By FREDERIC HARRISON. Extra crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. *April* 28.

A volume of great and varied interest. These collected papers deal with European political problems of the highest moment and with questions of Labour, Unionism and Socialism.

General History of Western Nations from 5000 B.C. to 1900 A.D. By EMIL REICH, Doctor Juris, Author of "New Student's Atlas of English History," etc. Part I. ANTIQUITY, Vols. I. and II. 8vo., 15s. net.

The two volumes treat (1) of the method of history; (2) of the great inland empires of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, the Hittites, &c.; (3) of the border nations called the Hebrews, the Phœnicians, and the Archaic Hellenes; (4) the historic Greeks; (5) the Romans.

Atlas Antiquus. In 48 Original Graphic Maps, with Elaborate Text to each Map, and full Index. By Dr. EMIL REICH. Crown 4to, 10s. net.

Herodotus, Books VII.—IX. With Introduction, Text, Apparatus, Commentary, Appendices, Indices, Maps. By REGINALD WALTER MACAN, D.Litt. 3 vols. 8vo, 30s. net. [*Classical Library.*

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

Herodotus, Books IV.—VI. By the same editor. In 2 vols. 8vo, Reduced to 20s. net.

Plays of Aeschylus. The Suppliant Maidens—The Persians—The Seven Against Thebes—The Prometheus Bound. Translated into English Verse by E. D. A. MORSHEAD, M.A. Pott 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. [*Golden Treasury Series.*

Highways & Byways in Hampshire. By D. H. MOUTRAY READ. With Illustrations by ARTHUR B. CONNOR. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

Diary of John Evelyn. With Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. 3s. 6d. Or Limp Leather, 5s. net. [*Globe Library.*

H.M.I. Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, by E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, formerly H.M.I. North-west Division. 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

A highly entertaining book, containing a large number of good stories told by a *raconteur* of exceptional ability.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

If you Live in the Country,
If you Love the Country,
READ

THE COUNTRY HOME

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine.	Price 6d. Net.	Now on Sale Everywhere.

¶ To all who have a common interest in the country, THE COUNTRY HOME will appeal. Illustrated articles on interesting homes with their surroundings. —Natural History.—Rural Industries.—Country Customs. —Garden and Greenhouse.—Poultry.—Insect Pests.—The Planning of Cottages and Buildings.—The Interior of the Home.—Furnishing.—The Gathering Together of Old Ornaments.

These are but a few of the subjects dealt with in THE COUNTRY HOME.

6s. NOVELS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
Author of "The Younger Set."

MAROTZ. By JOHN AYSCOUGH.

THE ANCIENT LAW. By ELLEN GLASGOW.
Author of "The Deliverance."

A COMEDY OF MOODS. By GREVILLE H. TEMPANY.

THE DAUGHTER. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.
Author of "Conflict."

THE BURNING CRESSET. By HOWARD PEASE.
Author of "Magnus Sinclair."

THE BEST EXPLANATION OF THE SOCIALIST IDEA IS CONTAINED IN

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD

BY

H. G. WELLS. 6/-

Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S WORKS

JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND. 6s.
CONTENTS: "John Bull's Other Island"; "How He Lied to Her Husband"; "Major Barbara."

MAN AND SUPERMAN. 6s.
A Comedy and a Philosophy, containing as well "The Revolutionist's Handbook" and "Maxims for Revolutionists."

PLAYS PLEASANT. 6s.
CONTENTS: (1) Arms and the Man. (2) Candida. (3) The Man of Destiny. (4) You never can Tell.

PLAYS UNPLEASANT. 6s.
CONTENTS: (1) Widowers' Houses. (2) The Philanderer. (3) Mrs. Warren's Profession.

THREE PLAYS FOR PURITANS. 6s.
CONTENTS: (1) The Devil's Disciple. (2) Cæsar and Cleopatra. (3) Captain Brassbound's Conversion.

CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION. 6s.
Being No. 4 of the Novels of his Nonage, containing also "The Admirable Bashville," and an Essay on Modern Prize-Fighting.

THE IRRATIONAL KNOT. A Novel. 6s.

THE COMMON SENSE OF MUNICIPAL TRADING. 2s. 6d.

THE PERFECT WAGNERITE.
A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

DRAMATIC OPINIONS AND ESSAYS.
With the Author's Apology. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

London: A. CONSTABLE and Co., Ltd.

A MASTER IN ISRAEL.*

Ridding was, in fact, a Father of the Church long before he became a Bishop. When the See of Southwell was founded, and Gladstone had to find its first occupant, he knew, as he said, where to put his finger on the man. The difficulties were great. Two counties had been joined in a yoke under which both fretted. The see was unwieldy and its cathedral ill-placed. There was, as yet, no Chapter staff or endowment to provide one. Gladstone may well have thought that last difficulty to be temporary, and can hardly have foreseen that Ridding in the second, as in the first, great achievement of his life would find his most stubborn opponent in the selfish greed of ecclesiastical bodies.

When Ridding followed Moberley as Head Master of Winchester, the government of the school still lay with those whose pockets profited by starving it. The position was much the same as at Westminster, where, some years later, the Public Schools Commissioners told the Prebendaries, with polite circumlocution, that they were little better than thieves. At Winchester a slight reform had already been effected by the Oxford Commission of 1857. Another Commission was already sitting, and legislation was in the air. What line it took would depend upon what should be already done, and Ridding was determined that much should be already done before a Bill was framed. The Warden and Fellows might now have redeemed their character. It was the last thing they thought of. If Ridding asked for more class-rooms, it would reduce their dividends. If he claimed more space for cricket, it would interfere with their cows' pasture, and "all for the sake of boys." Such was the phrase of a governor of the school. It remained for Ridding to do the work with his own labour and at his own cost. His zeal and his success are set forth in vigorous narrative and with commendable pride by his wife's pen. The Warden and Fellows disappeared in a whirlwind, and old Wykehamists, who feared that Ridding was going to ruin the school, lived to reverence him as their Second Founder.

In 1889 Ridding was the guest of sixteen Fellows of Oxford colleges, who had been boys under him in his eight last years at Winchester. A crammer would despise his methods, but might envy his results. He was discursive in form. "One never knew," says one of his boys, "what was coming next." A theorist or an inspector, Matthew Arnold not least, would soon have called him to book; and his method is not for everybody. It succeeded with him because his mind was on the heights and his thoughts in sequence. Nor did he, in his sequence of thought, ever forget that boys are not of one mould. Some pedagogues strike their pupils with awe; some try to make them walk by themselves. Few can, as Ridding could, do both. The combination is due, as we believe, to what, in its full meaning, is one of the rarest qualities—intellectual sincerity. Most men find their truths where they seek them—Ridding sought the truth where it was. Here, in the next generation of schoolmasters, he found his successor in Rutherford. Intellectual sincerity is impossible in a little mind, and is not admired by little minds. It was not in Ridding to give the comforting solutions which a bishop of the present day distributes wholesale to his flock. We cannot wonder that, as his wife tells us, Ridding in the last years of his ministry "viewed the situation with some anxiety, and doubted whether the coming generation of Church leaders were adequately armed with learning and discernment to meet it." He who sets a trap for popularity may do so unconsciously, but his trap will recoil, if not upon himself, at any rate upon the society which he is supposed to represent. Nevertheless, there will always be many ready to comfort or to be comforted by some equivalent for "Mesopotamia."

Ridding was a close friend of Archbishop Benson, though, as Lady Laura Ridding superfluously informs us, "their theological views differed." We cannot read in her pages the ground of their friendship. A mind which could believe in omens must have been tuned to another string than his whom Benson described as a "Churchman who recognises progress and science." Ridding did much more than this. Throughout his life he stood firm for freedom of discussion and the right to form a conclusion. This is the full claim of intellectual Liberalism, which asks for no more, and is content with no less. Different men, and, indeed, the same man at different periods of his life, will reach different conclusions; but the method itself is the one principle that can never submit to change. It is the unwearying enemy of clericalism, and clericalism, though it has not always dared to say so, recognised its foe in Ridding. To the eyes of Montagu Burrows he seemed, in 1864, "the most dangerous man in Oxford." And such he was to the end. In his last charge, unfinished and not delivered, he meant to meet the cry of the clericals with the old voice of Liberalism. "Discussion, even of fundamental truths, cannot be suppressed if we wish, and we ought not to wish it if we could. A church debarred from discussion of serious questions adequately raised will have its convictions, however real, discredited as only obligations of tradition." And in his eyes such discredit was not only inevitable, but justified; for convictions thus held have no claim to be called real in the sense in which he habitually used the word. They rest upon an uncriticised basis, and are, therefore, taken at second-hand by him who holds them. Such men go by rule, and the rules, which should be "schoolmasters to train to liberty and reality," become drivers of slaves. To this point he reverted in his last charge. "That at this moment the keenest Church interest should be spent on considering, not 'Will this or that proposed measure be for the good of the Church in her present circumstances and work?' but 'Did such an organisation ever exist in the primitive Church?' is simple hypnotism . . . playing with shadows, as if dealing with facts." Ridding never so played with shadows. He knew that discussion with a foregone conclusion is such a shadow. Another prelate has, in effect, told his clergy that they may discuss everything except the Creeds. No, Ridding replies, you may, at times you must, discuss these also, and you must discuss them with the possibility in view that you may come to disagree with them. In his own case, the possibility had been in one point realised. He held that the Athanasian Creed was intended to mean what it says, that all who do not receive it are doomed to hell, and for himself he did not believe that every Jew or Unitarian or heathen would, without doubt, perish everlastingly. In his last year he discussed with himself the physical reality of the Resurrection and the Virgin Birth. His conclusion was conservative, but it is clear that another issue would have affected neither his peace of mind nor his place as a pastor of the Church. The Church is built on a rock; but even a rock, much more our knowledge of its qualities, is subject to change.

"Reality," says Mr. Palmer, one of his examining chaplains, was among his principal ideals, and nothing was greater in Ridding than his grasp of fact. He saw the truth where others cried out for an authority to tell them where it lay. The ecclesiastical mind hankers for an Ecumenical Council that shall tell it what it is to believe, or rather, if we may use exact terms, what it is to suppose itself to believe. Your Council, says Ridding, if you had it, would give you a formula, but its formula could not be a perpetual edict. As Ridding's tutor once said from the University pulpit, if a Christian had lived through the first four centuries of the Church, he would have excommunicated himself several times over. But why, said Ridding, demand your Council when, in fact, you have it? You will not find it gathered under one roof, you will not see it composed wholly of bishops and priests, but, if you were not the slaves of words, you would not, in the modern world, seek it under such conditions. It is called nowadays not a Council, but "general public opinion," or "the religious intelligence of the whole Church"; but, whatever its name, it is no less under the guidance of the Holy Spirit than the Council of Jerusalem or the Council of Nicaea. Ridding's view of the facts once stated becomes self-evident. The Higher Criticism cannot, in fact, be reconciled with ecclesiastical formulae, but religious intelligence has forced it into the pulpits. General public opinion has revoked the formulae more slowly, but not less surely, than a Council of the Church. But, as Ridding said, with

* "George Ridding, Schoolmaster and Bishop." By his wife, Lady Laura Ridding. Arnold. 15s. net.

NEW SIX SHILLING NOVELS.

THE GREY KNIGHT:

An Autumn Love Story.

By MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE, Author of "Peter's Mother."

Daily Graphic.—"An interesting story. A sense of pleasant rest is imparted, and it is made the more pleasant by many delightful touches of humour."

CROSSRIGGS.

By MARY and JANE FINDLATER.

Authors of "A Blind Bird's Nest," "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," &c.

DAN RIACH: SOCIALIST.

By the Author of "MISS MOLLY."

Manchester Courier.—"A fascinating study of character. The plot is admirably unfolded, but the strength of the book lies in its clear delineation of character."

MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL

SIR HENRY WYLIE NORMAN.

By Sir WILLIAM LEE-WARNER, K.C.S.I.

With Portraits. Demy 8vo, **14s. net.**

Daily Telegraph.—"The story of a man of remarkable ability and of remarkable personal charm, told in a simple, dignified, and deeply interesting fashion."

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

By MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. Revised and in Parts Re-written, by FREDERIC G. KENYON, D.Litt., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. With 2 Portraits, crown 8vo, **7s. 6d. net.**

Evening Standard.—"The work of the present editor has aimed solely at making a valuable book more serviceable to future generations of students and lovers of Robert Browning."

MEMORIES OF MEN & BOOKS.

By REV. PROFESSOR ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A.

With a Portrait, small demy 8vo, **8s. 6d. net.**

Globe.—"As a contribution to one side of the social life of the past century, Mr. Church's volume is of much value."

THE PASSING OF MOROCCO.

By FREDERICK MOORE, Author of "The Balkan Trail."

With a Cover Design, Men and Illustrations, **5s. net.** [*Just published.*

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

From . . .

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons' List.

Prospectuses of these books may be had post-free on application.

JUST OUT.

SERVIA AND THE SERVIANS.

By M. CHEDO MIJATOVICH, late Servian Minister to the Court of St. James's.

With 16 Illustrations, in demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 16s. net.

The author of this book is a recognised authority on all Servian affairs, and in this book he gives us a very vivid account of the religious and social life, the institutions and the traditions of Servian folk. As an authoritative history of Servia from an ethnographical, historical and political point of view, this book is believed to stand alone.

SIR JOHN GORST'S RECOLLECTIONS.

NEW ZEALAND REVISITED.

In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 12s. 6d. net, with 16 Illustrations.

"This charmingly chatty book."—*Western Mail.* "Amusing and instructive."—*Morning Leader.* "Will be valued at its true worth by every intelligent reader."—*Daily Telegraph.* "Sir John has a fluent and descriptive pen."—*Daily Express.* "Delightful."—*Manchester Guardian.* "A pleasant and readable book."—*Globe.*

"A Book of Very Deep Interest."

MODERNISM: a Record and Review.

By the Rev. A. LESLIE LILLEY, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Paddington.

With Epistle Dedicatory to the Rev. Father G. Tyrrell. 6s. net.

"Mr. Lilley's lively pages make us feel the excitement of the contemporary movement in France. The volume will help anyone who cares so to do to trace for himself the growth of a controversy which is of momentous importance for Western Christianity. . . . It is wholesome reading."
—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MESSIANIC IDEA: a Study in Comparative Religions.

By the Rev. W. O. E. OESTERLEY, D.D.

In crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LTD., 1, Amen Corner, London, E.C.

From ROUTLEDGE'S SPRING LIST.

ASPECTS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

By RICHARD H. P. CURLE. With an Engraved Portrait after G. F. WATTS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"A distinguished and well-balanced piece of work, which should gain its author immediate recognition, as among the most sane and well informed of the younger critics of the day."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"I would advise any aspirant to the study of Meredith to read a book by Mr. Richard Curle, very recently published, entitled 'Aspects of George Meredith.' It is the work of a convinced and penetrating admirer, and analyses a number of points highly deserving of being taken into consideration."—Mr. W. M. ROSSETTI, in the *Daily News.*

A RESIDENT'S WIFE IN NIGERIA

By CONSTANCE LARYMORE. With 41 Illustrations on Art Paper, and a Portrait of the Author, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

"Mrs. Larymore is not only a skilled traveller in wild countries, but is able to describe her wanderings most graphically with pen and camera. One of the most enjoyable books of travel we have seen of late."—*Globe.*

"Miss Kingsley has shown us that a woman can travel. . . . Mrs. Larymore gives a further demonstration of the fact. . . . In Miss Kingsley's book nothing is more striking than the good humour of the writer; Mrs. Larymore has the same fine gift of kindly optimism. A most engaging account of her life and experiences in Nigeria."—*Liverpool Courier.*

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF;

OR, CANADA AS I SAW IT.

By B. STEWART, Author of "My Experiences in Cyprus," &c. With 16 Plates, crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

"There has been quite a flood of books about Canada of late, but few of them have been of such deep interest as this. . . . In every way this latest volume on Canada is a valuable one. It gives a true picture of the country from the Canadian side, and all through the reader feels that he is in the hands of a writer who has a thorough grasp of his subject."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

THE CASE FOR THE GOAT,

WITH THE PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE OF 24 EXPERTS.

By "HOME COUNTIES." With 16 Full-page Plates, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; also with 4 Full-page Plates, boards, 1s.

"Shows how easily anybody with no more accommodation than a backyard in the suburbs can become a keeper of live stock which will make him independent of the dairyman."—*Lancet.*

"May be warmly recommended as containing much that is very likely to be useful."—*Spectator.*

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED.
Carter Lane, E.C.

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF "PUBLIC OPINION."

Here is an Australian estimate of PUBLIC OPINION, from the *Sydney Stock and Station Journal*, published in Sydney, N.S. Wales:—

"This week there came to hand the very sort of paper that a busy man wants, and that is PUBLIC OPINION. I remember having seen it years ago in England, but somehow amid the multitude of things I saw at home, it failed to grasp my imagination. But it's an all right paper. You would think it was the idea on which Stead modelled his *Review of Reviews.*

"It is simply what it professes to be, public opinion. It gives you the opinions of leading men and leading papers in regard to the current events of the day. No man out here has either the time or the inclination to read all that is going on in the great British world, and this paper boils it all down, and gives it as purely as possible. What I like about it is the fact that the editor does not appear to have an axe to grind or fad to illuminate. That is what we need. We all have fads of our own here, because I think we are more intelligent than the stay-at-home people. If we're not, we probably think we are, so it's all the same. '*Cogito ergo sum.*'"

PUBLIC OPINION A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.

Every Friday Twopence

EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION, 30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

SPECIMENS FREE ON APPLICATION.

justifiable impatience, the ecclesiastical mind easily reverts to rules.

If we were asked to supply a motto for this book, we should suggest "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and these things shall be added unto you." Ridding's Wykehamists won their distinctions at Oxford because he aimed at something other and higher than a Hertford or a fellowship. His diocese became a thing of life in his hands because he never mistook the means for the end. It remains to add that his biographer has excellently accomplished her labour of love. Good memoirs are rare, but Lady Laura Ridding has added to the number.

ARAB AND GREEK.*

It is significant of a good deal of the literature of the present day that it is more concerned for the collection than the interpretation of facts. Mr. Nicholson's history of Arab literature, however, is much more than a collection of facts. The facts are there, but they are well arranged and well handled; they engage our attention and build up an interesting narrative. And yet in a sense the interpretation of these facts is left to the reader.

Of all forms of literature extant, none, perhaps, has so vividly embodied the likeness of its authors as Arab poetry. The hundred and fifty years before the birth of Mohammed saw the gradual coalition of the desert tribes. It was the moment when the Arab race, concentrating and collecting itself for its spring upon the tottering empire, seemed, in its units and in its tribal chiefs and leaders, to breathe a consciousness of the purposes that lay before it. It was inspired. It rose at that moment, in dignity, in self-control, in the stern hardihood of its valour, to a level never before reached and not long maintained. The heroes of that age are in a pre-eminent degree types of their race. They were the best the desert had done, and to them, above all others of their stock, belong the peculiar qualities which have given to the Arab his place in history.

And, just as it has always been an instinct with barbaric tribes to raise a chorus and sing themselves to the fighting point before engaging the enemy, so it was precisely this moment of national preparation and fierce bracing of the sinews which, for the Arabs, was their age of song, of poetical achievement. All Arab life and character, all Arab ideals and passions and feelings, were poured in this their most sparkling moment into the ballads of the clans' poets. The result, in the way of portraiture, is not a few indicated traits, not hints from which we can reconstruct a personality, but a personality itself; a form and face not to be mistaken, lean, fierce, and hard, reproduced as in the moment of life, and glancing at us out of these verses with a keenness which time cannot dim. The real value of this pre-Islamic poetry consists in this living, breathing personality of the Arab which it sets before us, and that in dealing with this period every care should be taken by the historian to bring the features of this personality well out. Now although Mr. Nicholson mentions indeed various traits which have left their imprint on the poetry, he makes no attempt to combine these into a living individuality. He fails somehow, as one feels, to see the Arab, and so fails to make us see him. It may be that this is partly due to the rather exaggerated estimate, as we think it, which he has formed of the poetry itself. Arab poetry, if it is to show us Arab character, must be accepted for what it is, the frank, vigorous, emphatic expression of the ideals of an age of barbarism. It is a poetry of action. It glories in the stroke of swords and thrust of lances, in the flow of blood and the vultures feasting on the slain. Its heroes are all exactly similar, brave, vigilant, and daring, prompt to take offence, ruthless in vengeance and extraordinarily voluble in vaunting and self-praise. To be feared and admired, to raid your enemy's camels and mares, to strike down and humiliate all who oppose your progress, these were the ideals of pre-Islamic poetry. It was a poetry most energetic, forcible, and direct in expression, but a poetry, on the other hand, superficial, hard, literal in all its observations, a poetry quite lacking, as all semi-barbaric poetry is lacking, in the depth which the cultivation of mind and intellect develops.

Somehow Mr. Nicholson does not seem inclined to let this poetry go as mere poetry of action, semi-barbaric poetry. He does not, in the seventy pages he devotes to the subject, attempt any exact analysis of its merits, but his references to the poets of this period as "consummate masters of the craft," and to the "elaborate form and technical perfection" of their work, and his comparison of their "magnificent odes" to the Iliad and Odyssey as "works of highly-finished art which could not possibly have been produced until the poetical art had been practised for a long time," all tend to leave on the reader's mind the impression that he is meant to think of this poetry as positively of the first order, as the outcome of a fully-formed mind and character, and as conveying an interpretation of life which will endure. Really the poetry cannot support such claims for a moment. As a representation of a certain type of character it is full of interest, but as poetry, self-sufficient and dependent only on its own inherent excellence, it does not count. The worst of it is that its human and interpretative value cannot be recognised so long as its claim to poetic excellence is upheld. The more we insist on its positive excellence the more we separate it from the life of its age. It is not only that there is nothing in the poetry itself to justify such pretensions; it is that there is nothing in the life of which this poetry is the outcome to justify them. Both life and poetry are a life and poetry of action, of a semi-barbaric people and age. See them thus and you have a living personality as the result of their conjunction. Pretend to see them otherwise and the personality fades away.

The limitation in Arab poetry is an intellectual limitation. Great actors as they were, the Arabs of the pre-Islamic age had not learned to think. But did they ever learn to think? Mr. Nicholson calls the pre-Islamic period the Golden Age of Arab poetry, and in this all critics agree with him. Such as it was, this poetry of action was the finest poetry the race ever wrought. Nothing equal to it came after it. It did not, as was the case with the corresponding European ballad poetry, give birth to a later poetry of thought; and this it did not do because the intellectual faculty in the Arab was never developed. It is interesting and curious to observe how in every department of Arab literature and science the note of unreality due to lack of intellectual grasp creeps in; how alchemy mingles with chemistry, astrology with astronomy; how dreams and visions and magical talismans and charms and horoscopes and the like take the place of reasons and facts, until we are inclined to say of the Arab generally what Professor de Boer, in his "History of Philosophy in Islam," says of the famous poet and philosopher al Maarri: "He is almost entirely wanting in the gift of combination. He can analyse, but he does not hit upon any synthesis, and his learning bears no fruit." A civilisation so based was itself more visionary than real, and it has vanished like a vision. Mr. Nicholson's book suffers a little, it seems to us, from his not taking a sufficiently defined and determinate view of Arab character. The reader of his pages feels the lack of a clue.

We find this lack of intellectualism in the Arab curiously brought out and emphasised in turning to another recent book, to Mr. Short's "History of Sculpture." Sculpture, the art of form, the art that defines, is pre-eminently the art of the intellect, pre-eminently, therefore, the art of the Greeks. Oriental wisdom, Professor de Boer points out in the work we have already mentioned, delivered over to the Arabs a vast amount of more or less nebulous material, "but the form—the formative principle—came to them from the Greeks." He adds this criticism on Arab manipulation which is worth quoting: "In every case where it is not a question of mere enumeration, or chance consideration, but where an attempt is made to arrange the matter according to logical or positive points of view, we may conclude with all probability that Greek influences have been at work." Here, then, in Mr. Short's book, we are dealing with a principle which Greek civilisation was rich in, and which later European civilisation is rich in, but of which Arab civilisation was so destitute, that when it appears it is to be referred to an outside source.

* "A Literary History of the Arabs." By R. A. Nicholson. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

"A History of Sculpture." By Ernest H. Short. Heinemann. 10s. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF "EREWHON" BUTLER

"Samuel Butler was, in his own department, the greatest English writer of the latter half of the 19th century."—*Bernard Shaw.*

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. A Novel. Entirely re-set. 6s. 424 pp.
EREWHON A Satire. 11th issue. 2s. 6d. net. ... ... 324 pp.
EREWHON RE-VISITED. 3rd issue. 2s. 6d. net. ... ... 340 pp.
ESSAYS ON LIFE, ART, AND SCIENCE. 2s. 6d. net. ... 340 pp

Now Ready. 6s.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUPER-TRAMP

By W. H. DAVIES (Author of "The Soul's Destroyer.")

WITH 8-PAGE PREFACE BY BERNARD SHAW.

"I recommend this most remarkable Autobiography of a Super-Tramp to your special attention." (Note made by Mr. Bernard Shaw on the MS. sent to the publisher.

Now Ready. 3s. 6d. nett.

ON CAMBRIAN AND CUMBRIAN HILLS

By HENRY S. SALT. **With Two Photographs.**
A record of forty years' experience. A delightful companion for the hills.

London: A. C. FIFIELD, 44, FLEET STREET, E.C.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS.

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

The Daily News

Founded by

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846.

Honored tradition and the spirit of modern enterprise are combined in "The Daily News." Matters of serious interest are reported at length. Place is also found, in shorter form, for the lighter news items which are a feature of 20th century journalism.

"The Daily News" is the **only** London Liberal newspaper that devotes every day a whole page to Financial and Commercial matters, Trade and Market reports and Stock Exchange Intelligence.

Its daily Parliamentary report is far more detailed than that of any other ½d. paper, and nearly a column is given to the Law List.

If you do not read "The Daily News" it is impossible for you to follow the progress of Liberalism.

HEAD OFFICES—
Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE INQUIRER

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL RELIGION

Special Articles of Interest to Liberal Thinkers and Workers.

Reviews of Important Books and Magazines.

News of Churches and Societies.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:
6/6 per year, to all parts of the World.

SPECIMEN COPY FREE ON APPLICATION.

Published every Friday at
3, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

And, as the reader will find if he makes the experiment, passing from one to the other, passing from the shadowy speculation of Arab philosophy or Sufi mysticism to the clear statements of Greek sculpture, is like waking up from a dream to the world of substance and concrete reality.

The object Mr. Short has set before himself, as he tells us in his preface, is to treat sculpture as the expression of the life of its age. Greatness in sculpture depends on its being this. "Throughout I have written from the standpoint of one who believes that the great schools of sculpture were created, not by individuals of genius, but by the peoples to whom they appealed." No doubt it is true that sculpture, like all art, is powerful and significant in proportion to the weight and volume of conviction poured into it by the life it emanates from, and is therefore best interpreted through that life. It should be one of the achievements of a criticism which regards art in this way as the expression of life to be able to distinguish between the work of genuine creative epochs and individual experiments. Mr. Short easily applies his theory to Greek art, but his task becomes harder as he approaches modern times and when he encounters the great experimentalist, Rodin, he dares not apply it at all. Rodin browbeats him. "Whether Phidias, Scopas, and Praxiteles are right and Rodin wrong matters little." Rodin is great because he has "sounded a new note of passion in sculpture." But Mr. Short's test of greatness in sculpture was that it must be the product of the national life rather than of individual experiment, and it is undeniable that M. Rodin is as individual as Phidias is national. Now a theory that is worth anything in art is as valuable for what it condemns as for what it approves, nor can it be of any use as a standard of judgment if it flinches before even a Rodin. Apart from this breakdown of its main theory, however, the book contains a great deal of interesting matter, and is to be welcomed moreover because, as Mr. Short himself points out, sculpture is a branch of art which has long suffered from neglect, and which must be placed by all possible means before the public view if interest is to be revived in it.

TWO NOVELS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.*

Of the two novels before us, the first, "Crossrigs," is a fair example of the school of British domestic fiction; the second follows the main stream of Continental standards. It would be a curious and profitable task if some clever critic would set himself to trace the social causes why the Victorian novelist came to be warned off from treading those special paths of life which had been opened up by the Georgian masters, paths which at no time have been closed to his European fellows. "I cannot write the real life of a man: the British public will not allow me to," Thackeray is reported to have said. But whatever may have been the causes, it is highly significant that it was women writers who, at the close of the century, made a dash for freedom, and claimed the artist's inalienable right of showing forth life as he finds it. Whatever may have been the faults of the "sex novel," as the ordinary British reviewer hastened to label it, it had at least the merit of clearing the air, of setting forth frankly, if too hysterically, the emotional strain imposed on a vast body of modern women by that network of traditional restraints which Ibsen satirised in "The Doll's House." It cannot be asserted too definitely that in no field of social activity is "the conspiracy of silence" less salutary than in the field of art. One of the chief functions of art is to penetrate beneath the appearances and conventions that every society wears as a crust of defensive armour. The French naturalistic school, for example, so long cold-shouldered in England, performed the great function of exposing the lowness of social ideals prevalent under the Third Empire. If you close the artist's mouth, because his picture of life is "unpleasant," you at once play into the hands of those very tendencies which you wish, presumably, to check, yet fear to understand. We must remember also that it is always the tendency of every class in power to make the artist minister to its own gratification, to prevent him from telling truths that are unpalatable.

The two novels before us both have for their subject the thwarted love instincts of a woman, and we can see no valid reason why the Misses Findlater's story should not be boycotted if Miss Violet Hunt's book be sent to Coventry; no reason, that is, except that "Crossrigs" is gently idealistic in its tone, while "White Rose of Weary Leaf" is frankly naturalistic. In saying this we do not mean to assert that the latter is a book for everybody. On the contrary, it contains matter that renders it undesirable for the young person; certain of its scenes will place it beyond the pale for people who dislike or are repelled by unconventional situations, or who hold that such an analysis of the love relations between a man and woman as "Jude, the Obscure" offers us, is inadmissable. Further, we may add that the tone of the first third of the novel is cheaply cynical, and that the stress the author lays on the physical defects of her characters, such as Lady Meadows and Dulce, is in doubtful taste. Miss Violet Hunt's style, in short, has assimilated some of the repellent characteristics of French naturalism; but she has the redeeming virtue of spiritual sincerity, and her somewhat "unpleasant" opening is atoned for by the highly serious analysis of her situation as it develops. Her heroine, Amy Steevens, a plucky, unattached woman, who, thrown early in life on her own resources, fights a hard and callous world with smiling face, is quite as admirable a figure as Alex Hope, the unselfish daughter who wastes her womanhood in toiling for her sister's careless family brood, who "could have got on better without her." In "Crossrigs" we find drawn for us a careful and over-minute picture of Scottish family life among the gentry of a quiet village, a patient domestic chronicle which holds one's interest, although the tones are flat, and the general effect is too monotonous. Alex Hope's life is typical of that of a countless army of women of her class who year by year, waiting in a secluded home life for the love that never comes to them, slowly find their youth and capacity for happiness shrivelling away. There is considerable delicacy shown in the authors' analysis of the passion that Alex nurtures in secret for Robert Maitland, the man married to a cold and stupid wife. Alex wishes for "the best," and it is the best which, we are told, is the enemy of the good, that keeps her from marrying the ardent young Van Cassilis, who, in his mortification, turns and weds the sensual and hard Miss Orranmore.

The weakness of the idealistic method is apparent in many passages, especially in those which describe how, after a few months of marriage, Van Cassilis is "hardened and coarsened unbelievably," and how "not a trace of boyishness or innocence is left in him." The moral purpose emphasised not infrequently destroys the illusion of what is, in other respects, a thoughtful and careful piece of work.

The career of Miss Violet Hunt's heroine, Amy Steevens, opens for us delicate psychological problems of an interest far surpassing those found in the life of Alex Hope. Amy's employer, Jeremy Dand, the clever, cynical, and masterful owner of Swarland Hall, engages her as "companion" to his ineffective, ornamental wife, Edith, to run his house for him, and keep everybody satisfied and amused. And then he falls in love, platonically, with Amy, who has ten times more brains, sense, and womanly depth than Edith. Amy becomes the real mistress of the establishment, the nurse of his child, the one practical woman who can avert disaster when the neurotic Dulce, Jeremy's daughter by his first wife, is seriously endangered by her unhappy love affairs. The complex relations between Amy and the selfish and self-absorbed Edith, who poses before everybody as the devoted wife and mother, when she is, in reality, a hollow sham, are very cleverly indicated. And the author succeeds, too, admirably in showing how Amy, by keeping herself perfectly sincere and honest in her relations with Jeremy, increases the man's love for her, till at last the flashpoint of danger is reached. Amy herself wishes, womanlike, to strengthen her hold over Jeremy's heart, while keeping her own free spirit, and her independence of mind, unspoiled by love ties which she knows can never be sufficiently valid. The analysis of the struggle between her own strong brain and the cravings of her unsounded feminine emotions recall to the reader's mind Sue's struggle, in "Jude the Obscure" to keep herself free and yet necessary to the man who loves her. Amy is, however, not a spiritual egoist

* "Crossrigs." By Mary and Jane Findlater. Smith Elder & Co. 6s.
"White Rose of Weary Leaf." By Violet Hunt. Heinemann. 6s.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON **BIBLE** WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from **6d. to £10.**

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

BOOK BARGAINS.—Harmsworth's Encyclopædia, last edition 10 vols., 25/-, cost £2 16s. net. Who's Who, 1907, 4/6, cost 11/- net. Burton's Arabian Nights, full edition, illustrated, 17 vols., £13 13s. Lear's Book of Nonsense, 2/6, pub. 6/. Balzac's Famous Novels in English, 40 vols., £3 3s. Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray, 10/6. Pepys' Diary, 4 vols., 15/-, pub. £1 10s. G. P. R. James's Historical Novels, 25 vols., £2 2s. Encyclopædia Britannica, last edition, 35 vols., £12 12s. Business Cyclopædia and Legal Adviser, 6 vols., £1 4s., cost £2 8s. Catalogues free. Books bought. Special list of 3,000 books wanted post free. Libraries purchased for cash.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright St., Birmingham.

[Books out of print supplied. Please state wants.]

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD

(Viâ NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. / OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. / TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,

London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it

WILL BE REPLACED.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING.—Typewriting of every description, high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words, prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and of the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:
HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Christiania—The Cammermeyer Boghandel, Car Johans Gade, 41 and 43.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Will be ready in a few days.

like Sue; she realises that her position in Dand's household is a dangerous one, that she may bring disaster on Jeremy, and that Edith may go to pieces if her husband throws her over, and that then "everybody will be in the wrong." The moral problem presented to us in Part I. is one that is balanced delicately on the knife-edge of circumstance, and the actual tragedy is precipitated by the shock of two accidents—the first when one of Jeremy's platonic love-letters to Amy is brought to Edith's knowledge, the second when Amy's nerves are shattered to pieces by the mental stress and strain of a railway accident in which Edith is dangerously injured. The weak spot in Amy's armour of good sense and feeling is penetrated by Jeremy's double-dealing at this juncture. She yields to him in her emotional distress, despite her instinct, and yields, moreover, only in the belief that Edith is dead. With the extreme complexity of the situation that then arises when she discovers that she has been deceived, with Jeremy's increasing infatuation for her, with her flight from Swarland Hall and its tragic consequences, we cannot here deal. The novel, as we have said, is not for the young person, and, indeed, not for the large class of readers who dislike a subtle analysis of human motives and demand conventional verdicts. The figure of Amy Steevens is of marked interest—one that bears secret affinities to Ibsen's Rebecca West, and we can only regret that the author has spoiled its purity by painting it in with a number of coarse hot touches.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

There is an old Cornish saying that "a Godolphin was never known to want wit, a Trelawny courage, or a Granville loyalty." Courage is, however, the only good quality with which the hero of the Rev. Roger Granville's volume, "The King's General in the West" (Lane, 10s. 6d. net), can be credited. Sir Richard Granville, the subject of the book, was a man of very different character from his grandfather, whose name has been made familiar by Tennyson's spirited verses. He had his grandfather's courage in fight, but so far from being distinguished for loyalty, he deserted from the King to the Parliament, and later, when he was made Major-General of the Parliamentary Horse, he treacherously went over again to the King, bringing his whole force with him. Mr. Granville does his best to present these passages in the most favourable light, but in private as well as public affairs Sir Richard Granville was brutal, treacherous, and cruel. While attempting to hold the West of England for the King he carried on the war in a thoroughly barbarous manner. He plundered right and left, and his usual severity may be judged from the fact that when he took Saltash, he wrote to the King declaring his intention of hanging all of the three hundred prisoners he captured. According to report, Granville died at Ghent just before the Restoration, his later years being embittered by a quarrel with Charles II., who banished him from his presence. A legend concerning Granville's wife, whom he treated in a most brutal manner, still survives in Cornwall. According to the tradition that lady, who had been married three times before she met Granville, may be seen every night in the neighbourhood of Tavistock, driving a spectral chaise made of the bones of her four dead husbands, drawn by headless horses. In front of the carriage runs a sable hound, with one eye in the middle of his forehead. Mr. Granville's book gives a good account of the Civil War in the West of England, and presents some picturesque incidents not to be found in other historians of the period.

* * *

"The Cave Boy," by Margaret A. McIntyre (Harrap, 1s. 6d. net), is one of a class of juvenile books intended to combine instruction with entertainment. It tells of the day-to-day life of a palæolithic family, and in detailing sundry adventures with bears, mammoths, and other exciting animals, conveys some elementary facts of social history in pleasant, if childish, language. Thorn, the cave boy, of enterprising and inventive turn of mind; Pineknot, his brother, Strongarm, his father, and Burr, his mother, are nice simple people, whose acquaintance every good child should be glad to make. The drawings in this book have a certain character and expressiveness, though they betray some inexperience of process requirements.

The Week in the City.

Broken into extensively by the Easter holiday, there has been little to attract attention in the Stock Markets during the week The resumption after the vacation was distinctly less cheerful than the breaking-up, for the cheerless weather had cast a gloom over everything, and was instrumental in specially depressing at least one market, for it was clear that the home railways had not secured even an average volume of holiday traffic. Further the menace of a strike on the North-Eastern gave weight to the impression that a spirit of discontent prevails all along the important industrial district of the North-East Coast, as the engineers have refused to confirm the arrangement entered into by their officials, and, in order to put an end to sectional disputes of the kind, a lock-out of the whole shipbuilding industry of the country is threatened. It seems extremely unfortunate that so soon as the comfort of the working classes is curtailed by slacker trade and reduced employment the distress is accentuated by the occurrence of disputes between employers and employed. So many extensive disputes threatening disastrous stoppages of work have of late years been warded off by resort to mutual discussion and arbitration, and the superiority of these methods over the old brutal system of fighting to exhaustion has been so fully demonstrated that it may be hoped good sense and better counsels will again avail in preventing the threatened conflicts. The ill-success of the German and Prussian loans, which are now quoted at a discount, has not tended to enliven markets. The syndicates are endeavouring to prop up the quotation by an agreement not to put upon the market the blocks they have taken up until the definitive scrip is issued.

Pennsylvania Bonds.

Another circumstance calculated to repress any approach to buoyancy is the announcement of an issue of £8,000,000 Pennsylvania Railroad Four Per Cent. Bonds. It is not, perhaps, surprising that the announcement has been followed by a spell of activity in the American market, for it is not unnatural that those responsible for the issue wish to assure for it a good reception. Certainly it has a good backing, including the Rothschilds, Barings, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the Crédit Lyonnais, and the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas. The time may seem unfortunately chosen for floating a large issue of American railway bonds, but one would have to go a long way back to pitch upon a period that might have been considered favourable, and necessary expenditure must be provided for. The Pennsylvania is not Erie or Union Pacific, and, though it is in contemplation to reduce the dividend on the Common stock from 7 to 6 per cent., the company is in a position to offer excellent security for the bonds, and at the figure of 96, which is reported to be the price of issue, it seems likely the flotation will "go" better than some other four per cents. on offer.

Turkish Finance.

Mention was made here a fortnight ago of the manner in which the finances of the Porte were being bolstered up by the Deutsche Bank. The latest instance is the provision of funds—refused by the Imperial Ottoman Bank—for the payment of a month's wages to Government employés in celebration of the Prophet's birthday. The unfortunate employés must wish that the Prophet had a birthday every month; but the circumstance is another proof of the straits to which the Treasury is reduced for money. Apologists of the Turkish Government assert that these periodical applications for comparatively small sums are quite usual, and that the advances are always repaid with interest, while the regular sinking fund for the reduction of the debt is duly applied. The debt, however, is increased in other directions, as, for instance, by the loan raised on the security of the 3 per cent. increase in the Customs duties. We can only repeat that the sole question is how much longer the game can be kept up.

Lucellum.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's
Navy Cut
Tobacco and
Cigarettes

Sold only in the original Packets and Tins, and may be obtained from all Stores and Tobacconists of repute

0487.

TANGYE
OIL ENGINE
AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.

NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING

TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF **COFFEE** DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

MAPLE & CO

ARE SPECIALISTS
FOR COMFORTABLE
CLUB & LOUNGE CHAIRS & SETTEES

Inspection invited, or Illustrated Catalogue of Chairs sent free

LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

LONDON PARIS BUENOS AIRES

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

Liver troubles

are speedily and effectually cured by LIVERETS. The great disadvantage of most liver medicines is that they have a distinctly debilitating effect on the health.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) *Liverets*
STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE

Are especially compounded to overcome this evil. Prepared, as prescribed by an eminent physician, from purely vegetable ingredients, they thoroughly cleanse the liver of all impurities and leave it perfectly healthy. And the valuable tonic properties they possess, stimulate the liver while they relieve it, and finally, make it sound and strong enough to enable it to perform its functions in a healthy, natural way. Price 1/1½ and 2/9 of all Chemists and Stores, or, if unable to obtain, send direct to

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. Beware of spurious imitations.

HIGHEST QUALITY
TURKISH TOWELS
AND SIMILAR GOODS.
SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

EDUCATIONAL.

COUNTY OF LONDON.

PRINCIPAL OF FULHAM DAY TRAINING COLLEGE.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL invites applications for the post of Principal of the Fulham Day Training College for Women, to be opened as a day college at Finlay Street, Fulham, in September next, and ultimately to be carried on as a residential and day college in new permanent buildings in North West London. (It is probable that special attention will be given at this college to training teachers for infants' schools).

The commencing salary will be at the rate of £400 a year, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £500 a year (together with board, residence, washing, and medical attendance when the college becomes residential).

LECTURERS, &c., IN TRAINING COLLEGES.

The Council also invites applications for the following posts in its training colleges. The lecturers required in all cases will be women.

1. *Moorfields Day Training College for Women*, White Street, Moorfields, E.C.—To be opened in September next, as a day college at Moorfields, and ultimately to be carried on as a residential and day college in new permanent buildings at Clapton.
   (*a*) Mistress of Method.
   (*b*) Two Lecturers, specially qualified (I.) in Nature Study and Geography, and (II.) in Modern Languages.
2. *Fulham Day Training College for Women*, Finlay Street, Fulham, S.W.—To be opened in September next as a day training college, and ultimately to be carried on as a residential and day college in North West London.
   Four lecturers, specially qualified in (I.) Mathematics, (II.) Modern Languages, (III.) Science, (IV.) History or Geography.
3. *Clapham Day Training College for Women*, Cedars Road, Clapham:—
   (*a*) One Lecturer, specially qualified in History.
   (*b*) Two Assistant Mistresses of Method, of whom one should have had training in Kindergarten methods, and experience in teaching young children.
   (*c*) Two Assistant Lecturers, one specially qualified in Science and one in Geography.
4. *Islington Day Training College for Men and Women*, Offord Road, Barnsbury, N.—Assistant Mistress of Method, specially skilled in infants' school work.

The salaries will be as follows:—

LECTURERS AND MISTRESS OF METHOD.

Commencing at £180 a year, and rising by annual increments of £10, subject to satisfactory service, to a maximum of £250 a year.

ASSISTANT LECTURERS AND ASSISTANT MISTRESSES OF METHOD.

Commencing at £130 a year, and rising by annual increments of £10, subject to satisfactory service, to a maximum of £170 a year.

Applicants are advised to make themselves acquainted with the conditions of work in training colleges, as given in the Board of Education's regulations for the training of teachers, &c.

The persons appointed will be required:—

(I.) To give lectures in their subjects.
(II.) To help in supervising the students' school practice.
(III.) To assist in the organisation of college clubs and societies (bearing as a rule some relation to their own department of work), and to take an active interest in the general life of the college.

The Council also invites applications for the undermentioned posts:

DRILL AND GAMES MISTRESS.

Eltham Secondary School for Girls, Deansfield Road, Well Hall. Drill and Games Mistress, at a fixed salary of £130 a year.

ASSISTANT MISTRESS.

Kentish Town Secondary School for Girls, Ingestre Road, Highgate Road, N. Assistant Mistress, specially qualified in History. The commencing salary attaching to the post will be £120 a year, and will rise by annual increments of £10, subject to satisfactory service, to a maximum of £220 a year.

A commencing salary higher than the minimum stated above will be allowed if the person appointed has had satisfactory experience, and in this connection two years' satisfactory service in a school approved by the Council for the purpose will be counted as equivalent to one year spent in one of the Council's secondary schools, provided that (1) experience of less than two years in any one school shall not be reckoned, and (2) not more than ten years' outside service in all shall be taken into account.

Applications should be made on official forms, to be obtained, together with particulars of the appointment, from the Clerk of the London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on 11th May, 1908, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed "Principal of Training College," "Lecturer to Training College," "Drill and Games Mistress," or "Assistant Mistress in Secondary School," as the case may be, and a stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will be held to be a disqualification for employment.

G. L. GOMME,
Clerk of the London County Council.

Education Offices,
Victoria Embankment, W.C.
April 16th, 1908.

EDUCATIONAL.

DARLINGTON TRAINING COLLEGE.

A RESIDENT ART MISTRESS is required at the above College in September. Salary according to qualifications and experience. A Certificate from South Kensington or the Royal Drawing Society is desirable. —Application should be made at once to The Principal, Training College, Darlington.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK.

(Under the Management of the Society of Friends.)

Twenty-six boys passed University Entrance Examinations in 1906 and 1907.

A new feature for post-Matriculation students is a CITIZENSHIP COURSE, including Economics and Modern History with special reference to existing political institutions and social problems.

The School continues to hold a strong position in Leisure-Hour work:—Natural History, Archaeology, Carpentry, etc.

For copies of prospectus and full particulars with regard to scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

Head Master: Arthur Rowntree, Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN JULY.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. 1354 GERRARD

LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL (Near Reading).

Under the Management of the Society of Friends.

Boys from this PUBLIC SCHOOL have done well at the Universities and in business careers.

The School stands in its own grounds of about 45 acres, high above the town and the Thames Valley.

For Honours List, Prospectus, particulars of Scholarships, and other information, apply to the Head Master, JOHN RIDGES, M.A., at the School.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

EDUCATIONAL.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

Scholarship Examination, June 2nd, 3rd & 4th.

One of £87, five or more of £50, five or more of £30 (£21 for Day Scholars) per annum. Faber Exhibition of £12 awarded to boy who does best in examination. Council nominations, value £12 per annum, may be awarded to boys who do well, but fail to obtain a scholarship. For particulars, apply to the Head Master or Secretary.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON).

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Ten Entrance Scholarships, from £50 to £60, and several Bursaries of not more than £30, tenable for three years at the College, will be awarded on the results of an Examination to be held from June 29th to July 4th, 1903. Names must be entered before May 30th. The College prepares Students for London Degrees and also for certain of the Oxford Honour Examinations. Inclusive fee, £100 a year.

For forms of entry and further particulars, apply to the SECRETARY Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields: gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

NEXT TERM, MAY 1st.

ST. GEORGE'S PUBLIC CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL,

HARPENDEN, HERTS.

Headmaster—The REV. CECIL GRANT, M.A.

The next Term begins on Thursday, May 7th.

For prospectus and full particulars apply to The CO-EDUCATIONAL PUBLIC SCHOOLS TRUST, LTD., 41, Moorgate Street, E.C.

MILL HILL SCHOOL,

LONDON, N.W.

The Next Examination for Entrance Scholarships (value 15 guineas to 60 guineas) will be held on Thursday, July 2nd, and two following days. For further particulars apply to the Bursar.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY'S HOTEL (Temperance),

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

Passenger Lift. Electric Light in all Rooms. Bath-rooms on every floor. Spacious Dining-, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. All Floors Fire-proof. Perfect Sanitation. Night Porter. Tel-phone. BEDROOMS, including attendance, from 3/6 to 6/0. Full Tariff and Testimonials post free on application.
Telegraphic Address—"Thackeray, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS HOTEL. Tel.: 0199. Mrs. F. Sara.

BARON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Magnificent Moor Views.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.

DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.

GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

SWISS CAFE, Union Street. Moderate. Genoni Bros.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGANDINE.

BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

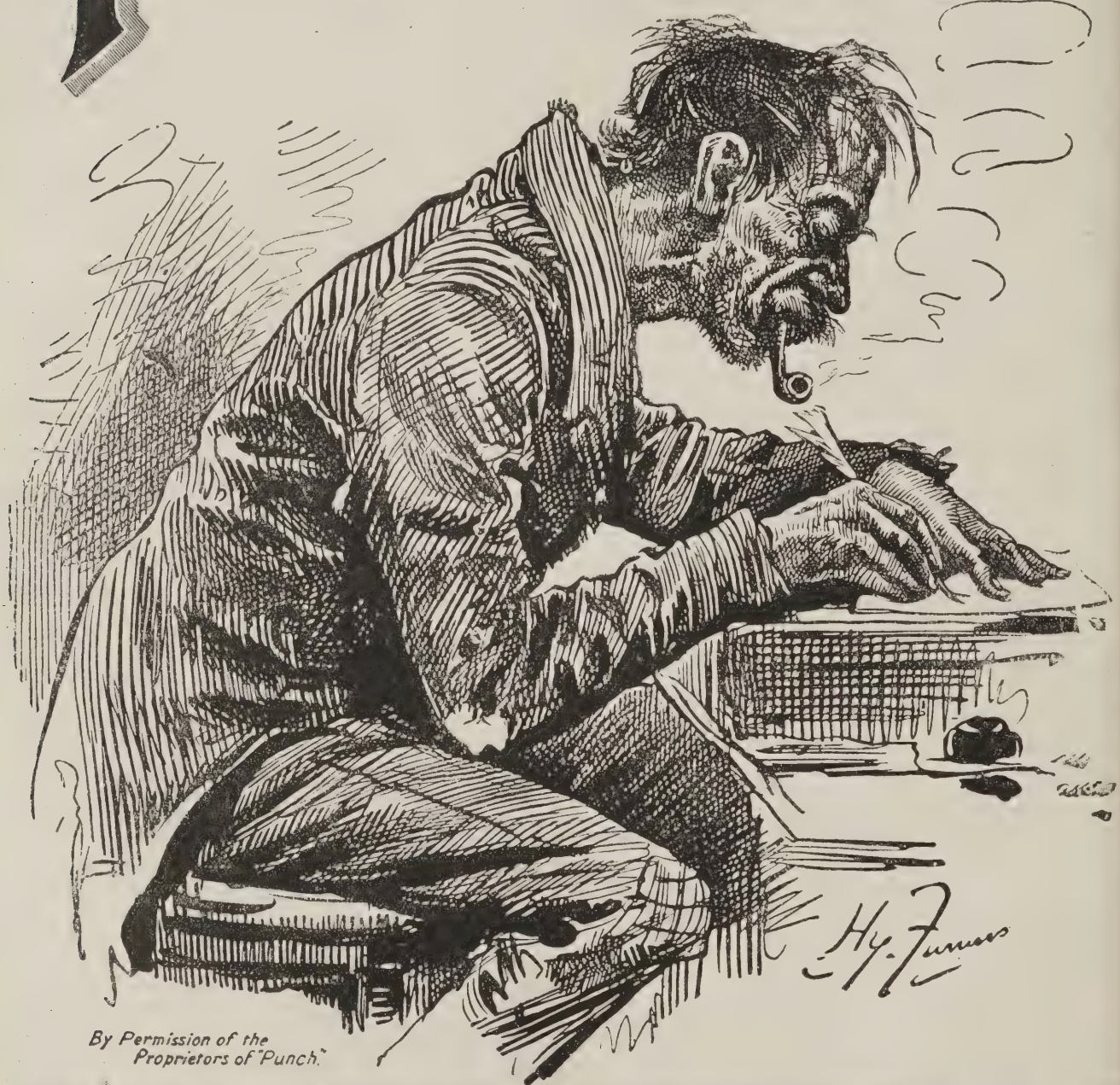
WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.

WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell Manager

Pears' soap.



By Permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

Two years ago I used your Soap Since when I have used no other!

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 5.] SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Diary of the Week	141
Politics and Affairs:—	
The Vision of Liberalism	144
Tomlinson of Manchester and Elsewhere	145
A Free Hand for the State	146
An American Labor Party	147
Life and Letters:—	
Order. By John Galsworthy	149
From Mid Devon to Manchester. By C. F. G. Masterman, M.P.	150
Are Wild Animals Born Wild?	151
The Mart	152
Letters from Abroad:—	
The Stifling of Freedom. By Ixe	153
Art:—	
The New Gallery	154
Communications:—	
The Defect of the Housing Bill. By George Haw	155
Letters to the Editor:—	
"C.-B." and Church Patronage. By the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell	156
The New Policy of the Football Association. By Footballer	157
Women and the Suffrage. By A Liberal Woman and J. S. F.	157
Armaments and Utility. By A. R.	158
A Shakespeare Memorial. By Observer	159
"The Breaking Point." By C. Gasquoine Hartley	159
The Future of Poor Law Administration. By C. E. Maurice	159
Poetry:—	
Nature's Moods. By William H. Davies	159
The World of Books	160
Books to be Read	160
Reviews:—	
The Journalist	161
A History of Local Government. By Prof. Vinogradoff	161
London's Playground	162
The Novel of the Week	163
Books in Brief:—	
Memories of Eight Parliaments	164
The Shakespeare Library	166
The Highways and Byways	166
Through a Peer Glass	166
The Rhine: Its Valley and History	168
Some British Birds	168
The Week in the City	168

[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was buried on Tuesday in Meigle Churchyard, near to the companion and the home that he loved. On Monday at noon a funeral service was held in Westminster Abbey, whose walls enshrine most of the great political memories of our people. Wreaths were laid upon his coffin by the Prince of Wales, representing the King, by M. Clemenceau, the French Prime Minister, who explained that he did honor to an old friend, but who also represented the Government of a very friendly nation, and by the representative of the German Emperor. The pall bearers included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Fife, the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, and Mr. Burt. Mr. Balfour, who was stopped by illness from attending the funeral service, and the eulogium in the House of Commons, has written a letter to Mr. Asquith praising Sir Henry for his "courage, consistency, high ideals, kindliness that never fell into weakness, shrewdness that was never edged with malice." Mr. Asquith, with great dignity and feeling, laid stress, in his Monday's speech in the House of Commons, on the delicacy of his sympathies, his sensitiveness to suffering, his reliance on moral force, his passionate love of peace, and his idealism, touched with discernment and qualified by humor and insight. That, however, which gave him his peculiar authority and the affection which he enjoyed was his entire character, composed so largely of firmness, tenacity, quietude and sweetness of temper. This tribute was endorsed by representatives of the Liberal, Conservative, Irish, and Labor Parties.

Mr. Asquith's succession to the Premiership was confirmed by the Liberal Parliamentary Party at a customary gathering at the Reform Club. A resolution of welcome was moved by Sir Brampton Gordon, seconded by Mr. Burt, and supported by Mr. Wason and Sir Alfred Thomas, representing Scottish and Welsh Liberalism. Mr. Asquith's reply contained some interesting suggestions of policy and point of view. There was to be "no change of policy or of purpose." The "citadel of Free Trade" must be held. On education he hoped for a concordat, but could not abandon either principles or friends. The Government would rather "sink" with the temperance cause than abandon it. Poverty and unemployment must be dealt with through "classification" of out-of-works, and by the problems of childhood and old age. The purpose of Liberalism was to secure for all classes of the people "a more even level of opportunity," and a "richer and a fuller corporate life." Neither Ireland nor the House of Lords was mentioned.

* * *

Mr. Churchill has failed to retain North-West Manchester and has accepted the offer to contest Dundee. His poll fell from that of 1906 by 651 votes; that of Mr. Joynson-Hicks rose by 1,019. The candidature of Mr. Irving, the revolutionary Socialist candidate, could only have been ridiculous. He received only 276 votes, and the net anti-Free Trade majority was only 153. Mr. Churchill, writing to his Chairman on Wednesday, attributed the result to the "sudden and organised transference of between four and five hundred Catholic votes." It is clear, however, that the lukewarmness of the Unionist Free Traders also contributed. Both the factions appear to be deterred by similar arguments. The priests said to the Irish Catholics, "You can vote for Home Rule at the General Election." The advice to Unionist Free Traders was that they could support Free Trade then, and vote against a too Radical Government now.

* * *

The political bearing of the election must be taken in connection with the contests in Dewsbury and Kincardineshire, which, like North-West Manchester itself, showed that, while the abnormal electioneering of 1906 is over, the Government may well count on retaining a normal majority. In Kincardineshire, a stranger, Captain Murray, has retained the seat by a majority of 1,698, which is larger than any majority that Mr. Crombie, its very popular member, secured in any contest save that of the "miraculous year." Kincardineshire is an agricultural county, full of small holders, but containing no crofters. Special efforts were made to discredit the Scottish Land Bill, which was the central subject of the contest. These failed, and the election strengthens the general impression that Scotland stands perfectly firm for Liberalism and for the special form of legislation against which Lord Rosebery's campaign was directed.

* * *

The second reading of the Licensing Bill was moved by Mr. Asquith on Tuesday in a speech very firm in purpose and close in argumentative texture. Its principal points were a pledge to check the growth of drinking-shops in the guise of clubs, but to remove causes of

offence to respectable clubs, a definition of monopoly values as representing the difference between licensed and unlicensed rentals, but excluding tied-house profits, a promise to define monopoly value more closely and to secure its fruits to the State rather than to the locality, and a challenge to the Opposition to say whether or no they accepted the principle of the time-limit. This vital point was not answered clearly in the debate. Mr. Cave moved an amendment opposing the Bill as failing to promote the cause of temperance, and as violating "the principle of equity." His most interesting points were that the compensation under the Bill was on far too low a basis. For example, an owner who, under the Kennedy judgment, obtained £1,123 would only get £52 under the Bill. Furthermore, the Government's definition of a monopoly value, applied to old licences, must mean a confiscation of goodwill. These points were also taken by Sir John Dickson-Poynder, a moderate Liberal, who declared for a time-limit of twenty-one or even twenty-five years. Mr. Whitbread, and one or two other Liberal members connected or sympathising with the trade, thought that the compensation proposed was no more than one-fifth of that now being paid. He did not oppose the principle of the time-limit, and hoped that he might support the Bill on the third reading. Generally, the party stood firm, and were notably backed by the Labor Party, represented by Mr. Snowden, Mr. Crooks, and Mr. Parker. Mr. Herbert Samuel, answering Mr. Cave, suggested that the Government were open to consider whether the time-limit should be altered as either too long or too short.

* * *

The most interesting speech in the later stages of the debate—which has lasted for three days—was that of Sir Thomas Whittaker, whose knowledge and insight enabled him to expose the critical question of brewers' finance. He divided the brewing companies into three compartments, with a view of estimating their ability to bear the burden of the Bill. The first class, consisting of thirty good companies, with a capital of twenty-two millions, and having ample reserves, could replace the whole monopoly value of their premises in fifteen years, and go on all the while paying their last year's average dividend of 12½ per cent. A second class, consisting of thirty companies, which he described as "good to middling," with a capital of thirteen millions, could also wipe out the whole of their license values, and yet continue to pay, as in the past, six to seven per cent. dividends. The class which would suffer by the Bill consisted of a third set of "poor and weak" companies. But they had already lost much of their capital, and were only paying trifling dividends. Good companies could "take the Bill and never turn a hair." The annual charge for making up the monopoly value would only be 3½ millions at four per cent., and 3¼ millions at five per cent.—no great burden.

* * *

Meanwhile, the Archbishop of Canterbury stands with some strength to his support of the Bill. Speaking on Tuesday at the annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, he said that he could not understand how any of its members could entertain doubt of its general principles. Suggestions that implied confiscation must be carefully weighed. He mentioned that in one day he received a number of postcards, posted at towns wide apart, which proved to be all in the same handwriting. He spoke very strongly on the danger of transferring the retail sale of drink from licensed houses under regulation to non-licensed houses under no regulation, and he thought the restrictions upon clubs in the Bill "very timorous." Both Scotland and Ireland had workmanlike regulations, and these might be transferred to the present measure. He concluded firmly that the Society must not let the Bill "get out of their reach."

* * *

As to the attitude of the Prime Minister with regard to one important part of the Bill we must express some disappointment. The provisions which deal with clubs have been universally recognised as too weak—probably they will be ineffective. Mr. Asquith did, indeed, say that Ministers would welcome with interest and sympathy any really practical proposal to prevent the growth of parasitic drinking shops masquerading as clubs. But the country expected from him, we think, a definite statement that they would put forward such a proposal. This is not a Committee point. It is a point which goes to the root of the case for the Bill. As it stands it is like an armoured ship with unarmoured ends. We believe that the Government intend to remedy this well-founded reproach against their measure. But we think it is due to their supporters and to their own reputation that they should make clear their intention without further delay.

* * *

Yesterday was the day fixed for a general advance of Sir James Willcocks's force into the Mohmand territory, but it seems likely that the need for such a movement no longer exists. News comes that a Mohmand deputation is seeking to confer with our Chief Commissioner of the North-West Province, and we may suppose the Frontier disturbance to be over for a time. It is difficult to understand so sudden a collapse. Ten days ago a force of 10,000 tribesmen, in three parties, was reported to have advanced within 20 miles of Peshawur, while crowds of Afghans were crossing the Kabul from Dakka, where the river approaches the Khyber Pass, to Lalpura, the Mohmand capital on the opposite bank. Then came Sir James Willcocks's action near Shabkadar on Friday 24th, and we can only suppose it justified his rather heavy casualty list, as well as confirming the belief that Mohmands are not conspicuous among the mountaineers for fighting qualities.

* * *

On Saturday they abandoned all their positions, and devoted their attention to getting in the harvest before the British came, while the Afghans returned home across the river. Three things must be remembered: one, that we have to restrain the forward military party that aims at occupying the hill country up to the Durand line, which would certainly involve us in an extensive way; another, that the Ameer has not yet signed the Anglo-Russian Agreement, and is obviously displeased at not being consulted beforehand; and thirdly, that in this year's "punitive expeditions" the British authorities have the sympathetic support of the Hindu populations in North-West India, because it is Hindus who have chiefly suffered during the recent Mohammedan raids.

* * *

Congress has rejected the President's demand for four battleships, and completely ignored his campaign against the Anarchists, but Mr. Roosevelt has, nevertheless, hurled another special message at it. Like so many of its predecessors, it rehearses in Mr. Roosevelt's sonorous commonplace the misdeeds of the trust and of the millionaire and presses a programme of legislation, which Congress is determined not to touch in this election year. Mr. Hearst apparently is quite serious about his new party, which hitherto has been confined to New York. He has been inaugurating its conversion into a

national party, and attacking Republicans and Democrats as "talkers unable to perform." The National Independence Party is to have its own Convention, and it may nominate its own candidates, unless a "deal" is arranged with the Democrats. The coming election already promises to be the most interesting since President Cleveland first broke the Republican monopoly. Should Mr. Hearst intervene as a candidate, the interest will be all the greater, though Mr. Bryan's chances will be badly damaged.

* * *

The chief subject of political discussion in Germany is the secession of Dr. Barth and a small following from the Radical Union at the Congress of that Party. The occasion was the refusal of the Congress to censure the Radical members for approving the language clause of the Associations Law, but the cause is a profound difference of opinion on general policy between the majority and the minority. The majority are "practical" politicians; they want to maintain the "*bloc*," form alliances with the Right, and get their share of Government patronage; the minority want to co-operate with the Socialists. The split is generally interpreted as making for the consolidation of the three Radical groups, and perhaps their consolidation with the National Liberals, on the basis of throwing over their Radicals. It means that the Radicals are well on their way towards becoming indistinguishable from the National Liberals, and the National Liberals have this week given a taste of their quality by pronouncing in favour of a "reform" of the Prussian voting system in the direction of jerrymandered constituencies and fancy franchises.

* * *

The British Navy has been heavily smitten during the last few days. During a thick snow-storm on Saturday afternoon, the "Gladiator," a second-class cruiser of 5,750 tons, was rammed by the St. Paul, the American Atlantic liner, and almost cut in two. Though she managed to steam into shallow water off Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, where she heeled over and sank, twenty-seven of her crew were killed or drowned. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." The crew showed perfect courage and discipline, lining up on the slanting deck, and striking up "Sons of the Brave." On Tuesday, during a night attack in a series of manœuvres, the torpedo destroyer "Gala" was cut clean in two and sunk by the scout "Attentive," and a sister ship, the "Ribble," was also injured. Engineer-Lieutenant Fletcher was killed in his bunk. In a boiler explosion in the stoke-hole of the "Britannia" five men were injured. The allied Japanese Navy has lost by a magazine explosion an almost out-of-date cruiser, of 4,000 tons, the 'Matsushima," which, however, figured in the battle of Yalu, with a loss of about 200 lives. The son of Field-Marshal Oyama is said to have perished. We think that it is time to inquire whether we are not risking our sailors' lives too easily in night manœuvres with lights out. Does not this expose them to almost 50 per cent. of the full risk of war?

* * *

The reply of Lord Crewe, the new Colonial Secretary, to a resolution of the Political Committee of the New Reform Club, asking that an Imperial inquiry should be held into the administration of martial law in Natal, is to the effect that "in such a matter the Governor of Natal ought to act only on the advice and responsibility of Ministers, and I am to add that it is not possible to appoint an Imperial Commission of Inquiry." If, as seems reasonable, this reply must be understood as implying the intention of the Imperial Government to ratify without inquiry the Act of Indemnity by which the Natal Ministry proposes to whitewash its illegal proceedings, it registers a novel constitutional position. Taken in conjunction with the reply of the late Prime Minister to an earlier appeal from the same source, and with answers given by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons, it implies that any self-governing Colony can compel the Governor, at any time and upon any pretext which it desires to put forward, to cancel ordinary civil government, and to place the life, liberty, and property of all British subjects in the proclaimed areas at the mercy of military force, afterwards conferring by its own unchecked discretion a retrospective sanction of all outrages committed during the period of martial law.

* * *

We regret to see that Sir Edward Grey announced in reply to a question put by Mr. Ernest Villiers, M.P., that the Brussels Sugar Convention will be renewed for five years from September next. No doubt the answer went on to state, that "the conditions had been altered so that his Majesty's Government will no longer be required to penalise bounty-fed sugar." We regret that we cannot put this interpretation on the new Convention, which we had hoped to the last would not be ratified by this country. In return for the nullification of Art. IV. in her case this country has agreed to a new clause whereby "the contracting States may demand that sugar refined in the United Kingdom and thence exported to their territories shall be accompanied by a certificate stating that none of this sugar comes from a country recognised as granting bounties." As this provision applies to all articles containing sugar, such as biscuits, preserves, mineral waters, &c., we think that it is hardly accurate to say that bounty-fed sugar is no longer penalised. Neither are we satisfied with the reply that Sir Edward Grey gave to the subsequent question with regard to Russia, which appears to indicate that, although this country is aware that the export from Russia is limited, "we are not to see to the carrying out of the obligation." It is extremely difficult to reconcile all this with the principles of Free Trade.

* * *

We much regret to observe that M. Metaxas, the very popular and able Greek Minister in London, is to leave us and be transferred to Rome. There is no more charming personality in the diplomatic body, and no one better qualified to serve his country's cause, or more devoted to her interests. If Greece has had less influence of late with English opinion, that is due entirely to the unhappy policy pursued at Athens, and in no sense to the conduct of her affairs by M. Metaxas.

* * *

We observe that the "Times," in announcing a selection from the late Prime Minister's speeches, refers, with a certain irony, to the expression, "Enough of this foolery," which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman used in describing (and ending) some singular verbal gymnastics by Mr. Balfour. The point is a small one, but we may say that Sir Henry, after using the expression, corrected it privately, saying that the word he had in his mind and on the tip of his tongue was not "foolery," but the more polite, and at the same time quite accurate, "fooling."

Politics and Affairs.

THE VISION OF LIBERALISM.

Bacon's saying that "adversity does best discover virtues" is of doubtful application to a political party. Twenty years of almost unceasing struggle against reaction have left their traces upon Liberal Parliamentarians in a strain of timidity and even of conservatism, which is evidently a source of moral and of intellectual weakness. There have always been voices ready to proclaim that the active mission of Liberalism was well nigh fulfilled, and that, for the present, at any rate, it was all-important to preserve what had been won, to regain what had been lost, and to do just as much or as little tinkering as was needed to maintain the fabric of our liberties. We do not for one moment suggest that this is the conscious prevailing sentiment of the Liberal majority in the House, or in the country, and the strenuous warfare waged by the Government in many fields will appear to many a sufficient answer to such criticism. But without arguing the matter here, we cannot refrain from pointing out that almost all the important measures of domestic policy before this Parliament are, in substance, endeavours to recover, for the people and the State, liberties or properties or privileges which had within recent generations been lost or encroached upon by some class, trade, or other vested interest.

In this sense, the Trade Union Act, the Education and Licensing measures, and even the Government's land policy, in its essential features, are conservative. This admission by no means derogates from their importance, but it helps to make us comprehend why Liberalism appears in some quarters lacking in organic purpose and in free enthusiasm. While to Protectionists and Socialists politics are real, positive, and fervent gospels, stirring the imagination and evoking a fanatical energy, the zeal of Liberalism is everywhere chilled by doubts and difficulties. No sooner are we approaching such large issues of social policy as are involved in taxation of land values, pensions, unemployed relief, the House of Lords, than everywhere the atmosphere is kept abuzz with whispers about "sanctity of contract," confiscation, pauperisation, and those hints of popular indifference which take the heart out of reformers.

Does this mean that coldness and placidity of purpose belong essentially to Liberalism as a middle course, and is Liberalism committed to an embarrassing and disheartening opportunism? No such thing. But we have evidently reached a period when a more conscious organisation of Liberal energy is demanded. It is a time to follow Matthew Arnold's advice and "Let our thought play freely upon our stock notions and ideas." The first result of such an operation will be to illuminate our commonplaces regarding the nature of that liberty to the service of which the party is devoted. The negative conception of Liberalism, as a definite mission for the removal of certain political and economic shackles upon personal liberty, is not merely philosophically defective, but historically false. The Liberals of this country as a party never committed themselves either to the theory or the policy of this narrow *laissez faire* individualism; they never conceived liberty as something limited in quantity, or purely negative in character. But it was true that they tended to lay an excessive emphasis upon the aspect of liberty which consists in absence of restraint, as compared with the other aspect which consists in presence of opportunity; and it is this tendency, still lingering in the mind of the Liberal Party, that to-day checks its energy and blurs its vision. A more constructive and a more evolutionary idea of liberty is needed to give the requisite *élan de vie* to the movement; and every cause of liberation, individual, class, sex, and national, must be recharged with the fresh enthusiasm of this fuller faith.

Liberalism will still insistently retain its divergence from Socialism, in taking for its distinctive test of policy the freedom of the individual citizen rather than the strength of the State, though the antagonism of the two standpoints may tend to disappear in the light of progressive experience. But it will justify itself by two great enlargements of its liberative functions. In seeking to realise liberty for the individual citizen as "equality of opportunity," it will recognise that, as the area and nature of opportunities are continually shifting, so the old limited conception of the task of Liberalism must always advance. Each generation of Liberals will be required to translate a new set of needs and aspirations into facts. It is because we have fallen so far short of due performance of this task that our Liberalism shows signs of enfeeblement. We must fearlessly face as our first, though not our only question, What is a free Englishman to-day? If we answer this question faithfully, we shall recognise that it comprises many elements of real liberty and opportunity which have not been won for the people as a whole. Is a man free who has not equal opportunity with his fellows of such access to all material and moral means of personal development and work as shall contribute to his own welfare and that of his society? Such equal opportunity at least implies an equal access to the use of his native land as a workplace and a home, such mobility as will enable him to dispose of his personal energies to the best advantage, easy access to that factor of capital or credit which modern industry recognises as essential to economic independence, and to whatever new form of industrial power, electric or other, may be needed to co-operate with human efforts. A man is not really free for purposes of self-development in life and work who is not adequately provided in all these respects, and no small part of constructive Liberalism must be devoted to the attainment of these equal opportunities.

But all such distinctively economic liberties are evidently barren unless accompanied by a far more adequate realisation of spiritual and intellectual opportunity than is contained in our miserably meagre conception of popular education. For education in the large meaning of the term is the opportunity of opportunities, and the virtual denial to the majority of the people of any real share of the spiritual kingdom which is rightly theirs must remain for all true Liberals an incessant challenge to their elementary sense of justice, as well as the most obvious impediment both to the

achievement and the utilisation of every other element of personal liberty. It is this truth that also underlies the great struggle against militarism and Imperialism which assumes so many shapes upon the stage of politics, and which, driven to its last resort, will always be disclosed as the antagonism between physical and moral force, as the guardian and promoter of civilisation. The practical interpretation and realisation of moral and intellectual liberty for the people as the most urgent and fruitful of all tasks of Liberalism, though standing first in order of importance, cannot, however, be detached in political endeavour from the other more material liberties. It is the peril, as it is the glory, of Liberalism that it is required to drive several teams abreast along the road of progress.

Finally, though Liberals must ever insist that each enlargement of the authority and functions of the State must justify itself as an enlargement of personal liberty, interfering with individuals only in order to set free new and larger opportunities, there need remain in Liberalism no relics of that positive hostility to public methods of co-operation which crippled the old Radicalism. When society is confronted, as it sometimes will be, by a breakdown of competition and a choice between private monopoly and public enterprise, no theoretic objections to the State can be permitted to militate against public safety. Just in proportion as education guides, enriches, and enlightens the will of the people, and gives spiritual substance and intellectual power to democracy, the presumption which still holds against the adequacy of public as compared with private co-operation will be weakened, and Liberalism will come more definitely to concern itself with the liberation and utilisation of the faculties and potencies of a nation and a municipality, as well as with those of individuals and voluntary groups of citizens. It surely belongs to Liberalism to think thus liberally about its mission and its modes of progressive achievement. Not, however, of fulfilment. For it is this illimitable character of Liberalism, based on the infinitude of the possibilities of human life, in its individual and social aspects, which affords that vision without which not only a people but a party perishes, the vision of

> "that untravelled world whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever as we move."

TOMLINSON OF MANCHESTER, AND ELSEWHERE.

There is an aspect of the Manchester election which, because it exhibits a recurring want of firmness and determination in the electoral mind, is well worth examination. This is the attitude of the Unionist Free Traders who either voted against Mr. Churchill or abstained from supporting him. Their action is not quite on all fours with that of the Irish Home Rulers who, under the persuasion of their priests, usually a Conservative force in politics, have supported a coercionist and an opponent of Home Rule. The Irishman in England is not a fixed force in our politics, and he follows a certain eccentric motion of his own. But the Manchester merchant is, we are ready to believe, a rather typical Englishman, and he so clearly established his line of conduct towards Free Trade at the General Election as to emphasise his abrupt departure from it two years later, when the controversy had again become acute. The argument addressed to him was, no doubt, plausible enough. He was told that the Free Trade cause was not really at stake. A Free Trade Government was in power, and would remain in power for two or three years to come. Therefore the question of a protective tariff could only arise in an acute form in the future, when Manchester and Lancashire could freely exhibit their fidelity to Free Trade. It is difficult to treat an argument of this kind with the patience that one would like to extend to the kindred futility that Mr. Joynson-Hicks was a Free Trader. Mr. Hicks was a Balfourian. Mr. Balfour is the head of a party which has become Protectionist, first through Mr. Balfour's failure to sustain the Free Trade element, and secondly through his own repeated endorsement of as much Protectionist doctrine as can be crammed into the first Tory tariff. The game of the Protectionist Party is to entice into the Protectionist fold those who, not caring to enter by the broad way which Mr. Chamberlain provided, may "find salvation," to use an historic phrase, through Mr. Balfour's wicket gate. To such a tactic the presence of malleable human stuff like Mr. Joynson-Hicks is indispensable. Equally short-sighted is the idea that in such a propaganda the issue of an election like that of Manchester is not of the greatest consequence to Free Trade. A year ago it did look as if Protection were dead. But Mid Devon revived it, and since then we have seen the fabric of heavily endowed agitation blown into the most vigorous life. Lancashire looked like a permanent obstacle. But its resistance has been pricked at the heart, and the fault largely lies with the shallow, undiscerning men who played their county and their cause this faithless turn. The effect of Friday week's election will be cumulative; and if Free Trade has to fight for its life, and possibly lose it, in 1910 or 1911, that discreditable result will lie largely to its account.

Nor, we are bound to add, have we any respect for the motives which determined the abstention or the hostility of a portion at least of the Free Trade Unionist or Whig vote at Manchester. We do not know what right any middle-class Free Trader had to assume in 1906 that the Liberal Government proposed to content itself with a simple affirmation of Free Trade. The late Prime Minister, at least, spared no pains to dissipate this illusion, which, if it had penetrated the Government's councils, would have overthrown them in a week. No intelligent man could suppose that a Liberal-Radical Government could issue from an election which, at a stroke, had created a Labor Party of fifty members fixed in an attitude of sheer Conservatism, and unable to do anything with the Protectionists' indictment of poverty and unemployment but ignore it, or to pretend that it was untrue. Social reform was the pith and essence of the defence of Free Trade; it turned the flank of its main attack. Without it the workmen must have been driven in flocks into one of two camps—Socialism or Protection. We confess we find it difficult to excuse the

selfishness which, viewing the great wealth accumulated under Free Trade, and desiring to preserve it for powerful reasons connected with the national commerce and well-being can, at the same time, tender no concessions to the classes that have reaped the smallest measure of benefit from it. But whatever may be said about the morals of such an attitude, its material consequence is clear enough. If the Whig Free Trader thinks that we have arrived at a kind of blessed equilibrium in the general lot, he is greatly mistaken. He must make election. He cannot, like Mr. Kipling's Tomlinson, stand shivering and balancing between two spheres. Either he must be content to risk confusion and possible ruin to the shipping and import trades of this country under Protection, or he must take it that democratic politics does not end with the creation of a sound system of revenue and international exchange. Tomlinson of Manchester must face things square; they will not change their character because he would fain see politics back to the ideas of the 'sixties.

We regret to find, however, that the counsels of Tomlinson have penetrated beyond the north-west division of Manchester, and have reached the office of the "Westminster Gazette," which, indeed, is not far from his original quarters in Berkeley Square. The "Westminster Gazette," in its issue of Saturday, tells the Government that "a serious endeavour must be made to clear the ground of the many conflicting issues which now puzzle the electors," and that it does not want "the wavering elector to be perpetually distracted by the thought that if he is voting for something which he thinks very important, he is voting against something else which he thinks equally important." We shall be glad to learn the recipe for this process of perfect mental detachment, which, indeed, seems hardly made for a workaday world. And we cannot think that the "Westminster" merely means that the programme of the Government must be put into as concise and practical shape as possible, or that there should be an attempt to compromise an issue like the religious quarrel in education, where the contending parties are so evenly balanced that one cannot completely dominate the other. The suggestion is, we suspect, and as the context shows, a more refined and plausible form of the old Conservative-Whig argument of the "Spectator"—"concentrate on Free Trade."

But in this sense you cannot concentrate on Free Trade, for in its logical conclusion such a device means that social progress ought to have stopped short in 1903 when Mr. Chamberlain took up Protection, and should never go on again until he abandons it. There is no chance of an undivided outlook on such a policy. If you must concentrate on anything, it must be on the national question, on the "condition of the people," their industries and their lives. This, indeed, gives true unity of conception not only to the Free Trade policy of the Government, but to such measures as Old Age Pensions, the Eight Hours Bill, the Licensing Bill, and the Housing Bill, and presents, in its broad aspects, a continuous function of repair and appeasement of those economic forces which are inimical to the happiness of the community. Mr. Asquith's language on this point at the Reform Club lacked nothing in clearness and precision, and it is incidentally enforced by Sir John Brunner's significant advice to the new Prime Minister to drop the pure *laissez-faire* side of Cobdenism, and to make a "big effort for the benefit of British trade." The tone and the language of fright, of half-views, of visions of the whole electorate as consisting of the fabulous "widow and orphan," whose subsistence withers every night on the brewers' platforms, confuse the Liberal outlook, injure the chance of healthy relationships with the Labor Party, and weaken the feeling of compunction for social ills which continually fortifies the purpose of Liberalism.

A FREE HAND FOR THE STATE.

The debate on the Second Reading of the Licensing Bill, though it has not produced any great flights of oratory, has been maintained at a level not unworthy of the issues involved. Though good points have been made by the Opposition on both sides of the House—notably by Mr. George Cave, the mover of the official amendment, whose sincerity of purpose and moderation of statement have been universally recognised—they have been in the main Committee points which do not go to the root of the measure.

The desirability of a large reduction in the facilities for obtaining liquor is not seriously contested by anyone outside the trade. The country has made up its mind on the subject, and Mr. Balfour's Act of 1904 stops the Opposition from being heard against it. The details of the machinery by which this object is to be effected, including the adequacy of the compensation to be given for the extinction of licences during the reduction period, are certainly matters for discussion, and afford abundant scope for debate in Committee. But they do not affect the main scheme of the Bill. Mr. Cave made an excellent Committee point when he showed how the provisions which make the basis of taxation and compensation identical would in many cases reduce the amount of compensation payable to a merely insignificant figure if the present assessable values be maintained. But the answer to that is, first, that the effect of the Bill will undoubtedly be largely to raise the assessments of public-houses, and that, therefore, the figures he gave represent cases which will not happen in actual practice; and, secondly, that if the machinery for securing this result is insufficient, it can be amended without serious interference with the structure of the measure. And if the first object of the Bill has not been really challenged, the second and still more important object, that of ultimately securing, by means of a time limit to licences, a free hand for the State to deal with the retail sale of liquor, no less assuredly holds the field. The Prime Minister, whose speech in opening the debate was marked by a firmness and determination which augur well for the success of his leadership, used with marked effect those powers of interrogative challenge which he has again and again effectively employed in dealing with

the fiscal question. He put pointedly to the Opposition the questions: "Do you approve of the principle of a time limit?" "Do you, or do you not, agree that the State is entitled to resume, after fair notice, a monopoly which it has itself created?" Mr. Walter Long, the spokesman of the Front Opposition Bench, did not answer these questions with a simple negative. His answer was in effect: "We believe the time limit to be absolutely incompatible with a concurrent levy for compensation purposes." We disagree, of course, with this position. But the compensation levy of a little over a million a year—only little more than about one-fortieth of the total taxation of liquor—is a small matter compared with the sinking fund which would be required to replace licence values at the end of fourteen years. Are we to assume that Mr. Long is prepared to accept a time limit without concurrent compensation levies? If so, a very short extension of the time limit, which we think the Government have acted wisely in not conceding until there is some evidence that it would secure the acceptance of the Bill by the Opposition in both Houses, would put the trade into exactly the same position as if the compensation charge were remitted. The fact is, that unless the claim of the trade for a freehold in their licences, which Mr. Balfour has more than once repudiated, be admitted, there can be no answer in logic to the arguments that existing equities can be justly dealt with by a timit limit.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Herbert Samuel cleared away very widespread misconceptions about the Bill when they showed clearly that the monopoly value which is to be charged by the State at the end of the time limit will not include the ordinary trade profit of the publican or the goodwill of his business, but will simply represent the extra profit which he is able to obtain through the restriction of competition. We are glad, by the way, to note that the proposal, repeatedly made in these columns, that this monopoly value should go into the National Exchequer, and not, as now, into the County or County Borough Fund, is likely to be carried out. Ministers were, we fear, less effective in their statements as to the elements of the present value of licences. Herein they have exposed themselves to the powerful criticism of the ablest organ of the Conservative Party in the Press—the "Morning Post"—still a strong supporter of the main principle of the Bill. It cannot be denied that the price obtainable in the market for a licence consists of the goodwill of the publicans' business, treated as if it were an ordinary retail trade, as well as of that special value which is derived from the possession of the right to sell an article which everyone else is not allowed to sell. The former element is small compared to the latter. But it undoubtedly exists, and the Government Bill awards compensation for its extinction during the reduction period by the provision that the licence holder is to receive compensation for loss of business. Mr. Asquith says that the only provision which the Government time limit recognises and enables the prudent trader to make provision for, is that part of his profits which is attributable to the monopoly value of his licence. But the object of the time limit is to get rid of existing equities altogether. And the ordinary goodwill of a publican's business is an equity at least as real as that portion of the value of his licence which is derived from a State-created monopoly. It is true that the goodwill is not created by the State. But the State claims the right to destroy it in 1923, if it thinks fit. It is not an adequate answer to reply that the publican will probably in the majority of cases be allowed at the end of the time limit to continue in the enjoyment of his goodwill. To say this is to admit that in the cases where he is not so allowed he would have an equitable claim to compensation. But if this were so, the time limit would have failed to achieve what we, at any rate, regard as its principal object—an object far higher in social importance than the merely financial object of securing monopoly values for the national purse—that of securing "dominion and control" for the State over the retail trade in intoxicants, and a clear field for reform in the methods by which it is conducted. The State must have the right—if it chooses—to sell liquor itself, or to let the municipalities sell it—though we approve of neither of these methods—or to hand licences over to disinterested management, or to put them up by auction for a fixed term, or to discontinue half of them altogether, as well as to continue them in the hands of the existing publican. It must not be under any equitable obligation to hand them over to the man who has the goodwill. Otherwise that goodwill will remain as a fetter upon the freedom of the People to control the liquor trade.

It would be premature and foolish to discuss the methods in which that control may be exercised fifteen years or more hence. We shall have to be guided by the experience of other countries and by the development of our own. We believe the freedom to be well worth waiting for; and we have never, therefore, advocated a shorter time limit than fourteen years. But this freedom we must have, without fetter or qualification. And we believe that it is the hope of attaining it which gives to the Bill, in spite of the powerful interests which are mustering against it, the moral momentum which alone can carry it on to the statute-book. The speech of Mr. Cameron Corbett, the letter of Lord Lytton to the Bishop of Chester, and the clear and vigorous address of the Archbishop of Canterbury at the annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, are fresh evidences of the truth of the Prime Minister's warning to the Opposition that they are living in a fools' paradise, and that they have miscalculated the character and the potency of the forces which are arrayed behind the great instrument of social betterment on which he is bravely staking the political fortunes of himself and his Administration.

AN AMERICAN LABOR PARTY.

One of the most momentous, and quite the most hopeful, developments in American politics is the growth of an organised Labor Party. It is a development with which we in England, having a special connection, should have also a special sympathy. To a very large degree it is the

offspring of our own Labor movement. It is safe to say that no event in British politics of the last quarter of a century, not even Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule, has so powerfully and intimately affected American opinion as the successes of the Labor Party at the General Election of 1906. Their influence in stimulating the political consciousness of the American working men, and in revealing to the trade union leaders the possibilities of combined political action, was deep and instantaneous. They suggested an inevitable comparison. They moved American labor to inquire whether what had proved possible in Great Britain might not prove equally possible in the United States. They brought home to the popular comprehension, as nothing else could, the contrast between the supreme potential strength of American labor in politics and its almost total failure to make that strength effective. Of all the paradoxes of American civilisation, this, hitherto, has been perhaps the most amazing. How comes it that in that great industrial democracy Labor has never until now "found itself," and that in a country which is popularly (but quite wrongly) supposed to be the paradise of the working man, the working man has hitherto failed to secure a direct representation of his interests? With the voting power of the country well in their hands, constantly assured by their leaders that both Republicans and Democrats have treated them as mere electioneering pawns, and conscious as they must be that they have only to vote as a separate and cohesive unit to swamp both the historic parties and seize the government for themselves, how is it that the American working men have not long ago realised, developed, and asserted their latent political power?

There are probably many answers to this question, and many reasons to account for the political ineffectiveness of Labor on any large scale. Some of them are touched upon with clearness and knowledge by the writer of the "Foreign Chronique" in the current issue of the "Fortnightly Review." He rightly gives the first place to the extraordinary rigidity of party ties and party organisations in the United States. There is perhaps no country in which it is so difficult to start an independent political movement. The Republicans and the Democrats have for so long monopolised the field, they have so skilfully won for their own organisations the special protection of the law, they have so assiduously buttressed their power by alliances with the industrial plutocracy, the whole immense and intricate machinery of "primaries" and conventions is so completely in their hands, the Americans are such blind worshippers of the principle of "regularity," and think it not merely a high political misdemeanour, but something very like sacrilege to vote against their favourite party, and the enormous size of the country makes the effective promotion of a new party an enterprise of such vast expense and such constant hazard, that Labor might well have shrunk from the task. Then, again, the working men of America have hitherto been genuinely divided into Republicans and Democrats. The more intelligent and skilful among them have been Republicans for the singularly unintelligent reason that the Republican Party is the party of Protection. The lower grades have, as a rule, been Democrats because the Democratic Party, as they believe, has the interests of the "common people" more at heart, and has always offered a more vehement opposition, on the platform at any rate, to the plutocracy. The trade union leaders have been compelled to recognise the fact of this division. In the United States the inner conflict in trade unionism, the long struggle to discipline its membership, has been far more arduous and dramatic than its external conflict with the employer.

This is to some extent the case in all countries, but it is particularly so in America, partly because of the restiveness of the national temperament, partly because of race variations, and partly because of the stupendous complexities introduced into the economic system by the hordes of immigrants. The trade union leaders have hesitated to complicate their internal problems by advocating an independent attitude towards politics. They have, on the contrary, rather sought to keep politics in the background. They have preferred to be the allies of the regular parties, rather than to organise a force of their own. Attempts, many attempts, to form a stable and Independent Labor Party have, of course, been made, but they have always ended in failure. Nor have the rank and file been earnest in their desire to have it otherwise. It is a lamentable but an indisputable fact that trade unionism in the United States has been tainted by most of the vices that have degraded American business and American politics. The men limit their trust in their leaders to industrial disputes, and even in that sphere it is by no means absolute. Industrial America has not yet reached that point of moral confidence when a Labor leader, elected to Congress, and put in receipt of his Congressional salary of £1,200 a year, and exposed to all the solicitations of capitalistic politics, could be sure of the continued respect and trust either of his followers or of his fellow-leaders.

For these reasons the Labor vote has never been a class vote or even a solid party vote. The great quarrel of the American Socialists with the American trade unionists is, indeed, precisely this, that the latter, by their abstention from politics, have helped to perpetuate the present wage-system. Both Republicans and Democrats have in consequence been able to angle successfully for their share of the Labor vote. The Bosses have courted it, but have never really feared it. Only once in recent American politics has Labor shown that it could cut loose from party affiliations and vote with a rational approach to unanimity. It is clear, however, that the days of disunited force and a scattered allegiance are drawing to an end. The American Federation of Labor, fired by British example, resolved early in 1906 to enter politics. In the elections of that year it seriously reduced, though it could not quite wipe out, the majorities of those whom it declared to be hostile to the interests of Labor, and by judicious compacts with the Democrats it succeeded in electing several of its own candidates to Congress and to the local State Legislatures. Since then some astounding decisions of the Supreme Court against the rights and legal status of trade unions have given to Labor a new sense of

solidarity. An Independent Labor Party has been founded, but without the support and against the wishes of the great majority of American trade unionists. We do not expect much from it at present. We agree that for some time to come Labor will best assert itself by voting solidly for or against the candidates of the regular parties rather than for candidates of its own. That, however, is at bottom a question, though a very important one, of tactics. The really vital thing is that American Labor, roused by the new economic issues that now dominate American discussion, by the spectacle of a pervasive plutocracy using politics as the chief instrument of its iniquities, by the multiplying revelations of financial and business corruption, and by the many agencies that have brought about what is nothing less than a moral awakening of the American people, is at last closing its ranks, becoming penetrated with a new sense of class interests and of class unity, and is preparing at the forthcoming Presidential election to vote as a conscious and distinctive force. That is not a revolution, but it is unquestionably the beginnings of one.

Life and Letters.

ORDER.

Coming from where they cooked their food, we passed down a passage. The old warder in his dark blue uniform and a cap whose peak hung over his level iron-grey eyebrows, stopped.

"This," he said, "is the jewel-room;" and, taking a key that hung below his belt, he opened an iron door. A convict with a yellow face, in yellow clothing marked with arrows, and in his yellow hand a piece of yellow leather, darted a look at us, dropped his glance, and, with a dreadful, silent, swift obsequiousness, passed us and went out. We stood alone amongst the jewels that he had evidently been polishing.

"We call it the jewel-room for fun," the old warder said, and a smile, the first of the morning, visited his face, but quickly left his eyes again to that strange mournful look which some eyes have in the depths of them—a look as if, in strict attention to the outer things of life, their owner had parted with his soul. He took one of the jewels from the wall and held it out. It was a light steel bangle joined by a light steel chain to another light steel bangle.

"That's what they wear now when it's necessary to put them on."

One may see in harness-rooms bits and chains and stirrups glisten, but never was harness-room so garnished as this little chamber. The four walls were bright as diamonds to the very ceiling with jewels of every kind—light and heavy bangles, long chains, short chains, thin chains, and very thick iron chains.

"Those are old-fashioned," said the warder; "we don't use them now."

"And this?"

It stood quite close, made of three very bright steel bars, joined at the top, wide asunder at the bottom, and clamped together by cross bars in the middle.

"That's the triangles," he said, a little hurriedly.

"Do you flog much?"

He stared. You are lacking, he seemed to say, in delicacy.

"Very little," he answered; "only when it's necessary." And, unconscious that he had proclaimed the spirit of the system that he served—the spirit of all systems—he drew his heels together, as though saluting discipline.

To his old figure standing there, tall, upright, and so orderly, and to his grave and not unkindly face, it was impossible to feel aversion. But in this little room there seemed to come and stand in line with him, and at his back, in an ever-growing pyramid, shaped to an apex, like the very triangles themselves, the countless figures of officialdom. They stood there, upright and orderly, with the words, "Only when it's necessary," coming from their mouths. And as one looked one saw how chiselled in its form, how smooth and slippery in surface, how impermeable in structure, was that pyramid. Wedged in perfect symmetry, bound together man to man by something common to their souls, this phalanx stood by the force of its own shape, like dead masonry, stone on stone, each resting on the other, solid and immovable, in terrifying stillness. And in the eyes of all that phalanx—blue eyes, brown eyes, grey eyes, and mournful hazel eyes, converging on one point—there was the same look:

"Stand away, please—don't touch the pyramid!"

Turning his back on the triangles, the old warder said again:

"Only when it's necessary."

"And when is it necessary?"

"The rules decide that."

"Of course. But who makes them?"

His smile faded. "The system," he replied.

"And do you know how the system has come about?"

He frowned—a strange question, this, to ask him!

"That," he said, with slight impatience in his voice, "is not for me to say." And he jerked his neck, as though continuing:

"Ask that of him behind me!"

Involuntarily I looked, but there was no one there behind him—only the triangles, beautifully bright. Then, with the same uncanny suddenness, there sprang up again a vision of that solid pyramid of men, and the head of each turned over his shoulder, saying:

"Ask that of him behind me."

With eagerness I tried to see the apex of that pyramid. It was too far away.

"We've got to maintain order," he said, suddenly, as though repelling a subtle onslaught on his point of view.

"Of course; everything in this room, I suppose, is for that purpose?"

"Everything—that's in use."

"Ah, yes! I think you said there are some things that are not used now?"

"Those big iron chains, and these weights here—they weighed the prisoners down with those; that's all out of date."

"They look rather queer and barbarous, certainly."

He smiled.

"You may say that," he said.

"And can you tell me how they came to be disused?"

He seemed again to check the action of turning his head round.

"No," he said; "I couldn't tell you that. They found they weren't necessary, I suppose."

"When they were used, I take it the authorities believed in them?"

"No doubt," he answered, "or they wouldn't have used them."

"They never thought that we should be looking at these things, and calling them barbarous, like this."

He stared at the great manacles.

"They used them," he said, "and never thought about it, I daresay."

"They must have considered them necessary for discipline."

"Just that."

"And was discipline any better then than it is now?"

"Oh, no! Worse! They had a lot more trouble with the prisoners than we have, from what I hear."

"If anyone had told the authorities then that those heavy things did no good, they'd have laughed at him."

He answered with a smile: "Little doubt of that."

"I wonder whether, a few years hence, people will be standing here and saying the same thing about those

triangles, and all these other jewels, and calling us barbarians for using them? It would be interesting to know."

His brows contracted: "Not likely," he said; "you can't do without *them*."

"You think it would not be possible?"

Again he seemed to check his eyes from looking round.

"No," he repeated, "you can't do without them."

"It would be dangerous to try?"

He shook his close-cropped head under the peaked cap.

"I shouldn't like to see it tried. We must keep order."

"At the time they left off using those heavy chains, they must have thought they ran a risk?"

He answered coldly: "I don't know anything about that."

"The present state of things is final then?"

He put the bangles back upon their nail, and turning rather suddenly, as though fearing to be attacked behind, said: "We don't trouble about such things; we're here to administer the system as we find it. We don't use these, except when it's necessary."

"Have you not begged the question?"

He said with dignity: "That is not my business," laying his hand upon the triangles. And as he did so there seemed to spring up once more that solid phalanx, man linked to man, all with the same schoolmaster's eyes—a living pyramid, turned to stone by the force of its own shape. And a sound came forth from them as though they were assenting, but it was only the scraping of the triangles, as the old warder pushed them a little further back.

He went to the door and opened it; and going out in answer to this invitation, I looked back at the jewels. They hung in perfect brightness, round about the triangles; and suddenly, with that same dreadful, silent, swift obsequiousness, the man in yellow clothing marked with arrows, with the yellow face, and the yellow leather in his hand, passed us and went in. The iron door closed on him with a clang; but before it closed, I saw him at work already, polishing those shining jewels.

In dreams I have seen him since, alone with those emblems of a perfect order, working without sound! And in dreams, too, guiding me away, I see the old warder with his regular, grave face, and his eyes mourning for something he has lost.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

FROM MID DEVON TO MANCHESTER.

A FEW months ago I was trying to find explanation for a remarkable fact: that the Liberal Party had been in power for two years with an abnormal, unprecedented following, and yet in all that time had practically neither lost a seat (except to Labour, or with Labour-disturbing elements) nor reduced its majorities. In some cases, indeed, it had even increased them. That fact no longer exists to-day. A series of somewhat sensational bye-elections, in districts widely differing in character and local interests, has resulted in a series of somewhat sensational defeats. I have been present at four of these—Mid Devon, Peckham, Dewsbury, Manchester. It may be interesting to attempt a diagnosis of causes—if not to excuse, to explain.

One noticeable fact is the absence of any single compelling and dominant question. So complex is the political situation that elections fought simultaneously, and within a very short distance of each other, are fought upon divergent arguments and advocacies. It is only little more than an hour's journey between Dewsbury and Manchester; yet the pilgrimage (last week) was to a different world. At Dewsbury, education scarcely seemed to count, Free Trade and Protection were in abeyance, the Eight Hours Bill for Miners was little heard of, even the "Trade" seemed to be exceedingly quiet until their splendid organisation was revealed on the election day. Discussion had passed from these subjects to a "Right-to-Work" Bill, the problem of the unemployed, the Liberal record in social legislation, the future for social reform. At Manchester, on the other hand, Free Trade was a living cry, upon which, although the Opposition candidate attempted to elude it, the Government representative essayed to throw the full burden of the contest. The counter efforts were the Education Bill (for the first time voted upon by a Lancashire electorate), Home Rule, and a Miner's eight hours day as a method of producing dear coal. It is true to say, indeed, that in each of these four elections all the issues were present. In each a certain number of voters were influenced by various lesser subjects of excitement or repudiation. But the conviction is once more driven home, by examination of them, that it is the people, and not the political organisations, which select the issues. Whatever may be sprawled upon every hoarding, or shouted at every street corner, by a deliberate process of selection, the balance of quiet, unostentatious men of doubtful opinion who decide the verdict—the few hundreds or thousands who are normally outside allegiance to any political party—will vote upon the question which *they* think important—not upon the question which *we* think important.

And in each of these four cases the decision has been different. At Mid Devon Tariff Reform was the deciding factor. Peckham was lost in a carnival of drink and excitement: "rushed" as only a London district can be rushed by the trade campaign conducted from all the public houses, and by organisations from outside, which frightened the electors with dear coal and dear bread. Dewsbury was won on social reform, with a majority diminished owing to the return of Tory Free Traders to their old allegiance, and the quiet work of the public houses amongst the poorer sections of the people. North-West Manchester—after a Homeric contest, in which all the city took part—went back to its traditional Toryism because the Tories who were abstaining two years ago when Free Trade was in danger, voted with their party to-day, thinking Free Trade secure: and because the Irish were largely persuaded to vote for their schools as a living issue, rather than for a Home Rule against which the Government was pledged until after the General Election. Far away in Scotland, again, all these cries and counter cries are silent, or replaced by a totally different set of arguments; with the rural labourer and small farmer voting steadily for security of tenure on the land, proclaiming a different opinion of the Scottish Land Bill from that voiced by the large Scottish landlords; and the city working man voting for the Land Valuation Bill, which is a preliminary to the rating of land values; and both of them voting against a House of Lords (hardly mentioned in the English contests), which has so contemptuously rejected both the one and the other.

In every case Tariff Reform and its elaborate propagandism has been manifest as a positive and resistant force: the one constructive element which can raise enthusiasm in an otherwise arid Tory programme. The quiet work of hundreds of obscure "missionaries" in hundreds of towns and villages, is exhibiting far more fruitful results than the huge open campaign of a few years back. Tariff promises can here be adapted to different classes of producers, without any of the collision of interests which immediately arises when these are fitted together into a consistent whole. To the hop grower a tax on hops; to the Devon dairy farmer, a tax on foreign dairy produce; in the manufacturing cities, no food taxes that could in the least degree raise the price of food, but a substantial protection for each city's own particular manufacture—so the pleasant work goes forward. It is Protection in the country, whatever it may appear in the newspapers, or before Parliament: Protection, naked and entirely unashamed. No one talks about the "Empire," or the sacrifice which must be made for its preservation: no one is interested in Colonial Preference, or the questions of reciprocity and unification. To the manufacturer the monopoly of the home market is offered for his manufactures. To the workman more work, with greater security, is promised as a result of the taxation or exclusion of the foreigner.

These are cries which appeal with some force to every manufacturer who is worsted in competition, or feels the impact of a declining market: and to the workman who is more and more coming to be haunted with the fear of unemployment: who has no security but that of two weeks' notice of dismissal. Whether such propagandism can face the light of a General Election, where items such as the food taxes—now generally pushed into the background—must either be endorsed or condemned, is a legitimate subject for speculation. Manchester, certainly, shows no kind of conversion: and Manchester speaks for a large section of England. The idea that Free Trade has toppled over in its centre and "most holy place" is an idea entirely ridiculous to all those who were familiar with the conditions of the actual election. The people who decided the contest had made up their minds—and nothing could alter them—to vote at the bye-election upon other issues. Free Trade yesterday, Free Trade to-morrow—not Free Trade to-day. In this they were assisted by the Tory candidate, who implored them on every occasion to vote against him at the General Election (if they wished) on Free Trade, but at the bye-election to exhibit their general dissatisfaction with the Liberal Ministers, in a demand that these should "go slow" in the work of change. Whether such a method of defending Free Trade is ultimately possible may indeed be doubted. Beyond the question of the manner in which Manchester interpreted the election stands the further question of the manner in which England interpreted the election. And the songs of triumph at the "Downfall of Cobdenism," which have already been sung, may have convinced already those who have adopted the policy that it is a policy impossible in the conditions of the modern world.

The changing of those conditions, in the introduction of novel machinery, designed to perplex, if not to convince, is one of the characteristics of the present year's contests. Manchester last week was in pandemonium. A kind of intoxication of oratory fell upon its enormous packed populations. Wherever a man was holding forth on any conceivable subject there was an assured and sympathetic audience. Every hall was crammed, with insurgent crowds outside, two hours before the advertised time of meeting. "Spell-binders" on the approved American model, with lungs of leather and brains of brass, shouted contradictory invective from dawn till midnight. Men (and women) spouted fluent cajolery or contempt from lorries and wagonettes, clinging to lamp posts, planted on the street kerb, or shrieking from upper windows. In the Central Square, in the snow-storms and bitter cold, aggregations which must have mustered tens of thousands listened (as best they might) to rival elocutionists suspended above the mob below; here an Irish meeting in one corner, there a special meeting for the Jews in another; here the Suffragettes, here the appeal of the brewers, there the demand for Free Trade. Huge carts—the coal consumers with bogus miners and sacks of coal, the rival apparatus of real miners dug up from underground—moved slowly through the cheering crowds. Torch-light processions of special demonstrators turned darkness into day. The oratory appeared to be independent of electoral results. The Socialists held large meetings, attended by thousands, and polled less than three hundred; the Suffragettes could fill the biggest halls and theatres in Manchester and yet they probably did not alter ten votes. It was a crowd good-tempered and sober, excited but not riotous; whose general behaviour, especially on the night of defeat, was beyond all praise. Out of all this three-quarters of a million of people, all of whom took part with relish in the fray, only a tiny section of the city were permitted to vote; a section which consisted in the main of the business men, the Catholics and Irish, and the Jews. A poll of the whole of Manchester would, I think, have shown a different result. As it is, if the Government representative had been able to hold the Irish vote, he would just have been returned. North-West Manchester was actually lost on the protest of the Roman Catholics of Lancashire against the Education Bill.

Peckham showed a similar, if less acute disturbance: with all South London enjoying this novel form of sport, and drifting down into its streets, for the pleasure of being at the centre of the excitement. Mid Devon and Dewsbury revealed a less exuberant political agitation, probably because they were in less tightly congested areas. The difference in the crowds was a very noticeable feature. In Devon, in Dewsbury, and in Manchester, the men and women who occupied the streets in good-tempered excitement were almost entirely Liberal or Labor. The Conservatives were recruited from the more silent voter, who was in his own house after sundown. In Peckham, on the other hand, the "mob" was Tory; in sharp contrast to the same London "mob" of two years ago, which would scarcely tolerate a Tory speaker. At Dewsbury and (to a lesser extent) in Manchester, the unexpected feature was the diminution of the Labor vote, and the complete collapse of the Socialist. From Huddersfield, all through the week of contest, there came over to Dewsbury and Batley the pick of the Labor speakers. Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Keir Hardie were escorted in triumphant procession, and addressed vast, enthusiastic crowds. All observers alike—Liberal, Tory, and Labor—were convinced that the one certain forecast was an increase in the Labor poll by something like a thousand. As a matter of fact, it fell two hundred; and the increase went to the Tories, who seemed to have no life and fire in the contest, and to be a beaten party from the beginning.

My aim here is diagnosis—not remedy: in an attempt to find out why the elections were lost. Mid Devon, much the most sensational, remains chiefly to the credit of Protection, although still in part inexplicable. In general summary I should say that they show a Toryism gaining rather than losing (in bye-elections) by the Protectionist propaganda; that this progaganda fixes on the "Achilles heel" of modern industrial society, the uncertainty of employment on a weekly wage system, and the lack of any provision for the unemployed but the workhouse; that the Education Bill counts for a substantial factor in the electoral interest of Lancashire: that London at present is being swept by an anti-Government wave, principally on the Beer Bill (which is imperfectly understood by the working-men, and supposed to close public houses altogether, or in vast numbers, and to send up the price of beer); and that dear bread, and the fear of dear coal, even if calculated by farthings, count enormously as an electoral factor; far more than any have clearly realised who are unfamiliar with the struggle for existence among the poor. When the new Protection, based on demand for employment, confronts the unshakeable repudiation of a food tax, there should arise a situation of singular interest.

C. F. G. Masterman.

ARE WILD ANIMALS BORN WILD?

One of the first characteristics of wild nature which strikes a European when he travels in foreign countries, away from the beaten paths of civilisation, is the changed attitude of wild animals towards him. In the interior parts of South Africa there is a peculiarity in this respect about the birds and beasts not usually hunted for food, which, although it often escapes the notice of the less observant, engages the attention of those interested in the habits of animals. All the wild creatures of this description appear to the visitor to be much tamer than the familiar starlings, blackbirds, finches, squirrels, and the few score of forms which make up the corresponding wild fauna at home. The visitor soon notices however, that there is a certain average distance beyond which he is not allowed to approach. Each species, just as in the case of wild forms at home, has its own limitations. While in South Africa the imaginary circle which each kind draws round itself is undoubtedly of less diameter than in England, the average distance from which man is regarded at ease is fixed and invariable. The innumerable parrots of the bush veldt seem almost tame to the Englishman. The native pigeons are some-

what wilder, but they are far less wild than the wood pigeons at home. Even the Cape sparrow, who, with his larger size and more melodious voice, mimics in the towns of South Africa the airs of his European relative, is in every respect a more friendly bird than the familiar English house sparrow. What is the meaning of these facts?

In the backwoods of Canada, or in the pine forests of the Rocky Mountains, the visitor is struck with the same peculiarities of wild life. All the creatures not actually sought after and systematically hunted—the chickarees, the gophers, and the smaller forest birds—seem to the visitor to be surprisingly tame. But everywhere there is here also to be observed the interesting fact that each species has its own set distance within which man is considered unsafe. No two forms are alike in their standards, but, wilder or tamer, all the individuals of each species adhere with most remarkable unanimity to the standard ideas of their kind on the subject.

In endeavouring to answer the question suggested by those facts, the present writer undertook some years ago a series of experiments which led him to unexpected conclusions, and particularly with regard to one of the most deep-seated and widely received ideas of the average mind, namely, that all animals have an instinctive fear of men. The two species of wild animals with which experiments were first begun were selected as being the most shy of our native kinds. The common British field hare is a very wild and timid animal. Our native wild rabbit similarly has the distinction of being so inherently wild that it is said to be untamable. In experiments with young wild hares brought up under close observation and made familiar with persons from the earliest age, not the slightest inherent fear of human beings could be traced at any stage. The hares proved in all cases as familiar and friendly with all those around them as if they had been creatures of their own kind. Experiments with young wild rabbits gave the same results. They showed no instinctive fear whatever of man if they were kindly treated from the beginning. It is true that both the wild hares and wild rabbits retained their great natural timidity. But this was always displayed in the presence of unfamiliar sounds, movements, places, or smells. On such occasions they would suddenly become almost as wild creatures under the influence of the strong emotions excited. But when care was taken to analyse the experiences nothing was ever found to justify the conclusion that there was the slightest inbred fear of man in either case. A still more remarkable fact was that the young wild rabbits showed no instinctive fear even of a dog when made familiar with it from the beginning. These experiments were extended to other animals; to a number of our native wild birds, to wild ducks, to seagulls, sheldrakes, and other creatures. In no case was the impression left that the young of any of the wild animals possessed from the beginning any instinctive fear of man. To all appearance their natural and inbred disposition when studied under close observation was to treat man on just as friendly and familiar terms as one of their own kind.

What, therefore, is the explanation of these remarkable facts? For at first sight they seem to run counter to all the results of accepted observation. Have we not all of us who have studied wild nature found, like Mr. Kearton, that the effigy of a cow or horse excites not the least alarm at the closest quarters among our native wild birds, whereas any attempt to appear in *in propria persona* causes instant flight.

There seems to be room for only one explanation. The attitude of wild creatures to man, and perhaps to friends or enemies in general, is not the result of knowledge born with them, and therefore instinctive. It is the effect on them of the public opinion of their kind. It is the average result of long accumulated experience in the past, which is taught to the young at every generation. The simplicity and effectiveness with which this surprising result is achieved may be witnessed any Spring day in our town squares in the case of the London house sparrow. When the young sparrows first flutter from the nest they are almost tame. If we endeavour to approach them, however, there invariably comes instantaneously the loud jar of warning notes from the watchful cock sparrow, causing immediate flight in the young. This is constantly repeated during the first few days, until the young birds have acquired a knowledge of the exact distance beyond which, in the average opinion of the sparrow-world, it is not considered safe to allow man to approach. This is no doubt the explanation of the remarkable facts of wild life, as noticed at the beginning, and as they may be observed in all parts of the world. The exact relations of wild creatures to man, and to their enemies of all kinds, is the average result of the accumulated experience of countless generations of experience in the past. It is usually not inbred, but is inherited from public opinion, passed on, just as we see the London sparrow passing it on every Spring from generation to generation.

THE MART.

For interlacing miles of murky streets it presses up great structures to the sky in packed, irregular facades—grim buildings in an atmosphere of gloom; and a blackened wire network binds it down.

In all its wedged and crowded dinginess, where millions spend great slices of their lives, there are no homes, except an occasional top-storey room; block upon block, blank windows seem to frown. For here men only come in search of wealth, or a competence, or the wherewithal to live. In vast converging crowds they come during the opening hours of the day; and swarm and press into its sombre labyrinth of ways. Into the doorways of its thoroughfares, into dark courts and alleys and blind streets, through passages and archways, and down steps they disappear, to drudge or direct or scheme. And every hour of the working day more millions pour into its human pack; and millions leave its precincts for a while, or rush about anxiously from point to point. So that its streets are black with shifting hordes of hurrying humanity—dodging and pushing and charging on. At evening the hidden millions reappear, darting upon the streets like hunted things, and add their haste to some great hurrying stream of tired workers, only intent on getting quickly home.

Daily this mighty army marches in to fill the Mart with life; and nightly leaves it. Thus every day it regularly stirs, pulsates with feverish activity, and slows down, to start again the next day, and the next. And though at intervals its people rest, the momentum of their effort never stops.

For in its centres germinates a daily mass of thought which increases and continues to increase, and generates new forces in the world, of industry and commerce and finance. And a ferment of nefarious schemes, urged by threatened poverty and greed, mingle with lawful enterprise. So, in vast cycles of recurring trade, in tortuous dealings of finance, in speculation, trickery, and fight, the stress and struggle of its turmoil grows—quicker and keener and fiercer every day.

And for this tearing scramble after wealth a weight of principles is left at home; for they who are needlessly encumbered lose their chance.

The faces of its people show its influence. Men with the blank, unfocussed stare of burdened minds, dart through the crowds, and dodge mechanically; or plunge along with painful straining look, as if they saw the anger at delay of those who wait; or stride to a hostile interview, with the frowning, thin-lipped glare of stern resolve. And couples, often parted by the crowds, fling at each other broken sentences in the gabbled speech that races against time. Armies of harassed men with bags, and hatless, breathless youths with documents, and driven boys with baskets of letters for the post, charge every way, in tangled streaks of speed. And drawn back in corners, men converse, quickly by reason of their precious time, or, too intent even to step aside, stand, jostled by the throngs, urging and arguing in undertones; and, as they talk, they peer with searching eyes, to gauge the suspected cunning or to enforce their will.

Amid the oblivious hurry after gain are the apathy

and the aftermath of loss. In sudden glimpses are they disclosed. Emerging from a many-lettered door, with unconscious step and wooden gaze, or standing listlessly on the kerb, bowed with the brooding stoop of staring care, men face the shock of ruin or defeat; and as they slowly move along the street, the crowds rush past and bump them callously. And marked by a tightly-buttoned shabbiness and a certain lingering look of better days, the passive failures of the past stare out; faded, or dogged, or battered with excess, they speed to earn the wage they used to pay, or linger to beg a loan in old haunts, or swagger in, with pitiful pretence, to spend the earnings of mean jobs on drink, where they can find a confederate, or hatch some petty trickery of their own.

But all the outward evidence of stress—the urgent busyness, the eagerness and strain—is only the generated energy of hidden springs. For seated in countless quiet inner rooms, are the men who contrive, initiate, and conduct the ramifying forces of the Mart.

Unceasingly, behind well-guarded doors, they work. In rooms with sample-littered floors, and specially marked maps upon the walls, they sign their name, and circulate the products of the earth, thereby; and, from a shabby chair, they stretch out a myriad tentacles of trade to the cities and the corners of the world. In dingy, box-lined rooms with double doors, they shape far-reaching schemes, and fend off difficulties, and devise escapes with practised brain, and pilot insolvent or daring men through the illegalities of law. And pacing the silent floors of spacious rooms, the men who manipulate the bourses give quick, weighed commands, to engineer a profit for themselves out of the fear or folly of blind crowds who hope to win; or, sitting, thinking in an easy chair, create new paper millions for sale. Thus is its mighty motive power produced; and thousands of lesser men, in smaller spheres, transmit the force.

Swelling the legions of its usual press, come the men who leave the beaten track, or the country of their birth, for gain; and with them comes something of the colour of the world.

From every corner of the earth they come. Men with lean faces, sun-burnt and strangely lined, who come from the stretching spaces of the world, and the dripping silence of the jungled hills, and frost-bound wastes, to deal in tropical estates, or miles of land, or mines in desolate ungoverned spots, where labour owns allegiance to a gun. And men in clothes all creased with long disuse, recalling the engine-smell of ships, burnt scrub, or the exotic scents of hot bazaars, come in to sell concessions hardly won—railways to run through tracks where white men die, or grants from aboriginal kings, or a tramway for some steaming city of the East. And hawk-featured or flat-faced foreigners, from the wide white cities of sunny lands, bring strange schemes of international finance, or devious intrigues for bribed monopolies.

Besides these wanderers come the multitudes who have or want or need: old women curiously cloaked, and clutching bags, and dainty ladies seemingly afraid, and hungry clergymen, and white-haired upright men, and the creased and ironed dandies of the town—all anxious to invest their hoard, or speculate, or raise the capital they need to spend. And with these crowds comes genius, unkempt and tired-eyed, hawking appliances for saving time or cost, and learning the cunning disbelief of would-be purchasers.

Thus to its crowded confines all people come. So that day by day it throbs and palpitates and heaves with the directing force of scheming minds, the hidden press of warring interests, the struggles, plots, and panics of the crowd, and the driven energy of the myriads who obey. At night it is a skeleton of empty streets and cavernous, unlighted rooms.

Out of the millions who daily come, for life or periods of fevered stress, or visits of fierce anxiety, a few are satisfied, and many fail, and many struggle on. But always unceasingly the people come into the prison-greyness of the Big Grey City's mart. The loadstone that draws them is the hope of easy gold.

Letters from Abroad.

THE STIFLING OF FREEDOM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The people of these islands almost alone can still be moved to practical indignation by the wrongs of others who suffer from oppression, or for the cause of liberty. It is true that, like the rest, they tire at the repetition of a long-continued woe, and in the case of Russia they have been hoping against hope that the Anglo-Russian Agreement, the maintenance of some kind of a Duma, and the expectations of further Western loans to stave off bankruptcy, would induce the Government to allay the violence of repression, and advance on steady and well-considered lines of progress. But, unfortunately, the woe is still continued, and there is no longer any ground for the hope. If ever there was cause for indignation at the methods of the Russian Government in stifling the spirit of freedom, there is cause for it now—now more than at any time in the last eighty years of Russia's gloomy history. For never since the "Decembrists" first raised the demand for political rights, has the Government's action been so savage as in recent months.

Probably all your readers are aware that, for thirty years, no jury has been allowed in political trials, and that capital punishment has been abolished in Russia except for political offences. Most death sentences are now passed by courts martial—not Stolypin's drumhead or summary courts martial, which completed their term of outrage last spring, but more regular and deliberate bodies, whose death-sentences, formerly countersigned by the Tsar himself, are now countersigned by any Governor-General, because the recent accumulation of that business would have overworked the Tsar.

Exile or imprisonment may also be imposed by a court martial for "active propaganda." In some few cases the trial still goes before the High Court of judges without jury. But far the most frequent method is by "Administrative Order." Formerly the orders for exile had to pass through the hands of the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Justice, but now they may be issued by any of the local Governors General. These sign the forms laid before them by the secret police. Usually there is no examination, and there is never any appeal.

Such being the machinery of justice, the results are what we see. I need not recall the number of civilians killed in the streets during the disorders and pogroms of the two years following the "Bloody Sunday" of January, 1905; a moderate estimate is 19,200. Nor need I recall the executions under military tribunals during the same time; a moderate estimate is 1,650. These things may already seem distant and vague. But take up almost any daily paper, like the "Russ," for instance. At the top of the front page you will see in big type a summary of the principal events of the day, and the summary always begins in this style—

> "Executions: four at Kazan, two at Irkutsk, one at Penza, one at Kieff; death sentences: four at Proskuroff, three at Tver."

This heading is from the "Russ" of April 18th (new style). I take four back numbers at random from the file for March, and I find on March 15th, twenty-four men and women were condemned to death; on March 16th, ten were condemned to death; on March 17th, seven were executed (including one schoolboy), and seventeen condemned to death; on March 4th, seventeen were executed. These figures are obtained by the "Russ" and other papers from the official "Government Messenger." During the last six months of last year the official figures for executions by courts martial were 736. From this New Year up to April 19th, the executions by courts martial numbered 314. The average of executions is at the present moment a little over three every day, and that in a country where only political offenders are executed.

As to exile, the official numbers of persons deported by Administrative Order to Siberia and Northern Russia, from October, 1905, to the end of last February, are 78,000. To these must be added about 2,000 who were

allowed some kind of a trial. Besides these 80,000 political exiles themselves, we have to reckon the wives and families who, in the case of peasants, generally follow the father and starve in a strange and bitter country upon his Government allowance of twopence a day. No wonder that thousands of exiles disappear, are starved, die of cold, commit suicide, or are lost in the forests and frozen swamps. Many of them demand to be imprisoned as their only way of escaping death.

As to the prisons in Russia itself, they are so overcrowded with "politicals" that, though hospitals and mad-asylums are used as gaols, the accommodation is still not enough by 50 per cent. When asking credit for new prison buildings last March, the Minister of Justice told the Duma so. He also informed them that 13,000 political prisoners still lay awaiting trial. Whether Mr. Nicholas Tchaykovsky, so well known in England and America as a political writer, can be counted among those awaiting trial, is uncertain. He has been imprisoned in a fortress for nearly five months now, and no trial or examination has been held, nor is bail granted to save the life of an oldish man, for whom appeal has been made by the most distinguished authors and scientific men of Western civilisation. But as he is there under Administrative Order, it is as likely as not he will never be tried at all. Last year 2,405 "politicals" were sentenced to hard labor; but of the number imprisoned without sentence and left to rot indefinitely, it is almost impossible to give an estimate.

Of the prison treatment we have a picture in the appeal smuggled out from the Schlüsselburg about 40 miles from St. Petersburg, a week or two ago. It came from 73 "politicals," including six women, and described how they are kept in chains on bread and water, and severely knouted for trivial breaches of discipline. "Hunger strikes" are common throughout the prisons, and in the middle of April the Minister of Justice ordered chains to be supplied for gangs of prisoners passing from one gaol to another.

As I write, a typical example of Russian methods comes from the port of Revel. A newspaper paragraph states that 25 prisoners, who had been arrested in November, 1905, were brought up for trial the other day on the usual political charges. Five were sentenced to death, six were sentenced to hard labour, and fourteen were acquitted. It is a fine thing to be acquitted, no doubt, but how about the two-and-a-half years of life those innocent men have lost in gaol?

Even the greatest caution cannot save the editors of Liberal papers. In 1906 the Governor-Generals and censors suppressed 563 newspapers and periodicals, and prosecuted 732 editors. I have not got the figures for last year, but in the first two months of the present year 28 papers were suppressed and 38 editors prosecuted. And all this comes only a little over two years after the Manifesto that pledged the Tsar's "immutable will" to freedom of speech and inviolability of person.

Figures may appear dry and barren things. They are so, unless you can realise the reality that lies behind them. To one who, like myself, has seen something of that reality—who has seen young men and women driven along the streets by soldiers to be shot or hanged, and watched the faces at the barred windows of Siberian trains, and dwelt amid the torturing uncertainty of families from whose circle some member has vanished into the silence of prison—these figures are not dry and barren. They are hardly to be endured.

And what is the motive force in these frenzied efforts to stamp down the inevitable movement of a great people towards the acquisition of rights and liberties? Of course, there are sincere Russians who dread for their country the peril and disturbance that every forward step may bring. But at the head of the tyranny, surrounded by his priests, spiritualists, and astrologers, stands the Tsar, who wears the badge of the Black Hundred on his breast, and in the last two months has pardoned 180 of the pogrom assassins. No torturer of prisoners, or swindler of the starving, or butcher of Jews, petitions in vain for pardon to the man who keeps the most intelligent and honorable of his subjects by thousands without trial in his prisons. For the suppression of liberty he pleads a father's feelings. It shall never be said of him, he cries, that he hands down the powers that God has given him diminished to his son. In support of the Little Father's determination, there are gathered round the throne his company of relatives terrified for their existence, landowners terrified for their land, officials terrified for their steady incomes and more interesting perquisites, officers who are nobles *ex officio*, manufacturers who dread trade unions or strikes, and shopkeepers who hate to put their shutters up. Their motives are respectable: they are the common instincts of mankind. The question is, whether by executions and imprisonment these natural desires are to be secured.

The thing that the Government should notice in Russia now is that the movement for freedom is no longer confined to the educated classes. Of the 1,500 "politicals" condemned to death and other penalties last January and February, 1,246 were of the peasant or workman class. Since the agrarian proposals of the first Duma, about two years ago, it is calculated 46 per cent. of the "politicals" have been peasants. We must remember that sixteen of the Volga and East Central provinces, with a population of 25,000,000, lie starving in famine, and that the Government has closed all relief committees but their own, for fear of propaganda. We must also remember that eighty-one trade union branches, not being officially recognised, have been forcibly closed, and forty-one trade union newspapers suppressed. All these things count. The most significant thing in Russian history during the last four years is the appearance of the common people in the political movement, and the powers that support the autocracy should not suppose that by reducing the educated classes to desolation they can any longer establish peace.—

Yours, &c., IXE.

April 27th, 1908.

Art.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE New Gallery is celebrating its majority with a summer exhibition that differs in only one feature from its twenty predecessors. The new feature, however, is praiseworthy. The balcony, instead of being filled with pictures and drawings, is mainly occupied by a collection of arts and crafts, in which the mother-o'-pearl and gesso work of Mr. Frederick Marriott and the designs for stained-glass windows by Baron Arild Rosenkrantz are the conspicuous exhibits. We welcome the innovation, both for itself and for what it gets rid of. For the balcony in recent years has been a repository, not merely for pictures, but for the worst pictures. If there was any pictorial effort which the hanging committee were, from motives of modesty, unable to find space for in the rooms below, other motives dictated the placing of that effort in the balcony. It was a resting-place for the less fortunate of the obscure exhibitors, a refuge against total exclusion; many and dreadful were the sights to be seen there, behind the friendly shelter of columns and in the dimness of a badly-lighted wall. The removal, therefore, of this reproach, and the substitution of a feature in which it is possible for the intelligence to be interested, are a stroke of policy that entitles the directors to congratulations. Below, in the Central Hall, there is hung an important work, belonging to the same description of artistic output, the inclusion of which is equally welcome, though, from one point of view, not equally politic. It is an Arras tapestry by Morris & Company, from the last cartoon designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the subject being "The Passing of Venus." As a modern specimen by a famous firm, it has great merits of workmanship, and, thanks to its commanding position, facing the entrance, one is able to appreciate the design and colour at their proper value. When one enters the Gallery, one receives an impression of something fresh and at the same time reminiscent; it recalls the names of an artist and a craftsman, peculiarly associated with each other, and with a well-defined stage in the development of nine-

teenth century art. But it is also, incidentally, a big, bright reminder of the New Gallery's beginnings, of the artists who supported it, of the character of its earlier exhibitions, of their note of individuality, and of their definite reason for existence, and the question arises whether, in view of what the later exhibitions have become, it was wise to provoke a memory pregnant with comparisons.

The exhibitions that were supported by Burne-Jones and his fellow pre-Raphaelites had a definite character which one could not but acknowledge if one did not approve. One might laugh at the Gallery as the home of the æsthetic cult, but one was interested while one laughed. Besides, æstheticism was only carried sufficiently far to give distinction, and there was much great and sincere work that was independent alike of æstheticism and the Royal Academy's recipes. But to-day the cult is dead; only a shadow of pre-Raphaelitism hovers in a few tempera paintings relegated to the South Room. The note of distinction, false or true, right or wrong, has been replaced by one of burly commonplace. The New Gallery, in fact, is like any other exhibition that draws its artistic sustenance from members of the Royal Academy and those whose main object in life and art is to become so. It is just a collection of modern pictures, a few very good, several execrably bad, the vast majority on that border-line of meaningless mediocrity, where the modern British painter is so fond of halting for ever. It only differs from Burlington House in that, owing to its method of selection, it has less excuse for its sins, for its lack of coherence as a whole, for its want of a central governing idea. We are speaking with reference to the last few exhibitions, but the same remarks apply to the present one, and are likely to apply to its successors for as long as the ridiculous craze for large picture shows, without a semblance of combined artistic aims, without a chance of commercial gain to the artists concerned, render an institution of this kind possible in our midst.

To the twenty-first New Gallery exhibition, then, in spite of the welcome development in the handicraft section, there is attached the tragedy of a lost purpose. Yet it contains individual works that we are glad to have seen—Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton's large landscape, Mr. Hornel's "Tom-Tom Players," distinguished portraits by Sir George Reid, a cathedral subject by Mr. Sidney Lee, noteworthy sculptures by Miss E. M. Moore, a moderately good Brangwyn, and a tragi-comedy in blue by Mr. Sargent, interesting in the completeness of its failure. Mr. Hughes-Stanton's landscape is unquestionably the finest in the Gallery. For his subject he has gone once again to the Pas de Calais, and has painted "A Pasturage among the Dunes," with the morning light drenching meadow grass and sand-hill, and the distant sea agleam with the morning sun. Backing the pasturage, a line of poplars shuts out part of a middle distance, where the low, waving hills take on hues of brilliant violet and green, mingled with the drab, before their lines are lost in the shimmering band of light that comes to meet an unseen shore. In the foreground a small flock of sheep gives incident; there is also a small female figure seated on the grass. We would willingly have dispensed with that figure. It has no connection with the sheep, none with the landscape beyond the fact that it is in tone. A small rock or a rake, painted with the same regard for values, would have answered the purpose equally well, without provoking the discordant human thought that this figure gives—discordant because it induces distracting speculation as to why it is there. The landscape, with all its directness of intention, is almost idyllic, and idyllic landscape sometimes demands a figure, but not a figure of this kind, a plain-clothes figure, huddled up as if in apology for having been introduced as an afterthought. She, this inconclusive young female, is so far removed from the passion of Mr. Hughes-Stanton's morning light and the fragrance of his still cool summer air as to suggest that she has been sitting there all night. Blot her out, and there is nothing between us and the artist's appreciation of the nature spirit, as it expresses itself in this spacious, earnest canvas.

Mr. Hornel's "Tom-Tom Players, Ceylon," is the second of the two pictures which claimed our principal attention. It is, of course, in the artist's usual impasto manner, which marks him as a descendant of the workers in mosaic; his aim, like theirs, is a great significant whole built up out of innumerable meaningless fragments. But he seems here to have achieved a quality more pleasant than usual without the sacrifice of vigour, and the picture has a humanity not always observable in his all-of-one-quality pattern pieces. His five Cingalese maidens, seated round their instrument in a forest glade of silvery fairness, have a comeliness in their dark faces and darker hands, a gracefulness of gesture that makes them at ease in their beautiful sub-tropical surroundings. Notes of red and magenta accentuate the green and silver harmony; the pool with its lily pads gleams behind the bamboos, and the air is full of spices; for a picture so decorative in intention, this has a curious poetic realism. Perhaps because it is a little less purely decorative, because it has greater depth and actuality than usual, because the figures have life and their movements have the rhythm of barbaric music—perhaps it is on this account, rather than for the novelty of the subject, that the work is appreciable as marking a break in an art which, however compelling, has sometimes been open to a charge of monotony. There is not a great deal else among the pictures that impresses itself firmly on the memory. The dainty "Mdlle. X—— Belle Criselidis" of Mr. Graham Robertson is, however, among the best of that artist's child portraits, and Mr. W. G. Von Glehn's full-length portrait in the North Room has a Continental audacity that at least catches the eye.

Communications.

THE DEFECT OF THE HOUSING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. John Burns's Housing Bill forces us back again upon the People of England question. Housing Acts and Public Health Acts are added to by each successive Government, yet we still have a fifth of the population living in homes that represent a condition of things only to be summed up in the word slumdom. We remember the well-night despairing cry of Sir Robert Giffen: "No one can contemplate the present condition of the masses of the people without desiring something like a revolution for the better." No fewer than eight millions of persons in the United Kingdom, Sir Robert tells us, exist under conditions represented by a family income of less than a pound a week, constituting not merely a disgrace, but a positive danger to our civilisation. Dealing with this statement, Mr. Sidney Webb maintains that these eight millions are "housed, washed, and watered worse than our horses."

This, too, in face of over half a century of the Housing Act. Has the Act failed? We have had some dozen amending Acts at different times, each put forward to mend an imagined flaw or to meet a new need; yet slumdom still reigns while the poor perisheth, and for want of homes the cry is not yet stilled of the "children withered by the street." Why this persistent neglect when the first Housing Act contains a remedy? The principles of our earliest housing legislation, prepared and piloted through Parliament by Lord Shaftesbury, now lie embodied in Part III. of the main Act. All the amending Acts have never got nearer to the root evil than the Shaftesbury Act of 1851. There it was laid down as essential that to stamp out slumdom the local authorities be given power to build new working-class tenements or cottages, and to improve and renovate existing dwellings. Giving evidence before the Housing Commission thirty-three years later, Lord Shaftesbury sorrowfully admitted that the local authorities had not given his Act a trial. "If you were to look at the terms of my Act," he further told the Commission, "you would see that it would meet everything that is required at the present moment."

Could Lord Shaftesbury appear before the Parliamen-

tary Committee that will consider Mr. Burns's Bill, he would, with added sorrow, be compelled to say the same. Mr. Burns himself is alive to the neglect of Part III. (the Shaftesbury Act), since his new measure proposes to widen its application, and to empower the Local Government Board to call to account those municipal bodies which fail to carry out its provisions. We shall hope, then, to see fewer "clearance" schemes under Parts I. and II. of the Act, and more building schemes under Part III. The former enrich the slumlord and the landlord by reason of the heavy compensation that has to be paid for property legally described as unfit for human habitation, while the real sufferers, the tenants, are turned adrift to create slum quarters elsewhere. Nothing creates slums quicker than the demolition of slums under Parts I. and II. Nothing destroys slums quicker than the provision of wholesome dwellings under Part III. That is only another way of saying that crowds of people forced by necessity into indecent tenements to-day would quit them to-morrow were better dwellings provided.

In this beneficent work of giving poor people better homes we are not confined to building only. Part III. provides not merely for creating new houses, but for adapting old ones. It is a pity that the far-reaching adaptation clauses in the principal Act have been ignored in Mr. Burns's Bill. They ought to have been emphasised. They ought to have been brought to the front, since so many of our local authorities are not even aware of their existence. One London authority that has carried out the adaptation clauses on a large scale has been able to transform a slum quarter that was the despair of Mr. Charles Booth into a healthy, law-abiding district, without displacing a tenant or raising the rents. The Camberwell Borough Council now owns over 500 tenements, all having been adapted under Part III.

Only by adapting the houses in which they live already can you meet the needs of the very poorest. It is no use hiding the fact that many of the habitual slum-dwellers would misuse new houses. The domestic arrangements and the sanitary regulations are alike distasteful to them. To some people slum-dwelling, unfortunately, becomes a disease, and dirt a bad habit. But we are not excused in our inaction because some of the slummers make their own slums.

"It takes a high-souled man
To move the masses even to a cleaner stye."

Even the dissolute must have homes; and they, as well as the more worthy among the poorest, are best provided for in adapted houses.

Encircling the slum areas in all big cities there is generally a zone of houses originally built for the middle classes, now living far out in the suburbs. These dwellings, as a rule, are of sound construction—the old builders did their work better than the modern ones—and they could easily be converted into healthy cheap tenements. We know what happens to these houses now. They are let off by the floor just as they are, unaltered and unadapted. Built as they were, each for one family, with kitchen, scullery, water supply, sanitary conveniences and dustbin all on the ground floor, they cannot, in their unaltered state, afford healthy homes with a family on every floor.

Some of the worst slums of to-day consist of former middle-class houses, sound and strong in external wall and roof, but rotten and filthy within, by reason of each floor having for years been put to the every-day uses of a large family. How can you expect a jaded woman on the top floor to come down three or four flights of stairs for every drop of water wanted, or each time the dust and ashes ought to be put away? The accumulated dirt gets kept in the room, and water is fetched as little as possible.

If the local authorities would adapt these dwellings to their new uses, as empowered by Part III., slumdom would be less of an evil in our midst. Take these floors and convert them into flats, each self-contained, with domestic and sanitary arrangements complete. How trifling the cost compared with the price we pay under other clauses of the Housing Act for clearance schemes that benefit mainly the slumlords. Camberwell has adapted its 500 odd tenements without costing the ratepayers a penny piece.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HAW.

April 30th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

"C.-B." AND CHURCH PATRONAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I concur in your opinion that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's ecclesiastical appointments were the least successful part of his administration. Using the freedom of an old friend and a staunch supporter, I addressed several remonstrances and suggestions to the quarter in which ecclesiastical affairs were decided, but without much success. Last autumn I wrote direct to the Prime Minister, warning him of what would be the certain consequences if he repeated at Chichester the experiment of Newcastle. The reply which I received was so eminently characteristic of the writer's temper, that I think it may interest your readers.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

"My dear George,—This is a clear case of coals of fire. You keep blazing away into me and my poor secretaries.

"I want you to authorise me to submit your name for a Privy Councillorship. Will you? and make glad

"Yours,

"H. C.-B.

"Belmont, 29th October, 1907."

THE NEW POLICY OF THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On April 24th, 1908, the Council of the Football Association did something, the full effects of which will in a year or two come home to football crowds with a force that may be startling. By a large majority they rescinded the existing rule which established £4 as the maximum wage to be paid to players under the Association, and £350 as the maximum transfer fee. Pressure has long been exercised upon them to this end by the Players' Union and the great football-loving towns; and one may really almost say that their principles have at length given way to constraint.

The step is one of immense significance in this branch of sport. It opens up possibilities of emolument to the clever player which may conceivably raise him as a wage-earner to the level of a Prime Minister, or a music-hall star. No wonder the members of the Union, famous and rising players, have fought hard for their chances. They possess the average instincts of human nature, and one may sympathise entirely with the state of mind which for years has made the cleverest of them discontented with their incomes. Week after week some of them have performed before crowds representing from eight hundred to a thousand pounds or more into their club's exchequer, and of this sum forty-four pounds or less have been distributed among the actual performers themselves, the man with half-a-dozen international caps receiving no more pay than his colleagues with none. The life may be a pleasant one, but it has its obvious risks and temptations. Abstract laurels, the eulogies of the Press and local adoration are exhilarating things in their way, but players have felt quite unable to see the justness of the rule which pinched their pockets in the vigorous and only prime of their days, and gave their committees more money than they knew what to do with.

So much for the players' point of view. The towns which have supported their action are not in so creditable a position. They stand to the inferior towns with paid football teams like the bosses of a trust towards small concerns whose success in business, comparative or otherwise, excites their envy. These lesser clubs have hitherto been protected by the wages limit. Most of them have one or two fine players as the backbone of their teams, and they have felt tolerably secure in the possession of these men so long as they could manage to pay them the highest legal wage. Without them their existence would be in danger. They would sink in league tables, and gradually and inevitably drop into the pit of decay which awaits the unsuccessful in football, as in other careers. They have struggled on to the best of their ability, now elating and now depressing their partisans, but always sustained by hope and the wages' limit. This prop is now taken from them. The gain is all for the large towns, and anyone with an imagin-

ation and an interest in the matter may anticipate the sordid intrigues, and the equally sordid triumphs, in men and money which will begin for them with the playing season of 1909-10. The human nature of their football committees is as average as that of the players themselves. And thus expressly licensed to offer unlimited wages to good men, they may be relied upon to write cheques which will be the despair of the smaller clubs in seducing from them their best players. Gate money is the only practical ambition of a professional football club, and gate money ebbs and flows with the success or failure of its team, which in its turn depends, of course, upon the skill of its men.

One may dislike professional football or approve of it, with more or less enthusiasm, as the people's chief open air pastime; but there can be no doubt that so far it has been kept admirably free from abuses. The wages' limit has left powers of growth to a certain very precious *esprit de ville* in football. To play for their town and help it to win the Cup is the laudable yearning of thousands of honest-hearted lads in scores of our manufacturing towns. They are allured, of course, by the good pay as football professionals, but local glory stands also for very much to them. One would have liked to see this spirit maintained and stimulated. The Crystal Palace on April 25th showed what it could do for eleven Englishmen under the present rules. The Wolverhampton players in the Cup Final realised as perhaps never before on such an occasion that they represented their own town and county against a team of picked purchases of the North, collected almost regardless of the size of their transfer fees. The grim and quite noble determination which gave them their victory was due in a great measure to the inspiring sense that, if they won, their town would rejoice with them. Mostly local men, they fought for their town's credit as well as their own, and beat a team of internationals with tactics and skill that reminded one of Creçy, Agincourt, and many another real battlefield, where English doggedness, rooted in patriotism, prevailed against numbers and superior fitments of war.

It seems a pity that this valuable ethical asset for the nation should be condemned to sacrifice on the altar of mere lucre. Go it must, however, unless the Football Association changes the human nature of professional players as well as its rules. Imagine the sequel to the Cup Final of 1908 if this had been played under the conditions destined to prevail a year hence. The moneybags of the football committees of the manufacturing towns with populations of half a million or so, and London itself, would, an hour after the match, have been opened against the victorious town of Wolverhampton and its mere one hundred thousand souls. Most of the men who had shown such surprising pluck in fighting for their own town would in a week be tempted to sign themselves elsewhere. With wives and chidren dependent upon them, one could not blame them for hailing the prospect of double or treble wages; but it would be the death blow to their playing honor none the less, and their town's loss in the moment of its triumph.

The future of professional football on these lines promises to be contemptible and brief.—Yours, &c.,

April 29th, 1908. FOOTBALLER.

WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many of us who are in favour of the proposal to confer the suffrage upon women are filled with regret at the recklessly destructive tactics which the extremists among the Suffragist party are now employing. They profess to desire the franchise in order that their votes may accelerate the advent of social reform; yet they daily endeavour to defeat Parliamentary candidates who are pledged to support social reform, and do their utmost to secure the return of its bitterest opponents. Many of them profess to believe that temperance reform is of the utmost importance to all members of the community—men, women, and children alike; but in a contested election they do what they can to return a supporter of "the trade" (although he is an opponent of woman's suffrage) and defeat a candidate who is pledged to temperance reform (although he is in favour of woman's suffrage). Do these ladies hold that social reform is to stand still until their singular methods have converted the constituencies to their views, and that the yoke of intemperance is rightly to be fixed on the neck of a perverse generation which is not yet convinced of the expediency of conferring the franchise upon them? It is the incapacity of these political anarchists to take a wider and less selfish view of their duties to the community which they conceive they are educating that has filled many of the supporters of the suffrage movement with undiluted indignation and disgust.—Yours, &c.,

CONVINCED SUFFRAGIST.

Lincoln's Inn, W.C.,
April 16th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—What fills me with surprise in the letters to THE NATION, written by women Liberals who think the enfranchisement of their sex a matter of secondary importance, is the absolute want of appreciation, not only of the value of a vote *to* a sex, but also of the value of womanhood *as* a sex.

With regard to the value of a vote, they seem unable to realise that it is the keystone and hall-mark of freedom—the beginning and foundation of the power to protect one's independence of thought and action. I have no wish to exaggerate, but every Suffragist must know how often the argument is used, "Oh, a vote will bring discord into the family," which means, if it means anything, either that the woman must not have opinions of her own or that she must not express them responsibly. And the natural result is that we of the Suffrage Societies have members who subscribe surreptitiously, so that their husbands may know nothing about it, or sympathisers whose husbands will "not allow" them to join our ranks. Surely the vote will teach men and women, as nothing else perhaps will, that women have a right to their own opinion, and so to their own actions.

The "want of appreciation of the value of womanhood" is seen very clearly (amongst many other things) by the inequality of the "moral law" (in its restricted sense) between men and women. We still have State regulation of vice in our dependencies, which means the last degradation of women by men-made laws for their own (men's) protection. We still have clauses in our Criminal Law Amendment Act, put in by men, apparently, to get men off the just punishment (according to law) of his own infamous acts, at the expense of women. We still talk of "fallen women" without realising (some of us) that every fallen woman means also a fallen man.

If women—which will not be—lose the battle now for the freedom and dignity of womanhood, who can tell how far a wave of reaction might go? The emancipation of women, and the placing in their hands of a weapon to prevent any possible reversion towards sex dominance in the future, the giving to the Councils of the State the voice (through the ballot-box) of the womanhood and motherhood of the country, seems to me a revolution of far deeper meaning for good than any individual Liberal measure. The Liberal measures will follow (as they have done in New Zealand) with increased impetus and efficiency when women are represented. As George Meredith—the greatest understander of women—says: "There is a democratic virus secret in every woman." Motherhood, potential or actual, is the great leveller, because by sympathy only comes understanding.

I appeal to all who love fair play, to the lawyers who are keeping women LL.B.'s out of their profession, to the universities who are keeping their degrees from women who have earned them. Is it fair play to ask us to let you regulate our interests? Can the dominant partner be depended upon to see what is best and look after the interests of the other? The answer to this is the history of England, and the voice of the best men of the country, who are all on our side. They are only pausing, with the British love of caution, to ask us if we can't put it off again a "little longer." We must answer very firmly, "No."—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL WOMAN.

April 21st, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think your correspondent, Mr. Lloyd Thomas, does not grasp the main reason for the resentment Liberals

feel at the action of the Suffragettes at Peckham and the present bye-elections. Every fair-minded individual admits their right to carry on their campaign in favour of the suffrage with all possible vigour. But at the present time there is an issue before the country of far greater importance, and one which affects women equally with men.

If the Government's Licensing Bill is defeated, it will be a long time before another attempt is made to curtail the power of that most powerful vested interest, the liquor trade, and to eradicate the curse of intemperance from our land. The struggle over this question gives the Suffragettes the best opportunity they could have of proving the reasonableness of their demand for the Parliamentary franchise. If they would throw themselves whole-heartedly into the struggle against the liquor trade, as Lady Dorothy Howard is doing, they would by such action have provided an overwhelming argument for granting them the vote. We are seeing how the attitude of the Bishops in regard to the Licensing Bill has made brighter the possibility of a settlement of the education question, and surely the same would happen in the suffrage question. Such a course, at any rate, would more favourably impress the Government than this short-sighted policy of opposing it in its struggle for the public welfare.—Yours, &c.,

J. S. F.

Hendon, N.W., April 21st, 1908.

ARMAMENTS AND UTILITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your correspondent in your issue of the 11th inst. argues that the instrumentality of man, in so vigorously assisting towards the perpetuation of the useful in animal and vegetable life, and towards the destruction of all vicious species, entirely vitiates the proposition that utility rather than fighting power is the paramount law of nature in the "survival of the fittest."

Surely, however, man is a part of nature—the highest product indeed of natural evolution, and his conduct is just as subject to natural laws as the habits of all other created things. Is he not, indeed, nature's greatest instrument and interpreter? Quite apart, moreover, from any intervention of man, biologists tell us that such law of utility exists. "It is through helpfulness in fertilisation of plants that a larger part of the insects support themselves, while plants in return make sure of fertilisation by being helpful to insects." Indeed, the biological prophets would go further and assert that all insects which are harmful to plants and animals are but temporary types, the passing of which will occur in a comparatively short time so that ultimately every form of life to be comparatively safe must learn to perpetuate itself through helpfulness. Such a proposition does not necessarily involve the assertion that force has never or can never be usefully employed. It asserts merely that utility is the predominant factor, and that unless force is subservient to this paramount consideration, it becomes an element of self destruction rather than of self defence.

Surely it is illogical to argue, without some explanation, that man, having vigorously nurtured the useful in all animal and vegetable life, is naturally imbued with an impulse to attack a useful national life should he find such perchance undefended. Probably this belief has its origin in a misconception about trade, and in the superstition that the trading efficiency of one nation is a menace to its neighbour. Our assets are presumably our trade with our possessions, but since this trade is open to the free competition of the world equally with ourselves, it can be nothing else than the skill, the industry and the enterprise of our people, that our neighbours are presumed so jealously to covet. But how superficial must be any such sentiment, if it exists. How could we ourselves be eager to strike a blow at the efficiency of any unaggressive national existence? Imagine that we could, simply by a wish, substitute for our American and European trade rivals a race commercially as inefficient as the Thibetans, would we do so? Is not the measure of our neighbours' competition precisely the measure that they are to us good customers and helpful purveyors of our wants? Does not their competition itself often bring us the greatest benefits and knowledge in its train? Why then is it incumbent to imagine that our neigbours would seek to strike an entirely unprovoked blow at the efficiency that renders us their best and richest customers, at the very moment when our purchasing power was about to be very materially increased?

At this moment how eagerly does commercial England await signs of the resumption of trade activity in the United States!

Trade cannot at once be a source of antagonism and an influence making for peace.

"Free Trade," said Mr. Lloyd-George, on the 20th inst., at Manchester, "is slowly but surely clearing a path through the dense and dark thicket of armaments to the sunny land of brotherhood among nations," while Sir Robert Giffen, in the "Nineteenth Century," for August last, suggested, "Cobden may have been right after all in his notion that increased commercial intercourse between nations ought to make war impossible."

On what evidence, again, does your correspondent base his confident, but unsupported, assertion that "a nation contemplating suicide has but to render itself defenceless"? China, though practically unarmed, has a more peaceful, as well as an infinitely more lengthy record of existence than any armed European State, and if she has lately come near to committing national suicide, is not this precisely because her effete and archaic Government has stood in the way of her utility to the rest of the world? Had her inutility been armed, might not her suicide have been complete?

Does your correspondent suggest by his remarks that if our police expenditure was going up, as is that of our armaments, by leaps and bounds, he would regard it otherwise than evidence that our civilisation was socially defective and calling vehemently for reforms to render it more useful—rather than for more policing. I suggest that precisely the same argument applies, though much more forcibly, to our foreign relations.

With representative government, open ports, and a declaration of willingness to submit all international questions to arbitration, our foreign relations, being based thus on the highest plane of freedom and justice, would more nearly approach the ideal than would in fact our social conditions.

Is it really extravagant to believe that our own immensely increased prosperity, resulting from disarmament, would immediately have the most beneficial effect on the prosperity of our neighbours, and that so bold and useful a policy, far from instigating aggression, might not win early and hearty imitation?

Your correspondent thinks the proposal impractical, but is he equally sure that the present state of society is practical for long. "Unless," wrote Lord Avebury in the "Review of Internationalism," June, 1906, "something is done, the condition of the poor in Europe will grow worse and worse. It is no use shutting our eyes, revolution may not come soon, not probably in our time, but come it will, and as sure as fate there will be an explosion such as the world has never seen."

The inutility of slavery killed the old Greek and Roman civilisations, the inutility of armaments is threatening our own.

Lastly, has your correspondent sufficiently realised to what an extent our most cherished convictions are the outcome of the mental atmosphere in which we have been bred, rather than of any unbiassed investigation of past experience and observation. We of to-day have been brought up to believe that "Armament," rather than "Utility," implies "Power," but how little relation in the past has there been between the strength of inherited convictions and their truth!—Yours, &c.,

A. R.

April 23rd, 1908.

A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Referring to your interesting notes, p. 107, in your issue of the 25th inst., the truly "National Memorial to Shakespeare" would, in my humble opinion, be a "Shakespeare National Fund," to be devoted to the encouragement of young people who intend taking up the stage as a profession.

Consequently, instead of the proposed "Shakespeare

Theatre" or "Shakespeare Monument," I would suggest a "Shakespeare Dramatic School for Scholarships." It is not necessary, at the moment, to go into the details of such a scheme. That would have to be worked out if (and when) the money had been secured for such purposes.—Yours, &c.,

OBSERVER.

Mayfield, Jesmond, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
April 27th, 1908.

"THE BREAKING POINT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been much disappointed at not seeing a criticism of Mr. Edward Garnett's play, "The Breaking Point," in THE NATION. Your attitude towards the important question of the censorship of the drama has been so plainly stated that I had hoped you would take the occasion of the production of Mr. Garnett's play by the Stage Society as a text for further comment upon this appalling anomaly.

I had the pleasure of seeing "The Breaking Point," and, as a writer, as a woman, and a student of life, I welcome this play as a splendid effort to redeem our stage from the reproach that modern English playwrights do not concern themselves with the real, the great, and vital problems of life. We have had plenty of sermon dramas and propaganda plays during the past few years; for there are fashions in plays as well as in clothes, and the Puritanism of the past century is finding a new expression. A great gulf is fixed between Mr. Garnett's work and these plays; it is into this gulf his critics have fallen. With fine rectitude he has attempted—and, I hold, achieved—a dramatic presentment of a woman under the terrible stress of her love for her lover and her father. For the first time I find a writer understanding the breaking of a woman through the love of men.

And this play has been condemned! I have been told that it is deficient in life and lacking in human interest. It is a mournful experience to find people groping about with little spyglasses of criticism, scrutinising here and there a speck on Mr. Garnett's work, while they have failed utterly to see the value and the splendid humanity of the whole. If "The Breaking Point" has not been a success, then I can only accept it as the unfortunate truth that there is no place at present in the English theatres for a forceful transcript from life which utters facts without appraisement.—Yours, &c.,

C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.

The Cottage, Hampton-on-Thames,
April 14th, 1908.

THE FUTURE OF POOR LAW ADMINISTRATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—Your correspondent, "G. C. C.," begins his letter by stating that "there can be no doubt as to the advisability of making the Poor Law part of the borough administration just as education is in subordination to the Council as the central and co-ordinating authority." I am sorry to oppose so very dogmatic a statement, but I must say that, in common, I believe, with many others who have thought on this subject, I hold that the existing evils of the Poor Law system would be likely to be intensified by such a change, and that the precedent of the educational change is not an encouraging one. I have heard complaints from teachers in old Board Schools that they do not receive the same attention or interest from the members of the L.C.C. which they used to receive from the members of the old School Board. And how could it be otherwise? The members, even of the Educational Committee of the L.C.C., were not elected solely for their interest in education, nor can they confine their interests to that topic, though it might well absorb several men's energies. Yet the L.C.C. has come into such a splendid inheritance from the School Board, and it has, I gladly admit, chosen the head of its educational department so wisely, that it may be long before the signs of decadence are apparent to any but close observers.

But if the management of Poor Law relief is handed over to these overburdened bodies just at a time when the present administration of that work has been specially discredited in the eyes of the public, one can surely expect only a far more complete neglect, which would facilitate and intensify the present chances of corruption and maladministration; and this fear applies, in some ways, even more strongly to Borough Councils than to County Councils. But I know that the present scandals will cause a demand for a speedy and, too probably, an even hasty, reform. Therefore, I would suggest another possible solution of the difficulty which may, at least, be considered before the one suggested by your correspondent is finally accepted.

The evil of the present Poor Law administration has, I believe, arisen from the limited choice of candidates. In many of those poorer districts the people whom the electors have before them are either those who have no time to spare for the duties proposed or those who see their way to take advantage of their position for their own purposes. If the choice of electors was extended to the whole of London, and a Board was elected, not for Poplar or West Ham, but for London as a whole, I believe that there are plenty of people in the wealthier and more leisurely districts who would gladly devote the same care and interest to the poor of West Ham and Poplar that is now given by voluntary philanthropic societies recruited from other than East End districts. We should thus retain the advantages of the *ad hoc* elections without their present disadvantages. Of course, there would have to be provided machinery for making known to the electors their new opportunities. But all such details are already provided for in the now well-known schemes of what is now called "proportional representation," but which I heartily wish might have retained their more helpful name of "personal representation."—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead, April 20th, 1908.

Poetry.

NATURE'S MOODS.

I LIKE the showers that make the grass so fresh,
And birds' notes fresher too; and like the Mist,
Who makes thin shadows of those heavy Hills
That carried in the light a hundred fields,
A score of woods, and many a house of stone.
Or see the jealous Sun appear, and make
That Mist, Morn's phantom lover, go;
And drive him to the farthest hill in sight,
On which he'll make his last and dying stand;
A lover, he? Ah no: a vampire, who
Comes out of Night's black grave and sucks Morn's blood.
I like to see the Sun appear at last,
To meet the Clouds—Clouds armed with arrow rain—
And see him lift his rainbow banner high.
Or see, upon a misty night, how stars
Half ope their eyes and close, as if in doubt
To keep awake or not; how sometimes they
Do seem so far and faint I almost think
My eyes play false, and they are Fancy's stars.
I welcome Nature in her every mood;
To see a hundred crows toss wild about,
Blowing in Heaven's face like balls of soot,
As they make their delirious cries, sure signs
Of coming storm—not half a one, I hope.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE late Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman believed that Lafcadio Hearn will, in time, be as much of a romantic personality and tradition as Poe now is. This seems highly probable, for Hearn was largely endowed with "fame's great anti-septic—Style," and had also the good fortune to write of Japanese civilisation at the moment when it was about to be transformed by Western influences. The freshness and charm of his letters, too, were remarkable, written, as they were, at the end of the nineteenth century, when letter-writing had almost become a lost art. It seems that many of these letters still remain unpublished, and we are promised a further instalment in a book by Dr. G. M. Gould, "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn," which Mr. Fisher Unwin has in preparation. Dr. Gould, whose former work, "Biographic Clinics," laid down the theory that eye-strain is a determining factor in the literary temperament, was an intimate friend of Hearn. His book is, however, far from a mere eulogy. He denies that Hearn can, with any justice, be called a great man. "To have character is to control circumstance; Hearn was always its slave. Except in one particular, the pursuit of literary excellence, Hearn had no character whatever. His was the most unresisting, most echolike mind I have ever known. He was a perfect chameleon; he took, for a time, the colour of his surroundings. He was always the mirror of the friend of the instant, or, if no friend was there, of the dream of the instant. . . . His merit, almost his sole merit, and his unique skill lay in the strange faculty of colouring the echo with the hues and tints of heavenly rainbows and unearthly sunsets, all gleaming with a ghostly light that never was on sea or shore; so that, fused as he was with his work, he himself became that impossible thing, a chromatic voice, a multi-coloured echo."

* * *

IN "George Selwyn and His Times," a book which is announced by Messrs. Methuen, Mr. S. Parnell Kerr has chosen a subject full of promise. He has, besides, obtained access to a series of unpublished Selwyn letters which are said to contain many intimate touches. Selwyn played a certain part in the social life of the Regency, his passion for gambling being remarkable even in that age of reckless gamblers. The four volumes of letters written to him are delightful reading, and the essay which they drew forth from Abraham Hayward is one of his liveliest and most entertaining. Selwyn's morbid interest in executions and death gave rise to much banter among his friends. "If Mr. Selwyn calls," said the first Lord Holland on his death-bed, "show him up: if I am alive, I shall be glad to see him; and if I am dead, he will be glad to see me."

* * *

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have in preparation an English translation by Mr. R. Hobart Cust of the interesting series of letters written by Alessandra Mancinghi Strozzi from Florence, to her children in exile, during the latter half of the fifteenth century. These letters, which were first published by Cesare Guasti about thirty years ago, throw a valuable light upon the social and political history of Florence at the time of the Renaissance. Alessandra Strozzi, their writer, was a woman of great force of character. She was a warm supporter of the Medicis, and when the rest of the Strozzi family were driven into exile, she bravely remained at Florence watching over their interests, and it was largely through her efforts that the family won its immense fortune, and was able to build the magnificent Strozzi Palace.

* * *

ANOTHER translation which should be useful to students of fifteenth century history is that of "The Diary of John Burchard of Strasburg," by Mr. A. H. Mathew, which is to be issued by Mr. Francis Griffiths. Burchard was Master of Ceremonies to no fewer than five Popes—Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., Alexander VI., Pius III., and Julius II.—and frequent references to his diary are to be found in the pages of Ranke, Gregorovius, Creighton, Acton, and other historians who have dealt with the period. Burchard probably started the work with the intention of keeping a record of precedents and official duties for the benefit of his successors, but later on he treats of extraneous affairs and the course of contemporary politics. The book will contain an introduction giving a biography of Burchard, and the narrative of the diary is supplemented by an appendix consisting of dispatches from agents and diplomatists at the Papal Court.

* * *

IT is nearly forty years since Matthew Arnold's essay on Eugénie de Guérin made her name familiar to English readers. His verdict that she had that in her which preserves a reputation seems to be borne out by the facts, for her "Journal" has almost taken its place as a classic. A new translation of it, made by Mr. William Lightbody, is to make its appearance in Messrs. Routledge's "New Universal Library" about the middle of next month. Other books to be added to the same excellent series are Mark Pattison's "Essays" and John Stuart Mill's "Auguste Comte and Positivism."

* * *

"STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS: A STUDY IN AMERICAN POLITICS," by Professor Allen Johnson, of Bowdoin College, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan, is the biography of the man who was at one time the serious rival of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln's name is now a household word, and Douglas is almost forgotten, but when the two men met in joint debate some fifty years ago, it was Senator Douglas and not Mr. Lincoln who attracted the larger share of attention. After the capitulation of Fort Sumter in 1861, Douglas stood by the Union, and was sent on a mission by Lincoln to the North-Western States. Professor Jackson describes his book as "not a vindication, but an interpretation of a personality whose life spans the controversial epoch before the Civil War." Other books to be issued at an early date by Messrs. Macmillan are the fourth volume of Mr. Fuller Maitland's edition of "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," "The Poems of T. E. Brown" in the Golden Treasury Series, and "The Philosophy of Loyalty" by Professor Josiah Royce.

* * *

THE high level of scholarship maintained in Dr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible" and "Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels" gives special interest to the announcement by Messrs. T. and T. Clark that they will publish in September next the first volume of another work on similar lines. This is to be an "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," which aims at giving an account of religious ethics in all ages and in all countries of the world. There are to be articles not only on every religion, but on every separate religious practice and belief, as well as on every separate ethical idea and every separate moral practice. Among the contributors are Professors Farnell, Warde Fowler, Gwatkin, Petrie, Hartmann, Ridgeway, Macdonnell, Goldziher, Schrader, and Nöldeke. The section on Ethics will be introduced by a general article written by Professor Muirhead.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The History of Twenty-five Years, 1856-1880." By Sir Spencer Walpole. Vols. III. and IV., 1870 to 1880. (Longmans. 21s. net.)

"National and Social Problems." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Religious Teachers of Greece." Gifford Lectures on National Religion delivered at Aberdeen. By James Adam, Litt.D. (T. & T. Clark. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Sacred and Profane Love and Other Poems." By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Beaux of the Regency." By Lewis Melville. (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"A History of Art." Vol. I. Ancient Art. By Dr. G. Carrotti. Revised by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, Litt.D., LL.D. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

"The English People Overseas: A History." Vol. I. By A. Wyatt Tilby. (Griffiths. 15s. net.)

"Marotz." By John Ayscough. (Constable. 5s.)

"L'Année Sociale et Economique en France et à l'Etranger." Par Paul Fesch. (Paris: Rivière. 7 fr. 50.)

"La Correspondance de Marat." Recueillie et annotée par Ch. Vellay. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

"Les Villes d'Art Célèbres: Munich." Par Jean Chantavoine. (Paris: Laurens. 5 fr.)

Reviews.

THE JOURNALIST.*

It seems difficult to write a good book on a great journalist: and if this type of workmanship in literature is rare, Mr. Dasent has made no definite contribution to it. Where Carlyle could not quite succeed, Mr. Dasent may well be excused for failure. The *status* of a journalist—especially in this country—is very indefinite. Few can seize its exact significance and appraise its real value, and though Mr. Dasent has had unrivalled opportunities in the way of free access to his uncle's intimate life and correspondence, he does not happen to have the experience or the faculty either to tell us precisely what Delane *was* in himself, or to describe the part he played in the society and the political organism of which he was part. Mr. Dasent can know little of politics. He misreports simple facts of contemporary history like the Benedetti Treaty; he is at once a hero-worshipper and a somewhat guileless partisan; and he is merely grotesque when he says that "Cobden's one and only idea of foreign policy was the promotion of trade, and that of the calico printers in particular." But by the mere force of citation, by dint of being, like the Seraphin, unwearied in praise, he does in the end distinguish and glorify his subject. Delane lives in these pages for at least something that he represented, and if the undiscerning are misled, it has been their fate to be so handled since time began.

The intelligent reader, however, will require some winnowing of the mass of correspondence and tittle-tattle which is here presented to us, some clear, pictorial presentment of the great editor of the "Times" in the atmosphere which he breathed. Why was Delane so powerful? He had no literary power. He lacked distinction of mind. He failed in clearness, certainly in farsightedness, of judgment. His thousand and one letters are nearly all readable; but not six are quotable. He was a Philistine, and would not have succeeded if he had been anything else. As late as 1867, within three years of the final triumph of Italian liberty, he thought Garibaldi "a mad dog," and wished him death before the Roman gates. He conceived that the hanging of the "Manchester murderers," one of the historic mistakes of English Government, was an essential act of administrative justice. He foresaw none of the larger political ideas and combinations of his time, neither German Imperialism nor English democracy. How was it, then, that from 1845 to 1865, to take the period when his powers were most freely exercised, he was not only the undisputed head of a profession which had not then arrived at its full maturity of material power, but was one of the twenty most influential men in England?

The answer would seem to be that Delane had the qualities which fitted him to shine in, and in a sense to control, his environment. He came very young to the editorship of the "Times"—he was 23 when the second member of the Walter dynasty offered him the command. He was self-confident to audacity, laborious, superficial, had brisk Irish blood in his veins, and was quick to master the technicalities of his business. He had good and serious manners. He belonged by birth to the small gentry, and shared their tastes and pursuits—could shoot and ride, and knew a field of oats when he saw it. He succeeded to a literary estate which an able man had half-made, and an astute and adaptive intelligence could fully cultivate. Mr. Dasent has not the art to show us the secret of the method of his earlier enterprises; but he does abundantly illustrate, out of Delane's mouth and pen, the astonishing completeness of his latter conquests. At least three Prime Ministers of the mid-Victorian period—Aberdeen, Palmerston, Disraeli—and two Foreign Ministers—Clarendon and Granville—were his constant correspondents, and disclosed to him freely such intimate matters as the *personnel* of new Ministries on their formation, their special minds and inclination on policy, their plans for a session, their design to keep power or to relinquish it. Lord Clarendon was equally confidential about Irish policy and foreign relationships. Disraeli sued him, with an unpleasant touch of servility, for friendly reviews of his books. Lord Torrington, proudly enrolling himself as his "Windsor Special," kept him minutely and very candidly advised concerning the Queen's moods, her shyness, her thrift, her persistent cult of family interests, her inveterate pro-Prussian tendencies. He had many such sources of information, notably in his later intimacy with the Duchess of Sutherland. Palmerston consistently cultivated him both as a friend and as a favoured journalist. The tone of all the confidential letters is quite familiar. Delane was a true associate of all these men, and it is clear that in the essential business of balancing such intimacies with his absorption in the interests of the "Times," and his journalist's passion for exclusive and authoritative news, he walked with an almost unfailing step.

The secret of this power is the interesting problem of the book which Mr. Dasent presents without consciously trying to solve it. It lay in the first place in the simplicity of his task. He had nothing to do with democracy—the management of which is the task of modern statesmanship. Delane produced a paper for the governing classes, for diplomatists, statesmen, members of Parliament, great ladies with curious souls, and the well-to-do world in Europe, of which the "Times" was the chief, the necessary, exchange. He had not reached the stage of servile dependence on which a later English newspaper founded its fortunes. "Snobbism" had not arrived. Delane was a manly person, and he could afford to conduct a manly paper. Moreover, the precise stage of political development reached in the England of the 'fifties suited him. There was little conflict of principles. The warfare was that of personalities. The political pack was shuffled and re-shuffled with the object of cutting in or cutting out half a dozen "Court cards"—Palmerston, Russell, Derby, Aberdeen, Disraeli, and, in a lesser degree, the earlier Gladstone, with whom, indeed, Delane's relations were neither easy nor cordial. Delane took the right estimate, from his own point of view, of such a situation. He was a strong man, and he knew that the maintenance of his power as a journalist, and the depository and dispenser of State secrets, depended not only on his discretion and personal loyalty, but on the knowledge that the "Times" was not the slave of any special member of this band of semi-sanctified *condottieri*, but was open, in turns, to the advances of all. Thus he kept the "Times" always in power. Each day's issue, treated, as Delane confessed, as a kind of self-contained unit, a creature "without a past," lived for itself.

Delane's specific, indeed, was independence, his sense of pride in his profession, and of a certain mastery due largely to the singularity of the position of his paper. He was bound to no party and no chief. This freedom involved him in no moral difficulties. He rightly exercised judgment and censure on opportunists like Russell and Disraeli, highly honorable and enlightened, but somewhat inefficient, administrators like Aberdeen, adepts in adventurous "bluff" like Palmerston, and incompetent servants of the State like Sir Charles Napier. Thus to him ran vanity, jealousy, ambition in their hour of need, hoping to find a friend or fearing to meet a foe, and, though he was no genius, he knew how to treat such applicants. He was Jingo, friend of liberty, moderator, in turns, thinking, with deep and steady calculation, of his newspaper as the arbiter of many irrational destinies. When he chanced on types owning some affinity with idealist politics—such as Bright and Cobden—he misunderstood and, therefore, vilified them. But he was perfectly at home with the Lowes, Osbornes, Woods, Clarendons, Malmesburys, of his time. And he was a most exact and unwearying journalist. None of the minutiæ of his business were too boring or too mean for him. Inveterate diner-out as he was, all his social pleasures centred in his work at the proof-littered desk at Printing House Square. His letters record his labors—his presence at the office till the small hours of the morning, his vexation at misprints, his cares about type, and the precise tone and phrasing of articles, his diligent choice of subjects and writers, his temperate and singularly loyal handling of his staff. In presenting all these sidelights on his character, Mr. Dasent has done, perhaps, even better than he intended to do, for he has shown where lies the essential power of journalism.

* "John Thadeus Delane: His Life and Correspondence." By Arthur Irwin Dasent. John Murray. 2 vols. 32s. net.

A HISTORY OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT.*

One of the principal ideas suggested by the study of social institutions seems to be that there is a close connection between the present aspect of such institutions and their past. Whatever parcelling up the division of labour between single workers may lead to, the study of modern facts and historical investigation have to be equally taken into account in order to get at a rational explanation of any subject.

This general truth may be conveniently illustrated by the personal work of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. They began their literary career as social reformers, anxious to collect and to analyse the facts necessary to solve the entangled problems of contemporary economics. Gradually these studies widened into remarkable investigations of a sociological kind. "Industrial Democracy" and the sketch of the "Co-operative Movement" are as interesting for persons concerned with observing the structure and functions of economic society as they are to those who seek light on practical questions of labour organisation and on the relations between labour and capital. And, again, it is not merely as abstract sociologists that Mr. and Mrs. Webb have had to do their work: to provide a basis for sociological generalisations they had to turn more and more to historical material and to use the methods of historians. Such was the case, already, in the "History of Trade Unionism," and it is even more so in the joint work produced on "Local Government." In this last instance it was clear that the conditions of local government in England could not be interpreted by a mere general survey of existing facts. Municipal arrangements in all their varieties are specimens of *life*, and it is impossible to cut off their latest developments from their previous growth. Even on its title page the work purports to be concerned with the time from the Revolution of 1689 to the Municipal Corporations Act. But, as a matter of fact, investigation had often to be carried into earlier times. To put it shortly, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have thoroughly realised that in order to explain the growth of a tree you have to look to its roots.

If one could apply ideal standards to human work, one might say that even more remote periods than those treated in the new book ought to come in for a larger share. The writers themselves have often to confess that their treatment of their subject would have gained if they could draw freely on data from a time when such institutions as the Manor were in full working order. A captious critic may point out that in some cases the study of local organisations is curtailed by incomplete information as to medieval life. The treatment of homage, *e.g.*, the association of tenants forming the Manorial Court, might have been free from some discrepancies as to the part played by freeholders and copyholders (cf. p. 15 with 37 and 67), if the writers had started on the history of homage from earlier times instead of working backwards from late evidence. The curious complications arising from the peculiar position of Ancient Demense would have called forth greater attention. The hierarchy of courts touched upon on pages 25 and 32 would have probably been more clearly traced to the building up of so-called honors. The Customary Court, in distinction to the Court Baron, would have merited a somewhat closer examination, &c. But it would be unfair to ask for perfection when so much has been actually achieved. And the fact that in this case the starting point has been taken from modern life throws perhaps into greater relief the result that students working, as it were, from both ends of a historical development, find their roads actually meeting in its centre. To my mind, the wealth of data registered by the writers of the book before us fits most excellently into the results of investigations into the early stages of local organisation

Two features are strongly impressed on the readers of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book—the variety of forms assumed by local government in the period under investigation, and the intermixture of rights and duties belonging to seemingly different kinds of institutions in the same Courts. To begin with, we witness a most exuberant growth of local bodies varying in details. We get what Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb call an ascending series—from manorial arrangements, in which local life is regulated by courts of a score of householders under the supervision of a steward, through privileged communities endowed with charters of different kinds, up to municipal commonwealths, like those of Bristol, Norwich and London. This organic growth, by which one is reminded of colonies of plants, suggests that, in point of development, we have to trace back the complicated arrangements of modern municipalities to earlier rudimentary stages, ultimately, to two or three original roots—an undifferentiated Court of the Manor, comprising elements of economic management, of petty jurisdiction, and of police, the convivial and business meeting of so-called gild-brethren, and the association of members of a chartered corporation. To mention one instance illustrating the influence of historical antecedents and their modern effects, I should like to refer to the passage in which Mr. and Mrs. Webb remind the reader that the municipal life of Manchester and Salford is still affected by the separate history of these two communities in manorial times. Even now, the person who finds that he has to change from one system of tramcars to the other in the great centre of textile industry, would have to be referred for an explanation to the separate history of the Court Leet of Manchester and the Hundred Court of Salford.

And, apart from such odd survivals, the authors have realised, in their painstaking investigation of seventeenth and eighteenth century evidence, that manorial arrangements were still, in a comparatively recent time, a most important and widely prevalent factor in local life. Especially striking are the many instances when rural, and even urban, communities had to frame far-reaching regulations of common pastures and open fields. The Court Rolls of Great Tew, Oxon., *e.g.*, have been adduced by the writers as illustrating the complicated champion farming of 1692, 1756-59-61.* The general result is expressed in the following words, "We do not think that the extent and complication of this agricultural business of the Lord's Court has been at all adequately realised. Professor Maitland, for instance, to whom we, in common with all students of English institutions, owe the deepest gratitude, suggests, that 'so far as the arable land is concerned, the common field husbandry, when once it has been started, requires little regulation. . .' However true may be this suggestion about the common agriculture of the English manor of the thirteenth century—and on this we offer no opinion—it was, we think, certainly not true of many an English manor between 1689 and 1835. By that time, at any rate, even the simplest three-course system included some variety and choice among 'crops.'" I entirely agree with Mr. and Mrs. Webb's conclusion, but I may be allowed to record the fact that my investigations of the thirteenth century and earlier materials have led me to enter the same kind of protest against a theory relying on what is termed the "automatism" of the agricultural community. (See *e.g.* "Growth of the Manor," p. 186 ff. 296 ff.)

In regard to urban life, we are given most interesting information as to the varieties of town organisation preceding the Municipal Act of 1835. The life of close corporations like Leeds, Coventry, Bristol, and of municipal democracies, as illustrated by tiny Morpeth in Northumberland, or by London itself, presents a great wealth of interesting phenomena. The conclusions reached by our authors are not in agreement with some generally received notions; they show, for instance, that, although the Royal Commission of 1834-5, produced an admirable collection of evidence, the report of the Commissioners was vitiated by abstract theory. Every evil in the management of municipal affairs was explained by the baneful influence of close self-elected bodies, and yet, according to our writers, some of the most glaring deficiencies were to be noticed in the management of democracies of ratepayers. In some cases, like that of Liverpool, for instance, close bodies had even proved themselves to be efficient public trustees. This leads to an "alternative" examination of the defects of early nineteenth century municipalities. Two features are pointed out as extremely inconvenient—the casual way in which

* "English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act." Vols. II. and III. "The Manor and the Borough." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Longmans. 25s. net.

* I have treated the same subject, with special reference to medieval antecedents, in the "Quarterly Journal of Economics," 1907, IV.

areas of administration were distributed and the rules as to membership of corporations. The management of prisons, of police, of docks, and the like, gains by being entrusted to centralised authorities, with a wide range of interests and views, while the government of shopkeepers and small workmen cannot be efficient in such cases. All the various local communities are classed under the heading of "Associations of Producers," and contrasted with "Associations of Consumers" entitled to share in provident sanitation and well-regulated order, as well as in pure air and water. To my mind, this seems hardly an appropriate sociological scheme for the matter in hand. The medieval Gild may be treated as an association of producers, but not the Manor. The latter grew up in a period when production and consumption were not clearly defined. The very essence of natural husbandry, which provided the basis for the Manor, lies in the combination of production and consumption in a local community more or less independent of wider economic intercourse. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries again, it is the complication of property with political rights which, more than the special interests of profit-seeking producers, gave the rural and urban communities their peculiar cast. The prejudiced treatment of questions bearing on administration and public interests from the point of view of pure property, explains sufficiently the attitude of the opponents of municipal reform in the thirties, such as Lord Eldon and Lord Lyndhurst, and the main defects of the system defended by them.

However this may be, the new book is certainly entitled to high praise and full recognition as a most important contribution to the study of local government in England.

PAUL VINOGRADOFF.

LONDON'S PLAYGROUND.*

A DIARIST of the seventeenth century, visiting Hyde Park, observes:—

> "Here the people of fashion take the diversion of the Ring. In a pretty high place, which lies very open, they have surrounded a circumference of two or three hundred paces with a kind of balaustrade . . . and the coaches drive round this. When they have turned for some time round one way, they face about and turn t'other: so rowls the world!"

And so, as the modern spectator may remark as he surveys the Ladies' Mile on a fine afternoon in the height of the season, it "rowls" to-day. As delectable to the sociable as it is puzzling to the misanthropic, Hyde Park represents the same spirit of serious trifling and enforced idleness as in the days when it first became a pleasure-ground for the High World some three centuries ago. What memories, one fancies, must not the soil contain, and how eagerly would we conjure from it the long procession of gay phantoms who once flirted, prinked, and promenaded over its green and gravelled widths—all the hooped and patched ladies of the eighteenth century languishing on the arms of their beaux, the great bucks and macaronis, gorgeous with frill and ribbon, powder, snuff-box, and clouded cane, betting in the Ring, ogling the orange girls, or drinking syllabub in Cheesecake House with the elegant females of "ton." And how gladly would we divest ourselves of our soberly clad modern personalities to join with the cross-gartered Elizabethans in a morice-dance on May morning; or go deer-hunting with King James; or stroll along the Ring with Pepys, cocking an admiring eye at my lady Castlemaine looking her finest "in yellow satin with a pinner on," and her hair dressed "à la négligence." We would tramp, too, over the green grass in the thick boots of Cromwell's Ironsides; flock with the gaping crowd from the grisly spectacle of Tyburn to catch, between the escort that their beauty demanded, one glimpse of "those goddesses, the Gunnings"; or pick out, from among the fashionable equestrians, the homely figure of the Earl of Chatham ambling along on his small Welsh pony.

For these are among the ghosts raised by a perusal of Mrs. Alec Tweedie's "History and Romance of Hyde Park." From its pages we learn how, from a wild primeval forest, the Park became the neat and dapper public garden that we know to-day. In Domesday Book the Manor of "Eia" is held by Geoffrey de Mandeville, and then becomes Church property, till Henry VIII. did a deal with the monks and converted the area into royal hunting-ground. Wild and beautiful, its charms were for royal eyes alone; the cotters who had settled there, draining the marshes and cultivating the soil, were summarily ejected, and a great wooden paling fenced in the whole for the confinement of deer and the exclusion of man. A gayer epoch followed with Elizabeth, whose love of pageantry and display opened up the Park to more social use; the coaches, to which her reign gave birth, bumped and bundled along the road towards Westminster, and the numerous executions at Tyburn made the spot which is now covered by the Marble Arch a never-failing centre of attraction. James, whose ideas of amusement were severely masculine, banished suggestion of pageantry from the Park, and turned it again into the closest of royal preserves. Not till the reign of Charles I. did it appear in its true character of playground of fashion. Under the Commonwealth, Hyde Park, humbled, like royalty, to the dust, was divided into lots and purchased by three merchants. One of them—"sordid fellow," as Evelyn calls him—a certain Anthony Deane, conceived the thrifty notion of charging the public an entrance fee of a shilling a coach and 6d. a horse for the privilege of using the grounds that had lately been theirs by right. This "assemblage of wretched jades and hackney coaches, as, next a regiment of carmen, there is nothing which approaches the resemblance," which presented itself to Evelyn's disparaging eye, in what he contemptuously calls "a field near the town which they call Hyde Park," was, however, soon to suffer transformation. With the advent of Charles II., the purchase of the royal lands was annulled and the property seized by the Crown. Out went Messrs. Anthony Deane & Co. and their police-like "porters with long staves"; in rushed the chariots and racehorses, the gallants and ladies and the whole mad tide of frivolity bursting from its long suppression under Puritan rule. It is at this period and in later Georgian days that Hyde Park is seen at its brightest and most gay. Under William and Mary, fashion going Kensington-wards, the Park became deserted and disreputable. It was dangerous to be near it after dark, and in 1772 a bell was rung at stated intervals in Kensington to gather people together who had ventured from London and were wishing to return. Queen Anne did her best, and, issuing an order "for the better keeping of Hyde Park," instituted gatekeepers, abolished the sale of intoxicating liquors, and forbade the entry of stage and hackney coaches, one-horse chaises, carts, waggons, and funerals. But whilst the aristocracy had been disporting themselves at Kensington, Hyde Park, much to their disgust on their return, had been invaded by the bourgeoisie. Once inside, they have elected to remain, and the "mixed" condition of the population of Hyde Park has been ever since the familiar complaint of the snob.

Mrs. Tweedie devotes considerable space to the painful and gruesome chronicles of Tyburn, and tells an entertaining account of the evolution of the carriage. The interest of her work, however, is marred by a want of control over the subject-matter and a style often commonplace and occasionally confused. At the conclusion of a chapter on duelling Mrs. Tweedie remarks (evidently in consolation) that although

> "duelling in Hyde Park is no more, suicide of rare occurrence, there are often riding accidents to-day";

whilst the following sentence, if taken literally,

> 'Only a century or so back the park was not safe at night, but now, although still badly lighted, thanks to the police force, anyone who passes through may feel secure."

casts a new and heavy responsibility upon an already burdened body of public servants.

The book is illustrated, and contains an excellent map.

* "Hyde Park: Its History and Romance." By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Eveleigh Nash 15s. net.

NOVEL OF THE WEEK.*

"MAROTZ" is a rare, a singular achievement. No English Protestant could have written this novel, though a man of mixed strains possibly has done so. The work is inspired by the deep and musing insight into human nature that distinguishes the finest type of priestly intelligence, an insight that is the spiritual product of the subtlest self-discipline,

* Marotz." By John Ayscough. Constable. 6s.

and racially, of contact with a civilisation far older than our own. The story shows a native insight into noble Sicilian and Roman ecclesiastical life that we should look for only from an Italian very sympathetic with his own people. And yet it is written, without style, in idiomatic English! In its spiritual gentleness and perfect freedom from any superiority of tone towards weak human nature the book is obviously the work of a Catholic, of a man who has carefully studied the Latin world, and who has had exceptional facilities for observation.

After a prelude of three pages in which the heroine, "Marotz," a girl of noble Sicilian race, is shown us, at a Court ball, receiving the homage of two young men, rivals, Don Fabio Maiori and Rodrigo Duca di Reviglìano, we hark back, with Chapter II. to a quietly humorous description of the family life of the noble house of San Vito, twenty years previously. Marotz's grandparents, her eccentric great aunt Zia, and her own father and mother, Prince "Hals" Nostitz and Lucia, all are observed and sketched with a quiet detachment of vision that is masterly. What is particularly delightful in this clever description of the secluded, old-fashioned life of an Italian noble family is the tone of perfect human equality between the people of rank and the humble folk. If old Maso, the village cobbler, and Don Ercole, the village priest, whose passion for making money is only surpassed by the Contessa Belgiòjosa's passion for hoarding it, had been presented to us by any English novelist, all the uneasy shades of class feeling would have crept into the picture. But they scarcely exist in the South. There men are men and women are women first, and condescension and servility, if manifested, are not in the people's nerves and blood: moreover, the inner dignity of these Southerners gives them a frankness of feeling which is not the less subtle because it springs from an acceptance of the facts of human nature. The passion for "getting on," in fact, has not vitiated their self-respect or their inner sincerity.

Marotz, feeling that she has a vocation for the religious life, accepts neither of her suitors, but, on an impulse, enters the Convent of the Reparation as a postulant. The section of eighty pages which describes the "contemplative" spiritual life of the twelve sisters will be quite a revelation to the Protestant intelligence: we know nothing like it in modern literature. Quite simple and quite unassuming, it breathes a fine tranquility of faith which is all the more convincing because it faces all that range of unwelcome truth which is involved in human defeat and failure. If there is any truth in the contention that Catholicism has produced the finest type of religious aspiration in men and women, it is probably because its understanding of human weaknesses is more charitable than we find in the Protestant attitude. There are many strikingly human passages in the book, many pregnant sayings: the page we quote may be surpassed by others, but it is a fair example of the author's quality:—

> "For more than a week this overwhelming sense of God continued, and she spoke as little as she could to anyone, even to Poor Sister. There was only one thing she could speak of, and to speak of that was like telling the Secret of the King.
>
> "The nuns left her, not alone, but to herself.
>
> "Then, almost suddenly, it ended, and there came a change that at first seemed merely ghastly.
>
> "She could not pray. And when she tried, her words came aloud, and from the surface of her lips; it seemed as if her heart had grown dumb, and God Himself was deaf. She cried out to Him, but there was no voice nor any that answered. . . . . What was God? What had happened to Him?
>
> "Heaven was as brass; and, lifting piteous hands to it, there came back only the echoing clang of her own striking at its gates. It seemed as if there was no one inside. The saints stood stiff in a mummied sleep, the angels had dried up like mists of the hopeful morning in a pitiless noon.
>
> "She was afraid to go to the chapel lest some nun praying there should see her face, and be horrified at the blank misery that must be written on it. Still she felt she must go there.
>
> "It was empty; and the sun was beating down into it from the high windows; kneeling down in a hidden corner, she tried to rest her aching spirit in the simple, easy prayer of petition.
>
> "But it was not easy; it was not even possible. If she prayed for sinners a hateful curiosity assailed her, and the thought of their sins, like an ugly picture, wove itself swiftly into her imaginations. She shook her head impatiently, as if she could shake out the thoughts that stung her like unclean flies.
>
> "Her prayer for the wicked seemed to contaminate herself.
>
> "'Marotz,' said Sister Mechtild, 'it is what comes to all in the spiritual life. With me it began seven years ago.'
>
> "'And how long did it last?' the girl asked.
>
> "'It is lasting still,' the nun answered simply.
>
> "Marotz looked at the sweet, calm face, the smile that was so gentle and so cheerful, and felt herself blushing. For seven years! And the fuss that she had made after bearing it a day or two."

Marotz finds that her "vocation" is not sufficiently strong, and she leaves the convent and returns home to San Vito. Here the cold and unscrupuously worldly Rodrigo finds her out, presses his suit, and finally marries her because he is socially ambitious, and recognises the importance of securing as his wife the future Duchessa di Reviglìano, so beautiful, distinguished, and wealthy an heiress. The character of Rodrigo is analysed, again, with the impartiality of a man who knows the world thoroughly, and yet has a standpoint quite apart from the world. The marriage is, of course, an unhappy one. Rodrigo has no love to give his wife, and soon he begins to neglect her in favour of his former mistresses. The author has contrived, with a subtle reserve, to suggest all that the proud and passionate Marotz misses in her marriage, while her loftiness of soul will not let her avow it. However, a peasant girl, Cica, the goat-herd's daughter, breaks in upon her, and reveals that the babe she is carrying she has borne to Rodrigo. Marotz then leaves her husband for good. There is a proud simplicity, a singleness of feeling, in Marotz's attitude to Rodrigo that are very impressive. The interview between the husband and wife, in the Temple of Paestum, where Rodrigo comes up with her in her flight, has an artistic and moral dignity that is spiritually a product less of the modern than of the antique world. The humanity is deep, the speech sparing, the gesture austerely simple—and in them we recognise influences remote from the nervous fussiness and pettiness of our modern "society." Marotz separates from her husband, and retires to the old, gloomy castle of Torre Marco, with which San Vito has dowered her, and there she brings up her child Piccolo, who grows into a strangely beautiful lad. There is much charm in the description of Marotz's peaceful life in her garden in the lap of the mountains, and the searching analysis of the good and evil strands in Piccolo's nature is done with the delicacy of one who has learnt to scrutinise the heart of those who dare not confide. What is of particular interest in the book is the figure of Marotz herself. She is not, we think, a close study of feminine nature; she is rather a woman idealised by a man, who, standing some way off, has symbolised in her his own ideals of feminine purity and feminine passion. The novel is so quietly built up, we may add, that it will not appeal to the taste of the vulgar, who will not apprehend that it half reveals, half conceals, a complete philosophy of life.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Mr. Lucy's book, "Memories of Eight Parliaments" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d. net), like so many books that have preceded it, is in the nature, if not quite in the form, of a diary by a looker-on exceptionally placed and exceptionally gifted for his work. Mr. Lucy has known many Parliaments, and has had much to say about them all. Probably his most interesting survey is of the House of Commons which came to birth in 1874, and that which succeeded it in 1880. Both Houses were astonishingly full of the eccentric type of public man who is known as "a character." A good few of these gentlemen, Major O'Gorman, the O'Gorman Mahon, and Sir Peter O'Brien, were Irishmen, and Mr. Lucy's pen has made them all live in Parliamentary history. For historical sidelights, such as personal habits, the salient bends and twists of temperament, and the criticism of Parliament as a house full of men of all sorts and conditions rather than as a constitutional proposition, Mr. Lucy has an unrivalled faculty of observation and comment. The turn of his work is always towards humour, and towards the arts of the story-teller and the diarist. This book which we have before us has no dull page, though occasionally we should dispute a judgment or the precise turn of a story. The general vein is agreeable. It contains scores of lightly drawn portraits of personalities, among which we may select a very characteristic sketch of

MESSRS. CONSTABLE'S LIST.

"Any one who with the requisite knowledge and in a judicial spirit gave a faithful description of the various classes of contemporary Socialists, their creed and purposes, would be doing a public service."—The Times.

MR. H. G. WELLS

Has done this service in

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD.

Price 6s.

MR. HUBERT BLAND *says*:—"*He who reads it and then declares that still he cannot make out what Socialists are driving at is either affecting an ignorance of which he is free or else is obtuse beyond hope or effort.*"

19th Century Art.

MY SCHOOL AND MY GOSPEL.

By Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER. Fully Illustrated. 21s. net.

"It is written with perfect ease and self-confidence, his writing is as readable as his painting is attractive. It is a piece of psychological demonstration that is extraordinarily refreshing and alluring by reason of the simplicity of its candour."—*Graphic.*

"A Mountaineering Classic."

ICE-BOUND HEIGHTS OF THE MUSTAGH.

EXPLORATION AND CLIMBING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

By FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN and WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN. Illustrated. 21s. net.

A volume of mountain-climbing full of adventures. In the course of this expedition peaks over 23,400 feet were conquered. The Illustrations are numerous and of unusual merit.

"The Soul of a People."

THE SOUL OF SPAIN.

By HAVELOCK ELLIS. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

"The picture of a Spanish renaissance in the twentieth century. . . . It is a fascinating picture, and Mr. Ellis invests it with literary charm."—*Yorkshire Post.*

"The Correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn."

LETTERS FROM THE RAVEN.

Edited with an Introduction by MILTON BRONNER. F'cap. 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

"There is much in this little book which tells us intimately of the shy, sensitive, finely imaginative temperament of Lafcadio Hearn."—*Daily News.*

ROMANTIC TALES FROM THE PANJAB,

WITH INDIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Collected and Edited from Original Sources. By Rev. CHARLES SWYNNERTON, F.S.A. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

"Any one who peruses Mr. Swynnerton's book will gain a far better idea of the tendencies, aspirations, and mental atmosphere of the inhabitants of these far away regions than can be derived from tomes of philosophical disquisitions and anthropological or topographical reports. They are instinct with life and narrated with a dramatic force worthy of all praise."—*Daily Telegraph.*

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Younger Set," "The Fighting Chance," &c.

MAROTZ. By JOHN AYSCOUGH.

Author of "Admonition."

THE ANCIENT LAW. By ELLEN GLASGOW.

Author of "The Deliverance."

THE DAUGHTER. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

Author of "Conflict."

London: A. CONSTABLE and Co. Ltd.

?

Have you read the great Yorkshire novel

THE CLIFF END

By EDWARD C. BOOTH. 6s.

"*The publication of 'The Cliff End' marks the appearance of a new and powerful novelist, who should command our attention in no ordinary way. This book reveals a combination of gifts which the reviewer of contemporary fiction has but seldom the good fortune to discover. From the very first page Mr. Booth attracts us by his insistent humour. . . . He works with a sure, strong hand, there is no hurry, no trepidation, in leisurely deliberate manner he shows us his villagers pursuing their ordinary labour and gossip, yet so warm and true to life is the picture that they do not pall upon us. . . . A memorable book.*"—MR. SCOTT-JAMES *in* "*The Daily News.*"

THE CLIFF END

By EDWARD C. BOOTH. 6s.

"*A remarkable book . . . it must be deliberately read in order to be suitably appreciated . . . a distinct achievement, both as a literary product and as a study of real and diverse types of character.*" — "*Glasgow Herald.*" "*Clever, fresh, and original, masterly in its grasp of character and power of convincing delineation. . . . every reader who turns to it will be irresistibly carried along to the conclusion in spite of himself.*" — "*Northern Whig.*" "*One of the most delightful books of the last few years. . . . With a single book the author should establish a literary reputation that will place him in the front rank of present-day writers.*"—"*The Court Journal.*" "*Intensely interesting . . . the chapters are splendidly drawn pen-pictures of Yorkshire rural life.*"—"*The Dundee Courier.*"

THE CLIFF END

By EDWARD C. BOOTH. 6s.

GRANT
RICHARDS
LONDON.

TWO RECENT NOVELS

A COMEDY OF MAMMON.

By INA GARVEY. 6s.

"A highly diverting social comedy," says "The Times," of the humorous story of London Society; and "The Standard" says "It is crammed with witty observations—there is not a dull paragraph anywhere. The satire throughout is delicious. There is a genuine gaiety and irresponsible optimism which are quite infectious."—"The Morning Post." 6s.

THE BUTCHER OF BRUTON ST.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

With Coloured Frontispiece by FRANK HAVILAND. A powerful novel dealing with the London of to-day, and the present fashionable craze for surgical operations. The chief characters are a great surgeon, a physician, and a famous dancer, and whether or not they have been drawn from life, the book will certainly create no little discussion. 6s.

GRANT RICHARDS,
7, Carlton Street,
London,
S.W.

Mr. Wharton with the assurance to our readers that it is an exact presentment of the original.

> "In the '80 Parliament there sat for some Conservative borough an unattractive, muddle-headed man named Wharton. He forced himself first on the attention of the House with the assistance of a snuff-box and a pocket-handkerchief. When he rose to take part in debate he slowly, with portentous solemnity, produced the handkerchief. Under any circumstances it was an article calculated to aggravate mankind. Never since Joseph's wicked brethren stripped him of his cherished garment was beheld such combination of aggressive colour. It was an arrangement of blue and brown, of orange and red, of scarlet and green with glints here and there of purple and yellow ochre.
>
> "At sight of this nightmare of artistic design, slowly shaken preparatory to rendering assistance in the sending forth of a trumpet blast of nasal interjection, the House literally yelled as if in an agony of physical pain. Paying no heed to this outburst, Mr. Wharton, with increased deliberation, blew his nose, and with a flourish that flashed in dazed eyes the cruel colours of his astounding handkerchief, put it in his pocket again. Next he produced a snuff-box, not a receptacle for snuff in the ordinary sense of the term, an article that would lie in the waistcoat pocket, but a roomy chest such as might on occasion serve to carry the necessaries for a night's absence from home. Again the House yelled Mr. Wharton, bearing throughout the aspect of a man sauntering along a country lane, his mind at peace, the air disturbed by no sound harsher than the music of the lark, proceeded to take snuff."

* * *

"The Shakespeare Library," of which the first volumes have just been published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, is intended to bring within the reach of all Shakespeare students a number of works illustrating English literature and life towards the close of the sixteenth century. The series is under the general editorship of Professor Gollancz, and consists of four sections, "The Old-Spelling Shakespeare," "The Shakespeare Classics," "The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young," and "Shakespeare's England." The first section will, when completed, comprise an edition of Shakespeare's works, the text of which will be "as nearly as possible in the exact form in which it left Shakespeare's own hand." It is under the joint editorship of Dr. Furnivall, the *doyen* of Shakespearean and early English scholarship, and Mr. Boswell Stone—a sufficient guarantee for accuracy and learning—and the volumes already issued are comely and well printed. The preservation of the old spelling and punctuation makes the series of great value to students. In each case we are told the authority upon which the text is based, emendations being clearly indicated by a difference of type.

* * *

The first two volumes in the "Shakespeare's England" section are reissues of Dr. Furnivall's editions of "Robert Laneham's Letter" and "The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth" (5s. net. each). Robert Laneham was a London merchant, who went to Kenilworth to see the entertainment given by Leicester to the Queen in 1575. His letter describing the festivities is of interest to students for the information it gives about the collection of books owned by his friend, Captain Cox. Fifty-nine works are mentioned by name, and the list is annotated by Dr. Furnivall in an introduction as fresh and amusing as it is learned. Dr. Furnivall says that his reason for giving a sketch of all Captain Cox's books was that his readers "might contrast the literature of the reading unpious middle-class of Elizabeth's pre-Shakespearean time with that of the same kind of man now, and also think whence Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, sprang and what we owe them." He draws the moral that "surely no member of the Tory Party, even, can want the 'good old times' of literature before 1575 back again . . . far as we are from what we ought to be now." "The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth" contains Awdeley's "Fraternitye of Vacabondes" and Harman's "A Caveat or Warening for Commen Cursetors." Both books are full of curious information concerning the habits and slang of Elizabethan vagabonds, male and female. Harman's work, in particular, deserves to be read. It gives some delightful anecdotes of the "rowsey, ragged, rabblement of rake hells," though, with a few exceptions, the author does not seem to be alive to the humour of what he relates.

* * *

In a former issue we noticed Lodge's "Rosalynde," the first volume published in "The Shakespeare Classics" section. This is now followed up by Greene's "Pandosto" or "Dorastus and Fawnia," the original of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" and Arthur Brooke's poem "Romeus and Juliet," the original of "Romeo and Juliet" (2s. 6d. net each). A glance through both books goes far to convince one of the truth of Coleridge's dictum that Shakespeare's judgment was equal to his genius. Indeed, it would be difficult to furnish a more striking proof of Shakespeare's craftsmanship than a comparison between Brooke's long and cumbrous poem with the magical verses of "Romeo and Juliet." As is the case with the other books in the series, both these volumes have useful introductions, and are admirably produced. "The Shakespeare Library" is excellent in every way, and Messrs. Chatto & Windus deserve the thanks of every student of Shakespeare for having undertaken it.

* * *

The best of all series of a topographical nature is that known as The Highways and Byways—a series for which Mr. E. V. Lucas wrote "Sussex," Mr. A. T. Bradley "The Lake District," Mr. Arthur H. Norway "Yorkshire," and for which that energetic worker, Mr. Walter Jerrold, has just given us a volume upon "Kent" (Macmillan, 6s. net). Michael Drayton wrote of "Famous Kent," and here perhaps is beyond question the English county that is best known of all to the outside world. Cæsar and Augustine, Hengist and Horsa, Bede and Beckett, all furnish forth early associations with the county. One recalls the many famous pilgrimages to Canterbury, and in later times the long succession of interesting men and women who, by road or rail, have passed through that pleasant Kentish land to visit the Continent of Europe, or have come from other lands to see our own. It is thus particularly that the man who is not of Kent thinks of that county—as a beautiful pathway perpetually crowded with visitors to and from the coast. But the county itself is something more than a "pilgrims' way." It is good to live in, its watering-places have and deserve a wide popularity, and its inland scenery is possessed of a beauty which makes many of its lovers claim for it, as against Devonshire, the title of "The Garden of England." Mr. Jerrold opens with an attempt at the elucidation of the alternative phrases "A Man of Kent" and "A Kentish Man," but his explanation is not final. We may either believe that "A Man of Kent" is one born within the limits of the diocese of Canterbury, while "A Kentish Man" is one born within the limits of the diocese of Rochester; or we may accept the explanation that "The Men of Kent" are those born east and south of the Medway, while "Kentish Men" are those born to the left bank of that river. Each volume of this series is a reflection of the individuality of the writer. Some have been written by men with a taste for sport, devotees of the open-air life. Others are the work of men who love books and literary anecdote and folk-lore. All must needs be written by men with a taste for walking, for the "byways" of an English county cannot be travelled by rail or with the motor-car. Mr. Jerrold, as becomes his name, is of the literary fraternity. Old ballads, quaint stories of the past, legends and literary associations have a large share in his pleasant volume, to which the illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson form a feature well-nigh as important as the letterpress.

* * *

There is a certain type of political skit which requires the excitement of a Parliamentary election to make it palatable. At other and saner times it neither seems so tasteful, nor is it as easily digested. We are afraid that the tale told by Mr. Arthur Waghorne in "Through a Peer Glass: Winnie's adventures in Wastemonster" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net) is of this type. The title sufficiently indicates the model chosen for an extravaganza in which political, literary, and social personalities dance to the tune of the author's broad humour, and to the jingle of atrocious puns. There is nothing offensive in the fun of his caricatures. On the other hand they are not particularly funny, and the continuous smartness is a little oppressive. The book, however, is worth getting, for the sake of the black and white illustrations by Mr. David Wilson, which combine a sprightly sense of humorous character-drawing with a sound one of design.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS.

THE GREY KNIGHT: AN AUTUMN LOVE STORY.
By MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.
WORLD.—"A touching and refined story."

CROSSRIGGS. By MARY AND JANE FINDLATER.
MORNING POST.—"A novel of rare charm and distinction."

DAN RIACH: SOCIALIST.
By the Author of "Miss Molly."
TRUTH.—"It is some time since we read so interesting a story."

MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WYLIE NORMAN.
By Sir WILLIAM LEE-WARNER, K.C.S.I. With portraits, 14s. net.
TIMES.—"A model of unpretentious biography, and it has an exceptional value, because it sheds much new light on a famous page of history."

MEMORIES OF MEN & BOOKS.
By Rev. Professor ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A., Author of "Stories from Homer," &c. With a portrait, 8s. 6d. net.
WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—"A singularly pleasant record of a remarkable, busy and useful life."

THE PASSING OF MOROCCO.
By FREDERICK MOORE, Author of "The Balkan Trail." With a Map and 12 pages of Illustrations, 5s. net.
MORNING POST.—"An excellent and workmanlike collection of impressions."

ENGLISH SOCIALISM OF TO-DAY.
Its Teaching and its Aims Examined. By the Right Hon. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER, M.P. THIRD EDITION. 2s. 6d. net.
OUTLOOK.—"If any doubt exists as to the duty of all honest citizens to combat Socialism, it will be removed on reading this powerful exposure of its insidious aims and its dangers to all classes of the community."

THE SOCIAL FETICH.
By LADY GROVE. 5s. net.
Third Edition Ready Immediately.
DAILY CHRONICLE—"Lady Grove is always entertaining. She discourses with wit and wisdom, for she has a merry, if sub-acid humour, and she has cultivated the habit of thought."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

From ELLIOT STOCK'S LIST.

THE EARLY ENGLISH COLONIES.
With a Summary of the Bishop of London's Historical Address at Richmond, U.S.A., and the Documents in Fulham Palace on which the Lecture was founded.
EDITED BY THE REV. SADLER PHILLIPS.
PREFACE BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.
Fully Illustrated with Facsimiles of Documents, crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net *(post free, 6s. 4d.)*

THE CRAVING FOR MASS VESTMENTS.
AN EXAMINATION OF THE REPORT PRESENTED BY FIVE BISHOPS TO THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY ON
"The Ornaments of the Church and its Ministers."
By J. T. TOMLINSON.
Demy 8vo, 1s. net *(post free, 1s. 2d.)*

THE FLOWERS AND TREES OF PALESTINE
By AUGUSTA A. TEMPLE.
Square crown 8vo, Illustrated, 6s. net *(post free, 6s. 4d.)*
"The work is exceedingly well done, and is interesting from cover to cover. The information is clearly and tersely set out and admirably arranged for reference, whilst the illustrations, of which there are forty, are exquisite."—*Worcester Herald.*

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.
By ADA T. BROWNING.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
"A strong and fascinating story in verse."—*Baptist Times.*

RUPERT BRETT:
THE STORY OF A MODERN EXPERIMENT.
By HARRY FORRESTER.
Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.
"The plot has the merit of freshness, and it is worked out amid surroundings that make it essentially a story of to-day."
—*Scotsman.*

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.
OR, THE WYE VALLEY MYSTERY.
By THOMAS WALTON.
Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.
This is not a sensational novel, but a story of great interest, told in an easy and natural manner. It is believed there is not a dull page in the book; indeed, it becomes more interesting as we reach the end.

SPRING HARBINGERS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.
By M. G. B.
Royal 16mo, vellum gilt, 1s. 6d. net *(post free, 1s. 8d.)*
"A pleasantly written account of the early flowers of the year."
—*Aberdeen Journal.*

Write for List of New Books.
LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

SOCIALIST REVIEW

MAY No. A MONTHLY REVIEW OF MODERN THOUGHT. MAY No.

CONTENTS:

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, by J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.
Adam Smith as an Altruist, by RICHARD WHITEING.
The Feeding of School Children, by Councillor J. H. PALIN (of Bradford).
Housing and National Neglect, by GEORGE HAW.
Hollesley Bay, by GEORGE LANSBURY.
The Comedy and Tragedy of Factory Inspection, by X., Y. and Z.
Woman and Agriculture, by RICHARD HIGGS.
The Chairman's Address at the I.L.P. Conference, by J. R. MACDONALD, M.P.
The "Socialist Review" Outlook, by THE EDITOR.

6D. NET. OF ALL NEWSAGENTS & BOOKSTALLS. Published by the I.L.P., at 23, Bride-lane, E.C. 6D. NET.
Subscription 8/- per year or 2/- per quarter, post free, from the Publishers.

SOCIALIST REVIEW

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR
CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.
By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

THE ALBANY REVIEW.

For May. CONTENTS. Price Half-a-Crown.

THE NEW MINISTRY. By P. W. Wilson, M.P.
IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT. By H. N. Brailsford.
THE RUSSIAN HORIZON. By Wildover Johnson.
MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S OPPORTUNITY—AND RESPONSIBILITY. By L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P.
ARE OUR SENSES DETERIORATING? By Elizabeth Godfrey.
THE SPANISH NATIONAL RISING OF 1808. By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D.
A MASTER OF THE SONNET. By Madame Linde Villani.
THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT. i. Woman's Progress and the Woman's Press"; ii. Suffragette Methods. By Constance Elizabeth Maud.
RELIGION AND MODERN PSYCHOLOGY. By J. Arthur Hill.
FROM A POOR MAN'S HOUSE. By Stephen Reynolds.
CURRENT EVENTS: Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; The Housing Bill; England, Russia, and the Balkans.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London, W.

In the interest of its history and associations, as well as in beauty of scenery, the Rhine is unique among the rivers of Europe. It suggests visions of the robber knights, whose ruined castles may be seen along its banks, legends such as that of the Lorelei singing from its waters, or, to come to more recent days, Becker's "Wacht am Rhein," and Alfred de Musset's spirited reply. Mr. H. T. Mackinder, in his excellent book, "The Rhine: Its Valley and History" (Chatto and Windus), has been content to ignore the rich store of romance on which he might have drawn, and to produce a scholarly history of the effects on political and economic history which the position of the Rhine has caused. Following its course from Switzerland to Holland, he tells the story of the chief events with which each town and each tributary have been associated, showing a great wealth of knowledge and mastery of detail. Many of the illustrations in colour by Mrs. James Jardine are pretty, but in some cases, possibly owing to the deficiencies of the three-colour process, the colours are harsh and crude. Mr. Mackinder's share in the volume deserves the highest praise. He has made a close study both of the history and of the physical features of the Rhine Valley, and he has presented the results of his researches in a workmanlike manner.

* * *

"Deep in the play and passion of bird-life, as we watch it in woods and fields, we come little by little to discern the dim but living rudiments of many far-reaching and conscious forces and instincts in our own developed natures." Thus Mr. Anthony Collett on the attraction of birds, and the sentence supplies a reason for the generally sympathetic attitude of the human being towards them, and explains the curious interest of a book like "Some British Birds" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net). This work is printed from the "Book of the Open Air," is edited by Mr. Edward Thomas, and includes contributions by several naturalist writers, a dozen colour-plates from drawings by Mr. Frank Southgate, a well-known exhibitor of water-colours at the R.B.A., and five fairly successful specimens of colour photography. As regards the text, the ornithology is not made too scientific, being treated from a first-hand observer's point of view; Mr. J. W. Bond's studies in Wales, for instance, and those of Mr. A. H. Patterson in the Broads district, are recorded with all the freshness that belongs to personal and enthusiastic investigation of phenomena. Mr. J. H. Crawford has two excellent essays on sea-birds, in which he defines this class more strictly than is generally done, while "Scolopax" writes interestingly on "Some Birds of the Marsh." What may be termed the human philosophy of the subject is dealt with by Messrs. Collett and D'Esterre Baily. The latter tells of his experiments in regard to the homing instinct of birds, and goes far towards proving his contention that this instinct is not confined to racing pigeons, but is common to all birds in a greater or lesser degree, being indeed a part of a sixth sense compounded of sight and memory. His chapter on "Birds as Architects," with its special attention to the long-tailed tit, shows how the sport of bird's-nesting can be interesting without its usual accompaniment, the wholesale theft of eggs.

The Week in the City.

Very little relief has been apparent in a general aspect of dulness affecting every department of the Stock Exchange except the American market. With that exception, prices have given way generally, special weakness being shown by Home and Foreign Rails. The buoyancy shown by Americans must be ascribed to the success of the Pennsylvania bond issue, which was anticipated here last week. The issues mentioned as likely to follow in its wake are already taking shape, the most advanced being one of $50,000,000 by the Union Pacific. In the cables from the other side the assertion has been made that this would be brought out under practically the same auspices as the Pennsylvania loan—viz., Rothschilds, Barings, and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. If it were, its success would probably be well assured; but those on this side who ought to know assert that it has no such backing. In any case, it would be well for investors to be on their guard against the notion that because the Pennsylvania issue met with such a cordial response, Union Pacific or any other American company will be equally successful in placing the large sums they require. The German Reichsbank has at length been able to reduce its rate from 5½ to 5 per cent.; but, though this implies some relaxation of the monetary tension, there is no improvement in the trade and general outlook. Numerous failures are reported, and the unemployed question is very serious. In the United States matters are no better. The quarterly return of the Steel Trust discloses an enormous reduction in profits, turnover, and in orders for future work. This alone implies a great contraction in trade and increase of unemployment, and the impression is confirmed by the records of railway earnings, which exhibit a serious shrinkage in gross earnings, and a still more significant decline in net receipts, together constituting a very indifferent preliminary to the large new issues of capital which the companies find it imperative to make. The decline in earnings extends to the Canadian railways also, and jeopardises considerably the return upon all Grand Trunk securities junior to the guaranteed stock. It is hoped that the period of excessive shrinkage in traffic returns is coming to an end, and a good harvest would go far towards saving the situation on both sides of the North American border. That, however, at the best, is a remote prospect, and the outlook for the near future is by no means encouraging.

The Finances of Spain.

In the records of modern European finance there are few more creditable episodes than the recovery of the Spanish Treasury from the Slough of Despond, in which it was left at the end of the war with the United States. With her navy destroyed, her colonies torn from her, labouring under numerous internal and external obligations, and torn by domestic dissensions, the position looked indeed as hopeless as it well could be. The end of the war, however, proved to be the extremity of Spain's financial stress, and it was only after she had lost them that she became aware that her colonies, so far from being a help and support, had been the main drag upon her domestic development. A Spanish Gladstone was found in the late Senor Villaverde, whose wise adjustments of taxation and of the Treasury's relations with the Bank of Spain completed the rebuilding of the edifice of Spanish finance on a sound foundation. The result is seen in the advance of Spanish Fours, which in the recent bad years—from a Stock Exchange point of view—have moved in a contrary direction to almost every other security. From a highest quotation of 91⅜ in 1903 and 1904, they advanced to 95⅝ in 1905, and 99¼ in 1906, and 99 in 1907, while the present quotation is 92¼. It is to be hoped that the good results of all these long years of struggle and economy are not to be partially or wholly dissipated by the policy of quite unnecessary naval expansion upon which the Government decided to embark last year. At the moment the difference in the position as compared with that of some years ago is exemplified by the annual report of the Bank of Spain. After the war the main business of this institution was to bolster up the Treasury, and the greater part of its profits was derived from its dealings in Government securities, and from the inflated note circulation which it was forced to establish. For years it has been the object of the Government to reduce the note circulation and its obligations to the Bank, and in this it has succeeded to quite a satisfactory extent. As the process went on, however, it dawned upon the authorities that, if carried to a conclusion, the occupation of the Bank of Spain would be gone. The Bank was therefore urged to extend its commercial and industrial activities in order to replace the loans of the Government business, and in this it has so far succeeded that, whereas formerly two-thirds of its profits were derived from its connection with the State in 1907, the larger proportions came from commercial operations. Thus, out of a total profit of £2,330,409, the commercial business accounted for £1,313,849, and only £1,016,569 came from its Treasury business. The increased attention given by Spain's leading financiers to industrial matters must be for the good of the country, and the greater the relief they can obtain from the preoccupation of adjusting the Government finances, and the more they can concern themselves with the development of the undoubtedly ample resources of their country the better it will be. Lucellum.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON **BIBLE** WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from **6d. to £10.**

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

BOOKS WANTED.—£20 each offered. Guy Mannering, 1st edit., 3 vols. 1815, in boards uncut. Thackeray's Vanity Fair, 20 Nos., 1847-48. Vicar of Wakefield, 2 vols., Salisbury, 1766. Walton's Angler, 1653. Paradise Lost, 1667. Lamb's Shakespeare Tales, 2 vols., boards, 1827, 30/- each offered for. Scrope's Salmon Fishing, 1843. Gardiner's History of England, 2 vols., 1863. Ireland's Napoleon, 4 vols., coloured plates. Jesse's George Selwyn, 4 vols., 1843. Books with inscriptions written inside by Carlyle, Meredith, Keats, Lamb, &c. All books with coloured plates by Ackerman, &c. Special list of wants free, high prices paid. Please let us know your wants. We can supply everything.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Experts, 21, John Bright St., Birmingham. [Bargain, Harmsworth's Encyclopædia, 10 vols., 25/- cost £2 16s. net.]

Books as wedding presents—this is the subject of an interesting article in the May "BOOK MONTHLY," 6d. net. Another article is on "What Glasgow reads," and the number contains all the news of bookland, with many illustrations.

Order from your bookseller, or write for a specimen copy to the publishers, Simpkin Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS.

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

The Daily News

Founded by

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846.

Honored tradition and the spirit of modern enterprise are combined in "The Daily News." Matters of serious interest are reported at length. Place is also found, in shorter form, for the lighter news items which are a feature of 20th century journalism.

"The Daily News" is the **only** London Liberal newspaper that devotes every day a whole page to Financial and Commercial matters, Trade and Market reports and Stock Exchange Intelligence.

Its daily Parliamentary report is far more detailed than that of any other ½d. paper, and nearly a column is given to the Law List.

If you do not read "The Daily News" it is impossible for you to follow the progress of Liberalism.

HEAD OFFICES—

Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

THE INDEX TO VOLUME I. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

MAPLE & CO

ARE SPECIALISTS
FOR COMFORTABLE

CLUB & LOUNGE CHAIRS & SETTEES

Inspection invited, or Illustrated
Catalogue of Chairs sent free

LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

LONDON PARIS BUENOS AIRES

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD

(Viâ NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. / OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. / TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the
GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,
London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

EDUCATIONAL.

COUNTY OF LONDON.

The London County Council invites applications for the undermentioned post:—

ASSISTANT MISTRESS, qualified to teach History, at the South Hackney Secondary School for Girls, Cassland Road, S. Hackney.

The salary attaching to the post will commence at £120 a year, and will rise by annual increments of £10, subject to satisfactory service, to a maximum of £220 a year.

A commencing salary higher than the minimum stated above will be allowed if the successful candidate has had satisfactory experience, and in this connection two years' satisfactory experience in a secondary school approved by the Council for the purpose will be considered as equivalent to one year spent in a Council school, provided (i.) that periods of less than two years spent in any one school shall not be counted, and (ii.) that not more than ten years' outside service in all shall be taken into account.

Applications should be made on Form T.S. 56, to be obtained, together with particulars of the appointment, from the Clerk of the London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Monday, May 18th, 1908, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed "Assistant Mistress—Secondary Schools," and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will be held to be a disqualification for employment.

G. L. GOMME,
Clerk of the London County Council.

Education Offices,
Victoria Embankment, W.C.,
April 25th, 1908.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

The Council is about to appoint an Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Education; stipend, £150. This appointment is confined to Non-candidates. Two Assistants (one man and one woman) will also be appointed to take part in the supervision of students in the Demonstration Schools. The Assistants will be expected to undertake teaching in the Schools.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, who will receive applications for these appointments up to May 20th.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK.

(Under the Management of the Society of Friends.)

Twenty-six boys passed University Entrance Examinations in 1906 and 1907.

A new feature for post-Matriculation students is a CITIZENSHIP COURSE, including Economics and Modern History with special reference to existing political institutions and social problems.

The School continues to hold a strong position in Leisure-Hour work:—Natural History, Archaeology, Carpentry, etc.

For copies of prospectus and full particulars with regard to scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

Head Master: Arthur Rowntree, Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN JULY.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors.
Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. 1854 GERRARD

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

EDUCATIONAL.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

Scholarship Examination, June 2nd, 3rd & 4th.

One of **£87**, five or more of **£50**, five or more of **£30** (£21 for Day Scholars) per annum. Faber Exhibition of £12 awarded to boy who does best in examination. Council nominations, value **£12** per annum, may be awarded to boys who do well, but fail to obtain a scholarship. For particulars, apply to the Head Master or Secretary.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundry work and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields; gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

NEW TERM BEGAN MAY 1st.

ST. GEORGE'S PUBLIC CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL,

HARPENDEN, HERTS.

Headmaster—The REV. CECIL GRANT, M.A.

The next Term begins on Thursday, May 7th.

For prospectus and full particulars apply to The CO-EDUCATIONAL PUBLIC SCHOOLS TRUST, LTD., 41, Moorgate Street, E.C.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY'S HOTEL **Temperance),**

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

Passenger Lift. Electric Light in all Rooms. Bath-rooms on every floor. Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. All Floors Fire-proof. Perfect Sanitation. Night Porter. Telephone. BEDROOMS, including attendance, from **3/6** to **6/0**. Full Tariff and Testimonials post free on application.
Telegraphic Address—"Thackeray, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS HOTEL. Tel.: 0199. Mrs. F. Sara.

BARON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Magnificent Moor Views.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.

DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.

GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

SWISS CAFE, Union Street. Moderate. Genoni Bros.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGANDINE.

BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.

WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell Manager.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus's New List

THE FLORENCE PRESS.

Believing that the time has now come when beautiful books in the choicest types can be published in larger editions, and at a less cost than has been usual with such monuments of typography as the issues of the Kelmscott and other similar but less notable Presses, THE FLORENCE PRESS has commissioned MR. HERBERT P. HORNE to design a new fount modelled on the finest types used by the Italian Master-Printers of the Quattrocento and Cinquecento The sole publishers for the Press are MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

The Publishers will issue the FLORENCE PRESS BOOKS, as they issue other books, in reasonable editions, neither very small, nor very large; but the books will not be reprinted in the Florence Types.

A Prospectus of the FLORENCE PRESS BOOKS, printed in Florence Type, is in course of preparation, and will be forwarded post free on application.

THE MEDICI SERIES OF COLOURED REPRODUCTIONS
AFTER THE OLD MASTERS.

Subscription - - - £3 per annum, post free.

The Plates can be supplied separately to non-subscribers.

The MEDICI SERIES offers to Subscribers a series of reproductions in pure Collotype, printed in permanent colours upon hand-made linen paper, after the finest examples of the Great Italian Masters. Of the quality of these reproductions THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE says: "Nothing of the kind so good or so cheap has ever before been offered to the public."

The next three plates to be issued will be :—

VII. **FILIPPINO LIPPI.** (?) **The Virgin in Adoration** (TEMPERA). Colour surface 19½ by 15 in. **15s. net.** [*Now ready.*

VIII. **BOTTICELLI. The Birth of Venus** (TEMPERA.) Colour surface, 36 by 21½ in. **25s. net.** [*Shortly.*

X. **TITIAN. The Madonna of the Cherries** (TEMPERA). Colour surface, half-original. **17s. 6d. net.** [*July.*

By the same Process.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *Never before reproduced.* By an unknown Flemish Master. Now in the Academy, Vienna.
Size of Plate, 26 by 19 in. Colour surface, 16 by 12 in. (about half the original).
Price for prepaid orders before publication, 15s net. Published price, 17s. 6d. net; postage 6d. [*Ready on or about June 1st.*

Full particulars of plates and Frames, with method of Publication and terms of Subscription, will be found in an illustrated Prospectus which may be had post free on application.

NEW 6s. NOVELS.

THE MARQUIS AND PAMELA.
By E. H. COOPER, Author of "Mr. Blake of Newmarket."
A dramatic story of love and sport.
"There is some delightful reading in 'The Marquis and Pamela.'"—*Daily Mail.*

HIS FINAL FLUTTER.
By HENRY POTTS, Author of "Circuit Companions."
A brisk story of modern racing, romance sport, and criminal law.

THE LITTLE GOD'S DRUM.
BY RALPH STRAUS.
An ambitious novel of modern manners in London.

ANNE PAGE. [*Early in May.*
By Miss NETTA SYRETT, Author of "The Child of Promise."

New Sixpenny Novels.

NO OTHER WAY. By SIR WALTER BESANT. [*Now Ready.*
THE JOY OF LIFE. By EMILE ZOLA. [*May 7th.*
TOM SAWYER. By MARK TWAIN. [*May 21st.*
Full List of Copyright Sixpenny Novels post free on application.

Three Volumes by Richard Jefferies.

THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS.
With 12 Reproductions after Water-colours by M. U. CLARKE, and coloured End-papers. Crown 8vo. cloth, coloured top, **5s.** net; whole green parchment, **7s. 6d.** net.

Uniform with the above.

THE OPEN AIR. [*Ready May 7th.*
NATURE NEAR LONDON. [*Autumn.*

THE NEW MEDIÆVAL LIBRARY.

Each volume contains Photogravure or Woodcut Reproductions of the Illustrations contained in the Works translated. Each volume further contains a Title-page engraved upon Wood, after a notable contemporary example.
Size 6½ by 4¾in., boards, cloth, **5s. net**; whole brown pigskin, antique style, with clasps, **7s. 6d. net.**

New Volumes Ready Shortly.

THE BABEE'S BOOK: Mediæval Manners for the Young.
THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY FINA, Virgin of Santo Geminiano.

A detailed list of the Series post-free on application.

ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY.

POCKET SIZE. Mostly in Pott 8vo cloth gilt, **2s.** net per Vol. Leather gilt, **3s.** net per Vol.

NEW VOLUMES.

PRINCE OTTO. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. [*Now Ready.*
THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH. By A. H. HYATT. [*Shortly.*
THE NEW REPUBLIC. By W. H. MALLOCK. [*Shortly.*

A detailed list of the Series post-free on application.

THE WORKS OF JANE AUSTEN.

In 10 vols., each Illustrated with 10 Reproductions after Water-Colours by A. WALLIS MILLS. The Text Revised, with Bibliographical and Biographical Notes, by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

HANDY VOLUME EDITION. LARGE TYPE.

Small crown 8vo, coloured tops, cloth, with Special Binding Design and Coloured End-Papers, **3s. 6d.** net per vol.

Vols. I. & II. PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. [*May 15th*
Vols. III. & IV. SENSE AND SENSIBILITY. *Immediately*

CHATTO & WINDUS, Dept. P., 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 6.] SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Diary of the Week	173
Politics and Affairs:—	
The Triumph of Free Trade	176
A Word to the Labor Party	177
The Indian Portent	178
The Frontier War	179
Life and Letters:—	
The Trade in Fiction	181
An Earthly Paradise	182
Town and Country:—	
I.—The Spring Wind	183
II.—The Joyous Man	183
The Rush for the Sun	184
Letters from Abroad:—	
The Two Heads of the Friesinn. By Ed. Bernstein	185
The Drama:—	
"The Gay Lord Quex." By H.W.M.	186
Art:—	
The Royal Academy.—I.	187
Letters to the Editor:—	
The Imprisonment of Osman Digna. By An Egyptian Correspondent	188
Women and the Suffrage. By Emma Hardy	189
"Are Wild Animals Born Wild?" By G. G. Desmond	189
What a Colonist Thinks. By Thomas Yorath	190
Beer and the Bible. By A Manchester Man	190
Russian Horrors. By P. M. G.	190
A Shakespeare Memorial. By L. J. Roberts	190
The Research Defence Society. By Dr. Greville MacDonald	191
The "Crux" in "The Tempest." By Violet Churchill	191
The Sugar Convention. By "Spectator"	191
The Problem of Unemployment. By Arthur Kitson	191
Peckham. By the Hon. Henry Lygon	192
The Explanation of the Licensing Bill. By J. A. Swanwick	193
Country Life. By J. Marshall Sturge	193
Poetry:—	
A Connacht Folk Song. By Padraic Colum	193
The World of Books	194
Books to be Read	194
Reviews:—	
Out of Tune	195
The Soul of Buddhism	196
One Year's Life	196
Modernism in English Eyes	198
Art and Artless	200
Books in Brief:—	
The Truth about Port Arthur	202
History of Music to the Death of Schubert	202
Ancient Italy	202
St. George for Merrie England	202
Romantic Tales from the Panjab	202
The Astronomy of the Bible	204
Irish and English	204
The Passing of Morocco	204
Notable Scottish Trials	204
A Novel Reader's Guide	204
The Week in the City	204

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

Mr. Asquith's third Budget, expounded in a speech of crystal clearness and massive simplicity of structure, is a veritable triumph for Free Trade Finance. At one stroke the outworn fiscal system upon which British commercial and financial prosperity is founded has (1) produced a splendid surplus, (2) made a record reduction of debt, (3) rendered possible a large remission of taxation, and (4) concurrently started Old Age Pensions on a scale of far-reaching application. The salient points in this truly epoch-making Budget are as follows:—

1907-8.

	Estimated. £	Actual. £	+ or −. £
Revenue ...	152,835,000	156,538,000	+3,703,000
Expenditure ...	*153,444,000	151,812,000	−1,632,000
Surplus (+) or Deficit (−)...	− 609,000	+4,726,000	+5,335,000

* Including Supplementary Estimates, £942,000.

The original estimated surplus was £333,000; this was converted into an estimated deficit of £609,000, by supplementary estimates for £942,000; and this deficit, thanks to the soundness of our fiscal system, and to general prosperity, has been converted into the handsome surplus of £4,726,000. To this result income-tax, on the revenue side, contributed nearly £2,000,000, which is the more remarkable in view of the relief granted to earned incomes under the Finance Act of last year.

For the current year, Mr. Asquith's estimate of Revenue on the basis of existing taxation, when compared with financial requirements, showed a large surplus, thus:—

1908-9.

Estimated Revenue	£157,770,000
,, Expenditure ...	152,869,000
Budget surplus	4,901,000

In arriving at these figures, Mr. Asquith estimated for an increase of nearly a million in the tax revenue (income-tax £620,000 increase), and of about £200,000 in the non-tax revenue. His estimate of expenditure is as follows:—

Expenditure, 1908-9.

National Debt	£28,000,000
Other consolidated fund services ...	1,685,000
Payments to local taxation account...	11,250,000
Supply services	111,934,000
	£152,869,000

£28,000,000 is the amount of the fixed annual charge of the debt as determined by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the added appropriations of £500,000 in 1906-7, and of £1,500,000 in 1907-8, being temporary additions to the Sinking Funds, as explained in the Budget statements of those years.

* * *

The kernel of the Budget consists in the appropriation of a surplus, or the measures adopted to make good a deficit. Mr. Asquith, as has been shown, was the fortunate possessor of a surplus of nearly £5,000,000, and this is how he distributed it:—

Budget surplus, 1908-9		£4,901,000
Reduction of sugar duty from 4s. 2d. to 1s. 10d. per cwt. ...	£3,400,000	
Provision for Old Age Pensions, beginning January 1st, 1909	1,200,000	
Reduction of stamp duty on marine policies, from 3d to 1d. per cent.	60,000	4,660,000
Final surplus for contingencies		£241,000

Mr. Asquith estimated that the Government scheme of old age pensions would absorb £6,000,000 a year; it is, therefore, not a little remarkable that he should have chosen the moment of the inauguration of so large an annual expenditure for so considerable a remission of taxation. It is also strong testimony to the ex-Chancellor's confidence in the strength of the British financial system. We already hear the criticism that Mr. Asquith, having launched his scheme of old age pensions, has left his successor to foot the bill, having first deprived him of a large portion of the necessary funds. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Asquith gave a pretty broad hint to Mr. Lloyd-George as to where to look for the equivalent of the money surrendered by reducing the sugar tax. A reduction of the annual charge for the Debt to £25,000,000 was clearly foreshadowed for the Budget of 1909-10. Mr. George's ingenuity may be trusted to provide the balance, and to keep the war services within

reasonable bounds. One of the chief advantages of old age pensions is that they will act as a rampart against excessive armaments.

* * *

A striking feature of the Budget is the enormous reduction of debt for which the Liberal Government is making itself responsible. In the course of 1907-8 no less than £18,000,000—an unprecedented amount—has been wiped off the national liabilities.

Debt paid off 1907-8.

Funded debt	£6,319,000
Terminable annuities	1,457,000
Unfunded debt (including the War Loan)	10,224,000
	£18,000,000

Further, Mr. Asquith estimated that the amount available for this purpose in 1908-9 would be £14,376,000. These, as the Prime Minister observed, are very remarkable figures. Altogether, in the three years ending March 31st, 1909, about £46,000,000 of debt will have been paid off, and the deadweight debt will again have been brought to the manageable figure at which it stood some twenty years ago—namely, just under £700,000,000.

* * *

The Old Age Pensions scheme is simplicity itself. It avoids nearly all the pitfalls. It rejects contributions and character tests, only excluding actual aliens, criminals, lunatics, people in receipt of poor-law relief, and those who have been convicted of serious crime within five years, and places the organisation of the scheme entirely outside the Poor-law. It fixes the age limit at 70, and excludes all with an income exceeding £26 a year, or married couples with £39 a year. The pension received is to be £13 a year, or 5s. a week, and £19 10s. in the case of married couples living together. There will be half a million pensioners at an annual cost of six millions, only £1,200,000 of which will fall within the present year. Payments will be made by the Post Office, acting through a pension officer and an investigating committee appointed by the local authorities. The scheme has been received with much favour. The Labor Party accept it in principle, but criticise the age limit as too high, especially for town workers, and the income limit as too low and too arbitrary. Mr. Henderson, for example, stated that the boiler-makers' pension of 11s. a week would exclude them. Liberal and Radical comment was enthusiastic, but there was a general plea for the reduction of the age limit to 65. The criticism of the Protectionist Press is ill-tempered and confused, but this is natural, for the Budget destroys the mainstay of their case.

* * *

We now turn to Germany. The first business of the Reichstag after the vacation was finance, and Herr von Sydow told the House that the Empire would have a deficit of £50,000,000 in the next five years, even though the rate of expenditure remained unaltered. Everybody knows that there are to be new Army and Navy Bills before 1911, so that Herr von Sydow's estimate that the Imperial debt will have gone up from £200,000,000 to only £250,000,000 is a good deal too comfortable. The tariff is not exactly a horn of plenty to Germany, which cannot keep an army and navy outfit, or pay its servants a living wage—to say nothing of letting the working-man enjoy the golden age. The obvious way out of a financial situation which is ruining German credit is economy on armaments. That is not acceptable, and new taxation is hazardous, because it brings Empire and States into conflict, and jeopardises the Government's Liberal-Conservative majority. German Protectionist finance is most illuminating, at a time when Tariff "Reformers" are telling the constituencies that the tariff will unite the Empire, keep down the cost of living—it is starving the German civil servant—and provide ample means for swollen armaments and social reform. Compare all this with our Budget.

* * *

The Second Reading of the Licensing Bill was carried on Monday by a majority of 246, 394 voting for it and 148 against it. The analysis of the division is most satisfactory, for it shows that the very small Liberal secession, amounting to eight votes, was almost exactly balanced by seven supporters taken from the Opposition benches. Only about half a dozen Liberals were absent unpaired, and all the Labor members who voted favoured the Bill. The failure to poll the full strength of the House was due to the indifference of the Nationalists, most of whom were absent, while a few voted against the Bill. This result has been attained without any weakening or even qualification of the Ministerial position. Practically the Government go into Committee unpledged and unscathed. We strongly hope that this stage will be taken soon, and that there is no truth in the disquieting rumour that it will be held over till the autumn session.

* * *

The most brilliant speech of the debate was supplied by Mr. Lloyd-George, who properly challenged the Opposition on their indifferent attitude to the enormous material and moral waste of the national resources, of which, as he said, drink was the "prime agent." The drink bill of the country was £22 per family, and the 200,000 annual convictions for drunkenness represented a mere tenth of the actual evil of excess. No Anglo-Saxon community ever proposed so moderate a solution. He showed by some very striking facts that the small compensation payable in some cases under the Bill arose from semi-fraudulent assessments. On the same point Mr. Asquith, in summing up the debate, declared that the Kennedy basis was absolutely bad, and that the Bill would give time, which perhaps should be extended, for a process of re-assessment. He also stated that the compensation to be paid to the publican for loss of profit would, if necessary, be more clearly indicated in the Committee stage. But the most significant passage in the Prime Minister's speech was that in which he conveyed a veiled warning to the House of Lords. The Opposition denounced the Bill as confiscation. But supposing it had never been introduced, and that in place of it he had suggested "a really good, adequate licence duty" instead of "the present perfectly trumpery duties exacted from the higher valued houses," would that have been confiscation? The Opposition made no answer. This is no idle threat; the Government are prepared at once to meet the rejection of the Bill by the Lords. With the exception of Mr. Cave's speech and parts of Mr. Long's their case was conducted with feebleness, most of the speakers evading the main issue—namely, opposition to or acceptance of the principle of the time limit. Lord Robert Cecil, indeed, admitted that there would be no great objection to a time limit if it were unaccompanied by injustice. Sir Edward Carson's main point was the existence of vested interests in licences which amounted to much more than the expectation of renewal, and that, therefore, the Bill was a confiscatory attack on property.

A SERIOUS and brutal outrage has been committed in India. At Muzaffarpur on Friday week a bomb was thrown at the carriage of an English lady, apparently under the impression that it contained relatives of Mr. Kingsford, who last year ordered the flogging of schoolboys. Two ladies, Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, and the coachman were killed. The police, in making a series of raids on houses and native newspapers in Calcutta, have seized a quantity of bombs and arms and a mass of Anarchist literature which point to a considerable propaganda or organisation of political outrage. Amongst those arrested is Mr. Arabindo Ghose, the chief writer for the native journal "Bande Mataram," a young Indian agitator of considerable ability, who was educated at St. Paul's School. It is admitted that the native press repudiate the policy of outrage and denounce the perpetrators, while asking the Government to pursue a policy of concession. On the other hand, the Anglo-Indian papers, led, of course, by the "Times," plead for repression, for the prosecution of politicals, and the "curbing" of the Press. We imagine, however, that Lord Morley will refuse to apply to India a policy whose failure he has brilliantly exposed in Ireland.

* * *

ON Friday a force of Afghans crossed the frontier into the Khyber, and part moved against Landi Kotal, while the rest are said to have turned up the Bazar Valley to rouse the Afridis. On Saturday night and Sunday an unsuccessful attack was made on Landi Kotal, where on Monday General Sir James Willcocks engaged the tribesmen, who were few in number, though they had been wildly estimated at many thousands. The Afridis remained quiet, and even offered their services to the British. On Thursday the British troops commenced to retire, so that it looks as though the trouble had passed. It has been extravagantly exaggeraed. The tribesmen who crossed the frontier are really Mohmands, because the Durand line is only an abstraction. Nevertheless, the Indian Press, and the Tory Press led by the "Times," have been preaching a *Jehad* against the Amir —doubtless with a view to persuading him to approve the Anglo-Russian Agreement—and have been insinuating that we are on the verge of marching into Afghanistan, and at the least cannot avoid occupying permanently the frontier country.

* * *

THE election at Wolverhampton has resulted in the return of Mr. Thorne, the Radical candidate, by a majority of eight, 4,514 voting for him and 4,506 for Mr. Amery, the high Protectionist. At the General Election there was a Liberal majority of 2,865, and the Liberal vote has fallen by 1,096, while Mr. Amery's following has grown from 2,745 to its present figure. The battle was fought on ground unfavourable to Liberalism, for Lord Wolverhampton's position was almost non-political, and until lately rested on a kind of unwritten truce with Mr. Chamberlain, while he is charged with having neglected the mechanical organisation. It is probable that the large majority of the 1,100 Catholics voted for the Tory, preferring religious to political grounds. The brewers' campaign was more concealed than at Peckham, but it is said to have been most thorough and, needless to say, unscrupulous. But the chief moral of the election is more economic than political. Mr. Amery is one of the leaders of the "Imperialist-Protectionist" movement which looks to Lord Milner as its chief. In spite of this fact, he was blessed by a strong letter from Mr. Balfour, and he made a vigorous attempt to capture the great working-class district of Willenhall, where the lockmaking and other industries are said to have been affected by German and American competition. Wholesale promises or suggestions of protecting local industries seem to have been made. We note, by the way, that Lord Avebury has written a letter of support to Sir George Baxter, the Protectionist candidate for Dundee, and Unionist Free Traders are everywhere excusing their treachery to Free Trade by the pretence that it is identical with *laissez-faire*. These politicians resemble the bloodless ghosts of heroes who greeted Odysseus in the land of the shades. They have ceased to live in the active world.

* * *

MOROCCAN affairs have taken a bad turn for France. The French papers have been reporting that Mulai Hafid had been abandoned and plundered by the tribes and was a fugitive, and for the fiftieth time they announced that Abdul Aziz was on the road to Fez. Abdul Aziz, however, has again stopped at the first river outside Rabat, though with French help he has re-occupied the port of Saffi. Mulai Hafid, however, has escaped the French forces at Settat, which were anxious to wipe him out, and has reached Mekinez, the second city of the empire, only five hours' march from Fez. The race to Fez—there was never more than one runner, despite the countless French newspaper alarums—has thus been won by Mulai Hafid, who will now hold the North as well as the South, everything not dominated by French guns. Meanwhile, the German Government is to receive his envoys "unofficially," a decision which has stung the Colonial fire-eaters in Paris to explosion. M. Clemenceau is meditating plans. He cannot now long delay choosing between preparing the restriction of French action to the Algeciras act, as sane French opinion desires, and a march on Fez, which will set France in open war with Morocco, and violate the pledges repeatedly given to the French Chamber, and, as the German White-book shows, to the German Government.

* * *

THIS week King Leopold's critics have raised the Congo debate in the Belgian Chamber to a level commensurate with the greatness of the issue. M. Vandevelde, the Socialist leader, explained on Saturday why he differs from his party. He is for annexation in principle, because internationalisation is impossible, and since Belgium cannot abandon the problem she has created, she must annex as the only guarantee of reform. But he will vote against the Government's treaty, because it imposes financial burdens that would hamper the work of reform. M. Lorand, the Radical, took up this point of finance, which is the crux of the reform question. The concessionary companies had confiscated the nation's rights, and England was insisting that they were a breach of the Berlin Act. Were they to be bought out, and where were the necessary millions to come from? He was against annexation, because it involved grave international and financial complications. Mr. Janson, another Liberal leader, favoured internationalisation. The Minister of Justice, in reply, tried to show that the Belgian taxpayer would incur no burdens, because the Colony and Belgium are juridically distinct entities, a not very plausible piece of sophistry. while the Foreign Minister, in explaining that the negotiations with England were still incomplete, did not throw away the chance of repeating a well-worn appeal to Belgian "patriotism."

Politics and Affairs.

THE TRIUMPH OF FREE TRADE.

The Budget of 1908 is more the triumph of a system than of a man. We do not disparage Mr. Asquith's powers as a financier, nor his brilliant gifts as an exponent of policy, when we say that the outstanding feature of his financial statement was the vindication of Free Trade as a basis of national finance. It is not too much to say that the success of Free Trade this year has exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of Free Traders. What are the outstanding facts? Mr. Asquith has been paying off the National Debt at the rate of about 15½ millions a year. The annual charge on the debt has been reduced during his term of office by nearly one million and a quarter. By his exertions, and the less strenuous economies of his predecessor, who made reductions at the rate of £9,000,000 a year, the National Debt has been reduced by seventy-four millions since the close of the South African War. More than this, by March of next year, the Debt will stand at £696,500,000, or lower by half a million than it was twenty years ago. While Protectionist nations are perpetually borrowing to make good their deficits, Free Trade finance has paid off the expenditure of a great war in six years and reduced the National Debt to the level at which it stood before the epoch of expenditure, and to a point at which it was easily borne by the smaller population and far smaller wealth of the 'Eighties. Nothing will convert the inconvertible, but we imagine that great numbers of the more thoughtful, who have been rendered anxious by the endlessly reiterated jeremiads of Tariff Reform, will rub their eyes when they read Mr. Asquith's plain statement of figures. They will ask themselves whether as a mere matter of national economy we can possibly do better than continue a system which shows such results, and whether those who have been telling us that we are sick and need a change are not too like the vendors of quack medicines, who persuade healthy men into imaginary complaints that they may be willing to pay for nauseous and dangerous medicines.

But this is only one side of the Free Trade triumph. On all sides we have been told that Free Trade and economy is a passable cry, but that Free Trade and Social Reform is a contradiction in terms. Tariff Reform alone, the Protectionist has assured us, can find the sinews of a policy of progress. The newer demand for increased provision for the children, the sick, and the aged was a demand of the national conscience that could no longer be resisted It must be met, but it could only be met by broadening the basis of taxation. A Free Trade Chancellor might be sympathetic, but must be helpless. He was hopelessly hampered by an inelastic revenue, and his good intentions could never bear fruit in deed. From a certain quarter of the Free Trade ranks themselves the same cry has gone up, only with a variation of stress. Free Trade was the one and only good. Increase the public burdens, and you imperil the ark of the covenant. Give Old Age Pensions, and you must weigh down the taxpayer with a burden not to be borne—a burden that must make him cry out in despair for import duties. Mr. Asquith's reply is to show the complete and startling success of his last year's scheme of differentiation of the income-tax, and to lay the foundations of an Old Age Pension scheme, and lay them solidly, if as yet on a modest scale, without adding a penny to the taxes of the community. Thursday's Budget marks an epoch in British social history as a decisive breaking away from the traditions of the Poor Law and the beginning of a new conception of the duty of the State towards poverty. But this is not all. The most sanguine of us were led to believe that Old Age Pensions were an alternative to the abolition of the sugar duty, and there were not wanting men of real feeling for the poor who held that cheap sugar was more important than a pension in old age. Mr. Asquith has created the pension system and halved the sugar duty at one blow. The charge that a Free Trade Government could do nothing to lower the cost of living has been rebuked at the same moment in which independent living is rendered possible for half a million of the aged. Incidentally, the famous Tariff Reform equation is overset. The reduction in the sugar duty which Mr. Chamberlain promised at the price of a bread tax is given at no price at all, but as the free gift of a sound financial system. The charge that the poor would be made to pay for their own pensions by the retention of a war tax is destroyed. Old Age Pensions and cheaper sugar are the double gifts of Free Trade finance and Liberal policy to the nation which has trusted them.

We have said that the Budget marks a new era in the attitude of the State towards the poor. As compared with the existing system of relief for the aged, the pension system makes a subsistence provision a matter of right, independent of the destitution of the recipient or of the will of Poor Law authorities. The underlying principle of the new departure is that destitution and dependence are alike intolerable in civilised life. The right to live, and to live in independence, is recognised as an attribute of citizenship, and it becomes one of the recognised functions of the State to see that the bare minimum of civilised sustenance is the portion of each one of its members who does not forfeit it by waste and misconduct. The principle is destined to receive a larger application in the general reconsideration of the Poor Law, which the Report of the Commission will set in motion, and which, as Mr. Asquith has hinted, will occupy the attention of Parliament next year. It brings up for revision the whole position of underfed children, and of the sick who cannot obtain adequate treatment. The question of the aged has been taken first because it ripened first, and it ripened first partly because it was simpler, and partly because it attracted the attention of Mr. Charles Booth, whose unrivalled authority in matters relating to the life of the poor secured the attention of thoughtful men for the special remedy which he favoured. But the solution of the problem has long hung in doubt. There were the pitfalls of the contributory schemes, there were the still more insidious pitfalls of the discriminating schemes. Against both of these Mr. Asquith has been on his guard. The pensions in-

volve no contribution, and—apart from the income limit—the classes excepted are reduced to a minimum of which few will complain. Mr. Asquith has, in fact, followed the general lines frequently advocated in the columns of The Nation, though he has not this year advanced as far along those lines as we could have desired. Our contention was that with a not unreasonable increase of taxation it would be possible to reduce the age to sixty-five, with an income limit of ten shillings, or to abolish the income limit and raise the age to seventy. Mr. Asquith has retained the income limit and the higher age. He has left it to his successor to raise the one or lower the other. Everything in the scheme, as he justly said, is provisional, and at both points the scheme itself points to expansion in the future. One criticism of detail, however, must not be passed over. The refusal to entertain a sliding scale is a real blot on the scheme as it stands. We may presume that the matter has been considered, and that, for reasons of simplicity, it has been thought best to start with a single standard of wage. But the objections are obvious. If we understand Mr. Asquith aright, a man with 10s. a week might claim his 5s., while the unlucky owner of 10s. 1d. will get nothing. This is not a position which can easily be defended in argument. It is, fortunately, possible to amend it without increasing the total cost. It is a necessity of the scheme that as the income limit is approached there should be a sliding scale so adjusted that the man with a trifle over 10s. a week will not be worse but better off than the man with 9s. This is achieved, for example, by a scale reducing the amount of pension by 6d. for every additional shilling of income after a certain fixed standard, and this standard can be so chosen that the cost would not be greater than that provided by Mr. Asquith's plan.

Apart from this drawback, which we hope to see set right, we can fairly say the lines of a just and rational treatment of the aged are now fairly traced. If this is so, Mr. Asquith's last Budget will go down to history with Budgets that have made an epoch. It has confirmed the Free Trade system; it has dealt Tariff Reform a crushing blow; it has proved the power of Liberalism to deal with Social Reform and of Free Trade to finance it; and it marks a new departure in the dealings of the State with the problem of the poor.

A WORD TO THE LABOR PARTY.

It is necessary to examine the results of the Wolverhampton election with some care, if we would arrive at a really sound estimate of the political position. We know now that the English electorate is in a restless, unstable state, and that it is being worked upon by diverse influences. What are they? First there is the breaking away of the Irish Catholic electorate from their political leaders, and their rather melancholy and short-sighted adherence to the high Tory element in the English priesthood. Then there is the campaign of an interest which links itself pretty closely to the social habits of the workmen. In Lancashire and various industrial centres in the Midlands these two elements work together, and they are formidable, for they subtract from the legitimate strength of democratic Liberalism. Finally, in Lancashire, there is the influence of the Anglican Church and the Anglican school. The Church, the Catholic chapel, and the public-house are old electoral allies, and when they are all combined in a common movement of repulsion, they reveal the strength of forces which strike the progressive mind as rather blindly Conservative. Nor, for the moment, is it possible to discern a full compensating element. The heads of the Labor Party are either lacking in the power to measure the tendencies of political action; or, and this is much more probable, they have not yet acquired full control over their constituents; or they are over-sanguine, and cherish the notion that, though the workmen may be drawn away from one kind of reforming party, they may remain attached to another. In this calculation they are mistaken, as the results in Dewsbury and North-West Manchester show. When the Liberal wave was still rising, the Labor flood rose with it. As soon as one began to ebb, the other retired also. Their true policy in Dundee, therefore, would have been to withdraw a candidature which, so far as we can judge from Mr. Stuart's speeches, is discreditable to the intellect of the Labor-Socialist Party, to concentrate on a Cabinet Minister who had given broad indications of sympathy with their programme, and frankly to join forces with the Government outside as well as inside the House of Commons so long as such issues as the Licensing Bill, the Eight Hours Bill, the Old Age Pensions Bill, the Shop Hours Bill, the Wages Boards Bill, were undecided. Such a course would give them genuine power in the present juncture, and yet would leave them free for independent electoral action.

Some such policy seems to us the more necessary inasmuch as the Wolverhampton election shows that, apart from the special difficulties we have mentioned, democratic politics are in grave danger of being "sidetracked" altogether. We know what British workmen are when they apply their minds to politics. They have had no such severe training in public issues as the Irish Nationalist or the French Republican has experienced. They seem capable of being moved by enthusiasm for good causes in politics, for large, semi-religious movements like Socialism, and then of swinging right back; by the pressure of habit and association, and at the instance of a coarse, melodramatic press, which is hostile to all their serious movements, not only to Toryism, but, what is far worse, to Protection. It is doubtful whether education has as yet done much for them; certainly it has not protected them against the charlatanry of Tariff Reform. Take the Wolverhampton case. It is, perhaps, the first genuine instance of Protection, seriously and thoroughly advocated, making way in an English manufacturing district. But is there another country in the world where such a candidate as Mr. Amery would present himself as a suitor for popular votes? He is an able, and we have no doubt a sincere, Protectionist. He is also a militarist, a coercionist, and a conscriptionist. He is identified with the journal which would not describe itself as other than a secular

enemy of democratic movements. In Germany he would be a member of some such Whig-Jingo party as the National Liberals, pupils and tools of Bismarck, the chief exemplar of the reaction in modern European politics. Yet Mr. Amery came within eight votes of winning a seat in a great working-class centre in mid-England.

Well, he did it apparently by promising a great many things which Protection has never secured to any body of workmen in any Protectionist country in the world. We can understand a Protectionist who promises the workman employment. We cannot understand how he can promise them, as Mr. Amery promised them, cheap goods and even cheaper food. Has he dropped Preferences and food taxes? If this is the new Protectionist move, the Empire, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Colonies, are all sold, and a thoroughly dishonest shuffle has taken place. But, indeed, the whole aim and effect of Protection are to raise prices, while leaving wages to shift for themselves, so that *a priori*, the workman, who sells labor and buys commodities, stands to lose by the application of such a doctrine to his daily life. "In the highly protected industries of Pennsylvania," says Henry George, "laborers, for whose sake we are told this Protection is imposed, are asking for sixty-five cents a day, and half-clad women are feeding furnace fires." But, in the main, we imagine that those workers of Willenhall who were seduced into the Protectionist camp were drawn by such gross inducements as were offered by Messrs. Joseph Evans and Sons, makers of pumps and pumping machinery. These gentlemen, in a circular to the electors, declared that if a tariff were put on foreign imports of the articles they manufactured, "they would employ at least a hundred more men in a very short time, and eventually in all probability employ double the men." A propaganda, founded on such methods as these is as scandalous as it is simple, but the workman ought to be intelligent enough to ask where his interest comes into it. Has he found that rises in prices involve increases in wages? And, if such an increase were secured, should he not inquire how long Messrs. Evans would go on paying it, when, as a result of special favour to the pump trade, workers began to flow into it from other employments, such as the pump users, or the pump carriers, or the pump importers, whose industries would receive an injury proportionate to the benefit which Mr. Amery's friends would confer on Messrs. Evans? Now that Mr. Amery has some leisure, he might inform us which of the hundred trades of Wolverhampton he proposes to benefit by his tariff and which he proposes to injure.

But what is still more serious in the effect of the Protectionist propaganda on working-class politics is that it is designed to stop the general movement of the mass of the people towards a betterment of their position, and to divert taxation from gathered wealth to labor and the processes of trade. If large bodies of workmen are alienated from Liberalism and Laborism by the lures spread for them by Tory manufacturers on the look-out for State loot, the whole conception of labor politics is dried up at its source. There is no such organised Protectionist-Socialist Party in England as serves to mitigate the evil effect of tariff-politics in Australia. If the Government goes, back come Mr. Balfour and his reactionary cohorts, pressed from behind by tariff-jobbers and lobbyists. Everything else will be absorbed and forgotten, and all power will go into the hands of the favoured capitalists and the party wirepullers. Even if we take the narrower view of present-day politics, the chance of passing effective Labor Bills is greatly qualified by the encouragement which such results as those of Peckham, and, in a diminished degree, those of Manchester and Wolverhampton, give to the House of Lords. As for the Government, we hope that it will look neither to the right nor to the left, but go straight on with its programme, determined to convince the main body of the electorate that it will press to the utmost the powers of its majority, until it has fulfilled the mandate of 1906 to answer Protection with social reform. But it is for the Labor Party to consider whether its position is not being menaced and undermined by a force which rests on aggressive wealth, and appeals to the thoughtless side of the British workman's character in order to detach him from serious politics.

THE INDIAN PORTENT.

Our indifference to the normal life of the greatest dependency in the world is an old scandal, but it will be widely disturbed by the news of the outbreak of a form of political violence hitherto almost unknown to it. From our neglect of India sprang the Swadeshi movement, for it was hoped that a boycott on English goods might make our people listen to the grievance of Bengal. We suppose that the party which has meditated these recent deeds of extreme and savage outrage was partly influenced by the same motives. If they could wreck the train of a fairly popular Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, as was attempted last November, or assassinate a magistrate who had made himself notorious by flogging political offenders, as was attempted a week ago, then, they thought, the people of our country might at last be compelled to realise the character of the crisis in India's history. Much of our news from Calcutta is untrustworthy, and confessions merely extorted by native police from Indian prisoners awaiting trial ought not to be admitted as evidence. But it seems probable that a conspiracy for violent and isolated outrage, similar to the methods of the Russian terrorists, existed in the capital. The most serious part of the news is the arrest of Mr. Arabindo Ghose, a young Indian who showed great promise at St. Paul's School and at Cambridge, passed high into the Indian Civil Service, and later served with distinction under the reforming Maharajah of Baroda. Lately, as the real director of the "Bande Mataram," an Indian paper published in English in Calcutta, he has been regarded as the chief leader of the Extremist section among the younger men, and it will be remembered that it was during the trial of his paper last summer that the agitator, Bepin Chundra Pal, refused to give evidence against his countrymen in an alien Court, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Till the contrary is proved, we assume that Mr. Ghose is innocent of the present charge. But he is admittedly a leader in the Extremist party that no longer

looks to our Government for reform, but works for an ill-defined nationalist movement, in spite of that Government and in opposition to it. It is deplorable that a man of unusual intellectual power and seriousness of character, educated on the highest lines that England can offer, acquainted from boyhood with our country, and trained to political experience in one of the best administered States of India, should be prominent in such a party. But it is also significant of the capital error in Lord Curzon's Indian policy. Outbreaks of political violence may arise from one cause or another. But they certainly do occur under a system of political repression such as we have adopted in various parts of India since the partition of Bengal. They may have, as we have said, the "chapel bell" motive, the desire to attract attention to grievances when legitimate means fail. But we think, also, that in the case of India, they are the answer to the hard doctrine which Lord Morley disavowed a year ago, that "we won India by the sword and must keep it by the sword." Neither clause in that doctrine is true, but it is repeated as a form of ritual by nearly every English newspaper in India, and many newspapers and other authorities at home. The idea of violence is thus promulgated throughout the Indian Empire by a Press which incorrectly represents the best aspects and tendencies of British rule. Indians are falsely taught by many of our representatives to believe that there is no relation between us and them but the military advantage of ruler over ruled. For generations it has been the fashion for Anglo-Indians to laugh at a submissive spirit in native India. If Indians are found to meet the taunt of cowardice with cruel outrage, we are not altogether free from blame, for we have supplied the retort which ill-balanced natures readily supply when they defend, or half defend, political murder. In a far happier vein runs the advice of a member of Lord Morley's India Council, quoted in the "Westminster Gazette" of last Tuesday. He warns the Viceroy not to listen to those who insist too much on "stern repressive measures":—

> "'Wherever you get the spread of education,' he says, 'there also you find agitation and discontent. Do we not see this here in England? And what would happen if, instead of arguing these matters quietly, you were to fine and imprison your labour agitators and leaders of independent thought?'"

But, serious as outbreaks of violence are, it is the ultimate cause at the back of violence to which we must look. From the Extremist party Indians hear the counsels of despair—despair of England's justice, of her belief in self-government, of her zeal for liberty. The question of all others before us now is whether, by a wise and generous reform or enlargement of our Indian administration, we will cut the ground from under the Extremists' feet. We shall not content them. But, as Lord Morley said at Arbroath last October, it would be the height of political folly to refuse to do all we can to rally the Moderates to our cause. And if it be said, as it is now being said every day, that Orientals do not understand concessions, and believe in no power except the sword, we would reply with a passage from the same speech, one of the most courageous of recent reflections on Indian government:—

> "We are not Orientals. That is the root of the matter. We are representatives, not of Oriental civilisation, but of Western civilisation, of its methods, its principles, its practices, and I, for one, will not be hurried into an excessive haste for repression by the argument that Orientals do not understand this toleration."

The views of men like Mr. Gokhale, the leader of the largest and most powerful reform party among his people, represent a line of contact between Lord Morley's principles and the native movement in India. They include a practicable modification of the Partition of Bengal, perhaps a re-arrangement of the whole country into seven governorships, certainly the admission of Indians upon the Executive Councils, and the concession of real power to the elected Indian members of the Legislative Councils, especially in finance. They open up a scheme of universal education, gradually extending to the villages, and an essential reform of the police—the black spot in Indian administration. Reforms such as these are at least vital and full of hope. We wish we could say the same of the changes proposed by Simla last year for criticism, and now again submitted, we believe, together with the remarks of Sir Herbert Risley, unhappily one of the least sympathetic of Anglo-Indian officials on the Viceroy's Council. Surely at such a moment it is our business to listen to the counsels of hope and moderation, to lead native India away from the dangerous spirits which are beginning to misdirect her, and back to a faith in the capacity and generosity of our own Government.

THE FRONTIER WAR.

Two months ago we were all congratulating Mr. John Morley (as he then was) on the prompt termination of his first frontier war. It is a much more anxious problem which Lord Morley of Blackburn has to face to-day. He has chosen to wrestle alone with the risks and the anxieties. There may be a war party in Cabul; there is certainly a war party in Simla. Handled with firmness and forbearance, this second frontier episode may prove to be no more serious than the first—a mere local conflict, which is, indeed, already virtually ended. Left to the management of the military party in India, it might commit us, within a few weeks or days, to an Afghan war. The issue lies between Lord Morley and Lord Kitchener, and in this conflict of wills public opinion can intervene with difficulty. The news is obscure, the facts disputed, and the India Office has taken the extreme step of refusing to answer questions in the Commons. If there were a cable between London and Cabul the motives for this reticence would be intelligible, but in the absence of any rapid communications with Afghanistan, it is difficult to explain a secrecy which sets a precedent fatal to any claim of Parliament and public opinion to influence the issues of peace and war.

The present trouble appeared, at the outset, to be like the affair with the Zakka Khels an ordinary incident of frontier police. The Mohmands, a numerous but not conspicuously warlike tribe, which inhabits the No Man's Land north of the Cabul River, had for some

time been restive and predatory. There was talk of a punitive expedition when suddenly they took the offensive. Brigandage in such cases is usually a declaration of war. The tribe robs because it is angry; robbery, in short, is a symptom rather than a motive of unrest. What the precise cause of discontent of the Mohmands was we do not know. Sir J. B. Lyall, who writes with unique authority, has suggested, in a letter to the "Times," that it was probably distrust of our motives in surveying a route for a new railway along the Cabul River. Behind that immediate grievance there is an older and more serious discontent. The Durand frontier line broke up the Mohmand tribe, leaving one-half of it in Afghanistan and subjecting the other to British suzerainty, though not to direct British administration. The Mohmands have always resented this arrangement as hotly as the Bengalis resented the partition of their province. The next phase of the affair was the marching of a force of "Afghans" across the frontier. It is in two bodies, under priestly leaders, and is variously estimated at from nine to twenty thousand men. The news would have sounded less alarming if the public had realised that these "Afghans" are in reality Mohmand tribesmen who are simply taking part in the clan's feud against the Indian Government. They probably consider themselves Mohmands first and Afghans afterwards. The European idea of a national state has little meaning in the East. The clan is a reality, and so is the allegiance due to Islam, when a holy war is preached. These hillmen probably thought of their quarrel as an affair of Mohmand against British and Moslem against Christian. It may not have entered their minds that they might be involving the Amir in a quarrel with his suzerain. In any event, the military consequences of this incursion were almost ludicrously slight. The raiders won no successes. They failed to rouse the Afridis, and even the Zakka Khels remained loyal. The invasion, such as it was, has been repelled, and its leaders discredited.

In all this situation there was nothing novel. During the Chitral affair, and again in the Tirah campaign, Afghan subjects from over the faint border-line assisted their kinsmen against us. Indeed, as the "Times" points out, the call to arms was openly preached in 1897 as far inland as Jalalabad. Why is it, then, that the present affair is regarded so gravely? The Simla correspondent of the "Times" has even gone so far as to say that we are already waging an "unofficial war against Afghanistan." The haste of Simla to declare "unofficial war" is of all the untoward circumstances the most suspicious. The reasons for suspecting that the Amir has connived at this invasion—if, indeed, he did not inspire it—are mainly these: (1) That he was recently at Jalalabad, and may still be there, within easy reach of the Khyber and the zone of disturbance; (2) that he has not yet condescended to sign the clauses of the Anglo-Russian Treaty relating to Afghanistan; and (3) that large quantities of arms have recently been imported into his dominions.

Another parallel line of suspicion is suggested by Dr. Winter, lately the Amir's physician, who has just arrived in London. Her theory is that the Amir Halibullah is really friendly, but that his younger brother, Nasrullah, is vehemently anti-British, and has directly inspired recent events. Mrs. Winter's authority may not be first-rate, but the latter part of this suggestion at least coincides with the little that is known about the Afghan Court. The present Amir and his late father were highly polygamous, and the Court is a nest of rival mothers and intriguing brothers. Some of these women are of the lurid Oriental type which rejoices to maim or murder rival beauties with its own hands, and their sons are bred in a tradition which regards wholesale fratricide as the normal method of securing a tranquil reign. The Amir Halibullah is reported to be a weak and indolent personality, as vain as he is malleable. His brother, Nasrullah, on the contrary, is energetic, intelligent, and ambitious.

He is at once soldier and priest, has qualified as a reader of the law, and is the commander of the army. With the clergy and the soldiery behind him he may well be the real master of Afghanistan. So long ago as 1905 he was decidedly chauvinistic, and the Dane Mission ascribed its disappointing achievements to his intrigues. So much was already known. Mrs. Winter's further information that Nasrullah Khan is now under Turkish influence is perhaps the most ominous aspect of the situation. One hopes that Mrs. Winter is not mistaken in supposing that the Amir is at bottom our friend. For, unfortunately, a good deal has happened recently to try the friendship of the vain ruler of a notoriously suspicious race. We have refused to allow him to imitate the Shahs of Persia by making a European tour, and refused his request to appoint a representative in London. The Dane Treaty of 1905 referred to him as "His Majesty," the "independent King" of Afghanistan. The Anglo-Russian Treaty degraded him to the status of "His Highness" the Amir. The whole tendency of these indications, slight enough to the Occidental mind, must have been to make him suspect that our suzerainty was tightening, and his independence dwindling. Worst of all he was not consulted before the Anglo-Russian Treaty was signed, and then, as if to emphasise his insignificance, he was bidden to set his seal to a document that had been drafted over his head. He saw his neighbour, Persia, divided into spheres of influence. He saw the traditional rivalry between Russia and Great Britain, which had always seemed to be the one security for Afghan independence, suddenly disappear. One can well believe that the chauvinistic faction in Cabul has increased its influence, and that the Amir himself, a weak man, may for a time have been powerless to resist it.

Such is the case against the Amir—a case resting mainly on conjecture and suspicion. At the worst it argues the need of vigilance. In any event, it should suggest the wisdom of forbearance, for the conduct of affairs on our side has been far from tactful, and at several points calculated to inspire suspicion. The Amir knows that behind these seemingly careless affronts to his royal dignity lie certain real projects—the construction of railways into the heart of Afghanistan among them. It is no part of a Liberal policy to menace his independence, yet we have seemed, if not to threaten it, at least to clip it, and to detract from its dignity. The case for war, even for "unofficial war," is much weaker than it was in 1897, in his father's time. At the worst we have means of making our displeasure felt much less inconvenient to ourselves than war. It is open to us, for example, to stop the Amir's monthly subsidy. The only objection to that method is that it would bring neither prestige nor promotion to the military party in Simla. An Afghan war is merely unthinkable at a moment when famine and terrorism in India are already making reform sufficiently difficult. Even if we have reason to suspect the Amir's goodwill, it is not to our interest, in the absence of any direct provocation, to unchain an imperial disaster by inquiring too closely into his omissions and his whims.

Life and Letters.

THE TRADE IN FICTION.

The romantic nature of our people is nowise better shown than in their attitude towards literature and the fine arts. Their delight is to shake off the materialism of life, and to enter an enchanted garden where the golden fruits of genius ripen in a day for any one who will to pluck, without any practised toil of cultivation. As with the works of art, so with their makers. No revelations of cynical biography, not even the brutalities of the law courts, dispel the glamour of miracle and mystery in which the popular imagination wraps even the meaner operations of the artistic spirit. It has been a common and by no means a pointless gibe that a poet or a musician holds his strength, like Samson, in his uncut hair, and it is felt that a genius in a cutaway coat and a bowler hat is somehow sinning against the ritual of his sacred calling. What the ordinary concert-goer or picture buyer feels is felt more confidently and more mystically by the literate shop-girl or the emotional young clerk whose soaring spirit seeks its chief food in cheap serial fiction. In this public still survives the full faith in the free creative life of literature, where a poet "does but sing because he must," a painter is sleepless till he has transferred his vision to the canvas, and the blessed novelist lives in a world peopled by personages belonging to a higher state of life than "that to which it has pleased God to call"—us.

To these gentle readers we feel that a real injury is done by such tearing of the veil as occurred last week, when "Rita" got a hundred guineas damages from a journalist company for maltreating the offspring of her imagination. That the showman should thus thrust one grimy hand on to the puppet stage, while with the other he shamelessly shakes the plate for pennies, is nothing else than profanation. We feel disposed to cry out in our distress, "Do not insist on telling us just how it is done; we do not want to know what skirt-hand worked at Miranda's dress, or who put on Ferdinand's flowing locks. Least of all do we desire to see the composite author squabbling among himself over the takings after the performance is over. Leave us to enjoy our miracle play in peace."

But for those curious souls who insist on peeping behind the scene, the "Rita" trial supplied some interesting facts and still more interesting speculations—artistic and ethical. Every fine art tapers down into a craft, and every craft into a factory industry. We suspect this always has been so, that painters and sculptors must always have had their train of copyists and their mechanic underlings, while the notorious "business" incompetence of writing man has enabled publisher or printer to run some sort or size of servile workshop. Even in the higher grades of literary production the "tied" author, turning out the most elevated sort of copy to order for a dictatorial business manager privileged to chop and change to fit the market, is no new phenomenon. It is only the scale of operations and the intricacy of the business mechanism that is new. A huge sub-divided reading public has come into existence in a generation with a voracious maw, and with an "effective demand" for strong-tasting, sensational romance. Town dwellers, growing up in orderly masses in frightfully dull surroundings, engaged in a steady, uninteresting grind for an uneventful livelihood, just educated up to a rude taste for verbal finery and an avid but utterly untrained fancy, are putting out an immense demand for cultural condiments, the pickles, jam, sardines, and ginger beer of intellectual life. Hence the huge organisation of which the Harmsworth press, though not the pioneer, is perhaps the cheapest instance. Cheap, showy slices are served out on the stalls of daily and weekly newspapers; old masterpieces are shortened, renamed, and smartened up for sixpenny series; little libraries of "new" fiction are everywhere in preparation. There is something very natural in this trade, something almost Elizabethan in the announcement of "a splendid love story, throbbing with the realities of life; the best story she has ever written. It deals with the loves, fears, jealousies, and hates of real people."

Observe the feigned claim of reality Real people, real incidents, real passions, are not actually wanted, are not given, would not sell. But the trade is fully alive to the artifice. Every story must be "real" in the sense in which it must be "new," respectable, and, at the same time, sense-alluring. The sort of meaning to be attached to these terms is naïvely indicated by the defence in the "Rita" case. It was not there denied that the story which appeared first as "The Sinner," afterwards as "The Grinding Mills of God," and finally in serial form as "Katie Thorne," was in substance unaltered, though in its latest shape it was advertised as "new." But "new," it was explained, was used "in a conventional and loose sense."

There is something terribly callous in the view of the creative function of the novelist, to which even so successful a parent as Mr. Le Queux commits himself, in maintaining that "an editor might do exactly as he liked in cutting down his stories." Another expert, Mr. Kernahan, makes an interesting distinction between a book which is "matter for art" and a serial which is "matter for the mart," and which must therefore be dealt with "in a serial way." It is this "serial way" which takes us into the recesses of the fiction factory. There we are confronted with the most approved economics of division of labor, and the primitive "author" is reduced to his proper place as the furnisher of raw material to be worked up by a series of "processes" into marketable commodities. In the elaborated factory the preliminary work is given out: it consists in plot-making, plot-faking, or plot-filching. It is no secret what those shabby, broken-down old searchers in the British Museum or other libraries are after, with their rows of volumes of "Keepsakes," or "Garlands," or other early nineteenth century repositories. They are resurrectionists, grubbing the bones of skeletons from the graveyards of fiction, to be pieced together, refleshed, and reclothed with modern incidents and atmosphere, and once more put upon the market But the plot-finder is not confined to graveyards; the kaleidoscope of current history furnishes new incident for the requisite distortion, coloration, and adulteration of popular romance; the law courts, the worlds of politics, "society," even of business, when they have undergone the preliminary treatment of journalism, are already apt for use. After a plot is found, it may be turned over to a "developer," then pass to the "composer," who actually writes the story, afterwards going for further treatment to a "finisher," who hands it to the editor for a last twist. For the market is a various one and many lines of goods are wanted; the same article must be made up in several sizes and qualities for different sorts of readers. A "splendid love story," throbbing with reality, must be given differently in a full-blooded novelette and in a magazine intended "for a pious child of fifteen." Even names are matter for nice trade discrimination. "Katie Thorne" was "a simple and pretty English name more suitable for this journal than Nellie Nugent." Then, too, when a story is serialised, skilled cutting must be accompanied by a doctoring of the wounds. Nor is this all. Each instalment requires for its ending "an emotional explosion," which, if it is not there already, must be found, because it is obviously necessary to carry the passion of the reader over the time-span between two instalments.

Such is the sordid background to the most characteristic and the most influential of our literary arts. Not even the liberty of the greatest artist is secure, for we learn from his own lips that Mr. Clement Shorter has "cut" a story of Robert Louis Stevenson. But perhaps, as was freely suggested by other literary witnesses, we are all too squeamish and unduly precious in our regard for any sort of written word. If Shakespeare can bear such rude handling and survive, why raise such outcries about minor acts of mutilation? The representation of authors as innocent sheep dumb before their shearers is not wholly just or reasonable. If the

"high art" of literature desires to sever itself from the trade, it can do so—in a measure, and at a price. In prose fiction, at any rate, a great writer can make a livelihood without becoming a base mechanic, and without handing over the fruits of his genius to the masterful middleman to be put in cold storage, trimmed and doctored for six separate markets. But, if he is eager to make money, he must put himself into the hands of a successful merchant, and do as he is told.

It is the same with every art, and we confess we have no great sympathy with the painter whose early visions and enthusiasms fade before the wiles of the dealer, and who paints the portraits of the vulgar great in order that he himself may live in their society; or with the novelist who, being capable in his own judgment of great things, yet decides to sell his fictive soul to a syndicate. So incalculably great is the harm done by any sort of bad art that we are disposed to say that no one has a right to practise such abuse of any talent he possesses. Moreover, we believe that a sound, genuine public feeling upholds this view, and that when men of high literary or artistic talent complain, as they often do, that they are compelled to prostitute their gifts for gain, they get more popular contempt than sympathy.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

"To England God has given the dominion of the sea, to France the dominion of the land, to Germany of the air." How amazing the splendid irony of Jean Paul's boast appears to us now! It is barely a century since he uttered it. The words take us back to that dear land of aerial contemplation, where philosophers in high-pitched attics brooded day and night over the Thing in Itself, where poets wrote each other stout volumes of letters on the metaphysic of nursery rhymes, where youths haunted moonlit ruins with romantic shudders, and maidens with languishing eyes sought the Blue Flower of intangible passion. There stood the little villages with brown-tiled roofs and wooden rafters. Round them confidingly clustered the forests of formal little trees, like the curly firs in oval boxes of toy farmyards. There walked the goats and cows, whose horns get entangled in the curly branches; there labored the men and women, meek and peaceful as their toy similitudes; and there the friendly stork brought the babies over the snow.

Hardly a century has gone, and what a different Germany it is that makes the flesh of the "National Review" to creep, and holds the members of the Navy League awake and trembling through the night watches! Out of that visionary dominator of the air has grown a ravening monster, who grips the land and threatens the sea, whose mailed teeth crunch the bones of men from China to the Cameroons, whose iron crest, looming upon our Eastern offing, surpasses the summer's serpent in perpetuated and recurrent terror. In place of the soughing of wind upon the forest and the fevered brow, we hear the trampling of two million solid men in arms. In place of the languishing eyes that sought the Blue Flower we behold the searchlights of a hundred "Dreadnoughts" seeking a blue estuary where they may vomit their accursed spawn upon our holy shores. Thou hast conquered, O man of blood and iron! From the dominion of the air this is a change indeed.

It is not with poor Mr. Maxse's nightmare that Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick deals in her large but pleasant book upon "Home Life in Germany" (Methuen). Here she is concerned with the lesser things of daily existence that are supposed to occupy a woman's attention more than man's. She speaks of them as the insignificant trifles that make the common round of life, and, no doubt, when a man's mind is crowded up with battleships and army corps, there is not much room for what German ladies call "the great Wash." But to us who hope to preserve some kind of sanity, even when the Kiel Canal is widened, the subject of Mrs. Sidgwick's book is far from trifling or insignificant. Setting genius and spiritual things aside, we may in the household best examine the essential qualities of a race. If we were clever enough we might very likely there discover a good deal about genius and spiritual things as well. The philosopher has always been fond of saying, "Show me a man's friends, books, clothes, or something of that kind, and I will show you the man himself." We may fear that the philosopher is not the person to show us anything, but to the list of things that reveal the man or the race we may just as well add the kitchen, the bedroom, and the public-house.

It is true that German provinces differ widely in habit and temperament. In spite of uniform regulations and all the cheers for unity, the differences go on subsisting. Due to climates and past history, they are deep in the blood as nationality itself, and no race bred on wine will ever coalesce with the race of beer; no Bavarian who has snuffed the Tyrol will claim kinship with the serf who plods East Prussian mire. The differences of manner are almost as violent, the sentiment almost as hostile and aloof, as between the four or five races that people our own islands; and even the differences of blood are only a little less marked. Yet through them all there runs a character that we call emphatically German, and Mrs. Sidgwick, being of German parentage herself, though she prefers to regard herself as an Englishwoman ("naturally," as Englishwomen would say), has been able to live in various parts of her fatherland with complete understanding, and to show us the essential habits of a common stock.

She takes us note by note through the whole gamut of life among the middle-classes and the poor. To one who has lived in a small German town, it may seem strange that she has omitted royalty and the aristocracy; for he will remember the inexhaustible discussions on Grand Dukes and Princesses, and how shamelessly he tried to satisfy the curiosity about his personal knowledge of England's King and royal family. But for all that, the German aristocracy has less influence upon the common affairs of life than our own, and Mrs. Sidgwick is right in keeping most of her book for the people of "moderate incomes," the small professional households, the "educated classes," among whom, in all civilised nations, the special characteristics of a race are most easily seen. So she takes us through the whole thing—the common experience of this class between birth and death—from the baby in its "cushion," through the stages of boy and girl, student and "Backfisch," man and wife, servants, shopping, family meals, games, arts, watering-places, and beer, up to the apotheosis of a desirable residence in Berlin. It is a major scale, and it ends satisfactorily with a common chord. There is something, direct, orderly, and healthy—what the Germans call *kerngesund*—about it all. On the whole, Germany would have a right to pride herself, even if she did not so frequently take the right. She has aimed at certain results and gained them.

To put it quite grossly, we think the German of the middle and lower-middle classes gets more for his money than the Englishman of the same standing. As far as mere knowledge goes, he gets a better education. His health is more scientifically watched, his body more scientifically developed. When he marries, his home is more comfortable, his wants more carefully attended to, his cheap cigars superior. He gets goose more often for dinner, and he gets other sauces than the paste called "melted butter." His clothes are always mended, and usually clean; so are his children's. His wife is serviceable, admiring, quietly affectionate, and so thrifty that she pockets the sugar for him at a café. His being is pervaded by a kind of spiritual *Gemüthlichkeit*. From childhood to old age he can drink beer with safety and economy, and for the price of a glass in an artificial garden can have excellent music thrown in. At any of the numerous small capitals and university towns he can count on a good library and a theatre where classic masterpieces and modern experiments are to be seen for next to nothing in quick succession. Once a year he can take a "cure" in earth, air, water, sun, mud, odours, or any other element he chooses. And when at last he can keep alive no more, all his relations and friends will express their deep-hearted lamentations by

an advertisement in the local paper half a column long.

One cannot do all that in England at the price. We are not speaking of the poor or even of the artisan classes; but, in spite of her growing riches and rising standard of life, Germany is still the Paradise of moderate means. She is a Paradise, too, in which it is almost impossible to go wrong. As in her own forests, there are guide-posts at every turn, and different coloured stripes are painted on the trees guiding you in accordance with pre-arranged directions. The paths are constructed in easy gradients and neatly kept. Here a notice requests you to spare the beauties of nature; there a notice calls on you to admire a specially charming view; and it is hard to miss your way to the nearest "restauration," where beer flows like water, and, indeed, for sixpence they will turn you on a waterfall as well. In the towns the police will take care that you are in no doubt as to your own identity. They will take care that no flower-pot falls on your head from a neighbour's sill, that the sweet girl opposite practises her music on a summer's noon with the window shut, and that the string with which your enemy's wife leads her lap-dog in the public gardens is short. They will take care that your servant-maid's book registers every fault she has ever committed, and that the applications for your kindly assistance are investigated upon the sternest principles of the Charity Organisation Society. Pedagogic specialists will see that your baby's toys are designed for graduated intellectual improvement. Psychological specialists will submit your children to mental vivisection from year to year. At Christmastide your wife will drag a goose from market by a string, slaughter it in the back garden, and serve it up with stewed plums, before she lays her tearful cheek upon your shoulder in a passion of humble Wehmuth beside the lighted Christmas-tree, and thanks God you still tolerate her because she has the mind of a cook and keeps the linen straight.

"O my brothers," as the gipsy used to say, why should we suffocate any more? Where is that old grandmother Liberty whom Heine heard whispering strange, sweet tales of freedom into the ears of youth? Does the wind no longer blow upon the heath? Is there not somewhere a woman who sounds the horn of the wild old forest?

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I.—THE SPRING WIND.

Under the daisy's little shadow on the short turf lie the rusty grains of withered catkins. Over them the daisy's head bends southwards to drink of the hot sun face to face. Imperceptibly its disc follows the sun to the west as the day declines. Looking from the sun's glory back to the flower's white rays, one sees that, though she is dependent on him for her life, both he and she are equal in nature's sight. Suns are being extinguished there, beyond the veil: here at hand the sap is rushing up beneath the tough bark.

Around the great horizon sweeps the savage wind, roaring up the hill, shivering through gorse and dried grasses, and whirling far the oak scrub's withered leaves. But in the sunshine from the trembling hazel buds gleams the pale transparency of the green spring. When the hard, grey clouds, fleeting from the north-west, hide the sun's face, everything shivers in the icy wind, and, under the wild cherry snow lies patching the ground ivy.

Not yet has the cherry unfolded its white petals, tightly held by the brown-green sepals, but marvellous are the male and female blossoms of the ash, set high in heavy bunches against the white cumuli clouds gigantic in the heavens, and greener than the fields' herbage are the feathering larches swaying in slender companies against the blue.

This is the song of the spring—life struggling up out of death, death dragging life down, and the killing of weary and aged things by frost, by shattering winds, by freezing rain and hail, the weak and old and feeble being beaten down without mercy, perishing off the earth's face under the restless onslaught of the spring. You hear it at night in the deep triumphant roar of the firs in the hurrying gale. Myriads of small creatures, in the outrageous blasts, are perishing out there in the iron fields, and within the near cottages both young and old are fading out of life, the ailing babe that cannot move its mouth towards the mother's breast, and the aged, bedridden woman laboring for her scant breath. And the wind never ceases, the insolent, clamouring wind of spring, loud in the tree-tops, coursing over the land's face, filling the immense heavens with its song of mastery—a sweeping sea of sound and conflict, of spring's renovation and destruction.

On the edge of the hill-road, sheltered from the wind by two protecting gorse bushes, an old villager, long past his work, sits day after day, brought there by some friendly hand to gaze over the great weald. In all but the worst weathers every morning finds him at his post till sundown, his back propped against the bank, wrapped in a heavy frieze coat, the gift of an old farmer dead and gone. Bodily he is still hale, but his mind is in its second childhood, smoothed clean of thought and memory after the stress of seventy odd years. And his shaking treble, piping back broken words to the passers who hail him, are addressed in the same key to all alike. All faces and voices come now to him from far off, now stirring, now dropping away into the inner misty vacancy that holds him. Only his dim eyes rest perpetually upon the great weald stretching there before him, as though its hamlets and farms, its ploughlands and brooklands, its holts and hills and shaws were strange to him now that all the people of his world are dead and gone.

High on a twig of an oak sapling, a few feet from the old man, a finch sits and shrills out the defiant call of the spring. The sunlight is obscured; a thick belt of dark, spreading vapour is flying rapidly up from the north-west. Like an arrow the finch darts down the hill, with three swerving wing-beats flashing from sight. The wind roars round the hill-crest, and, with the freshening gusts, across the valley, slants the grey veil of driving snow.

II.—THE JOYOUS MAN.

He came bustling along in the shadow of the wall, in the darkest hour of the very early morning, his right arm swinging in tune with his step, his left moving stiffly. He was very small, little more than five feet in all, and a long, shapeless coat, tattered at the sleeves, hung loosely round his tiny body, reaching well below his knees. When I called him, and he came briskly to my side, I saw that he wore only three garments, the long coat, his trousers, and a buttonless linen shirt, filthy and discoloured, which showed his bare breast, and was only gathered in, in some ragged foldings, below it. In the shadow his figure seemed sinister, but when he approached, and I also saw his face, it expressed only alacrity and willingness to please. He was highly coloured, with the countryman's bloom on his cheek like slightly withered apples, and his eyes were dark and full of light. But what fixed my attention, so that I could not for one moment withhold my gaze from him, was the look of joy which illumined each feature. His eyes smiled, his mouth smiled, and the whole face was radiant, so that the red cheeks seemed faded in comparison with this inward light.

"Where are you going?" I said.

"To the City," he answered, and his voice and gesture, like the rapid, swinging gait which had first drawn me to him, bespoke a man who had regular duties, in an office, which were agreeable to him, and called for punctuality.

"To sleep?" I said.

He nodded. "The Embankment," and smiled again.

"Why do you hold your arm like that?" I said, pointing to the limb which hung down.

"It's the rheumatics. Damp days it's something cruel, but this weather suits me all right, guv'nor."

"What's your business?"

"Gas-fitter. I'm a good tradesman, but this" (propping the left arm with the right) "does me."

He had had a month in hospital. How had he lived since his discharge? Well, he had "had a bit here and there."

"Any friends?"

"I've a sister, guv'nor, if I knew erzackly where to put my 'and on 'er." He waved his free arm cheerfully in the direction of North London. Some twenty years ago, it appeared, his sister had lived there. He seemed quite sure of finding her, if he wanted her.

"Are you a Socialist?" I asked, having nothing else to say.

"I'm a bit of a Socialist," and he spoke as a man who had reasoned things out, "but they ain't consistent enough fur me. I heerd one in the park. No more workhouses, says he. Then where's the poor man to go to? Not that I always hold with the rich—there's good and there's bad. I s'pose you can't always make your money honest, guv'nor; you've to say something. But they don't 'ave it all their own way. Now, there's Rothschild. 'E wanted a gold gate to 'is 'ouse in 'Ide Park, and a sentry with fixed bay'net to walk in front. But Guvm't wouldn't allow it. It's a cert, guv'nor." And his face beamed; all was right with the world.

"Do you know of a lodging-house?" I said.

"There's a 'ouse in Vauxhall," he replied. (Vauxhall was three miles off.)

He swung into his quick step again, like a little French soldier in a regimental march. I gazed after him. He turned and smiled, and his face wore the same expression of mysterious, incommunicable joy.

THE RUSH FOR THE SUN.

The cynic may deny the existence of the sun, or, at any rate, that it has been lately in evidence. It does not follow, however, that because the human observer cannot find one spot in the clouds more illumined than another or a darker shadow of himself on one side than on any other that there are not X-rays and Y-rays and Z-rays of very real import darting here and there throughout the animal and vegetable kingdom. If we will lower the umbrella and condescend to look at the trees or the annual flowers of the earth, we shall be struck by the fact that this gloomy season of wet, varied with false promises of what we call fine, is very good growing weather. The horse chestnut has lifted its drooping fans and spread them out, so that already there is more leaf than sky to be seen as we look up. The tiny leaves of the elm daily, almost hourly, look less babyish, and beneath them the thick fool's parsley comes to the knees. It is springing up with a verve that looks like an ambition to overtop the elms. But that cannot be done in one year, even by the fool's parsley, and the glance of a perfect stranger would be enough to show that it is but an annual. With hollow stalks for strength and lightness, of brittle material for cheapness and speed of construction, strengthened with angular ribs of tougher fibre for safety, the umbel-bearing plants of which this is the commonest representative, press up very efficiently for their brief annual revel in the sun. The multiplicity of their species, one of the chief bewilderments of the young botanist, shows how well the system has paid for millions and millions of generations.

Everything, from the lordliest tree to the humblest creeping plant (during its little period of flowering) presses heavenward—that is, straight for the zenith. This though the sun is scarcely ever in that quarter of the sky, and only for an hour or two in the whole middle month of the year. The household plant usually, though not always, strives to get out of the nearest window. We can understand that as a groping after light which is the essential stimulant of its green laboratory, but the attitude of the tree in the plain seems more like a spiritual aspiration—a desire to get, by the most direct way, out of this wicked world and into a better. It is not so, however. The grass and the fool's parsley and the trees are tip-toeing to look over one another's heads at the sun as he wanders round the horizon; fighting against the overshadowing of a neighbour that would cut off any ray, however early or however late; striving for the dominance that will enable the winner to spread his branches right over the sky space of the loser, kill him, and get his root area as well. Some are more cruel and selfish (in their probably blind way) than others; some less eager for battle, and with a more gentle or cunning way of getting their own. The snowdrop and the crocus avoid fuss and bitterness by coming very early. There is very little fighting for the sun of January and February, which, for the sake of peace, they consider good enough for them. Long ago they finished their summer, and the annual armageddon will rage above their tomb. Observe, on the other hand, the tactics of the daisy—one of the flowers most beloved by the poets. Disdaining the challenge of the grass to a fair and friendly race, it spends the bulk of its days in a spreading movement, a stifling of rival growth in babyhood under a rosette of flat, earth-clinging leaves, from which its "wee, crimson-tippit" flowers rise to a leisurely enjoyment of a solitude that serves it for peace.

More round-about, in several senses of the word, is the method by which the hop and many other climbing plants secure heaven. The climbing of a stick may seem an easy matter, when the stick has been obligingly put just in the right place by the self-interested farmer. The intelligence, or whatever it be, of the hop is better seen when there is no stick to remind it by a touch that heaven can be won by a spiral as well as by a straight line. You can then see the shoot of the plant set about finding the core of its spiral, if there be one, by methods similar to the finding of its way home by a carrier pigeon, the hunting of a hound for a lost trail, or the search of a man round a central spot for an object he thinks he has left thereabout. After rising just above the ground, the hop shoot bends at right angles, and then the horizontal portion sweeps a slow circle through all the points of the compass, growing as it revolves. The second circle has necessarily a longer radius than the first, and each of the others covers more ground than the last. At the height of its speed the circle is accomplished in a little over two hours, and at about the thirty-sixth revolution Darwin found that another plant of similar habits swept a circle sixteen feet in circumference at a speed, for the tip of the shoot, of thirty-three inches an hour. Such energy and such singleness of method is sure to be rewarded. A straight clamber towards the light might miss many uprights by a mere inch, so might semi-circular oscillations towards the south. But our hop secures vertical advantage by systematic horizontal gropings, gains the light by exploring the dark, goes north in order to come south.

A bramble bush in the first hill field was woven all over last summer with the graceful leaves and prettily coloured fruit of the mandrake. All that tapestry has long since disappeared, and now the bush is greening with its legitimate blackberry buds. But through the heart of it is rushing up again a sheaf of bryony shoots, racing neck and neck, each with its tendrils ready for a cast round any support that may be worth lassoing. Already there are tendrils that have caught something, and others that have outlived their capacity and caught nothing. Both have coiled themselves into spirals, the unsuccessful ones into long corkscrew ringlets, with coils all running one way, the others with a turn or two to the right, then a turn or two to the left. The support is thus drawn tight up to the plant, but not too tight. The bryony is anchored to the bush with spring cables that give and fetch when the wind shakes its world, and thus it rides out the fiercest gale. Again the bush and the pollard ash above it will be festooned with that exquisite pattern of vine-like leaves and round berries in green and lemon and crimson.

The bitter-sweet, also rushing up to the sun as a harmless parasite, is a sheer extemporiser by comparison with the bryony, yet it manages to ramble through the tallest hedge and take the best of the sun for the ripening of its egg-shaped fruit. When needs must, it will grow

into a tolerable bush, but it very much prefers to lean and scramble on others. The hop can only wind from left to right, the bean only from right to left, but this arab of the bush is Jack of both twists though master of neither. It is without tendrils or leaves that can hold on, yet few flowers are more common than its poisonous looking potato-like blossoms. Higher in the scale of extempore climbers is the traveller's joy, now sprouting from its high woody tangles for fresh excursions through our English jungles. Either leaf of any of its pairs can curl its stalk round a twig. The thrill of the touch is communicated throughout the fathoms of wiry, dead-looking stem, and the community generously supplies the self-appointed grabber for empire with extra nourishment. The leaf-stalk swells and toughens as it strains to its new task, and is granted as its guerdon the immortality that belongs to a branch, for when in autumn the other leaves fall off, our friend who has grasped something remains at his post. The dependent life after all is a strenuous life. Of all woody plants, the honeysuckle is the first in leaf. The battle among the groundlings is now almost at its height, while the lordly self-supporting trees that fought their war long ago as saplings or seedlings among the lilliputian grass, open the leaves of their maturity very much at their leisure. Theirs is only the civil strife of leaf against leaf, and as the spoils in any case belong to the community, it is comparatively indifferent as to the period that the war shall cover.

Letters from Abroad.

THE TWO HEADS OF THE FREISINN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The May issue of the "Neue Rundschau" contains two articles from German progressive politicians of mark. On one page Dr. Friedrich Naumann tells the story of the passing of German Liberalism, with an outlook on its chances of regeneration; on another Dr. Theodore Barth, in a monthly review of political events, strikes the balance of the relationship between the Bülow *bloc* and the Freisinn.

There is some sort of symbolic significance in the juxtaposition of the two articles. THE NATION has already referred to the secession of Dr. Barth and his following from the Freisinnige-Vereinigung—I hesitate to translate "Freisinnige" into "Radical." Now, at the same congress where Dr. Barth resolved to take a back seat, if seat at all, in the movement of more or less advanced Liberalism, Dr. Naumann came forward as the defender of its present policy. There are not many years since Herr Naumann, with a small band of friends and followers, played the part of the political Ishmaelite, whilst Dr. Barth was one of the most energetic leaders of a small but active parliamentary group. Now Barth has deliberately taken the part of the Ishmaelite, and Naumann is quite visibly pushing or winding forward to the leadership of the new party now in formation—the Liberal Party that is to be as the result of the amalgamation of the three "advanced" groups, and perhaps their re-union with the National Liberals.

This displacement of the two named politicians is a very characteristic phenomenon in the present evolution of political parties in Germany. There is not much, if any, personal rivalry between Dr. Naumann and Dr. Barth. Their ambitions, as well as their ideas, tend in directions too widely different to occasion personal competition. They represent two opposite poles of political thought—the opposites between which German Liberalism of to-day oscillates without finding its centre of gravity.

Dr. Barth, the elder of the two, entered political life as a Liberal of the old Free Trade school, and a thoroughgoing Free Trader he has remained ever since. He is one of the few uncompromising adherents of free exchange between the nations still to be found in Germany. But the Manchestrian notions, once so intimately connected with the Free Trade theory, he has to a great extent given up. He is even now far from being a State Socialist. He approaches questions of industrial legislation with less prejudice than in former years, but his preferences are with "free" movements. "One overlooks too easily," I read in one of his writings, "that the labor movement of our day turns not on benefactions, but on rights." This seems to me the very gist of his position in regard to Socialism. His mind is, in a high degree, the mind of a lawyer; he argues in the clear and logical method of the legalist, but without the dryness of the professional man. There is a delightful freshness about his speeches, and very little oratorial trash. In Parliament he was the best debater I ever met, quick, always to the point, and full of striking and witty parallels.

Friedrich Naumann is something of a rhetorician. He has still vestiges of the parson. As a clergyman he was, at first, an adherent of Herr Stoecker, the Conservative anti-Semitic Christian Socialist, but took to more advanced views, and became one of the leaders of the Left, or the young section of the Christian Socialist movement, until, in 1895, he severed his connection with that movement, and founded, together with Professor Sohm, Paul Jöhne and others, the Nationalsoziale Partei. They were a band of gifted men, not unlike the British Fabians in their views, but with higher flights of ambition. Whilst the Fabians contented themselves with being a club of propagandists, they strove at once to build up a new political party of their own colour—socialistic in economics, democratic in most questions of home politics, and imperialistic, in the fashion of the Primrose League, in foreign politics and the questions of armaments and colonial acquisition. Now, unlike the Fabians, they found at their start a strong and well disciplined Social Democratic Party already in existence, a party hardened in the school of persecution, and with popular and experienced leaders at its head. Under these circumstances the fate of the Nationalsoziale Partei was sealed from the outset. It came to nought. Twice they tried their luck at general elections, in 1898 and in 1903, but on both occasions Herr Naumann was beaten, and after the second experience the party was dissolved. Naumann and the majority of his friends then entered into a compact with the Freisinnige Vereinigung. Some preferred to remain outside any political party, and a few of still more advanced views joined the Social Democratic Party.

In a book, "Kaisertum und Demokratie," Herr Naumann explained in 1900 the ideas underlying his nationalistic socialism. The book exhibits him as a very ingenious and powerful writer, but a fanciful and even dangerously utopian politician. Expansion, economical and political, was, for Germany, the task of the time, and the Kaiser its executor. William II. would go with those who were ready to grant him the means for the execution of this mission, for he was fully alive to the necessities of the time and burning to act accordingly. The democratic parties had only to grant the armaments the Kaiser demanded, and they would tear him from the embrace of the squires and the other reactionary elements that clung to the throne to make its possessor their ally and managing clerk.

To an English reader, who is not well acquainted with German matters, all this might not seem quite a baseless speculation, and, undoubtedly, it contained a fragment of truth. But the deduction was all the more dangerous. An alliance between the Kaiser and the democracy can, in Germany, only be a passing apparition, unless one of the two be prepared to change character and essence altogether. The Kaiser is head of the Empire by being King of Prussia, and, as King of Prussia, he is, for many more reasons than the necessity for armaments, tied to the semi-feudal squirarchy. In his dream of a democratic Emperor, Herr Naumann quite forgot that William II., as King of Prussia, had in 1894 solemnly declared "that the nobles in opposition are in Prussia an 'absurdity' unless they have the King at their head." (Königsberg, September 6th, 1894.) In spite of all the squabbles between the King or the King's Ministers and the nobles, King and nobles hang together in Prussia, and will always be ready to make

peace and combine against democracy as soon as the latter insists on a really democratic policy.

To some extent Herr Naumann seems to be cured of his illusions of eight years ago, but his speeches at the recent congress of the Freisinnige betray a similar frame of mind. If in 1900 he was prepared to sacrifice anything for the purpose of winning the Kaiser over to democracy, he is now ready to sacrifice a good many fundamental principles of democracy for the purpose of getting all sorts of capitalistic and progressive Liberals together into a big united Liberal Party. To ease his conscience he says that the sacrifice is only to be temporary. *Pro tempore*, Liberals and Radicals must join the Bülow *bloc* and submit to its requirements in order to gain strength and unity. This result once obtained, they are to turn round, seek the alliance of the Social Democrats, and with them smash the reactionary parties. In other words, Herr Naumann proposes to fight to-day in conjunction with the reactionaries, and to tell the Social Democrats, with a twinkle in the eye, not to mind, for it will soon be the turn of the Junkers. The plan is a little too ingenuous, and Dr. Barth is justified in reminding Herr Naumann of the fate of men who are dupes of their own ingenuity.

This Dr. Barth does in a pamphlet just published under the title "Der Freisiern im Block"—literally translated, "Radicalism in the Stocks," for "Block" in the German would originally bear this meaning. According to Dr. Barth the experience of the last three months has fully shown that the Liberal unity, as a bye-product of the Bülow *bloc*, will not promote the interest of Reform, but must of necessity end in subserviency to Reaction. Herr Barth is not opposed to compromise under any conditions. He is a man of strong convictions, but he is not a political doctrinaire. He is one of those Radicals who, in 1893, in opposition to the late Eugene Richter and his friends, were ready to grant Count Caprivi an increase of the army, and by this did split up the Freisinnige Party into the Populist Wing and the Freisinnige Union. But, he says, at that time the demanded increase was a part of a scheme of reform that reduced military service from three to two years, and to refuse it meant to do the work of the Junkers and the Bismarckians, who hated Caprivi because of his Liberal commercial policy, his opposition to the coercion of the Socialists, and his endeavours to reconcile the Poles. Indeed, if one turns back to the years of the Chancellorship of Caprivi, one will find that this straightforward soldier was overthrown because he was not enough of a jingo. The same Herr Harden who now poses as a saviour of his country because he has delivered some aristocrats, already fallen into disfavour, into the hands of the public prosecutor, this same man, as a scribe of the Bismarckian intriguers, denounced the conciliatory policy of Count Caprivi towards the Poles as a danger for Germany because it might offend the Tsar. He has good reason for jubilation. The Polish policy of Prince Bülow will nowhere be greeted with greater delight than in St. Petersburg.

You have already stated the fact that the refusal to censure the Parliamentary Members of the Freisinnige for voting the language clause of the Associations was the step that led Dr. Barth to resign his membership of the party. That policy is even more stupid than it is infamous. It will do the Poles, against whom it is directed, scarcely any harm; it will rather drive people into their political associations, and thus greatly assist the nationalistic propaganda. But whatever its political effects, its constitutional character is a violation of the principle of equal rights, and in acceding to it the Freisinnige have thrown over one of the fundamental principles of Liberalism. This, says Dr. Barth, shows a mental disposition equal to any further betrayal, and it must end in failure and disgrace. Naumann's policy, he continues, presumes an unscrupulousness of which he is incapable, and, consequently, can only end in bankruptcy.

In his turn Herr Naumann accuses Barth of being too much of a Liberal and too little of a Democrat; that is to say, too much of an individualist and too little of a disciplinarian. "His standpoint," he writes in a clever and politely worded article, "is not that of Rousseau, but that of the English Puritans and the first founders of the New England States. Unity is, in its essence, a democratic principle, a system based on the creation of a common will." There is some truth in this, but it is well known that if from Rousseau one road leads to Socialism, another leads, and has repeatedly in history led, to Bonapartism.

Strange, and even childish, as Herr Naumann's plan must appear to the English reader, it is but the national outcome of the confused state of political life in Germany. I have said that in Herr Naumann there is still a good deal of the ex-parson; but, at the same time, there is also a good deal of the student of Karl Marx and Friedrich Nietzsche. He is very firm in Marxian economics, and from Nietzsche, if not also from Marx, he has imbibed the "desire for power." In England he would be a strong Tory Democrat; in Germany there is no room for such a being in practical politics. Of Naumann's plan his new partisans only accept the fight against Socialists, and the Socialists, in their turn, judge it solely from this point of view. Herr Naumann believes himself more of a Socialist than Herr Barth, and would, perhaps, accept Socialist measures which the former may refuse. And yet, if to-day you could take a vote amongst German Social Democrats as to whom they prefer, Naumann or Barth, the overwhelming majority would poll for the latter.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

May 5th, 1908.

The Drama.

"THE GAY LORD QUEX."

IT is sometimes said in Mr. Pinero's praise that he can write anything. And that, in a sense, is quite true. His gifts are as various as the tangled show in a "curio" dealer's shop, where you may observe things in all styles, of all periods, of all countries, and by all sorts of artificers. So with Mr. Pinero. He will give you farce, extravaganza, comedy drama, comedy of manners, comedy of dress and fashion, problem play, what you will, and perform all, or nearly all, these feats of dexterity very well. But then, if you consider the subject of literary production, you discover that the faculty of insight which we call genius is by no means allied to this diversity of production, that the man who reflects to some purpose about the world does not possess it. Unity, rather than multiplicity, of form and conception is his characteristic.

Another characteristic of the great writer is seriousness. He is prepossessed about life. All that he studies, all that he even adapts from the forms of literature with which he is most familiar, or which he most admires, suggests some new light for his own meditations. Now, it is quite impossible to discern what Mr. Pinero thinks about anything, what, indeed, he is. He takes his subjects, the temperaments that he thinks suitable for treatment on the modern stage, and sets them off with the kind of furniture amid which he conceives that they move with ease and plausibility. And that seems enough for him. He is not concerned, or is not sufficiently concerned, with the men and women themselves. He does not seem to have made the discovery that human beings, at all times and in all dresses, are alike—that life is made in one grand piece, and that the pattern, with its infinite diversity of detail, has a key which he who looks closely enough (provided he has the right kind of eyes) is well able to discern. For this reason his types are mostly mechanical models, dressed to the mode, the literary or stage fancy of the hour. They are very amusingly constructed, artfully endowed, like an automatic chess-player, with motion and the semblance of reason. But they lack the essential qualities of flesh and blood.

Take, for example, his notorious and now rather faded "macaroni" play, "The Gay Lord Quex," which has just been revived as part of a series

that will enable Sir John Hare to present the British public with some last dissolving views of his delightful art. Quex is a study of a rake—that time-honored stage subject—let me say, of a reformed or a reforming rake. Most great writers have treated it—Shakespeare in "Measure for Measure," Balzac in "La Cousine Bette," Maupassant in "Bel-Ami," Dickens in "David Copperfield," Tolstoy in "The Power of Darkness," Echagaray in "Don Juan," Stevenson in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." All handle it, are compelled by their natures and their knowledge of life to handle it, with seriousness—that is to say, for the instruction of the thoughtful and the warning of the light-minded, rather than for the entertainment of the curious. And all come to the conclusion about it which Burns records when he says that the deliberate and continuous pursuit of women makes men callous, as well as slavish, that

> "it hardens a' within
> And petrifies the feeling."

What view does Mr. Pinero take of this kind of vanity in civilised existence? Does he agree with his and our teachers and predecessors? It is impossible to say, for he does not treat his "gay lord" as a problem in morals at all. Quex is first painted with some care as a man with a particularly lurid reputation. He is not even an average "man about town"; he has his nickname, his eminence. His young *fiancée* knows all about him. His hairs have grown grey in the service of pleasure; like a powdered footman, he wears his master's livery. But in speech, in action, and especially in Sir John Hare's bodily presentment of him, Lord Quex is set before us as a carefully schooled, exceptionally refined, well poised, diplomatic, phlegmatic Englishman. So far as I remember, Mr. Pinero has eliminated some passages in the earlier exchanges between Quex and his old companion in arms which did give some plausibility to the suggestion of Quex's career. But nothing in the actual evolution of the play suggests that anything that he has done or has been has the smallest concern with what he is. When Don Juan braves heaven and hell, and invokes the "joies profanes de mes sultanes," against the ruin that hangs over his head, he is at least "verifiable;" he is in one stage of the rake's progress. But what is Quex? He is, it is true, beset with half real complications, which though a moment's resolution would brush them away, seem to interfere with his unpleasant design of marrying the lady whom his friend describes as a "creamy English girl." But in himself, no pains are spared to represent him as heart-whole, mind-whole, body-whole. He has parted from the under-world in which he has lived the greater part of his man's existence, unscathed and unsmirched by it. Nay, so fanciful is Mr. Pinero's art that, looking, as I have said, at Quex through the medium of Sir John Hare's dry, trim, composed little figure, it is impossible to conceive what satisfaction this old prodigal can ever have had in his diet of husks, served and sauced, though it may have been, *chez Maxim*. If the author had really thought out a poignant drama, no theme could have given him more striking material than that which he stumbled on in Lord Quex—namely, the false notion that a man set on one course of habit and self-satisfaction could settle down with ease and appropriateness into another. But this moral truth Mr. Pinero has either not perceived or has evaded.

The truth is, of course, that the play is unreal throughout, and hinges, not on character, not on any end that can be called moral or intellectual, but on a powerfully executed stage device. *There* lies Mr. Pinero's talent; there his mind works with nimbleness and success. To that end three-quarters of the play itself are sacrificed, and we have to put up with a first Act, a second Act, and a fourth Act, which are nullities, in order that a masterly third Act may come into being. The self-contained Quex, completely disillusioned about the sentimental Duchess, who was once his mistress, must commit the aimless folly of visiting her in her room at midnight, in the house that also shelters the girl whom he is to marry, and to whom he is devoted. There he must be confronted with another impossible character, the lying, prying, mischief-making, but really noble manicurist (who, if Mr. Pinero's art had been a little subtler, might conceivably have been made to live). Put these two individuals together in a series of tight corners, arising out of a risky, thrillingly prolonged, scene in a woman's bedchamber, when the house is asleep, and you have a situation well adapted for manipulation by so deft a hand as Mr. Pinero's.

And yet it is precisely in such a mechanical complication that the weakness of his characterisation comes out. Not realising his subject, he has been at pains to draw Quex as a specially chivalrous, self-controlled person. But when he is cornered by the girl, Fullgarney, he has three devices—first, to bribe her, secondly, to scare her, thirdly, to ruin her. Here for a moment the "tone" of the picture is right; Quex does what the "man of the world" would do; that is to say, his inevitable resort is to try everything but the truth. But as the queer, false bent of the play is to represent him as a *preux chevalier*, we have a quick rebound to nobility, both in him and in the manicuring minx. It is all clever and entertaining enough to those whose mind is set on ingenuities of the stage as ends in themselves rather than on a representation of life. And there are hints in the play, cynical as it is, that if its author's mind dwelt on the secrets of existence more than on the manipulation of theatrical puppets, he might, with his skill in stage-craft, achieve something of value. In the last scene, Quex, bitterly contrasting himself with his younger rival, who fails in the test of self-control that he passes, confesses that no more virtue resides in him than in this brainless light-minded soldier. There sounds a deeper note; a note that Mr. Pinero cannot preserve.

H. W. M.

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—I.

"The audacities of impressionism," wrote Professor Muther of English painting, "are excluded, because painting which starts from a masterly seizure of total effect would seem too sketchy for English taste, which has been formed by Ruskin. Painting must be highly finished and highly elaborated." At the time these lines were written they were probably true of English art in general, and of Academy art in particular, but they certainly do not apply to present conditions. The current exhibition at Burlington House is a striking witness to this. Here, in the very stronghold of artistic conservatism, we find the most emphatic refutation of the statement that English painting is highly finished and highly elaborated. Here, honoured and exploited by the body which asserted that Whistler shirked the difficulties of painting, we have ocular demonstration that impressionism, if not exactly its "audacities," is no longer excluded. The emancipation of English art from too much Englishness has been in progress for some time, and modernity has slowly been leavening an institution that is as tenacious of its old ideals as it is of its material privileges. The exhibition of 1908 marks a further stage in the change that is taking place; and so far as it is possible to judge the vast and characteristically incoherent collection of pictures now on view, the new element is a good deal more conspicuous than it was last year. It is true that the process is still far from complete, but it is sufficiently well advanced to prove beyond doubt that Academy art is in a state of transition, that new forces have established themselves in the old order, and that a hitherto unbending conservatism is now yielding to progress.

This, however, is the only definite conclusion one can arrive at in respect of the exhibition regarded as an entity. One cannot say that the intrinsic merit of the work, whatever school it may belong to, is greater or less than that of last year. One cannot pronounce the landscape section to be superior to the figure-painting, or *vice versâ;* it would be hazardous even to prophesy that the exhibition will be

memorable for any one work that it contains. Its principal feature is an almost total absence of features that stamp themselves indelibly on the mind. Last year there was a Sargent which, whatever its claim to greatness, could claim to be discussed; this time the master-painter, for countless critics, is merely marking time with five quite ordinary portraits and no landscapes. In 1907 a youthful triumvirate, consisting of Messrs. F. Cadogan Cowper, Charles Sims, and L. Campbell Taylor, asserted their presence in a fashion that led to the enrolment of the first two as Associates; but the public anticipation aroused by their work is unlikely to be satisfied by what the present Academy contains of it. Mr. Cowper does not exhibit at all. Mr. Sims shows two canvases which, delightful as they are in many ways, indicate no greater power and considerably less ambition than did "The Island Festival." "The Little Faun" is the more complete of the two. Its idea is pretty enough and its colour dainty; but the picture consists of the idea suggested nebulously, rather than executed, and shows no development in the artist's sense of design. Mr. Campbell Taylor scores a greater success with his "Practice for the Ballet in 1830," a Degas subject treated with a faculty for cool and exquisite colour, which, if less imposing than "The Rehearsal," is proof of an increasing talent. But the work of the triumvirate is not, on the whole, a prominent feature. The exhibition is as clamorous as usual, but individual pictures that clamour are really difficult to find. Indeed, after one has suppressed the smile provoked by an Academician's "Androcles and the Lion" in the first room, and endeavoured to fathom the precise intention of Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Infant Bacchus" in the second; when one has admired decorously Mr. Sargent's decorous portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in the third, and appreciated the virtues and vices of Mr. S. J. Solomon's "Eve" and of Mr. Clausen's "The Boy and the Man"; when one has tried to get sufficiently far back for a view of Mr. Brangwyn's "The Return," more truly interpretative of the spirit of the wine-god than Mr. Shannon's "Bacchus," and of Professor Herkomer's huge "Council" picture, and has marvelled—with memories of Charles Furse—at the largeness of Mr. Bacon's "Riding Lesson" and the smallness of its painting; when one has looked at these one has seen nearly everything that absolutely insists on being seen. We are not taking into consideration the royal and official portraits and so forth, which, as usual, occupy a certain amount of wall space. These are outside the scope of criticism; so, too, is Mr. Bacon's portrait of the late Prime Minister, which has been done for the Reform Club. Again, there are certain types of picture which the Academy welcomes in deference to a public which has been taught to expect them and, if denied, would be annoyed. The "problem" picture is among these, and the Hon. John Collier, the chief purveyor of this class of goods, provides a very creditable specimen in the "Sentence of Death," which, however, is not nearly as sensational as its title might lead one to suppose. Sensationalism, we are glad to record, appears to have been kept out of this year's exhibition. Mr. Sigismund Goetze's one contribution is a harmless portrait of a harmless little girl.

Discussion of some of the pictures we have mentioned must be reserved for a future occasion. Meanwhile, the new influence in the Academy is typified by the important positions given to one or two members of the New English Art Club; Mr. Walter Russell, for instance, has line space for his picture, "The Letter," in Gallery I., and Mr. W. Orpen is similarly honored in the Gem Room. "The Letter" is only impressionist in so far that the boudoir interior is studied mainly from the standpoint of its lighting, subtly diffused, with a view to its perfect reconciliation with the figure seated within; in its care for textures and drawing no work could conform more closely with Academic ideas. Whether the relationship betwixt figure and surroundings has been quite established, is open to some doubt, but the difficulty of the problem attempted, the freshness of the colour, and the genuine beauty and crispness of the painting, combine to render the picture's presence very welcome. While these leaders of the New English Art Club are to the fore, the Scottish School is rather less in evidence, so far, at any rate, as line space is concerned. Mr. Hornel has a picture in the last gallery—a "Ceylon Idyll," very similar to his New Gallery work, though containing fewer and younger figures; but Mr. J. H. Lorimer, whose refined art has generally provided an annual treat for Academy visitors, sends nothing this year. Mr. George Henry, who must now be regarded as a naturalised Englishman in art owing to his election as an Associate, contents himself with four pictures, none of which, however, display quite the same power as his work of last year and the year before. His full-length portrait study, "Silk and Ermine," is, perhaps, the most engrossing of his exhibits. Plainly, however, its attraction is for the painter and not for the public; it is a tone problem in black and white and grey; no interest that may be felt in the subject—we may assume from the growing popularity among artists of Victorian costume and accessories that the public have a predilection for this period and style—can disguise the fact that the chief question in Mr. Henry's mind was the question of values. As such, the work is a learned and subtle exposition which in less able hands would have resulted in a rather tiresome arrangement of black and white stripes. Finally, as an instance of the new art feeling that is penetrating the soul even of the Academy itself, Mr. Frank Bramley's "Helen Graham Chalmers and her Mother" may be quoted. This large work illustrates not merely a style in portrait painting that Velasquez initiated with "Las Meninas," a style in which the balance of interest is maintained between the sitters and their surroundings; it boldly preaches the doctrine of *plein air*, of diffused lighting, of direct handling, of everything that spells modernity. That the effect is a trifle jerky is, perhaps, due to a certain clumsiness in arrangement and to the endeavour to key the scheme by passages of strong colour; but there is pluck in the effort to break away from tradition, and, contrary to what we find in Mr. Bacon's equestrian group, the actual painting is to scale. What strikes one most, however, is the single-mindedness underlying the work. Mr. Bramley has remembered that a painter's business is to paint. His motive is different, immeasurably different, from the literary one that dictated the accomplishment of his "Hopeless Dawn." He has definitely cast in his lot with the moderns.

Conspicuous in the sculpture section is the model of the memorial to the late Lord Salisbury, by Mr. W. Goscombe John, which will be executed in bronze and black marble, and placed by Parliament in Westminster Abbey. One may note also that last year's group of "The Death of Dirce," by Sir Charles Lawes-Wittewronge, has been cast in bronze and occupies a commanding position in the Lecture Room. The interest, however, of this section is not excessive, though the standard of craftsmanship appears to be fairly high, and a good deal of talented work in relief may be discovered among the statuary. Like the picture exhibit, the sculpture is not enlivened by much that is of self-assertive originality or merit.

Letters to the Editor.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF OSMAN DIGNA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In view of Mr. Brailsford's article on this subject, you may be interested in hearing of the attention which the subject has excited here. In default of an official statement by the Egyptian Government—in Egypt at any rate, for it happens occasionally that Governmental explanations are telegraphed to England, for one purpose or another, without being published here—the most authentic information regarding Osman Digna and the release of the Sudan Emirs continues to be that supplied by the correspondence in the "Egyptian Gazette" between several Anglo-Egyptians and Anglo-Sudanese, whose identity is hidden under pseudonyms. In a letter by one of the latter it was suggested that "Osman Digna is so 'cute that he very probably thought it would be an excellent stroke of business to feign madness on the offchance of getting his situation ameliorated," as a consequence of Mr. Brailsford's visit. "Osman," the Anglo-Sudanese continued, "has been responsible for the deaths of so many English officers and men that, in short, he is capable of this in order to attract

sympathy." "Is he?" retorts a military correspondent, who signs himself "Miles," in the course of a protest against "the un-English attitude of mind displayed by the Anglo-Sudanese. "I should say," "Miles" proceeds, "that after two years' solitary confinement the probability is that Osman Digna is really and truly insane." As a soldier, "Miles" protests against the assumption that it is right to condemn prisoners of war to perpetual imprisonment or to the torture of solitary confinement. The matter can, however, he suggests, be easily set at rest. Are there any records of Osman Digna having been medically examined during the nine years of his incarceration? Let these be produced, or let the prisoner be examined now. A third correspondent enquires, with regard to the report that the twenty-four Sudanese prisoners and Emirs were released "on condition of good behaviour"—this being the verbal statement made by Stack Bey, Sudan Agent in Cairo—what distinction is being drawn by the authorities between prisoners of war and common criminals? It appears that the order for liberation was in the form of confidential orders, and it was given to the Governor of the prison with some suddenness. The correspondent considers that one conclusion may be drawn, without fear of error. "Anyone who knows Damietta and its prison must be aware that by reason of dampness and exposure to the north it is the most unsuitable spot in Egypt for the incarceration of men born and bred in the Sudan." "Another conclusion," he states, "about which there is, unfortunately, little room for doubt is that Sir Edward Grey, when he informed the House of Commons recently that the prisoners had expressed contentment, was speaking from information which was not only erroneous but was supplied with an evident intention to mislead."—Yours, &c.,

AN EGYPTIAN CORRESPONDENT.

Alexandria, April 16th, 1908.

WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Massie, M.P., some time since, writing somewhere against the Woman's Suffrage movement, quoted Mr. Goldwin Smith as saying that "the bed-rock of law is *force*, and *force* is male." Now I venture to assert that this should be an exploded idea for the twentieth century. Law and force should be superseded by a more advanced and complex machinery of the State—that of preventive measures and persuasiveness; and this could chiefly and best be carried out by the gentle, resourceful feminine mind, so used, as it is, to such measures in home life. Some people argue that the world is well managed, yet it would seem that vice, poverty, misery reign still; that prisons, workhouses, asylums, roads are full of the miserable, worthless, vile, poverty, disease-stricken people; hospitals crammed with those who are afflicted with preventible diseases and victims of preventible accidents; towns full of drunken babes, tortured animals, burglaries, suicide—every kind of elementary wickedness, in fact, is rampant.

Mr. Massie refers to women's physical disabilities, but who has not observed a powerful mind overcoming physical disabilities; for instances, the blind Fawcett, the armless and legless Kavanagh, late M.P., a man who was full of infinite physical ability; and though these are men, there are, and have been, also women of like persistent effort and determination, such as Laura Bridgman, Joan of Arc, and others. A human being with brains, though handicapped, is able to be active according to his, or her, temperament, natural ability, and circumstances; indeed, the Nietzsche theories, if carried out in their ruthless cruelty and folly, would be fatal to a community or nation, eliminating some of the bravest brains which are able to serve their centuries. It is a remarkable fact that the weak and afflicted often do what is apparently the most difficult work for them. Men who consider *force* the only power with which to rule should at least remember the *power of thought* which alone rules in the *beginning*, and in the *end* of all things! The physically strong find it easier to rule by *force* than *thought*, but this era is full of strong thoughts leading effectively to great issues, in women as well as in men. At present even the word *virility* is an insult to an active, intellectual feminine mind, as all words of the kind, which cast the woman on one side, proceeding from the pride of the male. Such words are untrue as denoting perfection to be an attribute of the masculine intellect, for a good deal that is carried out as original and finished work has been suggested, and often completely thought out, by a woman, though never so acknowledged. The truth of the matter is that a man who has something of the feminine nature in him is a more perfectly *rational* being than one who is without it, though men who are not possessed of this supreme quality pour contempt on such rare ones as have it; and the reverse holds good, but in a less degree. Sport, of course, spoils the fineness of a woman's temperament; but with the qualities of endurance, concentration, courage added to intellect, she also is a more perfect creature than one who relies entirely on her "womanhood," for that phase has passed, and both sexes must progress together, emerging from barbarism at the same era to perfection. The "vote for women" movement is a high pyramidal step towards this end, and to this end must she struggle through ploughed difficulties to the summer of her content. The ancient tale of Hercules and Omphale is in direct allusion to this fact; many instances occur in history of this dual nature, comprising strong intellect and firmness with exquisite tenderness in a man, and courage, high and determined, with all the best masculine qualities, in a woman; and without this duality of nature though with intellect many have failed in their careers or suffered damage. Man's pride and woman's forced subjection and crushed condition have hitherto prevented acceptance of the necessity of this completed nature in a world of two sexes but the same humanity. The peaceful and right government of the world can only be carried on by *both*, though the distinct work of each can still be carried out separately, such as home duties for women, and for men heavy labor, science, naval and military affairs, preaching, anything in which they are supreme; but never henceforth should there be permitted a right of government to one sex alone. The time is ripe, women are capable, and their demands of momentous interest and *importance*. Their energetic actions for immediate recognition of this before all other Government business, including that of education and licensing, are of highest and strictest necessity, and more so on acccount of these debated subjects, with no woman's voice to be heard. Silently, humble to abjectness, she is to wait for the men's decision on what concerns her and the children vitally. Their participation in government is not to supersede men's rule but to share it, standing on the same platform with equal rights. Men cannot continue to hinder this progressive movement or lay down laws for the women of to-day, who must, will, and shall take their place in all councils of the nation—ay! and *every* nation as the world rolls on. Sex prejudice dominates *young* men ludicrously, especially in those just emerged from "infancy."

Women have been sacrificed for ages to men. The absurd idea kept up by them, and hitherto humbly accepted by women, that their manhood is a much higher state for a human being than a woman's womanhood, is allied with tyranny and a fearful calculation as to the real capabilities of women, who are abashed and crushed by their treatment, and obliged hitherto to cringe to the idea of the superiority of the male, whose praise has seldom been for a good woman except safely on a tombstone.—Yours, &c.,

EMMA HARDY.

Maxgate, Dorchester, Dorset,
May 6th, 1908.

"ARE WILD ANIMALS BORN WILD?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Bound up with the interesting question raised by your contributor is another, which might be briefly stated: "Are wild animals really terrible?" The question chiefly propounds itself in connection with snakes, of which most people claim to have an "instinctive horror." A few years ago I introduced a very young child to some slow worms, and she showed no aversion to them, playing with them as though they had been strings of beads. That was at two years old. A year or two later she met a grass snake. Still there was no horror, only an intention like that ascribed

by your correspondent to natural wild animals—not to let it come nearer than within a foot or so.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. Desmond.

4, Pump Court, Temple, E.C.,
May 6th, 1908.

WHAT A COLONIST THINKS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The news of the defeat of Mr. Winston Churchill at Manchester has just reached us, and, to one who follows the politics of the Old Country closely, is received with regret, if, as undoubtedly it is, a blow to the present Government.

In a speech delivered at your Guildhall in London, on the return from his colonial tour, the Prince of Wales made a statement, which has since often been quoted, to the effect that the Colonies were of the unanimous opinion that England must wake up, and in this sentence he certainly uttered the views of Canada.

One reads so much in certain of your English papers about the cries of the Colonies for Imperial Preference, and the dismemberment of the Empire as a natural consequence unless it is adopted by your fellow countrymen, that a person reading these exaggerated statements would be led to think that every Colonist was as enthusiastic over the matter as the "inspired" writers themselves. However, such is not the case, for we Colonists are not so void of common reason as to think that what might be a beneficial fiscal policy for a growing Colony would also have the same result for a country like Britain. Indeed, many of us hesitate to contemplate the effect a tariff war would have on your mercantile marine, the envy of all nations, and which forms a bond between the Mother Country and her Colonies stronger than any tariff. It is therefore not because the people of England reject Tariff Reform, or because we are anxious that they should adopt it, that we want to see England awake from her lethargy, but because we think she is being chloroformed by too great an awe for her "ancient institutions." We breathe the exhilarating breezes of a democracy, free from class and privilege, and know its power as a progressive force. It is on these grounds we shout across the seas, "Wake up England! Will you remain stagnant while your Colonies advance along the road to national greatness in the sense that Ruskin defined a great nation: 'A great multitude of men who are true to each other, and strong, and of worth'"?

Your present Government shows signs of being actuated by an honest endeavour to right the wrong, and to remove the drag from the wheel of social progress. Will the people of England remain firm?—Yours, &c.,

Thomas Yorath.

Hamilton, Ont., Canada,
April 25th, 1908.

BEER AND THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—With regard to the causes of the disgrace which has come upon Manchester, Mr. Masterman (in your issue of the 2nd inst.) was quite right in ignoring the Tariff-Reformers and the Suffragists, but when he concludes "North-West Manchester was actually lost on the protest of the Roman Catholics of Lancashire against the Education Bill," his explanation is incomplete. The statement is probably true, inasmuch as the transfer of 250 votes would have turned the election, and, no doubt, the Catholics were good for that number; but there is also no doubt that a still larger number of votes were lost to Mr. Winston Churchill owing to the old but unholy alliance between the Church of England and the drink trade.

I can remember the great election of 1868, when the walls were plastered with "Vote for Beer and the Bible," and these two great "causes" are still running in double harness. It is true that several of the Bishops have declared in favour of the Licensing Bill—though the chorus of genuine astonishment with which this simple fact was received by the Press, both Tory and Radical, cannot have been very gratifying to them. But the Bishop of Manchester is not one of these, and even if he were, I suppose his clergy need not follow his lead. At all events, they worked most energetically for their friends, even allowing St. Ann's Church (the most important Church in the constituency) to support, and be supported by, sundry boards on which was a scurrilous placard about the "Robbery Bill" (the same that was adorning the beer-houses of the city), of course, with the words underneath, "Vote for Joynson-Hicks." There were other placards with various statements, absolutely false, as to what the Government intended to do with the schools, but the drink placards were the most glaring and offensive in every way.

It is a very long time now since the Anglican Church abandoned the interests of the people, and gave its whole support to vested interests, privilege, and monopolies; but I notice that its leaders still have the insolence to speak of it as the "National Church" when it suits their purposes so to do. For my own part, however, I have no use at all for any church of this sort.—Yours, &c.,

A Manchester Man.

May 4th, 1908.

RUSSIAN HORRORS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have read with great interest the letter entitled "The Stifling of Freedom," by "Ixe," in your current issue. To use common parlance, it has made my blood boil. Here we have these frightful and diabolical persecutions going on in Russia—let alone her treatment of that brave little nation, the Finns—and no word of protest is raised by any of the "free peoples of the earth."

There have been times when the British nation have let their voice be heard, and in no unmistakable manner, about such affairs. Are we to acknowledge that, through luxury and prosperity, our moral sense has become blurred, and that right gives way to some miserable expediency? What do some of your readers think? Cannot our people in high places do something?—Yours, &c.,

P. M. G.

Birmingham, May 4th, 1908.

A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Since reading your note on the proposed Shakespeare Memorial in The Nation for April 25th, I have come across two passages which seem to me strikingly apposite to the subject.

The first is from Dr. F. G. Kenyon's new edition of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's "Life and Letters of Robert Browning." On page 258 of this book we read:—

"The conversation (at a dinner given by F. Palgrave to Tennyson, Gladstone, Sir F. H. Doyle, Browning, and others) having turned on the celebration of the Shakespeare ter-centenary he (Browning) remarked: "Here we are called upon to acknowledge Shakespeare, we who have him in our very bones and blood, our very selves. The very recognition of Shakespeare's merits by the Committee reminds me of nothing so apt as an illustration, as the decree of the Directoire that men might acknowledge God.'"

The next passage is from a letter by Wordsworth addressed to a friend on "Monuments to Literary Men," a letter which is found on pages 225-228 of a volume called "Wordsworth's Literary Criticism," published by Mr. Frowde. In this weighty letter, Wordsworth maintains that while the gallant defenders of our country should be liberally rewarded with monuments because their noble actions cannot speak for themselves, "eminent poets appear to me to be a class of men, who less than any others stand in need of such marks of distinction," and, speaking of Burns, he writes, in words which will apply with even greater force to Shakespeare: "he has raised for himself a monument so conspicuous, and of such imperishable materials, as to render a local fabric of stone superfluous, and, therefore, comparatively insignificant."

Whatever may be thought—and I express no opinion—as to the merits of the proposal now made to commemorate Shakespeare it must be acknowledged that none can speak with more commanding authority than Wordsworth and Browning on such a subject.—Yours, &c.,

L. J. Roberts.

Tegvan, Rhyl, May 2nd, 1908.

THE RESEARCH DEFENCE SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not know whether Lord Cromer's appeal to the public for support of the Research Defence Society will meet with response. If it does, I doubt whether it will be from those who have considered most carefully the subject of vivisection. In this day the exact sciences are conceded an almost autocratic right to control those who are incompetent to answer the expert, but the question may one day arise whether intellect armoured by scholastic training shall always dominate the gentler feelings that lie fundamental in our humanity. It is, indeed, not unlike that question, long ago answered, when brute force, privilege of pedigree, and material possessions claimed an inalienable right to control the simple and poor. And many, though they have not knowledge enough to distinguish between the rival claims of the men of science and the anti-vivisectionists, both of which classes are honest, yet neither altogether scrupulous in their arguments, yet hold to their aboriginal feelings; they remain suspicious of the physiologists' privileges and unassailable secrecies. Nor will such be comforted by any cant praise of the physiologists' devotion to suffering humanity, nor by protests against the absurdity of questioning a scientist's goodness of heart. They may, perhaps, admit that all Lord Cromer's statements are correct, and yet not feel justified in supporting the Research Defence Society.

Sir, I am no anti-vivisectionist in the ordinary sense of the word. Indeed, I grant that the physiologists have a good case. I admit even that the anti-vivisectionists spoil their own by inaccuracies and exaggerations. Nevertheless, I sympathise most deeply with that man who doubts; because, better even than he, I recognise the intolerable danger of allowing the physiologist the free hand that practically is accorded to him. It is no good shutting our eyes to the fact that quite unutterable barbarities have been, again and again, perpetrated in the cause of science, nor that there is little to prevent in our own country the horrors that are tacitly sanctioned in some Continental laboratories. Moreover, I see no reason for regarding men of science as more humane, or less liable to deceive themselves as to the suffering they inflict, than any other class of men. The habitual witnessing of suffering inevitably and always blunts the finer feelings, unless, as in medical practitioners and nurses, suffering is studied solely for the sake of relieving it. It is not now questioned that in slave owners, in jailors, in asylum proprietors, at one time, the daily witnessing of injustice and torture blunted the feelings and distorted the judgment of the interested parties. Yet the aboriginal feelings of the people in each of these cases have overcome privilege and wealth and authority. Slavery is abolished, prisons are reformed, asylums are inspected; and the people no longer suspect either prison or asylum administration, because the law has adjudicated between a native passion for justice, and the doom of the criminal and the lunatic.

And some of us, in our anxiety to ensure that no unnecessary suffering be inflicted upon the creatures we love, do demand that the law shall look after the dogs in the same spirit as it has protected the jailbird and the madman from the callousness of authority. We want thorough inspection—as thorough and frequent and disinterested at least as that forced upon the private asylum. If we get this and a more stringent application of the existing law, many at least will cease to vilify the physiological laboratory as entirely as they have forgotten their hatred of the asylum doctor. Granted a more conscientious use of anæsthetics, the prohibition of curare, the discontinuing of experiments upon living animals for teaching students, and all need for the Research Defence Society will vanish.

But, Sir, there is another aspect to this appeal of Lord Cromer's. The medical profession are fully convinced that the less the public mind is concerned with medical matters, the better for its health. The converse is equally true of purely sanitary affairs, though, perhaps, no hard and fast line can be drawn between. The study of disease plants fear in the heart, while the pursuit of health makes it fearless. The making of the public familiar with disorders of the flesh, which misfortune the daily Press and such appeals as this now before us are unwittingly enforcing, finds some sort of antidote, no doubt, in Christian science and other new religions; anything may be welcomed that will counteract the public fear. Some may deny the increase of this fear. But physicians know of it only too well. And that society conversation nowadays finds in the *appendix vermiformis*, premature burial, and Christian Science, its chief *pièces de résistance*, entirely justifies the claim that the fear of disease and the pursuit of quack remedies are undermining the decency and sanity of life. It is for such reason that I think Lord Cromer's appeal ought never to have been made. The physiologists have always proved their ability to look after themselves, and should be too proud to seek public support, especially when they realise full well the hunger of the public after unwholesome food. For God's sake, let us reform vivisection if only that we may forget it.—Yours, &c.,

April 28th, 1908. GREVILLE MACDONALD.

THE "CRUX" IN "THE TEMPEST."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be allowed to reply to Pastor Lummis's letter under this heading? I regret that I am unable to refer to the copy of THE NATION in which the original discussion of the line in question arose, so that what I am about to say may have already been explained in the same way.

I do not think a study of the punctuation of the Folios gives us any cause for treating it with the respect, or for putting the grammatical strain upon it, that is warranted by your correspondent, but whether the disputed line read

"Most busie, lest when I doe it,"

or—

"Most busie lest, when I doe it,"

may it not bear the interpretation of the words as they stand without any ingenious emendation? The meaning of the line, closely packed with thought as is so often the case in the later plays, seems to be simply this: "I am forgetting my labor, but these sweet thoughts do even refresh it and are most busy when I work least." This, after all, is the experience of most of us, viz., that agreeable thoughts interfere considerably with the execution of any imposed task, but it is the very reverse of the explanation offered by your correspondent. I do not wish to appear wilfully blind to another's interpretation, but it is always worth while to make the best of the text as it stands.—Yours, &c., VIOLET CHURCHILL.

May 4th, 1908.

THE SUGAR CONVENTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I call your attention to a mistake in this week's NATION, in the paragraph on page 143 *re* the Additional Act to the Sugar Convention? The provision requiring a certificate for sugar refined in the United Kingdom exported to territories of contracting States is there said to apply to all articles containing sugar, such as biscuits, preserves, mineral waters, &c.

This is not the case; the certificate can be required in the case of *refined sugar only*, as stated in the text of the Clause, and it was, in fact, a special point of our diplomacy in the matter that no certificates should be required in case of sugared products. The position of sugared products in relation to Continental tariffs has really been one of the reasons for prolonging the Convention of 1902, which secured for them the lowest rates of duty on importation into the contracting States; and we have always been afraid that if the Convention were denounced, these countries would take advantage of the opportunity to raise their duties against our export trade in those commodities.—Yours, &c.,

SPECTATOR.

London, May 5th, 1908.

THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It must surely have occurred to many of your readers, who have waded through the numerous discussions, letters, and articles published in the daily, weekly,

and monthly journals during the past two or three years, that there is some factor—some important element in the combination—required to solve the problem of unemployment which has been overlooked. Take, for instance, the remedy now advocated by the Tory Party—Tariff Reform. Could any discussion be more futile than this—"Whether Protection is a remedy for unemployment"?

Anyone who will take the trouble to read the Parliamentary debates during the Corn Law agitation, or those in Congress whenever a Tariff Bill has been introduced, will be struck by the fact that the present discussions are merely repetitions of what has been said again and again both for and against a tariff for the protection of home industries. But what avail are theories in the face of facts? Fifty years of Protection in the United States has demonstrated that, far from being a guarantee against unemployment, no country in the world has experienced more or greater industrial crises during the same period than America. To-day, with a population of less than twenty-five to the square mile, she has nearly five millions of people seeking employment. England, with a population fourteen times denser, has certainly not more than one-fifth that number of unemployed. But the same period of fifty years of so-called Free Trade in Great Britain has likewise demonstrated that neither is this system, *per se*, a guarantee against this terrible evil.

Unemployment is known in all lands, and under all systems of trade—Free Trade, low tariff, moderate tariff, and high Protection. Discussions of this problem confined to the question of tariff or no tariff are, therefore, a mere waste of time and temper. Your correspondent, Mr. Forrest Hewit, says: "Employment in any country depends ultimately upon the national income, for it is from the national income that the wages fund and the power to consume are derived." Now this is obviously but a half-truth; otherwise employment would be much steadier than it is. Everything depends upon *how the national income is distributed and how employed.* Demand, which is the determining factor in creating employment, comes from the masses, but if the bulk of the national income goes into few hands, how can the great demand for commodities on the part of the masses become effective? Given two nations with the same population, it would be possible for one with half the national income of the other to have fewer unemployed. What, then, is the missing factor? Surely it is not difficult to see.

The national income is distributed by means of certain counters which we call money. Thanks to custom, superstition, and Acts of Parliament, we, in common with all other nations, demand that these counters shall be made of a very scarce and, therefore, valuable metal, of which there is so little in proportion to the demand that there is not nearly sufficient to go around, and hence millions must go short. Now, only those actually possessing enough of these or of something which will exchange for them, are permitted to buy, so that *demand is confined exclusively to those possessing money.* Millions may be dying for need of bread, starving for want of clothes, but this demand gives employment to not one agriculturist, baker, spinner, or tailor more. This condition is analogous to that which would exist if railway companies agreed only to issue passenger tickets made of platinum instead of paper. Of course, it would mean bankruptcy for the railway companies, just as our present expensive system of counters means bankruptcy and poverty for myriads. But I shall be told that credit is now used to such an extent that probably less than two per cent. of all our trade is transacted upon a cash basis. True, and this is the reason that trade is such an uncertain thing. For our cash is so insignificant in proportion to the load it has to bear that, as Walter Bagehot once said, a bystander may well tremble when he contemplates the slender foundation upon which our trade and commerce is reared. Credit disappears, often momentarily, from the mere rumour of war, from speculations, from the results of Parliamentary elections, from the enterprise of foreign nations, and so forth.

It is exasperating to anyone who takes the slightest interest in the welfare of his own country to see how the speculations of a few greedy American financiers are allowed to spread havoc among industrial populations of other nations. Was there ever in the history of mankind a more dangerous or a stupider contrivance than a monetary system which enables a group of individuals in one country to shut up the workshops and factories and exchanges of many others? A few years since, a New York syndicate drew from the Bank of England in the course of a few weeks £10,000,000 in gold. The result was a fall in listed securities in London alone of £110,000,000! Every business man knows what that means. And what becomes of credit under these circumstances? The truth is we have built our trade upon a basis we do not now control, and which may be overturned at any time by foreign groups, and no tariff system can help us. The problem of unemployment cannot be practically and satisfactorily solved so long as our monetary and banking laws remain as they are. This is the real disturbing factor in all such problems.

Again, the use of a valuable metal, such as gold, as a basis for currency, results in usury, by which the bulk of the national income necessarily falls into few hands. The system may be likened to a game of roulette in which only certain counters lent by the bank are allowed to be used. Inevitably the counters are won by the bank, and the game must cease until a fresh deal is made. This, on a much larger scale, is the game that is being played under the name of "finance" and "banking" the world over, the bank being represented by the great financial houses, and the players by the industrial world. The game has been exposed again and again, but it is unlikely that any change will occur until the world has gone through one or more terrible crises, which must come sooner or later, and which the writer trusts he may not live to see.

Free Trade is impossible so long as the mechanism of exchange—the tool of trade—is monopolised—as it is at present. Our trade to-day is governed and controlled by finance. Good trade does not depend so much upon good harvests, or fertile mines, or the industry of the people, as it does upon the presence of gold. The real problem that has to be solved is this:—Why, with an abundance of the three factors of production—land, labour and capital—wealth production is so uncertain? When this question is satisfactorily answered, the problem of unemployment will also be solved.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR KITSON.

9, St. Mary Abbotts Place, Kensington, W.
April 27th.

PECKHAM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is rather surprising to find Mr. Masterman, in his article entitled "From Mid Devon to Manchester," reviving the statement that "Peckham was lost in a carnival of drink and excitement." Perhaps it would not be asking too much to suggest that he might bring forward some evidence in support of his remarks.

If he should fail to do so, I fear that many of your readers will see in his accusation against the people of Peckham only such another playful "inexactitude" as his allusion to the "good-tempered excitement" of the Liberal crowds in Newton Abbott, which found vent in attempts to wreck the Constitutional Club and to kill the Suffragettes. —Yours, &c.,

HENRY LYGON.

41, Eaton Square, May 4th, 1908.

THE EXPLANATION OF THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I write as a constant reader of your excellent paper, as I was also of "The Speaker."

If you will allow me to do so, I feel impelled to urge through your columns the vital importance to the country, which will so largely gain if the Licensing Bill becomes law, of getting the main essential provisions of the latter made known promptly, clearly, and effectively to the individual electors, working-class ones especially, in every constituency. Nor can it, I think, be too plainly laid down that the supplying of such information to the electors may

easily make just all the difference to the fortunes of the Liberal Party in many coming contests.

As a matter of fact, the big "robbery," &c., placards issued by the brewers on the introduction of the Bill have for weeks past been saturating, with utterly false and infinitely injurious notions, the minds of very many of the working-men electors, and this without any access to the latter of any at all adequate or clear contradiction of the false statements.

There have been numerous public meetings at which the principles of the Bill have been earnestly and eloquently set forth by its supporters, but the men who read and absorb the very discreditable and totally misleading statements issued by the brewers, and who chiefly frequent public-houses, are not as a body the men who attend meetings held to support or to explain the Bill. Even if they were so, it may be doubted whether there has been at those meetings sufficient definite and detailed refutation of the misleading placards in question, or of the verbal explanations, equally unfair and untrue, by which the active agents of the brewers have supplemented the placards.

What is required is to carry home to the minds of the individual working-class electors, by street-corner and other talk at every opportunity, and by short, clear leaflets placed in their hands and left at their houses, the salient facts of the case, say:—

1. That the Bill, if passed, will leave two out of every three public-houses untouched.

2. That the owners and licensees of the houses closed will be fairly and fully compensated; and

3. That nothing of the nature of robbery or of the wholesale closing of houses will take place.

When the Liberal Party brings in a Licensing Bill it seems always to fail to realise that, from the moment the Bill was published, its opponents were hard at work poisoning against it the minds of individual electors, not merely by flooding the polling districts with intensely hostile literature, but by personal appeals to individual electors, urged by hosts of emissaries of the brewing interest in public-houses, and in all places where they can come face to face with the voters in question. Weeks go by before any real advocacy of the Bill is heard by the electorate, and even then its main details are not forcibly pressed home by concentrated effort to reach the individual electors, of whom such large numbers are neither regular readers of newspapers nor frequenters of public meetings.

From all I can gather, Mr. Churchill would at this moment have been member for North-West Manchester if the brewers' policy had been vigorously tackled in detail from the first introduction of the Bill, up to and including polling day. We cannot afford to lose other seats from the same cause, whether at bye-elections or at the General Election, and it is to be earnestly hoped that our leaders will henceforth see to it that very few electors in any part of the country are left in ignorance of the main clauses of the Licensing Bill.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. Swanwick.

34, Croxteth Road, Liverpool,
April 27th, 1908.

COUNTRY LIFE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. Fordham's letter to you leads me to write on a collateral subject.

For centuries good work has been done in our country towns and villages by the grammar and other endowed schools, but of late years the Charity Commissioners and (now) the Board of Education, have set themselves persistently to do away with these, and to divert the funds—which are, in reality, the property of each locality—to provide scholarships in the towns.

The money was left for the inhabitants of the districts generally, and it is more than doubtful whether it be right to use them exclusively for the very few children who have a special facility for passing examinations.

Here, in Charlbury, for many years, under not very favourable circumstances, very useful work was done by a small grammar school, and, in my judgment, those educated there will bear comparison with those sent out by town schools, to which the boys have had to go to and fro by rail.

When the last master resigned there were others, if they might have had the use of the buildings and the small endowment, who would have carried on such a school as the town wished. But, no! The Board of Education say we may *not* do what we *will with our own*, but must either spend a prohibitory sum of money on a technical school—which we neither ask for nor require—or have none at all! Why should the founder's intentions be so thwarted when they exactly correspond with the wishes of these, to whom the money belongs.

The Small Holdings Act ought largely to increase the number of parents in the country above the wage-earning class, and it ought, in my judgment, to be the aim of the Government to maintain and increase the number of small secondary schools in our small towns and villages, rather than to send the children to the large towns where comparative attractions are already too great for the national good.—Yours, &c.,

J. Marshall Sturge.

Evencroft, Charlbury, Oxon.
May 2nd, 1908.

Poetry.

A CONNACHT FOLK SONG.*

A hundred men think I am theirs when with them I drink ale,
But their presence dies away from me, and their high spirits fail,
When I think upon your converse kind by meadow and by linn,
O form smoother than the silk on the mountains of O'Flynn!

And, Paddy, is it pain for you that I'm wasting night and day?
And, Paddy, is it grief for you that I'll soon be in the clay?
O first love of the winning mouth, my treasure you'll abide
Till the narrow coffin closes me, and the grass grows through my side!

The man that strains to mount the wall we think him foolish still,
When to his hand is the easy ditch that he can vault at will;
The rowan tree stands high and fair, but its berries bitter grow,
While blackberries and raspberries are on shrubs that blossom low!

Farewell, farewell, for ever to yon town amongst the trees!
Farewell, the town that draws me on mornings and on eves!
Ah! many's the dirty morass, and wet the crooked road,
That henceforth go between me and where my heart's bestowed!

And, Mary, ever virgin, where will I turn my head?
I have no knowledge of his stacks, nor where he reaps his bread!
Ah, faithful was the warning that my kindred gave to me,
"The hundred twists are in his heart, and the thousand tricks has he."

Padraic Colum.

* This is a rendering of "An Drinaun Donn," the most widely known of the Connacht love songs. Almost every Irish speaker in Connacht has some version of "An Drinaun Donn." The above is based on the text given by Dr. Douglas Hyde in his valuable collection, "The Love Songs of Connacht." It is in the measure of Irish folk song in English, and the peasant idiom and the peasant vocabulary have been used.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON has written a poem of marked beauty for the Jubilee number of the "New York World." It is in blank verse, and draws, with singular power and refinement, a picture of the growth and present aspects of American civilisation.

* * *

THE English edition of "The Life and Letters of George Bancroft" is to be issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It should prove a work of unusual interest, for Bancroft's long life (1800-1891) almost covered the nineteenth century, and his full and varied career as historian, statesman, and diplomatist brought him into contact with many of the most notable figures of his time. In early life he met and corresponded with Goethe, Humboldt, Hegel, Schleirmacher, and Niebuhr. His position as Minister to England in 1846 introduced him to the foremost statesmen and writers of this country, and during the two following years he visited Paris and met Guizot, Lamartine, Benjamin Constant, and Louis Philippe. Of these, and of a crowd of others, there are characteristic letters or anecdotes in the biography. From 1867 to 1874 Bancroft was Minister to Germany, and lived on terms of intimacy with Moltke, Bismarck, and the Emperor William. An interesting fact, showing the regard in which Bancroft was held by three very different writers, is that in the Lenox Library, New York, may be seen a small duodecimo edition of "Don Juan" with the inscription, "Mr. George Bancroft. From the Author, Noel Byron, May 22nd, 1822." On one side of the book is a presentation copy of "American Notes," to "George Bancroft from his friend Charles Dickens"; on the other, an original edition of "Evangeline," "with the kind regards of the author."

* * *

ANOTHER biography of great literary interest is "The Life of Alexander Macmillan," on which Mr. C. L. Graves is at present engaged. The life of Daniel Macmillan, Alexander's elder brother and joint-founder with him of the publishing firm, has, of course, been written by the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Mr. Graves should, however, have at his disposal plenty of unpublished material concerning the literary celebrities with whom the brothers had business relations—an intercourse which in their case often gave rise to warm friendships. When one thinks of the mass of correspondence that must be accumulated by great publishing houses like those of Murray, Longmans, Blackwood, and Macmillan, it is surprising that publishers have not more frequently been tempted to write the histories of their firms. A delightful work of this type is Charles Knight's "Passages of a Working Life."

* * *

A BOOK which is sure to prove a most valuable contribution to Irish history will be published early in June by Messrs. Macmillan. This is Mrs. J. R. Green's "Studies in Irish History"—a work mainly occupied with the Tudor period. It treats of the commerce, the industries, and the education native to Ireland, and the causes that wrought their destruction. We are prone to take a superficial view of Irish history, and have come to believe that it is a wearisome record of clan feuds and cattle raids. Mrs. Green's book will help us to understand the native civilisation of Ireland and to realise the ideal of Gaelic culture. Among other subjects brought prominently forward is the union between the Gaels of Scotland and of Ireland, their single law and their single literature. We are glad to see that a second edition of Mrs. Green's admirable work, "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," will also be issued by the same firm.

* * *

THE announcement that Mr. Rudolph Lehmann is to write a volume of reminiscences under the title of "Memories of Fifty Years," is enticing. Mr. Lehmann's memories must have started early, for he is only fifty-two, but his life exhibits a singularly varied play of literary and public interests. He has edited at least two papers, "The Granta," and "The Daily News"; he has contributed to very many more, and no man has led a fuller or happier life. He has fought several Parliamentary battles, and he has delivered at least one speech in the House of remarkable excellence. We imagine that his best work for "Punch" is in verse, in which his ease of expression just spoils him for the most complete kind of literary success.

* * *

Two books dealing with very different aspects of Russian life may be expected during the present season. Mr. E. A. Brayley Hodgetts, who has lived in Russia for many years, will issue, through Messrs. Methuen, "The Russian Court in the Nineteenth Century." Its aim is to give a series of pictures of the Emperors of Russia, and the leading personages in their reigns, from the birth of Alexander I. to the early years of Nicholas II. The other book is an account of life in Russian prisons by M. T. Youvatshev, a young naval officer who was suspected of complicity in the Revolutionary movement, and condemned to death. His sentence was afterwards commuted into one of penal servitude, and, after serving two years' solitary confinement in the fortress of Schluesselburg, he was sent to Sakhalin for thirteen years. "The Russian Bastille," the title given to his book, is the Schluesselburg fortress, of which the author paints a lurid picture. Madness or suicide is the fate of the majority of prisoners, and M. Youvatshev says that life in Sakhalin was paradise compared to what he endured at Schluesselburg. The book has been translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport, and will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

* * *

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press "A History of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England," by the Rev. G. R. Balleine. It is surprising that a connected history of the Evangelicals has not been written before, especially when one remembers Sir James Stephens' brilliant essays on "The Evangelical Succession" and "The Clapham Sect" included in "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography." In the meantime a history of the Broad Church movement—including, as it does, names so inspiring as Maurice, Kingsley, Thirlwall, the Hares, Mark Pattison, Jowett, and Temple—still remains to be written.

* * *

WITH the increase of travel in our days, the guide-book is rapidly taking a position in the world of letters that would have surprised our grandfathers. Such books as Ford's on Spain, Mr. Augustus Hare's "Walks in Florence," and Canon Rawnsley's on the English Lakes can be read and enjoyed even by those who have no thought of visiting the places described. A promising work to be published this month by the Domenican Press at Florence is "Walks and People in Tuscany," by Captain Francis Fletcher-Vane. The aim is to give English visitors an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the Italian peasants, and most of the excursions described are well off the beaten track. At the end of each walk there is an appendix, which gives all information necessary about the roads, hotels, and so forth, and the book will also contain a short biographical dictionary of all the historical characters it mentions.

* * *

A LIFE of Lord Kelvin has been written by Professor Andrew Gray, his close friend and successor in the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University. It will form a volume in the "English Men of Science Series," published by Messrs. Dent.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Jerusalem: The Topography, Economics, and History, from the Earliest Times to A.D. 70." By Professor George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"German Education, Past and Present." By Friedrich Paulsen, Ph.D. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"Home Life in Germany." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Poems of T. E. Brown." Selected and arranged, with an Introduction and Notes, by H. F. B. and H. G. D. Golden Treasury Series. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Anglican Liberalism." By Twelve Churchmen. Crown Theological Library. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)

"Ashes." By Grazia Deledda. (Lane. 6s.)

"La Morale des Sports." Par Paul Adam. (Paris: Michel. 3fr. 50.)

"Histoire du Dogme de la Papauté des Origines à la Fin du Quatrième Siècle." Par l'Abbé Joseph Turmel. (Paris: Picard. 4fr.)

"Voltaire Philosophe." Par Georges Pellissier. (Paris: Colin. 3fr. 50.)

"Rêve de Lumière." Roman. Par Jean Blaze. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

OUT OF TUNE.*

To his last volume the Poet Laureate appends, or his publisher appends for him, extracts from a recent criticism which, in this place, may be taken to present his own view of his art. From this we learn that he accounts himself an objective poet with a conscious philosophy of life and a consistent desire to deliver a message to the world. He would seem, or at least his critic seems, to deprecate a judgment on any one of his poems apart from its place in the order and system of his work. In this regard a double claim is made. Mr. Austin is asserted to have an intense love of his own land, a passion redeemed from insularity by his sympathy with the local genius of Italy and Greece. It is further said that his preference of the country to the town is based upon a higher principle than, let us say, Wordsworth's, because he knows the right use of riches. The full purse is not to be an occasion of luxury or self-indulgence but an incentive to public service and a means to a stately life. We might almost say that in this light his poems are to be regarded as an amplification of Bacon's Essay of Riches and of the authorities whom Bacon quotes. Like Lucretius in fact, and Virgil in desire, we hardly venture to add like Mr. Squeers by his own word, he is a philosopher first and a poet afterwards. This is a lofty claim, and much must be made good before it can be justified for any poet. The patriotism must be something more than the banal assertion of "my country right or wrong." There must be the sublimity of thought which begets sublimity of diction and without which the grand style is but a simulation and a wraith. And in his love of nature the poet must give us that which every man of feeling can receive from the creative genius, but cannot, if he be not a poet, create for himself. Such a man is not unconscious of beauty, but he lacks words to give reality to his thought. The primrose is to him more than a primrose, but he cannot say, and, therefore, he cannot know, how much more, until the hand of the master throws upon the flower—

> "the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land."

We fear that only a strong prepossession can find much trace of the requisite qualities in Mr. Austin's latest efforts.

The poem which gives its title to the volume seems to show a touch of autobiography. The subject is suggested by Titian's misnamed picture. To an English youth resting by the Claudian Aqueduct in the Campagna there appear—

> "two shapes,
> Material embodiment of those
> The great Venetian in resplendent hues
> Upon the canvas lastingly portrayed."

One offers him worldly success, money or power, the other the life of a poet or, as the author puts it, the literary career in its highest aspect. It is an inferior version of the "Choice of Hercules," and the Laureate must have been aware that his antithesis was false, alike in design and in execution. The design is false because the young man's choice does not really lie between Mr. Austin's alternatives. If he chooses to be a politician, it is not necessary that his aims should be selfish, that he should yearn for notoriety, that he should, as he is here told he may, cajole, convert, or overawe the platform or the Senate. A young man of generous heart would have reflected that he need not be a Rigby or a Sandwich, but might take his pattern from a Burke, a Gladstone, or a Morley. If the design is thus false, the execution is even worse. When Pleasure tempted Hercules, she drew an alluring picture of the land to which she invited him. There was a snake in the grass, but it was not her cue to disclose the reptile. Mr. Austin's temptress is a frank and guileless personage who holds it her duty to set forth all the drawbacks of the career which she offers. She tells the youth that what he will get will be not fame but notoriety, that even this will not last, that, however strong his desire for office, he will often have to languish in the cold shades of opposition, and that, to get back to power, he must—

> "with invectives fume and rage
> All through the land, denouncing evil times,
> With histrionic passion; 'tis a stage
> For mountebanks and mimes."

It is clear that Profane Love did not know the elements of her business as a temptress. If "the spirited sly snake" had been equally frank with Mother Eve, the world had wanted a certain epic. Common gratitude for such unselfish veracity should have made the young man commend to the lady a careful study of the ninth book of "Paradise Lost." A few lessons from Satan might so far improve her blandishments that there would be some credit in resisting them.

Though Mr. Austin has thus given all the attractive arguments to the right side, we cannot say that he has always been successful in giving them poetical form. His Sacred Love is detailed enough in her instructions. She is careful to point out that visits to Italy are very necessary, and further, are incomplete without what Mr. Cook or Dr. Lunn would call an "extension to Athens." A further extension to Jerusalem is recommended. It is of the *bene esse*, though not of the *esse*, of life. For fear the youth in his globe-trotting should become too cosmopolitan, he is reminded of the duty of patriotism.

> "But while from futile feuds you dwell apart,
> Never forget to render what is due,
> In hour of need, from manly hand and heart,
> To the male Land, whose soil engendered you."

The intention is excellent and the moral sound, but is it poetry?

The poem called "The Wind Speaks" would seem to have been suggested by Shelley's "The Cloud." We will not say that it is an imitation, if only because Shelley's poem is truthful, exact, imaginative, and musical, epithets not precisely applicable to Mr. Austin's. Of Shelley's it has been said by a man of science that a man of science might have written it. What the Cloud says of itself is scientifically true, but the Wind in his two first stanzas involves himself in a contradiction.

> "In the depth of Night, on the heights of Day,
> Would you know where I rest or roam?
> In vain will you search, for I nowhere stay,
> And the Universe is my home.
>
> When you think to descry, on the craggy steep,
> My skirts as I mount and flee,
> From the wrecks I have wrought, I am sound asleep
> In the cradles rocked by the sea."

Nor are the Wind's last words more happy than his first:—

> "Like the Soul of Man, like God's Word and Will,
> Whence I come and whither I go,
> And where I abide when my voice is still,
> You know not, and never shall know."

As he has already told us that he abides nowhere, we might acquiesce in our ignorance, the more that we do not understand how a Will can come anywhere or anywhither. Still, we had supposed that the Word of God came from God, and we fear that the Wind in regard to his own provenance under-estimates the inquisitive powers of science.

Since the Laureate has thus failed to think out the subjects of his poems, it is little wonder that his imagery, his diction, and his rhythm fail to support the claim that is made for him. We know not what perversity made him call a woman's corset a

> "Compressing beaker for her brimming breast."

Some of his phrases are unintelligible apart from their context. Thus a "luxurious tear" might be supposed to have some affinity to Laura Matilda's "billowy ecstasy of woe," but in Mr. Austin's verse it seems to refer to the sorrows of the wealthy. We know that "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," but Mr. Austin's phrase would make a partridge suffer from a feathered wound. For his sounds the Laureate seems to trust his eye rather than his ear, or he could scarcely have indited so painful a sibilance as "her soft voice sank to silence." Indifference to formal grammar is no vice in a poet, but some errors imply a confusion of thought, and it seems that Mr. Austin's "thou who opposeth" is one of them. A truly classical poet would have allowed Ephyra its right quantities, and would not have put into the mouth of Sisyphus so poor a boast as that he had

> "made the name of Corinth glorious from
> Peloponnesus unto Attica,"

a passing narrow space for the wings of fame.

We do not say that there is no poetry in this volume,

* "Sacred and Profane Love and Other Poems." By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

but what there is is nowhere sustained, and is marred by many faults. In no way does it justify the claim that Mr. Austin should be ranked with Wordsworth or with Keats. A love of the country is not the same thing as an imaginative insight into the secrets of nature.

THE SOUL OF BUDDHISM.*

A book entitled "The Inward Light" would in England be taken to be a presentment of the central teaching of the Society of Friends. Those, however, who know the earlier works of the author, will not be surprised to find that it is a book about Buddhism and the other religions of the East which existed before Gautama, and on which he founded his faith. Mr. Fielding Hall has in fact now completed a trilogy on the Burmese, of which "The Soul of a People" and "A People at School" were the earlier volumes. The author was a British judge in Burmah at the time of the invasion of the country, and during the years of dacoity or irregular violence which followed its nominal conquest. He has set himself the task of interpreting to his own people, with rare and delicate sympathy, the Eastern folk whom he came to know so well. His first volume, now widely read, described Buddhism as it is popularly practised; his second the upheaval of ancient landmarks caused by the British conquest; and in this volume he gives us in furthest abstraction the innermost doctrine, the purest significance of the Buddhist religion. This book might indeed be known, far more fitly than Mr. Sinnett's fantastic volume of conjuring marvels, by the title of "Esoteric Buddhism."

The author's style is still charming, more poetical even than in his earlier work, and with his old pungency of descriptive touch. It becomes rhapsodical at times; but those who do not like rhapsody would in any case find it extremely difficult to understand the secret of Buddha—or, for that matter, the secret of Jesus either. Even the sanest religious teaching cannot always express its full meaning without getting on fire. The sentences are generally short, and nothing is commonplace. It is regrettable that so much literary power is marred by not unfrequent carelessness of workmanship; there are "sentences," three or four lines long, which possess no predicate; single verbs follow plural nouns—a page could be filled with small syntactical errors. Readers who mind these things will be a little worried by them.

A formal treatise on Karma and Reincarnation, on the Single Stream of Life, on Nirvana, on the evil of Desire, would be sure to be hard reading, and could hardly escape obscurity, if not tedium. Instead, each of the short chapters of this book has a picturesque outward setting. It hangs on an incident;—a famine, a lovers' interview, an open air play, a Christian convert, and it is all immersed in the atmosphere of the great river valley of the Irrawaddy, its sunsets, its majestic nights, its hot noontides. The whole book reflects the experience of a wounded Englishman nursed to health in a Burmese Monastery. The Englishman is even a fainter hero than Marius the Epicurean, but he serves his purpose of giving a concrete base, vividly realised, to each doctrine built up; so that truth embodied in a tale may enter in at lowly doors.

It appears, then, that Buddhism and Christianity, when they become again pure and primitive, strip off their armour of dogma, speak without their ecclesiastical machinery and their popular forms in the way of bell, book, and candle, both finally speak of the Inward Light, and stop there. This is the absolute religion common to man. Quakerism believed itself to be—and the claim is broadly allowed—"primitive Christianity revived"; and here a writer on Eastern religions, who aims at the same primitive absoluteness, finds the Inward Light in the Upanishads earlier than Buddha, apparently without knowing that any Christian body had appropriated the term here.

The author's terminology would not fit correctly into any strict philosophical categories of the West, which can ill interpret such phrases as "the soul is made of knowledge and will," "religion is knowledge." These things darken philosophical counsel. The central teaching of the Buddhism of this book is that all life is one; that the soul is not an isolated kernel of spiritual substance, definitely and rigidly personal to its bodily home of flesh, born separately for the first time when the body is born, and never inhabiting another form again; but, on the contrary, it is a ripple in an ever-flowing stream, finding its proper vehicle in a body provided by the parenthood of earth, bearing its sheaves with it, reaping in each incarnation what it has sown in that which went before, and ever sowing afresh the character-harvest of the future. As the race evolves it appropriates increasingly more of the inherent faculties of the life stream, previously only potential. To expound this Mr. Hall uses that fine metaphor of the white light broken by the spectrum into coloured rays which we gradually absorb, a similitude which has already been used in another sense, and with such wealth of application, by F. W. H. Myers in the literature of physical research. One had thought that he had made that metaphor his for ever; it has become more like a doctrine than a metaphor in the study of the subliminal self. Curiously enough, the very chapter preceding Mr. Hall's elaborate use of this metaphor tells how Buddhism will have nothing to say to dreams, visions, psychical marvels of any kind; it is plain, prosaic, universal, or nothing. Herein it has grievously limited its explanation of human nature; it has stopped one of the possible gates of light, fitful and beyond immediate control as that opening may be. This limitation of outlook is one reason of the pessimism that lies at the heart of Buddhism. Buddhists wish to make an end of life and desire, both of them being evils; but what they really mean, as Mr. Hall points out, is a rebellion against the limitations of life, and the unrest and disappointment that dogs desire. Now a career that ends here, or only repeats itself unrecognisably in another career bound to it by no link of memory, may indeed be counted a disappointing and limited affair; man may be born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and not to desire or admire, if a man would learn it, might be better than all our gardens of spice; but surely life is larger, and experience more significant, more immediately splendid, if the eye of the man is not closed to dream and truth-telling vision, to healing, prophecy, and inspiration?

In the light of this central doctrine of the ever-flowing life, the author proceeds to work out its application to the treatment of Prayer, of Sex, of Perfection, of Charity, and so forth. Every chapter is pleasant reading, even to a hardened reviewer. We may be thankful that an English Civil Servant in Burmah was no alien in spirit to the gentle brown race among whom he lived. Every religiously gifted man, one might say everyone with religious perceptions, may learn much from the treatment of Prayer, of Faith and Free Will based on the story of a famine, of the different religions of women and men, and of the popular Hell and Heaven. The whole makes a contribution not to be ignored to a synthesis of religious forms, and an abstraction of religious essence. Though much of its substance may be familiar to a few in the East, every one of these subjects is treated with what, to an Englishman, is freshness and originality.

* "The Inward Light." By H. Fielding Hall. Macmillan. 10s. net.

ONE YEAR'S LIFE.*

It must be strange to live year after year till seventy-eight and know that the great achievement of one's life was over and done with at thirty-one—to feel the one conspicuous performance slipping back into the distance till it belongs to the history of almost half a century ago. It must be almost equally difficult to refer to that glorious time with dignity and not to let others forget it. In some minds a peculiar feeling of spite grows against the old self for the splendour of a triumph never repeated. "You will be jealous of your past," said Johnson to a literary man, but in the case of soldiers that jealousy is even harder to bear. More than the ordinary man's, a soldier's greatness depends on his opportunity, and his own power of creating an opportunity is much more limited. But for the Mutiny who would have heard of Outram or John Nicholson? Of course, it is not the fame that matters. For a soldier,

* "Memoirs of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wylie Norman. By Sir William Lee-Warner. Smith, Elder & Co. 14s. net.

A. & C. BLACK'S

SECOND SPRING LIST.

EARLY LONDON (Survey of London).
By SIR WALTER BESANT. Containing 137 illustrations. Demy 4to, cloth, gilt top. Price **30/-** net.

THE SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE ORGANISM.
The Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Aberdeen in the year 1907. By DR. HANS DRIESCH. Demy 8vo, cloth. Price **10/6** net.

STUDIES IN JUDAISM.
By DR. SOLOMON SCHECHTER. Second Series. Price **7/6** net.

CANCER: Relief of Pain and Possible Cure.
By SKENE KEITH, M.B., F.R.C.S. (Edin.), and GEORGE E. KEITH, M.B., C.M. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price **2/6** net.

HOME NURSING AND HYGIENE.
By FLORANCE HUFTON-WINDUST. Crown 8vo, limp cloth. Price **1/-** net.

BANKING AND NEGOTIABLE INSTRUMENTS.
A Manual of Practical Law. By F. TILLYARD, M.A. Third Edition. Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price **5/-** net.

A HISTORY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.
Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Schools. By JOHN K. INGRAM, LL.D. Second Edition. Post 8vo, cloth. Price **6/-.**

THE NATIONALIZATION OF RAILWAYS.
By A. EMIL DAVIES. Crown 8vo, cloth limp. Price **1/-** net.

YORKSHIRE.
The Vales and Wolds of the East and West Ridings. Painted and described by GORDON HOME. Containing 20 full-page illustrations in colour and a sketch map. Square demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **7/6** net.

THE PEAK COUNTRY.
Painted by W. BISCOMBE GARDNER. Described by A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF. Containing 24 full-page illustrations in colour. Large Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **6/-** net.

THE COTSWOLDS.
Painted by G. F. NICHOLLS. Described by FRANCIS DUCKWORTH. Containing 24 full-page illustrations in colour and a sketch map. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **6/-** net.

KEW GARDENS.
Painted by T. MOWER MARTIN, R.C.A. Described by A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF. Containing 24 full-page illustrations in colour. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **6/-** net.

A. &. C. BLACK, Soho Sq., LONDON, W.

MODERN EGYPT
By the EARL OF CROMER.
With Portrait and Map. Two Vols. 8vo. 24s. net.

African Nature Notes and Reminiscences.
By **F. C. SELOUS,** F.Z.S. With Illustrations. 8vo. 10s. net.

1908 ISSUE READY NEXT TUESDAY.
The Statesman's Year-Book.
Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World for the Year 1908. Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL. D. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

2nd Impression.
The Story of the Guides. By Col. C. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B. With Illustrations, 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
A concise record of the busy career of service—the Mutiny, Kabul, Afghan War, 1878-80, Chitral, the Malakand, and minor wars—seen by the corps since, some sixty years ago, it was originated by Sir Henry Lawrence and raised by Sir Harry Lumsden.

Autobiography of Montagu Burrows, Captain R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. Edited by His Son, STEPHEN M. BURROWS. With Portraits. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net. [*Tuesday.*

National and Social Problems.
By FREDERIC HARRISON. Extra crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
A volume of great and varied interest. These collected papers deal with European political problems of the highest moment and with questions of Labour, Unionism and Socialism.

Civil War and Rebellion in the Roman Empire, A.D. 69-70.
A Companion to the "Histories" of Tacitus. By BERNARD W. HENDERSON, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net. [*Tuesday.*

Highways & Byways in Hampshire.
By D. H. MOUTRAY READ. With Illustrations by ARTHUR B. CONNOR. Extra crown 8vo. 6s.

Diary of John Evelyn. With Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. 3s. 6d. Or Limp Leather. 5s. net. [*Globe Library.*

Poems of T. E. Brown. Selected and Arranged with an Introduction and Notes by H.F.B. and H.G.D. 2s. 6d. net. [*Golden Treasury Series.*

Mr. Crewe's Career. By WINSTON CHURCHILL, Author of "Coniston," etc. Illustrated. 6s. [*Tuesday.*

OLD AGE PENSIONS
The Case against Old Age Pension Schemes. A Collection of Short Papers. (By Members of a Committee appointed in connection with the Charity Organisation Society.) 2s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

Books as wedding presents—this is the subject of an interesting article in the May "BOOK MONTHLY," 6d. net. Another article is on "What Glasgow reads," and the number contains all the news of bookland, with many illustrations.

Order from your bookseller, or write for a specimen copy to the publishers, Simpkin Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

as for everyone else, it is only the exercise of faculty that matters. But how many fine soldiers have rotted in obscurity because no call for their faculty came—no opportunity that revealed the full measure of themselves!

Excellent soldier and administrator as Sir Henry Norman was, the events of only one year saved him from average insignificance. He lived for nearly fifty years afterwards, occupied with useful positions on Councils, Colonial Governornships, and this and that, but always looking back to the days when he was thirty-one as the great epoch of his life. To that one year out of seventy-eight his biographer devotes nearly two-thirds of his book; and he is perfectly right, unless one thinks he ought to have devoted nine-tenths. "Delhi was my greatest service to my country," the old man used to say, and, indeed, his other services were all very well, but Delhi was magnificent. Without irony or surprise, his biographer tells us that, on settling in Onslow Gardens, the General took a prominent part in parish affairs. That was very public-spirited and modest of him, but it was not in parish affairs that he took a prominent part when, on that scorching Ridge outside the walls of Delhi, the handful of besiegers found themselves almost besieged, and for more than three months, amid cholera, treachery, and tropical rains, they clung to those well-known rocks from the flagstaff to Crow's battery.

Almost by accident, the young officer had to act as adjutant-general nearly all that time, and his position allowed him to watch the course of war with a wider horizon than others. Of all the accounts written about the Delhi Field Force, none could be clearer and more instructive than the story here made up from his letters to his wife, and his notes in later years. Many points that stirred bitter controversy in their day are here settled once for all, as it seems to us. On the whole, his evidence is strongly in favour of General Archdale Wilson, who commanded the force. The General's message to Sir John Lawrence that "unless speedily reinforced, his force would soon be so reduced by casualties and sickness that nothing would be left but a retreat to Karnal," reminds one, in a kind of reverse way, of General Buller's famous "spatchcocked" message to Sir George White about surrender in another siege. But Norman went to the General in person, and showed him how impossible any thought of retirement must be:—

> "After a short conversation, General Wilson admitted this," Norman tells us, in a much later document, "and I believe he never really contemplated anything of the kind, but gave way to the temptation of holding it out as an incitement to Sir J. Lawrence to aid us generously."

Wilson was evidently of a reserved and rather chilly nature, not the man to inspire devoted enthusiasm, but the familiar myth about his "Council of War" just before the final assault in September, and how Nicholson and other officers barely succeeded in driving him to a decision, is effectively contradicted by Norman, who had every means of knowing. So is the myth that, even when the Kashmir gate had been blown out and the storming party had poured into the city over the Water Bastion breach, the General still meditated a withdrawal outside the walls again rather than face the street fighting. If evidence counts for anything in those burning moments when every hour is crowded with historic events and blinding emotion, Norman's evidence must count. There were no war correspondents to give an onlooker's account of what probably occurred. As Sir William Lee-Warner says:—

> "There were no war correspondents in the Delhi camp, but in the true spirit of Homer's heroes, while 'the Greeks had none to hearten them, their hearts rose with the war.'"

This implies that war correspondents, when they are present, really do something to hearten the men. It is undoubtedly true, and now that their occupation is threatened, all correspondents will be grateful for the praise.

About Hodson and the notorious act best remembered in his dubious but stirring career, Norman took the view that is now fairly general. Having mentioned how he shot the princes who had escaped from Delhi with his own hand, and how the excuse had been made that he was hard-pressed by a threatening crowd, he continues:—

> "I never heard of this crowd at the time, and I do not believe it. . . . I believe Hodson shot them because he believed they deserved death, and was apprehensive if he brought them in alive their lives might be spared. In doing this he did what I think was in the highest degree wrong. I am bound to say, however, that many officers thought he did right, and had displayed commendable vigour and resolution."

On another disputed point the General's evidence is even more definite. When he was Governor of Queensland, he was suddenly offered the Viceroyalty of India. He accepted by telegram, and almost immediately telegraphed to refuse. Many rumours flew, and we learn now there was no real reason for the refusal beyond the hesitation of an ageing man. That was not his way when, on the Ridge of Delhi, Edwin Johnson wrote of him, "Norman is the life and soul of the force." Or when, a little later on in that campaign, another officer wrote, "Old Norman is the same as ever, only fighting fattens him." (Norman was always grotesquely thin.) "He is all in all to Sir Colin, and is worth his weight in gold." But when the Field-Marshal died, conspicuous in honour and dignified place, those glorious days were nearly fifty years behind him.

MODERNISM IN ENGLISH EYES.*

For some years past Mr. A. L. Lilley has been before the public as the leading Anglican exponent of the movement in the Roman Catholic Church known as "Modernism," and in this handsome volume he has reprinted his chief contributions on the subject to the "Guardian," the "Commonwealth," and The Nation. There is some new matter, not previously published, but it fills comparatively few pages (90 out of 300); and this is not mentioned by way of disparagement, but to inform intending purchasers of the fact. For, indeed, it will be a satisfaction to a large number of readers to have in a collected form articles which they have already read with much interest and appreciation as they appeared. Eight years ago few of us had any idea that it was possible for a movement of this kind to obtain any hold over French or Italian Catholics, and it is largely to Mr. Lilley that we owe our present knowledge. Perhaps he somewhat exaggerates its strength; certainly he writes in rather depreciatory terms of the corresponding agitation in the Church of England, and in more definite Protestant churches. But no other book contains so clear and readable an account of the progress of the movement in France. As an Irishman, Mr. Lilley has done well to put on record the claims of a fellow-countryman, Father Hogan, for many years the guide, philosopher and friend of the seminarists at St. Sulpice, to have been the precursor of the movement, so far as France is concerned. He was suspected of Liberalism a quarter of a century before anyone spoke of "Modernism."

> "That revival, which seems to the foreign observer to have come with such astonishing suddenness, was, after all, being prepared in the silent but far-reaching influence of teachers like Father Hogan."

In the chapter on "The Church of England and the Church of France," originally a lecture delivered before the "Guild of St. Matthew," the author traces some interesting points of comparison, and he shows that the generally prevalent indifference to religious observances in both countries has drawn the two Churches more closely together than would have been thought possible in the middle of the last century. A cynic might add the inference that the two Churches will be one when they have ceased to have any influence at all. But he points out a difference, which is perhaps more national than ecclesiastical:—

> "In England, religious feeling has been so trained in the habit of independence, that, when it finds itself out of sympathy with the Church, it finds or makes for itself a new home. . . . And when no existing form of dissent is able to satisfy certain sections of our people, they do not cease to be religious, nor are they willing to forego the benefits which association offers to the religious life. On the contrary, they forthwith form 'Labour Churches,' or league themselves together in some such loose religious brotherhood. But in France there is no such outlet for the dissatisfaction of the religiously-inclined with the traditional Christian society. As a great French Arch-

---

* "Modernism, a Record and Review." By A. Leslie Lilley, Vicar of St. Mary's, Paddington. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. 6s. net.

A NOVEL QUARTETTE

¶ In introducing my NOVEL QUARTETTE I have in mind the general verdict passed upon THE LITERARY FOUR-IN-HAND. The chorus of praise that these four volumes received far exceeded my most sanguine hopes, and from the appearance of the first reviews the success of each and every book was assured. I have no doubt that a NOVEL QUARTETTE will prove as acceptable as THE LITERARY FOUR-IN-HAND.

A GREAT ENGLISH NOVEL

¶ "Such books are worth keeping on the shelves, even by the classics," was the opinion of the *Times* upon THE WINGLESS VICTORY. The numerous readers of Miss Willcocks's previous book will not, I venture to think, be disappointed in A MAN OF GENIUS. It will be remembered that the critics received her last book with acclamation, which resounded in America, and is vibrating in Germany and Scandinavia, where the book has been translated. A MAN OF GENIUS, the scene of which is laid amid the wildest scenery of the North Devon Coast, shows a profound knowledge of art, love, passion, and the elemental things of life. It will convince the reader of the danger incurred by the children of earth in playing with fire. There will be ten illustrations by W. STORY.

A GREAT AUSTRALIAN NOVEL

¶ There are two things that a publisher is always anxious to discover, a Great Australian Novelist and a Great Irish Novelist. When I received my reader's report upon THE BISHOP'S SCAPEGOAT, by T. B. CLEGG, I felt that perhaps one of these discoveries was about to be made. The following quotation will perhaps justify me to some degree: "In my opinion Mr. CLEGG is a novelist who will at no very distant date achieve one of those successes which make a big reputation. Perhaps THE BISHOP'S SCAPEGOAT will be that book. It is instinct that makes a novelist, and Mr. CLEGG has that instinct. He tells only what is necessary to the development of his story; he concentrates; and, above all, he convinces both as regards description of places and the drawing of character. The Bishop of Capricornia is a fine figure of a man who accepts his punishment without murmur. I can with some amount of reason look forward to a real success for this novel."

A GREAT GERMAN NOVEL

¶ On the publication of CLARA VIEBIG'S remarkable book ABSOLUTION in Germany last autumn, a two-column review appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, from which the following passages are selected: "In Germany, this book of the sombre purple cover and the design of a halo surrounding the strange title is everywhere. It is on train and steamer, in little odd bookshops of sleepy country towns, and (often in strange company) among the best displayed wares in the shop windows of the main streets of great cities. 'It is a terrible book,' people say, as they sit poring over its pages, but we doubt whether any one, having taken it up, lays it aside as too 'terrible' before he has reached the abrupt, dramatic end. . . . . The face of a woman, young and proud, and very beautiful, haunts the pages of the new novel by the most powerful of the woman writers of Germany. In the pale face burn the dark, unfathomable eyes, in which, by turn, the passion of heavenly and earthly love flares up and does battle against the childlike simplicity and innocence of heart that makes the woman a danger to every man who crosses her path."

A GREAT FRENCH NOVEL

¶ If ABSOLUTION created a sensation in Germany, THE CHILD OF CHANCE (Le Semeur) had no less a vogue in France. It was the book of the season, and as such immensely discussed in Paris. The heroine of ABSOLUTION is a woman to whom man is the Lover, to Marie-Cecile in MAXIME FORMONT'S NOVEL man is essentially the Father. The justification of illicit love has formed the subject of many plays and novels, but the rights of maternity have been grievously overlooked. Can the maternal instinct in a woman blot out her "shame," and justify her for a, to her, necessary and inevitable act of disobedience to conventional standards? The portrait of Marie-Cecile offers a partial solution to the problem. The audacity of the book is equalled only by its restraint. M. FORMONT knows that he is dealing with a delicate subject, but he deals with it as a man, one who not only recognises the cry for motherhood, but knows what it portends.

ABSOLUTION	By Clara Viebig	6/-	Ready May 12
A MAN OF GENIUS	By M. P. Willcocks	6/-	Ready May 15
THE CHILD OF CHANCE	By Maxime Formont	6/-	Ready May 19
THE BISHOP'S SCAPEGOAT	By T. B. Clegg	6/-	Ready May 22

In addition to A Novel Quartette, I have the following important books almost ready:—

(I) THE LIFE OF SIR HALLIDAY MACARTNEY, K.C.M.G., Commander of Li Hung Chang's trained force in the Taeping Rebellion, founder of the first Chinese Arsenal, Secretary to the first Chinese Embassy to Europe, Secretary and Councillor to the Chinese Legation in London for thirty years. By DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER, with a Foreword by Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE, and numerous illustrations. Demy 8vo, price 24s. net. (II) PLEASURE AND PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA. By CECIL HARMSWORTH, M.P. Crown 8vo, 5s. net. Mr. Harmsworth gives his impressions of travel at the Cape, and discusses, open-mindedly, some of the more pressing questions, such as the invasion of Asiatics. (III) THE SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM RESTATED. By GEORGE GREENWOOD, M.P. Demy 8vo, price 21s. net. Scholars admit that a large portion of the dramas contained in the First Folio of 1623 did not emanate from the pen of Shakespeare. Was the author of these plays really William Shakespeare? In the present work the author restates the arguments for the negative case, viz., that the Stratford player was not the real Shakespeare. No attempt is made to uphold the Baconian, or any other theory of authorship, or to arrive at any positive solution of "The Shakespeare Problem." (IV) THE CREED OF BUDDHA. By the Author of "The Creed of Christ." Crown 8vo, 5s. net. The Author of "The Creed of Christ" here makes an attempt to ascertain the inner faith of the Founder of Buddhism, and reaches conclusions diametrically opposed to the views about "Buddha" which have long been current in the West. He believes that Buddhism, as taught by its founder, was identical, in the last resort, with the teaching of Christ, and that the teaching of both these is that of the Spiritual Idealism of Ancient India.

THE BODLEY HEAD,
LONDON AND NEW YORK.

JOHN LANE.

bishop is reported to have said recently, in reply to the question whether the Separation Law was likely to lead to a schism: 'There is not religion enough in France to make a schism.'"

Time alone can show whether the modernists are right in claiming that they are "Catholics in the best and truest sense"' or whether the Pope is justified in declaring that by their attitude towards authority they have ceased to be Catholics at all. In either case Mr. Lilley's volume will be an interesting record of a movement which at one time seemed to have a great future before it. There is also a valuable bibliography at the end, chiefly naming books published during the present century, but not on that account of less value, since in the rapidity of the output the general reader easily forgets what has appeared. Perhaps the text, or the dominant sentences of the text, of the Papal documents constantly referred to might with advantage have been included in the volume.

ART AND ARTLESS.*

The effect of Mr. Howells' subtle art in "Fennel and Rue" will probably prove disconcerting to the English reader who will be likely to ask "Why do you devote so much fine-spun analysis to the transitory relations of your hero and heroine? Haven't you lost your sense of proportion?" From this standpoint the book may be likened to a picture in a gallery, the glass of which reflects back the spectator's figure, till he shifts his own position to view it. This shifting of one's mental position in judging a work of art is often an essential step to enjoying it, and Mr. Howells' technique is so extremely delicate that it is doubly necessary for his audience to sacrifice their own prepossessions, and stand before his pictures of life attentive and carefully watching.

The story is slight, but charged with meaning. Verrian, a clever young novelist who has lately "arrived," has received a letter of delicate flattery from a girl, entreating him to send her privately the last portions of his serial story, of which everybody is talking, as the doctors have told her that though she may live for months there are chances that she may die before the finish appears. Verrian is touched, but having probed the matter with his editor, he receives a contrite letter of confession in which his correspondent owns that her dying was "meant as a joke," and her real motive was her curiosity about his "fascinating" story. Verrian, much mortified, writes a brutally severe letter "to get her and her letters out of his mind finally," but when he receives no answer, he regrets it, and begins to perceive that "he had kept a secret place in his soul where the sinner could find a refuge from his justice." His mother and he discuss the incident up and down, and speculate about her character, on the lines of "You don't think we've been too severe, do you?"

In going to pay a week-end visit to Mrs. Westangle, a society woman, with "a liquid glitter in her sweet, small eyes," Verrian travels down with the "smart" Miss Macroy, and he drives to "Seasands" in the company of a nervous and agitated young lady, Miss Shirley, who confides to him that she has been engaged by Mrs. Westangle as "a sort of mistress of the revels," to furnish clever suggestions for the house party's entertainment, but that she herself is to keep out of sight of the guests. Miss Shirley is forced to work for her living, so she will have "no recognition in Mrs. Westangle's hospitalities."

Arrived at "Seasands," Miss Shirley, "with her sick eyes and look of delicate exhaustion," disappears quickly, and nobody but Verrian is aware that the hostess keeps a "ghost" on the premises, to inspire her in the delicate art of social entertainment. Now the keeping of Miss Shirley's suggestive and pathetic personality in the background is a most subtle piece of art, for the girl affects the reader's imagination, all the time that he is witnessing the effects of her hidden manipulations. We divine from some delicate foreshadowings that she is Verrian's unknown correspondent, and we are left to wait and wonder what Verrian's relation to her will be when he, subtly anxious for her success with Mrs. Westangle in the "revels," and subtly snobbish over her "position" in the household, has also discovered it. Miss Shirley serves, in fact, as the mental background which shows up the characters of the people in the foreground; the socially ambitious Mrs. Westangle, and the smart and rather heartless Miss Macroyd, and Verrian, as sensitively alive to getting "copy" as he is to his own ideal of himself, and Bushwick, the young city broker, all declare what is in them simply by their guarded attitude to the fugitive figure of the elusive Miss Shirley. It seems very simple this art, and "not to come to anything much" to the inexperienced eye, but, in fact, it is a lesson in precision of touch, this flawless art of Mr. Howells. For in it, as in all really first-rate work, however "slight" it may appear, the ultimate effect is that of disclosing new secrets of human individuality, and of opening unforeseen vistas in human relationship. Behind the "slight" story of "Fennel and Rue" is a most subtle study of the semi-conscious ruses of the eternal feminine, ruses so subtle that the reader is left pondering them, but quite alive to the significant depth—which may be read in the author's words "But when did a woman ever mean business, except in the one great business?"

To know what "these poor islanders" owe to Mr. Howells it is necessary to put his work side by side with a fair specimen of our popular fiction pleasantly written by a person of some intelligence. If we single out "Dan Riach, Socialist," for comparison, it is because the book is a favourable example of its class, in its tone and outlook; an honest piece of work, and one that is free from obvious falsity. But it is no exaggeration to say that every artistic touch in "Dan Riach, Socialist," is cloudy, weak, indecisive, while every touch in "Fennel and Rue" is exact, clean, precise. The English reader who rarely grasps what art is and is not, may, however, here be helped by a concrete example. Take a tree, and let us imagine that the leaves are not quite leaves, the bark and branches, the trunk and roots, are not precisely bark, branches, trunk and roots. It follows, then, that the whole effect of such a tree on us will not be quite natural, will not have the living force and charm and mystery of nature, and that we should turn from it, saying, "This tree cannot last in nature, or bear comparison with nature: it is already dropping to pieces." This is the difference between "Fennel and Rue" and "Dan Riach, Socialist": the first is a very close study of human nature, artistically sincere and inevitable; the second resembles a weak but well-intentioned water-colour drawing done by a hand that cannot render the form or atmosphere or structure of the living thing. Dan Riach, for example, is not a Socialist, nor, indeed, an individual; he is the embodiment of a middle-class person's view of what a Socialist might be. Similarly Austin Wyatt, the factory owner, who in his enthusiastic youth imbibes Dan Riach's creed, lives in "free love" with Dan's niece, Isabel, and then disavows his Utopian ideals and becomes a model employer of labor, is as obviously a figment of fancy constructed "to point a moral and adorn a tale." The situation developed, twelve years later, of a strike at the glass works, with Dan as agitator, denouncing Austin's desertion of Isabel, is as picturesque as Austin's counter-move to shield Isabel's name by offering her marriage. But both are patently fabricated by the sentimentalism dear to the English idealist. It is not, however, the class bias in the novel that we criticise so much as the fluffiness of the figures. Isabel herself is fairly natural, but Rogers, the trusted foreman, passionately in love with her, who leads the fight against poor Austin, is a caricature of a working man; and none of the relations between any of the characters, Austin's and Theresa Ferard's excepted, have a meaning truthfulness. The author, as an artist, in short, has no fine rectitude of vision. She is kindly and not devoid of insight, but her novel, which will no doubt seem excellent to the majority, is but a freshly struck example from the well-worn die of our middle-class coinage. It is an amalgam of the moral, the sentimental, and the common-sense points of view, and however admirably such qualities may serve one in the conduct of life, they are no equipment for the artist's business of scrutinising nature finely, and representing human life with delicate exactitude.

---

* "Fennel and Rue." By W. D. Howells. Harper. 6s.
"Dan Riach, Socialist." By the Author of "Miss Molly." Smith, Elder. 6s.

THE ORIENT REVIEW

A new Monthly Magazine dealing with the Philosophy, Religions, Politics, Literature, Art, &c., of the East.

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET.

THE ORIENT REVIEW

is the only Monthly Review in Europe exclusively devoted to the Eastern World.

ON SALE AT BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS.

Subscription rates, inclusive of postage—

14s. for 12 months; 7s. for 6 months.

If any difficulty in obtaining a copy send to

"THE ORIENT REVIEW,"

Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C.

Publishing Office: 27, Chancery Lane, E.C.

THE INQUIRER

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL RELIGION

Special Articles of Interest to Liberal Thinkers and Workers.

Reviews of Important Books and Magazines.

News of Churches and Societies.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:

6/6 per year, to all parts of the World.

SPECIMEN COPY FREE ON APPLICATION.

Published every Friday at

3, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and of the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS.

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

So much has been written about the siege of Port Arthur that most people will consider any further books upon the subject as superfluous. M. E. K. Nojine's "The Truth About Port Arthur" (Murray, 15s. net), which has been translated in an abridged form by Captain A. B. Lindsay, and edited by Major E. D. Swinton, sets forth the views of a Russian war correspondent who went through the greater part of the siege, and had a good opportunity of seeing what took place. The facts he brings forward have been confirmed by the recent court martial at which General Stössel was convicted of incompetency and gross disobedience to orders. General Smirnoff is the hero of M. Nojine's narrative, and if that general had been independent of Stössel and Fock, the siege might have ended differently. The quarrels between the different officers, and the entire want of concerted action which resulted from their rivalry, as revealed in these pages, are an ample explanation of the Russian disasters. This book, which was written before Stössel's trial, but not published until after the verdict was given, contains a full and clear account of what took place within the fortress. The author shows some animus against General Stössel, upon whom is thrown the full responsibility for the premature surrender of Port Arthur, but the statements urged in support of this view are supported by so great a weight of evidence that they must be regarded as established. The book is illustrated by a large number of photographs.

* * *

The late Professor John K. Paine's "History of Music to the Death of Schubert" (Ginn, 8s. 6d.) is a short but interesting and trustworthy account of the development of musical art to the end of the second decade of the nineteenth century. Professor Paine introduced music as a subject in the regular course of study at Harvard University, and his book is composed of lectures given there, and prepared for the press shortly before his death. They possess in a high degree the great merit of clearness, and even such difficult subjects as ancient Greek and Roman music, and the first steps in the evolution of polyphony and musical notation, are presented in a simpler manner than is usual in such treatises. Of the composers dealt with, Bach and Beethoven come in for the highest praise, and though Professor Paine wrote from a conservative standpoint, nearly all of those who have been touched by Beethoven's influence will agree that he has stood the test of time better than most other composers. "In the Pantheon of art," says Professor Paine, "Beethoven holds a foremost place beside the greatest poets and artists of all time, besides Æschylus and Dante, Michael Angelo and Shakespeare. Like these inspired men, he has widened and ennobled the mind and soul of humanity." Schubert, the author pronounces to be supreme as a song composer, and as an inspired poet of the symphony second only to Beethoven, but this praise does not preclude the admission that the greater part of Schubert's eleven hundred works are interesting only as the product of a genius who wrote too much in his short lifetime. The scheme of the book prevents any treatment of Liszt, Berlioz, and the more recent developments of romantic music. Within its limits it can be recommended as an admirable handling of the subject in brief compass.

* * *

Twenty-six essays on the peoples and places of Central Italy, Magna Graecia, Sicily, and Sardinia, which have been translated by an American author, Mr. C. Densmore Curtis, from the Italian of Signor Ettore Pais, are contained within the volume entitled "Ancient Italy" (T. Fisher Unwin, 21s. net). They are the result of investigations made by the author during the preparation of his histories of Magna Graecia and of Rome, and they include material unpublished hitherto. Sound, if rather soulless, scholarship is their distinguishing note; Signor Pais has nothing of the picturesqueness of style that we find in a great deal of the literature by contemporary Italian writers; whatever his theme, he is always quietly erudite and logically argumentative. Belonging as it does to the higher criticism, the book is hardly one for the general public. Students of the classics, however, will discover much to interest them in the contentions put forward in these pages. Strabo, for instance, is among the authorities whom Signor Pais relies on, and one of his essays controverts the generally accepted theory that the Greek writer's historical geography was compiled about 18 A.D, and produces evidence to prove that it was written between 22 B.C. and 11 B.C. Signor Pais argues that it was merely retouched at the later date; also, that it was not written in Rome, but probably in Strabo's native city of Amasia in Asia Minor. A valuable sidelight on a famous period in the world's history is shed by the chapter on the expedition of Alexander of Epirus, the uncle of Alexander the Great, to Southern Italy. Praise is also due to the admirable photographic illustrations to this volume.

* * *

Under the title of "St. George for Merrie England" (George Allen, 5s. net), Miss Margaret H. Bulley has written an interesting and well-informed essay on the legend of our patron saint, or rather on the many legends that have gathered about his name. He is, probably, the most cosmopolitan saint in the Calendar; but what interests us most, of course, is the development of his cult in England. His popularity received a great impetus in the reign of Richard I., and reached its culminating point under the third Edward, when the Order of the Garter was founded "in the honour of God, our Lady, and St. George," and the Chapel was built at Windsor. After that the vogue declined, until the prayers for St. George's Day were struck out of the Prayer-Book of Edward VI.; his memory, however, is still kept green by the Royal Society of St. George and the Society of Antiquaries. Unfortunately for our pride of possession, the honour paid to St. George in this country does not establish his English origin, though Richard Johnstone in the seventeenth century stoutly claimed him as an Englishman; there is even less authority for believing this than for crediting him with the dragon fight. If he ever existed in the flesh—Calvin and Dr. Reynolds of Norwich were misguided enough to deny that he did—he was in all likelihood the Cappadocian of whom the Golden Legend tells us, and there is some doubt whether he ever set foot in England. George the Saint has been rather cruelly confused with George, the Arian Archbishop of Cappadocia, who was an unmitigated rogue, and Miss Bulley explains how the mistake arose; indeed, her book is a mine of information on the legend and its variants. The half-tone plates at the end of this volume are after pictures and sculptures dating from the Middle Ages, and including moderns such as Burne Jones and Rossetti, and, as the authoress claims, they tell the story of St. George, "some with delicious quaintness and sly humour, some with the dignity and the gravity that are worthy of its splendid romance."

* * *

It is pleasant to have these two well-known books now issued in a single cheap volume—"Romantic Tales from the Panjab with Indian Nights' Entertainment." By Charles Swynnerton (Constable, 6s. net). Our only regret is that the author's valuable introduction and appendix in his previous edition of "Romantic Tales" is not included. A reader wants more direction in reading the ancient stories than can be given in the short preface here, interesting though that is. Most of the tales, as he tells us, were gathered from the country people far up in the north of the Panjab, at Ghazi on the Indus, and though some of them have been obviously invented or retold within Mohammedan times, the majority date back to a very early age in man's history—early, we mean, as compared to other records of mankind. To us the most interesting thing about them is the proof they give of man's never-ending delight in mere story-telling, even when it is without art or purpose or charm. It must be consoling to our worst novelists to reflect that people like them appear to have been essential to the human race, almost from the anthropoid stage onward. Of course, there is much else to be learnt as well—the history of manners, of primitive beliefs, and primitive intimacy with animals when it seemed quite natural that animals should talk. The comparison with the "Arabian Nights" is obvious, and with "Uncle Remus" too, though we have found stories much more closely resembling his in Central Africa, as was natural. As in most Indian stories, there is a good deal of mockery and humour in the tone. We select a short one, very characteristic of

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON **BIBLE** WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from **6d. to £10.**

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

BOOKS WANTED.—£20 each offered. Guy Mannering, 1st edit., 3 vols. 1815, in boards uncut. Thackeray's Vanity Fair, 20 Nos., 1847-48. Vicar of Wakefield, 2 vols., Salisbury, 1766. Walton's Angler, 1653. Paradise Lost, 1667. Lamb's Shakespeare Tales, 2 vols., boards, 1827, 30/- each offered for. Scrope's Salmon Fishing, 1843. Gardiner's History of England, 2 vols., 1863. Ireland's Napoleon, 4 vols., coloured plates. Jesse's George Selwyn, 4 vols., 1843. Books with inscriptions written inside by Carlyle, Meredith, Keats, Lamb, &c. All books with coloured plates by Ackerman, &c. Special list of wants free, high prices paid. Please let us know your wants. We can supply everything.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Experts, 21, John Bright St., Birmingham. [Bargain, Harmsworth's Encyclopædia, 10 vols., 25/- cost £2 16s. net.]

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description, high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words, prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Moat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD

(Via NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the {PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,

London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.; City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.; And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME I. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

The Daily News

Founded by

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846.

Honored tradition and the spirit of modern enterprise are combined in "The Daily News." Matters of serious interest are reported at length. Place is also found, in shorter form, for the lighter news items which are a feature of 20th century journalism.

"The Daily News" is the **only** London Liberal newspaper that devotes every day a whole page to Financial and Commercial matters, Trade and Market reports and Stock Exchange Intelligence.

Its daily Parliamentary report is far more detailed than that of any other ½d. paper, and nearly a column is given to the Law List.

If you do not read "The Daily News" it is impossible for you to follow the progress of Liberalism.

HEAD OFFICES—

Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF "PUBLIC OPINION."

Here is an Australian estimate of PUBLIC OPINION, from the *Sydney Stock and Station Journal*, published in Sydney, N.S. Wales:—

"This week there came to hand the very sort of paper that a busy man wants, and that is PUBLIC OPINION. I remember having seen it years ago in England, but somehow amid the multitude of things I saw at home, it failed to grasp my imagination. But it's an all right paper. You would think it was the idea on which Stead modelled his *Review of Reviews*.

"It is simply what it professes to be, public opinion. It gives you the opinions of leading men and leading papers in regard to the current events of the day. No man out here has either the time or the inclination to read all that is going on in the great British world, and this paper boils it all down, and gives it as purely as possible. What I like about it is the fact that the editor does not appear to have an axe to grind or fad to illuminate. That is what we need. We all have fads of our own here, because I think we are more intelligent than the stay-at-home people. If we're not, we probably think we are, so it's all the same. '*Cogito ergo sum.*'"

PUBLIC OPINION A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.

Every Friday Twopence

EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION, 30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

SPECIMENS FREE ON APPLICATION.

Mohammedan humour in the East. As Wordsworth wrote a "Lesson for Fathers," we might head this a "Lesson for Sermonisers:—

> "A Mohammedan priest, seated in his mosque, was once holding forth to some villagers on the torments of the life to come. When in the full flow of his eloquence, he observed one of his auditors, a poor farmer, weeping profusely.
>
> "'Ah, you sinner!' cried the preacher, interrupting his discourse, 'you are crying, are you? You begin to think of your sins, do you?'
>
> "'No, no,' answered the man; 'I was not thinking of my sins I was thinking of my old he-goat, that grew sick and died a year ago. Never was a beard so like the beard of my old he-goat as yours.'"

* * *

Mr. E. Walter Maunder's purpose in "The Astronomy of the Bible" (Sealey, Clarke & Co., 5s. net) is not to reconstruct the astronomy of the Hebrews, but "to make an astronomical commentary on the Bible." His book is free from technical terms, and many passages, especially in the Psalms, are made more easily intelligible and the force and beauty of their allusions explained. There is a full discussion of the three astronomical miracles—the lengthening of the day on the occasion of Joshua's victory over the Amorites, the turning back of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz, and the star of Bethlehem. Of the first of these Mr. Maunder takes the sensible view that the words of the narrative simply state that the length of the march made by the Israelites between noon and sunset was equal to an ordinary march taking the whole of the day. The calculations necessary for determining the dates on which the Jewish feasts fell are also dealt with at length. The book should prove useful to those who require a popular account of the influence of the heavenly bodies upon Hebrew thought and customs.

* * *

Under the title "Irish and English: Portraits and Impressions" (Francis Griffiths, 5s. net), Mr. Robert Lynd has collected together a number of essays contributed to different weekly journals. They are written in a pleasant and graceful style, and are marked by a tolerance of outlook and an understanding of opposing views which is rare enough in books dealing with Ireland. Mr. Lynd is apparently a Sinn-Feiner, but as his early life was passed in the North of Ireland, where "The Boyne Water" and "The Protestant Boys" are the favourite songs, and King William is worshipped on the twelfth of July—not without the spilling of Papist blood and the breaking of Orange heads—he is able to look with tolerance on "the Orange idealist," who holds that the maintenance of Protestant ascendency is essential to "civil and religious liberty." This hopeful and tolerant outlook gives a great charm to the essays, which, besides being entertaining reading, give a good impression of the new forces at work in Ireland to-day.

* * *

"The Passing of Morocco" (Smith, Elder, 5s. net), by Mr. Frederick Moore, is a book of impressions of the country and its people by an American journalist who acted as correspondent to "The Westminster Gazette" during the recent troubles. Mr. Moore witnessed the shooting of prisoners in cold blood by the French, and hints that although this and similar affairs were reported to the London papers by their correspondents, the news was either suppressed or accorded but the briefest notice. About half the book is taken up by a description of the French occupation. The remainder gives a sketchy but readable account of persons and things seen by the author during his visit.

* * *

In the series of "Notable Scottish Trials" "The Trial of A. J. Monson," edited by John W. More, B.A. (Oxon), Advocate (William Hodge & Co., 5s. net), gives verbatim the proceedings of the most important criminal trial in Scotland during the last fifty years—that of Alfred John Monson of murdering his pupil, Lieut. Hambrough, at Ardlamont, Argyleshire, in 1893. The volume is edited by Mr. J. M. More, Advocate, who contributes a terse but lucid introduction. The verdict of "not proven" given by the jury was much criticised at the time, but most students of criminology will, we think, be satisfied, after careful consideration, that the evidence was insufficient to warrant a conviction.

A Novel Reader's Guide:—"Three Girls and a Hermit," by Dorothea Conyers (Hutchinson, 6s.), is an amusing story of modern hunting life in Ireland. The plot is improbable, but the humour is fresh and unforced.—"The Isle of Maids," by M. T. Hainsselin (Lane, 6s.). A novel of adventure. The scene is laid in the Greek archipelago.—"Leroux," by the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes (Greening, 6s.). A good historical novel of the time of the French Revolution. The plot is well constructed, and the reader's interest cleverly retained.—"Follow Up!" by Archibald Douglas Fox (Brown, Langham, 6s.). A story of Harrow School, with plenty of incident and much school-boy slang (date, 1908).—"The Missioner," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock, 6s.). A simple love story well told, marked from Mr. Oppenheim's usual method by an absence of thrills.

The Week in the City.

The markets have again shown considerable weakness and depression, but as these were owing to special causes it may be hoped they will prove to be only temporary. The threatened strike on the North Eastern railway and the actual lock-out in the shipbuilding industry had a very adverse effect on Home Rails, and on the shares of numerous industrial companies whose fortunes are more or less closely identified with the shipbuilding and shipping. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Winston Churchill's intervention will be equally successful with the efforts of his predecessor in preventing any prolonged labor struggle. The other causes of depression were the bomb-throwing outrage in India, and the renewed fighting on the North-West Frontier. Probably both contributed in about an equal degree to weakness in Consols, Eastern banks, and Indian railways. In neither case does there seem much ground for the extreme pessimism that is being exhibited in some quarters. Among the millions of India there will always be agitation and unrest at some point or other, and because one group has adopted modern anarchist methods there is no reason to fear that a second Mutiny is brewing. The trouble in the North-West which, according to some cheerful prognostications, was going to land us in another Afghan war, is already being stamped out by the prompt military action of the authorities, and satisfactory assurances of his peaceful intentions have been given by the Ameer. The money market is easy, and we look for a revival in markets when the effect of these temporary disturbances passes away.

Financial Difficulties in Natal.

The commercial depression in South Africa is exercising a disastrous effect on the finances of the Colony of Natal, whose revenue is largely dependent on the forwarding of imports for the Transvaal from the Port of Durban over the State railways. The report of the Auditor-General recently presented showed that at the end of 1906-7 there was a deficiency on revenue account of £691,200, of which £198,300 was incurred during that year, and the balance consisted of accumulated deficits brought forward from previous years. The Colony has not been able to raise a loan, and the deficiency has been met by the use of money placed in the hands of the Public Debt Commissioners for loan and railway fund purposes. It is calculated that by the end of the current financial year on June 30th next the deficit will amount to £816,000. Natal Ministries are afraid to propose new taxation because of the unpopularity they would certainly incur, and the only suggestion at present made is that certain wharf, transit, and railway dues that were remitted some years ago should be re-imposed. That, however, would entail delicate negotiations with neighbouring colonies, and the best hope appears to be in a revival of trade such as would increase the yield of existing revenues to a point sufficient to produce an equilibrium. In the meantime, there seems little temptation for British investors, if they are asked to do so, to supply money to a small colony with a very small white population already overburdened with debt.

Lucellum.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's
Navy Cut
Tobacco and
Cigarettes

Sold only in the original Packets and Tins, and may be obtained from all Stores and Tobacconists of repute

0487.

TANGYE
OIL ENGINE
AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.
NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING.
TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE
RED WHITE & BLUE
Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

MAPLE & CO
ARE SPECIALISTS
FOR COMFORTABLE
CLUB & LOUNGE
CHAIRS & SETTEES
Inspection invited, or Illustrated Catalogue of Chairs sent free
LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD
LONDON PARIS BUENOS AIRES

BIRKBECK BANK
ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

Liver troubles
are speedily and effectually cured by LIVERETS. The great disadvantage of most liver medicines is that they have a distinctly debilitating effect on the health.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) *Liverets*
STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE

Are especially compounded to overcome this evil. Prepared, as prescribed by an eminent physician, from purely vegetable ingredients, they thoroughly cleanse the liver of all impurities and leave it perfectly healthy. And the valuable tonic properties they possess, stimulate the liver while they relieve it, and finally, make it sound and strong enough to enable it to perform its functions in a healthy, natural way. Price 1/1½ of all Chemists and Stores, or, if unable to obtain, send direct to
MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.
CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. Beware of spurious imitations.

HIGHEST QUALITY
TURKISH TOWELS
AND SIMILAR GOODS.
SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

EDUCATIONAL.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK.
(Under the Management of the Society of Friends.)

Twenty-six boys passed University Entrance Examinations in 1906 and 1907.

A new feature for post-Matriculation students is a CITIZENSHIP COURSE, including Economics and Modern History with special reference to existing political institutions and social problems.

The School continues to hold a strong position in Leisure-Hour work:—Natural History, Archaeology, Carpentry, etc.

For copies of prospectus and full particulars with regard to scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

Head Master: Arthur Rowntree, Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.

RUGBY SCHOOL.

THE EXAMINATION FOR SCHOLARSHIPS
Will Begin MONDAY, JUNE 1st.

Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN JULY.
Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors.
Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.
THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,
R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. 1854 GERRARD

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.
BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.
Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.
LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.
Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.
YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.
Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE
UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room. Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

MALVERN COLLEGE.
Scholarship Examination, June 2nd, 3rd & 4th.

One of **£87**, five or more of **£50**, five or more of **£30** (£21 for Day Scholars) per annum. Faber Exhibition of £12 awarded to boy who does best in examination. Council nominations, value **£12** per annum, may be awarded to boys who do well, but fail to obtain a scholarship. For particulars, apply to the Head Master or Secretary.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.
The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.
Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
BISHOP'S STORTFORD.
Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.
A limited number of boarders received.

ST. GEORGE'S PUBLIC CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL,
HARPENDEN, HERTS.
Headmaster—The REV. CECIL GRANT, M.A.
The next Term begins on Thursday, May 7th.
For prospectus and full particulars apply to The CO-EDUCATIONAL PUBLIC SCHOOLS TRUST, LTD., 41, Moorgate Street, E.C.

MILL HILL SCHOOL,
LONDON, N.W.
The Next Examination for Entrance Scholarships (value 15 guineas to 60 guineas) will be held on Thursday, July 2nd, and two following days. For further particulars apply to the Bursar.

GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL.
Examination for Scholarships (£60-£20) begins on June 10th at Giggleswick, in London, or under conditions, at Preparatory Schools. Apply Head Master, Giggleswick School, Settle, Yorks.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.
An Examination will be held on June 24th, 25th, and 26th to fill up not less than 5 residential and 3 non-residential Scholarships and also some Exhibitions. For particulars apply by letter to the Bursar, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.
Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields: gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.
NEW TERM BEGAN MAY 1st.

"PYRENO"
(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it
WILL BE REPLACED.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Christiania—The Cammermeyer Boghandel, Car Johans Gade, 41 and 43.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Will be ready in a few days.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye. Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS HOTEL. Tel.: 0199. Mrs. F. Sara.

BARON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Magnificent Moor Views.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.

DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell. Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.

GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

SWISS CAFE, Union Street. Moderate. Genoni Bros.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGANDINE.

BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.

WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THE SHAKESPEARE APOCRYPHA.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net. On India Paper, 7s. 6d. net.

Being a collection of fourteen plays, which have been ascribed to Shakespeare. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Bibliography by C. F. TUCKER-BROOKE. With 13 facsimile title pages. [*Immediately*

CRITICAL ESSAYS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net each.

Edited with Introduction and Notes, by J. E. SPINGARN. Vol. I. 1605-1650. Vol. II. 1650-1685.

Outlook.—"Mr. Spingarn's long and learned introduction discusses with brilliancy the tendencies and characteristics of the literature of the time. His texts are selected with judgment, and edited with the minimum of interference between us and the original."

COLERIDGE'S BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA AND AESTHETICAL ESSAYS.

Crown 8vo. 8s. net.

By J. SHAWCROSS. 2 vols.

Nation.—"The 'Biographia Literaria' cannot be neglected by any student of literature. . . . Mr. Shawcross is to be congratulated on the production of this sound and workmanlike edition. It contains everything that is necessary to a profitable study of the text."

COLERIDGE'S LITERARY CRITICISM.

Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

With an Introduction by J. W. MACKAIL. *Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.*

Westminster Gazette.—"This little volume is delightful to handle, to read, and to contemplate on the bookshelf. It contains the bulk of Coleridge's best, or at any rate best-known critical work."

TACITUS DIALOGUS AGRICOLA AND GERMANIA.

Extra fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Translated by W. HAMILTON FYFE. [*New volume Oxford Library of Translations.*

THE WORKS OF ARISTOTLE.

8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Translated into English under the Editorship of J. A. SMITH and W. D. ROSS.

Part I. THE PARVA NATURALIA. By J. S. BEARE and G. R. T. ROSS.

Cambridge Review.—"In the 'Parva Naturalia' there is much to stimulate curiosity. The new version is everywhere readable, and the pains taken to ensure accuracy are very evident."

8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Part II. DE LINEIS INSECABILIBUS. By H. H. JOACHIM.

Athenæum.—"Mr. Joachim shows a sound independent judgment, and makes a number of valuable contributions to the study of the text."

Part III. METAPHYSICS. By W. D. ROSS. [*Immediately.*

BONAPARTISM.

8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Six Lectures delivered in the University of London. By H. A. L. FISHER.

Nation.—"For suggestiveness of utterance, aptness of illustration, and a condensation which makes it impossible to realise that this is but 120 pages of normal print, it would be difficult to overpraise this little volume. There is here set out in a form more lucid and eloquent than in many voluminous monographs and histories, a masterly analysis of the principles and bed-rock powers and weaknesses of the Napoleonic Empires."

THE MIRROUR OF THE BLESSED LYF OF JESU CHRIST.

Small 4to, 21s. net.

Translated out of Latin by NICHOLAS LOVE. Edited by LAWRENCE F. POWELL.

THE GREEK VERSION OF THE TESTAMENTS OF THE TWELVE PATRIARCHS.

8vo, 18s. net.

Edited from nine MSS., together with the variants of the Armenian and Slavonic Versions and some Hebrew Fragments. By R. H. CHARLES.

Manchester Guardian.—"For scholars, the Greek text is essential, and here it is with an *apparatus criticus* so complete that every other word is starred or numbered for reference to a textual note."

CATALOGUE OF THE COINS IN THE INDIAN MUSEUM, CALCUTTA.

Including the Cabinet of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

Royal 8vo, 40s. net.

Vol. III. **MUGHAL EMPERORS OF INDIA.** By H. NELSON WRIGHT. [*Immediately.*

Previously Published: Vol. I. By VINCENT A. SMITH. 30s. net.; or separately, Part I. THE EARLY FOREIGN DYNASTIES AND THE GUPTAS, 15s. net. Part II. ANCIENT COINS OF INDIAN TYPES, 6s. net. Part III. PERSIAN, MEDIAEVAL, SOUTH INDIAN, AND MISCELLANEOUS COINS, 10s. 6d. net. Vol. II. Part I. THE SULTANS OF DELHI. Part II. CONTEMPORARY DYNASTIES IN INDIA, by H. NELSON WRIGHT, with 25 plates, 30s. net. (The first section of Part II. by Sir JAMES BOURDILLON.) (Published for the Trustees of the Indian Museum.)

Academy: (Vol. II.).—"Will be of great value to seekers after first-hand data, whether for the study of Indian history or of Indian metrology. For the latter especially, this cabinet, with its large number of good specimens showing but little wear, is especially useful, and the simplicity of arrangement, together with the thoroughness of Mr. Wright's brief introduction to each section, makes this volume easy to handle, and far more attractive than we should have thought a catalogue of such monotonous coins could be. . . . In all points of real importance the catalogue is all a catalogue should be."

THE ENGLISH FACTORIES IN INDIA, VOL. II., 1622-1623.

[*Immediately.*

8vo, 12s. 6d. net each.

A Calendar of Documents in the India Office and British Museum. By W. FOSTER. With a Map. Published under the Patronage of His Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council.

Previously Published: Vol. I. 1618-1621.

Nation: (Vol. I.).—"This volume is something more than a mere calendar of State papers, and the raciness of the letters appears startling to anyone accustomed to the dry commercial phraseology of the present day. . . . This volume is a romance, with the additional and inestimable advantage of being true, and, therefore, full of human interest."

THE EARLY HISTORY OF INDIA.

From 600 B.C. to the Muhammadan Conquest. Including the Invasion of Alexander the Great.

8vo, 14s. net.

By V. A. SMITH. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With Maps, Plans, and other Illustrations.

Nation.—"We heartily welcome a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Vincent Smith's 'Early History of India.' . . . The work has already become the recognised text-book for all students of Indian History, and is one of the most remarkable productions of Anglo-Indian scholarship. The extreme difficulty makes Mr. Vincent Smith's success all the more notable."

A HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

8vo, 14s. net each.

By CHARLES OMAN.

Vol. III. (Sept. 1809—Dec. 1810); OCANA—CADIZ—BUSSACO—TORRES VEDRAS. With 14 Maps and 5 Photogravures and other Illustrations.

Already Published: Vol. I. 1807-1809, to CORUNNA. Vol. II. 1809, to TALAVERA.

Athenæum.—Mr. Oman's work is marked with a thoroughness of detail that is unhappily far from common in the days of text-books and popular compendiums. . . . This work is marked by a scholarly eagerness to make use of every available source."

A SURVEY OF LONDON.

By JOHN STOW. Reprinted from the Text of 1603, with Introduction and Notes by C. L. KINGSFORD. 2 vols. [*Shortly.*

TYPES OF FLORAL MECHANISM.

Royal 4to, 21s. net.

A Selection of Diagrams and Descriptions of Common Flowers, Arranged as an Introduction to the Systematic Study of Angiosperms. By A. H. CHURCH. Part I., Types I.-XII. (Jan.-April). With 39 Coloured Plates and numerous other Figures.

KNUTH'S HANDBOOK OF FLORAL POLLINATION.

Based upon Hermann Müller's work, "The Fertilization of Flowers by Insects."

Royal 8vo, 31s. 6d. net.

Translated by J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS.

Vol. II. OBSERVATIONS ON FLOWER POLLINATION MADE IN EUROPE AND THE ARCTIC REGIONS ON SPECIES BELONGING TO THE NATURAL ORDERS. RANUNCULACEAE TO STYLIDIEAE. With 210 Figures in the Text.

Royal 8vo, 18s. net.

Previously Published: Vol. I. INTRODUCTION AND LITERATURE. With 81 Figures in the Text.

Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society.—"Everyone who studies the subject will not fail to provide himself with this most important and exhaustive work."

PROSPECTUSES ON APPLICATION.

London: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 7.] SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1½d.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—
Poverty and Pauperism ... 212
Back to the Lords 213
The Strenuous Peace 215
Natal and the Native Question 216
The late Prime Minister and Home Rule. By John Redmond, M.P. 217

LIFE AND LETTERS:—
Hope. By John Galsworthy 218
The Faith of Free Thought... 219
The Tramp World 220

SHORT STORY:—
Paka the Cat. Translated from Swahili. By Captain C. H. Stigand 221

THE DRAMA:—
A Dramatic "Conversation." By H. W. M. 222

ART:—
The Sorolla Exhibition ... 223

POETRY:—
A Song. By Herbert Trench 223

COMMUNICATIONS:—
The Territorial Artillery. By E. Crawshay - Williams (late Lieut. R.F.A.) 224

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—
The Sugar Convention. By Anti-Convention 225
The Justice of the Licensing Bill. By Country Brewer 225
The British Sunday and the Exhibition. By Yves Guyot 226
Life of Delane. By Arthur Irwin Dasent 226
The Trade in Fiction. By Clement Shorter 226
Pensions and the Sinking Fund. By L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P. 227

PAGE

The Dundee Election. By F. Hubert Jones 227

THE WORLD OF BOOKS ... 228
Books to be Read 228

REVIEWS:—
The Decay of Divine Right 230
Lemaitre on Racine 230
A Tale of the South 232

BOOKS IN BRIEF:—
William Clarke 234
The Poetical Works of George Darley 236
From Pekin to Sikkim ... 236
A Novel Reader's Guide ... 236

THE WEEK IN THE CITY ... 236

SUPPLEMENT:—
The Strategy of Pitt. By Dr. J. Holland Rose 243
The Riddle of the Bacchae. By Professor Gilbert Murray 244
An Agnostic Establishment. By G. K. Chesterton... .. 245
The Decay of German Drama 245
The History of Folk Lore. By Edward Clodd 247
The Arab in Architecture. By L. March-Philipps ... 247
The Board School—and After 248
A Modern Song Writer ... 250
The Land of the Wallaby ... 250
An English Squire 252
A Budget of Novels:—
An Engagement of Convenience 254
Roses and Rue... 254
The Alien Sisters 254
The New Galatea 254
The New Dominion 254
A Tale of To-morrow's Wars 254
A House of Cards 254
A Daughter of Belial ... 254

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The tide of political reaction has been vigorously stemmed during the week. Mr. Churchill has been returned for Dundee by a majority of 2,709 votes against the popular Protectionist candidate, and of 3,065 over the not very strong representative of Labor, whose candidature was disapproved by many leaders of the movement. Mr. Churchill probably secured the full normal strength of the Liberal vote in Dundee, and as he expounded Free Trade with extreme brilliancy and knowledge to all sections of the community, it is worth noting that the cumulative majority against Protection is enormous. A similar result has been obtained in the Montrose Burghs, where Mr. Robert Harcourt, younger son of the statesman, has been elected by a majority of 1,146 votes over Mr. Burgess, the labor candidate, and of 1,507 over the Protectionists. The Conservative vote, insignificant as it was at the General Election, has actually dwindled, and it is clear that both urban and rural Scotland stands fast to the Government, to Free Trade, and to the Scottish Land Bill. But the multiplicity of candidates suggests the necessity of some more accurate means of defining the mind of the electorate. For example, we ought to know, especially with such an issue as Free Trade, whether the workmen would prefer, failing the election of their special champion, to be represented by a Liberal or a Radical, or by a Tory-Protectionist. The same width of choice ought to be allowed to the Conservative Free Traders, if any members of this dwindling tribe are left at the time of the General Election. It seems to us that the machinery of the alternative or transferable vote is quite simple enough to answer such a purpose. Unless some such plan is adopted, many candidates will be returned by minorities of voters.

* * *

The Government is forging steadily ahead with its uncontentious, or partly contentious, bills. On Tuesday the Irish Universities Bill was read a second time by 344 votes to 31. The insignificant minority included 8 Liberals, but its main strength came from Unionists. The general assent of the Opposition, however, was conveyed by Sir Edward Carson in a speech which Mr. Birrell described as "making him a happy man." Mr. Balfour, who is highly favourable, has doubtless guaranteed the passage of the measure through the Lords. The considered protest came through a Nonconformist amendment moved by Mr. Hutton and seconded by Mr. Hazel. Both these gentlemen prefer Mr. Bryce's Bill, and their objection to its substitute was a dual one: first, that in spirit, if not in form, the measure was a State endowment of denominationalism; and, secondly, that it fixed the Protestant and Catholic youth of Ireland in separate educational "pens." In answer, Mr. Haldane was able to show that the action of Trinity College had destroyed the only possible alternative, and that the Government must either give Mr. Birrell's Bill or nothing. Mr. Birrell insisted on the democratic and self-governing sides of his scheme, and on the openness of the new Universities. He claimed the support of the Irish Bishops, in spite of Dr. O'Dwyer's doubtful words, and also strong academic backing for the Belfast University. The vote in the House makes the Bill secure.

* * *

The second reading of the Housing Bill was moved by Mr. Burns on Tuesday in a speech full of optimism and of vivacious, highly coloured phrasing. Little party opposition exists, and the second reading was carried without a division. But the criticism on both sides was free, and on the point of the spirit and method of the officials of the Local Government Board, extremely severe. Nothing, indeed, was clearer than that the Board had completely lost the confidence of the House as a progressive or initiative force in local life. The chief points of criticism were the inadequacy of the District Council as a housing authority, and the superior claim of the County Council, a plea for loans on terms at least as generous as the Irish Laborers' Bill provides, a demand that local authorities should have larger powers of town planning, including a limit to the number of houses built per acre, and a call for a regular survey and register of black spots in each housing area. Both Mr. Burns's and Mr. Masterman's speeches were conciliatory, and it is clear that the House will require an enlargement of powers on the one hand and more gene-

rous handling by the Local Government Board on the other. We are afraid the lack both of money and power may cripple the local authorities, and that even the reorganised Housing Department, which Mr. Burns promises will not be free from the hard routine methods of the Board. Mr. Lyttelton, who just now is speaking very wisely in the House, represented a friendly, if critical, Opposition.

* * *

The House of Lords, on the thin excuse that the Government had failed to explain the meaning and intention of the Scottish Valuation Bill, has again destroyed it by two amendments to Clause I. The first amendment, which was carried by 119 votes to 32, made the assessment of the capital land value dependent on the will of any local authority. The plea was that such valuation was only necessary in urban centres. The second amendment, which has staggered even the "Morning Post," took away the liberty which the first change pretended to grant. It refused to allow the local authority to discover the capital or selling value of the land in its area, and allowed them to disclose only the yearly value. This, of course, stops the fair rating of land "held up" by the owner against the needs of a growing town community. This was carried, against the protest of the Lord Chancellor, by 84 to 22. The Bill is now dead.

* * *

The Afghan Mohmands have withdrawn across the Durand line, and the Amir has forbidden any of his subjects to preach a *Jehad* under penalty of losing his tongue, or to take up arms on pain of losing his feet. Nevertheless, a military expedition, three brigades strong, entered the Mohmand country on Wednesday, following along the Gaudao Valley the route General Elles took in 1897. The tribes were summoned to attend a Jirgah to discuss terms of peace, but few complied. The moment is ill-chosen for military operations; the tribes have had time to get in their crops, the weather is very hot, and cholera has broken out among the British troops, all of whom, except one regiment, have had to be left behind. Officially nothing has transpired as the cause of the present trouble, and the House of Commons is a good deal more amiably acquiescent than befits the "Grand Inquest of the nation."

* * *

The Duma has been insulted and has apologised. The railway estimates were laid before it, it found the accounts inadequate, contradictory, and obscure, and the Budget Committee proposed the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee of investigation. The Government preferred a Departmental Committee, and M. Kokovtsof, the Minister of Finance, put the Duma in its place by saying, "Thank God, we have no Parliament in Russia." The next day some members of the Duma protested, but the President cut short the discussion on the Minister's "ill-considered" phrase. M. Kokovtsof, however, now had his grievance; he insisted on an apology for the word "ill-considered," and "to avert a conflict" the President gave it. In justice to the Duma, however, it must be added that it pressed the Parliamentary Committee and cut down the railway estimates. Its pride, its dignity, its efficiency, and its Liberalism are not high, but it does perform some of the work of the grand inquest of the nation. Even to that little, however, the Government is not resigned.

* * *

The Kaiser and all the German sovereigns went to Vienna last week to congratulate the Emperor Francis Joseph on attaining the sixtieth year of his reign. Perhaps "Simplicissimus" represented the Emperor's feelings not unfaithfully in a cartoon depicting him brushing away a swarm of crowned flies, but the ceremony passed off very amiably, and a host of decorations was distributed. Politically, no doubt, the Kaiser's idea was to demonstrate the closeness of the union between these two members of the Triple Alliance, and for a parallel of a gathering of all the German rulers round a Hapsburg prince one must go back to the Frankfurt Diet of Princes of 1863, which heralded the expulsion of Austria from the German brotherhood. Last week's ceremony was heavily dashed with melodramatic artifice. Nevertheless, it did symbolise the success which Prussia has met with in conciliating her beaten rival, and it was a tribute to the skill and the insight of this part of Bismarck's foreign policy.

* * *

The second ballots for the municipal elections, which took place on Sunday (writes our Paris correspondent), showed a more definite tendency than was apparent from the results of the first ballots on May 3rd. The first ballots, which were decisive in about two-thirds of the French Communes, scarcely altered the political situation. It is true that the Republicans of various shades had a net gain of 851 Communes, but that is merely the ordinary rate of progression, and the changes were mostly in the rural districts for the simple reason that the towns were already solidly Republican. Of the 359 *chefs-lieux* of Departments and arrondissements the results of the first ballot were decisive in 241, and the Right had a majority in only thirty-two, a net loss of fifteen. It will be seen that there is not much room for Republican gains in the important towns. Indeed, as I have said before, the issue in French politics is no longer between Republican and anti-Republican, nor between clerical and anti-clerical; the new dividing line is the social question, as the municipal elections have clearly demonstrated. The exceptions to that rule are those districts, particularly Brittany, where the stage of political evolution is at least ten years behind that of the rest of France.

* * *

But although the elections show that the clerical reaction is further off than ever, there are distinct symptoms of a reaction against Socialism. The Socialists have lost three seats to the Radicals in Paris, and have been deprived of their majority at Brest, Dijon, Saint-Etienne, Toulouse, and Marseilles (where the Council is now equally divided between Socialists and Moderates). There are certain gains in less important places to set off against these losses, and it would seem that the purely Socialist vote has considerably increased in the country as a whole. Nevertheless, the "Humanité" admits a distinct set-back to the Unified-Socialist Party. The Independent Socialists have held their own everywhere but at Saint-Etienne, where their defeat was due entirely to the division in the Socialist ranks. It must be admitted, therefore, that the "Temps" has some justification for its claim that the municipal elections are a triumph for the policy of "La Conservation Sociale," though that triumph is much less decisive than the opponents of Socialism would like to believe. The chief cause of this result is, of course, the break up of the old *Bloc*. The breach between the Socialists and the old-fashioned Radicals was inevitable so soon as the Church question was disposed of, but it must be admitted that both M. Clemenceau and M. Jaurès have helped to widen it.

On Monday Mr. Roosevelt laid the foundation-stone of the building presented by Mr. Carnegie to the Bureau of American Republics, established twenty years ago, to bring Latin and Teutonic America into closer relations. He greeted the Latin Republics as elder sisters, predicted for them in the twentieth century a greater expansion than for the United States, and took occasion to call Mr. Root the greatest of Secretaries of State because of his tour through South America. But one may well doubt whether Mr. Roosevelt's soft words or Mr. Root's diplomacy will charm those for whom they were intended. The Monroe doctrine has kept Europe's hands off Latin America, but it has left the United States free, and they have used their licence to the full. Mr. Roosevelt's exploits in Cuba, his disruption with Colombia, and the threatened war with Venezuela have not dissipated the fear that the United States are the real source of danger to Latin American liberties. The bigger Republics, however, like Argentina and Brazil, have for the moment reasons to be friendly with the United States, so that the smaller cannot speak freely, though some of them during the Hague Conference did not throw away the chance of uttering home truths.

* * *

Last week the South African Intercolonial Conference met to discuss customs and railway rates, questions with regard to which the interests of the internal colonies conflict with those of the colonies that have a sea coast, adopted the principle of closer union, and the delegates undertook to ask their respective Parliaments to appoint members of a national convention to draft a constitution. All parties and colonies have made up their minds that union is the only permanent cure for sectional differences, but opinion is divided between federation and amalgamation. The Dutch generally are for amalgamation, as making for economy and welding closely the members of the Africander nation; the Progressives incline to federation. A difficulty in the way of any form of union is the native franchise, which exists in the Cape and Natal, and which neither party is likely to sanction in a United South Africa. On the other hand, the natives, with or without a franchise, will benefit under the rule of a South Africa big enough to evolve a rational policy, and too big to be subject to wild gusts of "color" panic.

* * *

The "protecting" European Powers have decided to withdraw their troops from Crete within a year's time, the conditions of internal order, tranquillity, and protection for the Mussulmans having all been fulfilled. This is, of course, a first step to reunion with the Motherland. Greece and Crete will soon be one, and the war will not have been without fruit.

* * *

The Franco-British Exhibition—or the "Ententeries," as it is dreadfully nicknamed—was opened on Thursday by the Prince of Wales. It is at once a huge and a brilliant show, and we hope that all sight-seeing England and a good part of the French nation will visit it. It revives the era of international exhibitions, with the messages of mutual understanding and knowledge which all such shows convey. It should especially help our people to realise the brilliancy and lightness of modern French city architecture, such as that which has carved a new and splendid vista out of the beautiful Alexander bridge in Paris and the two new art palaces which guard its approaches. A decision, which we regret, has been taken to close the Exhibition entirely on Sundays. A proposal to open all its parts would have been too repugnant both to the religious feeling of our people and to their social and industrial habits. On the other hand, complete closure seems ungracious to our French guests, and out of harmony with our own Sunday opening of picture galleries. Surely the grounds and art-galleries of the Exhibition might have been kept open without a great burden of Sunday labor. Meanwhile we strongly support the suggestion of the "Westminster Gazette" that some pains should be taken to provide for the entertainment of the hundreds of thousands of French people who will visit London, and that the Government will do its part in this agreeable business. London, as a rule, is a bad hostess.

* * *

"The Times" has been heavily mulcted as the result of its libel on Mr. John Murray, the famous publisher. The jury gave a verdict for Mr. Murray of £7,500 damages. The amount is in dispute, and may be reduced on appeal, but it is difficult to understand why the case was defended at all. Mr. Murray was able to show that he had not made the extravagant profits on the sale of "The Letters of Queen Victoria," as "The Times" suggested, and the charge of ill-conduct made against a man and a firm of such unblemished honor was singularly unfortunate. The most curious revelation of the trial was the disclosure of the way in which "The Times" had mixed up its literary judgments with its quarrel with the publishers. A sentence objecting to the high price—three guineas—of the work was inserted, at the instance of the manager, Mr. Moberly Bell, in a review of its literary merits, while Mr. Hooper, the manager of the Book Club, arranged for the writing and insertion of the libellous letter signed "Artifex," which "The Times" printed in its largest type, as if it came from an important outsider. The Editor of "The Times" appears to have had nothing to say to either of these transactions. Journals, like individuals, have their moments of madness. Those who are interested in "The Times" may well pray for its speedy recovery.

* * *

It is wise to trust the counsels of a friend, and we suggest that the "suffragettes," who have already drawn away from Miss Maloney's performance at Dundee with a muffin bell, should take to heart Mr. Jerome's criticisms of their general tactics. We are sure that it is sound. Mr. Jerome says truly that the time is coming (it has already come) when the suffragists are ceasing to be a nuisance and becoming a mere "comic relief."

> "If you are fighting for fighting's sake, then" (continues Mr. Jerome), "your conduct of the campaign is above criticism. But if you are fighting for Votes for Women—for the admittance of woman into the very serious business of national politics—then you must consider the effect of your tactics, not upon the editor of the 'Tariff Reform Journal,' on whose support you can depend for just so long as you are helping him in his endeavour to tax the people's bread; not upon the publican and brewer, who I can quite understand being willing to carry you shoulder high; not upon that hooligan element in politics that cheers Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. Hunnable with like impartial anticipation, and that would accord precisely the same welcome to the appearance upon the political platform of Raisuli's warriors or 'Little Tich'—but the effect you are producing upon the mind of the average educated thoughtful elector, with whom the solution of the problem ultimately rests."

After all, it was hardly necessary to start a great propaganda for Woman Suffrage in order to show that women can behave at election times quite as foolishly as men.

Politics and Affairs.

POVERTY AND PAUPERISM.

We spoke of the Budget last week as the triumph of Free Trade finance. We would say a word of it now as the inauguration of a new principle in the dealings of the State with poverty. The system of Old Age Pensions which it creates is admittedly but a beginning. It has certain defects of detail of which we shall speak presently, and it has the great limitation that it will touch but a fraction of the urban workmen who, to the shame of our industrial conditions, too often die before the age at which its benefits begin. These limitations will, we trust, be removed at no distant period, not perhaps in the first instance by a general lowering of the age, but rather on the French plan, by the inclusion of those of sixty-five and upwards who are certified as unable to work. But however this may be, whatever extensions of the principle may hereafter be thought best, the principle itself is a new one. Let us consider for a moment in what the novelty consists. The Poor Law of Elizabeth made it the duty of a public authority to secure the destitute against actual starvation at the cost of public funds. This was in substance, if not in strict law, to secure to all members of the community the right to bare maintenance. But this right only came into operation under conditions. The applicant must be destitute, and he must be willing to undergo such restrictions of liberty, and to accept such conditions of life, as it pleased the powers to impose upon him. Relief was given, in a word, not to the poor but to paupers, and involved in it the loss of caste attendant upon pauperism. In this lowering of status, the thriftless and the unfortunate, the wastrel and the laborer whose only fault was that he had failed to raise himself above the average level of a class whose income never sufficed to provide for his old age, were confounded in one heap. In so far as taxation fell upon the laborer, and directly and indirectly a good deal of taxation generally does fall upon him, the system made the man who was just keeping his head above water bear his part in bringing up to the surface his fellow who had allowed himself to sink. No help was given to the independent poor, because help and independence were held to be mutually exclusive. Every man was supposed to be properly capable of standing on his own feet. If he fell he was to be saved from utter destruction, but it was to be known that he had fallen. As long as he stood he stood alone. The State did not concern itself with the poor, but only with the pauper.

The new system of which the present Budget is the first legislative outcome starts from the same conception of the right to maintenance which underlies the Poor Law, but joins with it a new conception of the problems of poverty and pauperism on the one hand and of the social basis of property on the other. To confine ourselves here to the first point, it is felt that a civilised community so wealthy in the aggregate as ours ought to be able to assure to all decently conducted citizens a fair provision for a civilised existence throughout life. It is recognised that where this provision fails the causes may be grouped not all under one head, but under two very different heads. The cause, that is to say, may be failure in the individual, idleness, wastefulness, immorality, or crime. If so, the case is a case of pauperism, and the treatment required is restrictive and semi-penal. But the cause may also be a failure in the economic organisation of society. In a society which has long since lost all touch with primitive communism the majority, in our country the very great majority, are wholly without means of livelihood save what they can earn for themselves with their own brains and their own hands. It might be so that the ordinary man could earn by his labour a sufficiency for all the purposes of life, health, and efficiency for himself and his children. It might be so, but it is not. Analysis of our economic conditions shows that after all the undoubted improvement in the general welfare of the working class during the last century, it remains true that competitive industry secures something like half of the entire wealth of the nation for a very small minority of the population, leaving to the remainder a wage which never amounts to superfluity, and is for some 25 to 30 per cent. of the entire population barely sufficient for the mere physical maintenance of an average family, leaving no margin for sickness, old age, and bad times. It is this fact, established on a scientific basis by the researches of Mr. Charles Booth and Mr. Rowntree, which constitutes the problem of Poverty.

The problem of poverty and the problem of pauperism, thus understood, become two quite distinct questions. They are not, of course, disconnected. Acute and prolonged poverty is a cause of the moral deterioration that gives rise to pauperism. But in themselves they are distinct phenomena and require separate treatment. The new departure that we are now taking consists essentially in this, that we seek to remedy the evils of poverty before they have ripened into the worse evils of pauperism. We are recognising that the poorer classes have a claim on the State organisation, a claim which is not met by the economic forces that govern the higgling of the market, and is to be met by the direct provision of certain definite needs. We hold it possible, by exercising due care, to make this provision in such a way as not to diminish the incentives to independent exertion, but rather to stimulate and nourish them by the added sense of security and the opened outlook of hope. One of such needs is provision for the years when the strength is spent and labor is no longer possible. Others which will ultimately come upon us with equal force are the medical attendance of the sick, and, in some cases, the provision of prime necessaries for children. The comprehensive reform of the Poor Law, which will be the main work of Parliament next year, will, we take it, be based on the separation of this State-function from that of the semi-penal treatment of the regular pauper. The more liberal treatment of honourable poverty and the more drastic severity with pauperism will, we can readily see, go hand in hand. The more we have done to secure the means of honest independence to everyone who chooses to have it, the more rigidly we can mark off for separate treatment those who will not have it. At present the sheep and the goats are too often confounded, and the idleness and incompetence

of the parent is too often visited on the child, who, ill-nourished and ill-tended from the beginning, grows up in his turn incapable of filling a place in the industrial organism, and fitted only to recruit the pauper class from which he sprang. We have to recognise that between low wages and the fluctuations of trade the system of modern industry does not afford to large classes such a share in the great wealth which they help to produce as enables them to provide for some things that are essential. We have to see that these things are provided, and we have to punish only those who do not on their side make adequate efforts towards their provision.

The first step in this direction is to deal with the aged and remove them, as far as possible, from the sphere of the Poor Law. In this Mr. Asquith's Budget makes a noteworthy beginning. It is, as its author acknowledges, only a beginning, and, as such, we do not look at it too critically. But there is one point of detail on which criticism is fastening, and to which we referred last week. The principle of the income limit is introduced from motives of economy, and we agree that it is better to retain the limit than further raise the age. But the recognition of the limit detracts something from the principles of the measure. The ideal in this matter is to make the State provision a minimum available for all who do not forfeit it by some act of their own, to which each may freely add what he can by his own exertions and his own thrift. This ideal cannot be fully met by any scheme which excludes all people with incomes exceeding ten shillings a week. But we think it might with little, if any, extra cost be better met than it is in Mr. Asquith's proposal. In rejecting a sliding scale the Government have exposed their scheme to the very serious objection that it makes it a positive disadvantage to a man to have an income of anything from ten to fifteen shillings a week. The man with precisely ten shillings a week and no more will get his five shillings from the State. The unlucky owner of 10s. 6d. or eleven shillings will get nothing at all. We would lay it down as an axiom of any pension scheme that it is not at any point to penalise thrift. A great part of the object of the scheme is to help those who have helped themselves and not confine all relief to the destitute.

Now, in this respect the introduction of the income limit creates a difficulty, because it must mark a point at which the benefit of the pension is to cease. But obviously the drawbacks are much diminished if the pension is not snuffed out at once but diminished gradually as the limit is approached, that is to say, if there is a sliding scale in accordance with which the pension diminishes to zero as the income increases beyond a given figure. The scale should be arranged to meet two conditions. There must be no point at which a man would lose by having added to his independent income; and as far as possible he ought to gain something for every addition that he has made to his savings. He cannot, under the conditions, gain the whole amount, but he ought to gain something. Both ends can be achieved if his pension diminishes more slowly than the income increases—if, for example, for every additional penny of income the pension be diminished by a halfpenny. But without carrying the matter as far as pennies and halfpennies, we can roughly secure what we want by grading the pension by shillings. Thus, for example, if every one receives the full five shillings a week up to the ten shilling income limit, people with incomes of more than ten shillings but less than twelve shillings would be required to state their incomes and might receive the sum necessary to bring their incomes to fifteen shillings. This would at least prevent them from being losers as compared with the possessors of ten shillings only. But, further, if the independent income exceeded twelve shillings and were under fourteen shillings, the total to be realised might be increased, say to sixteen shillings. It would thus remain worth while for a man who could command eleven shillings a week to add another shilling to his income if possible. The whole scale would work out thus:—

Incomes of	10s. to 12s.	would be made up to	15s.	0d.
,,	12s. to 14s.	,, ,,	16s.	0d.
,,	14s. to 16s.	,, ,,	17s.	0d.
,,	16s. to 17s. 6d.	,, ,,	17s.	6d.

At no point would any one lose by an addition to his own income. It is true that within limits incomes would be equalised, but these limits would be narrow, and there would always be a motive for over-stepping them. The figures given are, of course, chosen merely for purposes of illustration. They show that a sliding scale which would obviate the one serious objection of detail to Mr. Asquith's plan would be quite a simple affair, involving no more than a declaration of income from the pensioner. The figures we have given would, of course, increase the cost, but so far as the principle of the sliding scale is concerned there is nothing to prevent the Government from beginning the reductions at 8s. and so balancing matters.* The essential principle is surely that the pension should diminish more slowly than the independent income, so that the combined income should be stationary for short stages only and then should increase. The device of this income limit is at best awkward, but it is possible to overcome the most serious objections to it by this plan, and we confess that we see no other.

BACK TO THE LORDS.

The later batch of bye-elections shows a steady recovery of Ministerial strength, which the first series of contests seemed likely to undermine. Clearly the North stands firm, and there should be nothing in the situation in the Midlands which is not recoverable. Manchester, though it was a loss, was better than Peckham or Mid Devon, or even than Wolverhampton; Dewsbury was better than Manchester; and Kincardineshire, Dundee, and Montrose leave little or nothing to be desired. The standing difficulty of Progressive Governments is to carry London and the South of England on their backs. Lancashire does not long desert them, Yorkshire and the northerly counties are nearly always steady. Scotland and Wales,

* By way of further illustration, we may show the effect of a sliding scale starting with 8s. incomes and reducing the amount of pension by sixpences instead of shillings:—

Incomes between	8s. and 9s.	would be made up to	13s.	0d.
,, ,,	9s. and 10s.	,, ,,	13s.	6d.
,, ,,	10s. and 11s.	,, ,,	14s.	0d.
,, ,,	11s. and 12s.	,, ,,	14s.	6d.

and so on. The final limit would be 16s. 6d.

possessing a sounder and a more widely diffused educational basis, and far more intellectual stability than the Southern English, maintain a continuous Radical tradition. Mr. Churchill's genius for oratory and exposition has revived the intellectual credit of the Government, which, indeed, never stood low, and some of the worst features of the Parliamentary situation are being modified. Large projects of reforms, like the Universities Bill and the Housing Bill, are moving steadily forward. The Budget reveals, in a dramatic form, the meaning and end of its social policy, and fortifies the sound constructive schemes in industrial statesmanship which Mr. Lloyd George has initiated. Moreover, there is a rebound from the maddened onslaught of the brewers on the Licensing Bill, which enables the people to perceive the great social value of its main line of advance, and the way in which a thoroughly just and acceptable measure can be developed from it. It is clear that there will be no rush to Protection, if only Free Trade is properly guarded and its true meaning to the mass of the British people explained. Even in the Capital, in spite of the loose-lipped vulgarity of its popular Press, and of the lightness of its outlook on serious questions, the workmen and the middle-class traders cannot easily be duped into abandoning the system of free imports on which her life and that of her great waterway depend. Let the Government stand firm; the country will, in the end, stand to it.

Nevertheless, this week's events remind us of where the main peril to Liberalism resides, and where, also, its capital opportunity arises. The House of Lords, utterly rejecting and despising the clear evidence of the Scottish elections, has for the second time smashed up the whole fabric of the Ministry's Scottish legislation. Both the Land Bill and the Valuation Bill have been destroyed. Not only cannot the Government take any step to reapportion the land of Scotland between her workers and her pleasure-seekers, but it is not even allowed to discover the capital value of the soil, and to place such knowledge at the disposal of statesmen and municipal administrators. This action is of deep significance, for it is most probable that on the action of the landlords in the three countries and their representatives in the Upper Chamber the entire land programme of the Ministry may go to wreck. Already it is an open question whether the English Land Bill will not be a dead letter owing to the slackness of the County Councils and the difficulty of getting land appropriated to small holdings. "Why should *my* land be taken?" each landowner and large farmer asks in turn, and as yet no effective pressure seems likely to come from the Councils. Equally serious is the prospect of the Housing Bill, if no means be found of opening up land on the outskirts of our towns in order to relieve the pressure at the centre. The House of Lords consists in the main of obstinate and deeply prejudiced men, who are not even amenable to such temperate counsels as the late Duke of Devonshire, and, on occasions, even Lord Salisbury, were willing to tender them. With them every Bill in which they scent a determination to open up land to the people or to appropriate to them some portion of the land values which they create in the mere process of living, working, building, and trading, is anathema. There is no pretence here of any regulative, supervising, constitutional function. Lord Rosebery's campaign against the Scottish Land Bill has utterly failed, and the Government's hold on the country has, if anything, been strengthened by it. But this does not affect the Peers, who, indeed, in this matter of the land, act not on constitutional theory, or even by political calculation, but purely by prejudice and self-interest, using the power of veto which has slipped into their hands to preserve their half-feudal status against the community. The constitutional figment will, of course, be revived when it is useful to Mr. Balfour and the Tory Party, for example, should it seem to be generally expedient to the joint concern to destroy the Licensing Bill. But the mainspring of action on the land question by the House of Lords is seen when selfishness and timidity stand nakedly up, stripped of their political drapery.

The question of the House of Lords, therefore, continually revives itself, and rebuts the easy calculation that a Liberal Government can enjoy a normal term of activity, going to the electors when it suits its purpose. Even the proclamation of such an aim defeats it, for the Lords take it to mean that they can work their will on the Government's measures, reducing or rejecting them, and thus sapping the prestige of the Administration, without danger of a direct electoral appeal on their own existence. It seems to us that this menace calls for a double line of attack. Wherever the Commons can direct the course of legislation by itself, where the Government can work by taxation—as, if the worst comes to the worst, it can work in the case of the Licensing Bill, and as it can certainly work in the case of the assessment of land values—it should do the country and itself the double service of asserting the superior constitutional power of the Commons, and of obtaining a definite, concrete victory over the Lords. Beyond this it can, after achieving its task of reorganising the poor-law, set itself to work out and present to the people this problem of land and land taxation in the clearest and most conspicuous outline, and to join to it the question of the veto of the Peers. On both these issues the Liberal Party is on familiar and historic ground. Both are uniting issues, and it is essential that all sections of the Progressive army should, as far as possible, be combined at the next election. All progressive paths—Home Rule, the land question, the labor question, taxation, Free Trade—lead sooner or later to the House of Lords. That is again the immediate tendency of politics, and while it is most important to convince the public that Liberalism is a force of amelioration, of construction, of practical energy and progress in the commercial and industrial life of a modern State, it is not less urgent to remove the standing obstacle to democracy. No other country in the world, no British State within the Empire, has got such an institution as the House of Lords, or would tolerate it for a year. But we, in England, move slowly, and move, as a rule, for practical reasons rather than in obedience to theory. The House of Lords will fall in the end because its existence will be seen to be incompatible with the working out of modern political life, with the revival of the country side, with the improvement of the town, and because all democratic forces, all truly amending movements, must, sooner or later, come into sharp and violent contact with it.

THE STRENUOUS PEACE.

Politicians, as Anatole France once put it, are divided into those who desire peace simply and those who will it superbly. Mr. Roosevelt belongs emphatically to the latter class, and his appearance this week at the stone-laying of Mr. Carnegie's Bureau of American Republics was typical of his attitude. His speech opened with a sounding tribute to international ideals, to the growing solidarity of the American Republics, and to the kindly bonds of mutual justice, goodwill, and sympathetic comprehension. It meandered before its close, through mazes of compliment and platitude, to a more concrete and congenial theme—the cruise of the United States battle fleet. The whole man lay in this unconscious juxtaposition. Mr. Roosevelt's politics are like a poem by Walt Whitman. The world for him is full of a number of things, and to his boyish empirical temperament the need for selection is not apparent. If he wrote verse he would sing the glory of tables and chairs, cannons and four-poster beds, cathedrals and skyscrapers. In the world of action this essentially American temperament rushes with equal joy to Cuban battlefields and Hague Conferences. It receives the Nobel Prize for services to the cause of peace, and proceeds without a sense of incongruity to beseech Congress to double the American fleet. It one day defines the relation of the Northern Republic to the more wayward communities of the South in terms of the "policeman" and the "big stick." It throbs a year later at the touch of Mr. Carnegie's munificence, with words about brotherhood, solidarity, and sympathy. There is in all this no insincerity. It is not the catholicity which tries to be all things to all men. It is the catholicity which strives to be all things in itself.

The pity of it is that this crude, unreflective temperament should find itself, thanks to its own energy and the mass of human forces behind it, in a position of leadership over a collection of societies which has developed of recent years an idea of right far in advance of the ethics of the strenuous life. The basis of the strenuous life is muscle, and its ethics are those of the straight sportsman. It sees a wrong in the world, and proceeds instinctively to apply its big stick to the back of the wrong-doer. Its conceptions of international right rest on a foundation of lynch law. The idea of legality is still feebly developed in Anglo-Saxon civilisation. Its law is a thing of precedent and custom, and moral categories dominate all its thinking upon human relations. The Spanish-Americans, on the other hand, like all the Latin peoples, are at once less muscular, less moral, and more inclined to view the world in the light of pure reason. Their law is a Roman product, based on definite principles of right which have won a real ascendency over their thinking, though not necessarily over their conduct. In the crudest phases of South American evolution there was always an ancient University somewhere behind the dust and clouds of civil strife, and even a Castro can quibble over the niceties of the theory of jurisprudence. At its best, this Latin passion for law produces jurists of real eminence. It was the representatives of Brazil and Argentina who gave such intellectual distinction as they could boast to the recent debates at the Hague. It was Señor Drago, whose "doctrine," modified to meet the practical needs of creditor States, prohibits the use of force in the collection of international debts, who alone was able to add any fresh principle to the body of the laws of civilisation.

The typical North American attitude is still an idealisation of armed rectitude. To do justly but to do it strenuously, with no other law than the sanctions of one's own conscience, is still the last word of its civilisation. One sees it typified in "fighting Bob" Evans, who has just won the applause alike of the "grafters" and "grafted" in San Francisco, by declaring that the peace of the world would be assured if there were more battleships and fewer statesmen. The picture is complete in its way: *coelum non animum mutant;* one feels that "Bob" Evans is the lineal descendant of Stevenson's admirals, who used to utter similar sentiments in the intervals of chewing up their wine-glasses. The Spanish-Americans have less muscle, a less troublesome conscience, and—a real conception of law. Perhaps because there is no Puritan strain in their blood, perhaps because they cannot afford more battleships, they prefer to see the world's wrongs righted by judicial process. The result is that while Mr. Roosevelt pursues peace superbly—and wins the Nobel Prize—they have pursued it simply—and abolished war. The greatest achievement in the whole world's movement towards peace is undoubtedly the settlement effected, so far back as 1899, between Argentina and Chile. The two Republics had been brought to the verge of war by a boundary dispute. Both were high-spirited; neither was poor, and already they were buying battleships for the emergency in the European market. The Latin reverence for law prevailed. They referred their difference to the arbitration of Great Britain, reduced their armaments by mutual consent, and concluded a permanent treaty of arbitration with the British sovereign as perpetual arbiter. The mere fact that they submitted the dimensions of their armaments to negotiation made them pioneers and exemplars to Europe. But the treaty contained a more interesting clause than this. It adopted the phraseology habitual among European States, by reserving questions vitally affecting the national honor as unsuitable for arbitration. But unlike European States, these Latin American Republics were ready to submit to arbitration the question whether any given issue did or did not affect their honor. In other words, unless Great Britain should proclaim, *urbi et orbi*, that Chile and Argentina must fight, there can be no war between them. By this ingenious device the difficulties in the way of a universal treaty have been successfully overcome, while the promise to abstain from war receives at the same time a valuable external sanction. It is inconceivable that a third Power should ever assume the responsibility of bidding two friendly peoples to fight; it is obvious that if either ignored its decision, it would challenge the resentment of a Great Power and place itself morally in the wrong and materially at a disadvantage.

Mr. Roosevelt appears to think the cruise of his Armada round the Spanish-American coasts a valuable element in the consolidation of a continental peace. If the South Americans saw in it only the force which maintains the Monroe doctrine, and helps to preserve them from European aggression, it may have had this effect. If they realised that its manœuvres were destined to convince the people of the States of the need of

doubling their navy, it may be doubted whether they really felt so comfortable. A Power which aspires to the moral leadership, and in a sense to the guardianship of a continent, is strong only in so far as she is prepared to recognise the supremacy of law. In supporting the Drago doctrines, Mr. Roosevelt strengthened his claims to this position. By every advance towards Old-World militarism he weakens it. The moral aspirations which colour and seem to justify his appeals for a "big stick" cannot alter the fact that he is perpetuating the reign of crude force. Russia votes for more battleships quite frankly because she aspires to "a place in the sun." New England likes to think that she wants them to go crusading. But it is well understood that her Peter the Hermit will be a Yellow Pressman, with his fount of inspiration somewhere in Wall Street. The progress of the world towards a judicial era in international affairs must be equally fatal to frank aggression and to isolated adventures undertaken in the name of right. A case for intervention in the name of humanity should be a case strong enough to commend itself to a court of arbitration, to an international conference, or to the Concert of the Powers. An appeal to force without the sanction of the rest of civilisation is an offence against the solidarity of peoples and the domain of law, even when it professes the most elevated motives. Mr. Carnegie, building, rather pathetically, his empty palaces for Parliaments of Peace at the Hague, and Bureaus of Solidarity at Washington, labors in vain, until there comes a statesman who will understand that legality is a better basis for peace than a muscular conscience. By Drago doctrines and Monroe doctrines, even by North Sea and Baltic agreements, the foundation of principle is being laid. Each of these restricts the possible applications of force. When at last every step which a Power can take outside its own territories has become a breach of some international agreement, war will have become an impossible offence against the collective will of mankind.

NATAL AND THE NATIVE QUESTION.

The natural desire of both British parties to avoid even the appearance of interfering with the delicate negotiations which are afoot in South Africa for the federation or unification of the self-governing Colonies imparted an air of unreality to last Wednesday's debate in its bearing on the obligation of the Imperial Government to safeguard the interests of the native races. But the revelations of the latest Blue-book, regarding the operations of martial law in Natal and the trial of Dinizulu, gravely disturb the theory that we can safely hand over the control of the six million natives even to a federal Government of whites without express stipulations securing for them a real representation in South Africa, or an appeal to the Imperial Government, or both. While the report of the recent Commission on Native Affairs and other evidence indicates that a better mind prevails in large sections of the Colony, the conduct of the Natal Ministry during the last few months calls for the plainest speaking. "Some of our forms differ from those of English law, but our system is equally founded in principles of justice and fairness." Such is the theory. What are the facts as exhibited in the trial of the Zulu chief, Dinizulu, arrested last December under martial law? The first idea of "justice and fairness" was to hamper Dinizulu's legal defence by stopping the salary he received as Government Induna in accordance with the settlement made by Mr. Chamberlain at the time of his restoration to his country. Though Lord Elgin repeatedly pressed upon them the British theory that "Dinizulu must be assumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty," and that the stoppage of his salary interfered with his effective defence, Mr. Moor and his Ministers not only refused to assent to this doctrine, but had the audacity to urge that such Imperial remonstrance embarrassed their case in resisting a legal application for the payment of this salary made in the Natal Courts.

Their next idea of justice was to utilise a form of preliminary examination so as to hold Dinizulu prisoner without trial for many months without formulating any charge or permitting his counsel to prepare his defence. After repeated enquiries from the Imperial Government, the Natal Ministers developed a theory that a preliminary examination, such as that on which they were engaged, did not require the formulation of a charge. This, however, is entirely inconsistent with their earlier procedure, which afforded two explicit, though inconsistent, statements of the "charge" under which what was then termed the "trial" was taking place. Dinizulu was first charged with "inciting" to murder, to which, later on, were added high treason, sedition, and sundry other charges, all alleged to be "charges in warrants." To the request of Lord Elgin for the name of the person whom Dinizulu was charged with murdering or inciting to murder, no answer was given, except the mendacious statement that "Dinizulu is being informed of details of charges." Here is a man on trial for his life, and it has been impossible to extract from his accusers the name of the person for whose murder he was said to be responsible.

Even more discreditable have been the obstacles set in the way of Dinizulu's friends in preparing his defence. Though a bold verbal denial of these obstacles is made, the admissions of the law officers prove the substantial accuracy of the charges made here and in Natal by Mr. Jellicoe. For repeated applications that Dinizulu's solicitor should be allowed access to Zululand to collect witnesses and other evidence have been persistently refused, and his counsel have been denied access to the original depositions of witnesses against him, and to papers taken from his kraal for use in his forthcoming trial. No fair-minded person can read this Blue-book without a feeling of disgust at the tissue of prevarication and evasion which it contains, blended with insolence towards the Imperial Government for daring to intervene to secure some semblance of justice for their ward.

Not less serious are the disclosures of abuses under martial law. Two unresisting men were shot dead, a dozen more were flogged, and several hundreds were imprisoned under proceedings which are not even seriously defended by the Ministers who sanctioned them. For as early as January 16th the Prime Minister accepts the view of the native Commissioner, Sir C. Sanders, that there is "no further need for any military force other than the police," and the history of the movement of troops makes it quite evident that no reason ever existed to anticipate a native disturbance. Flogging witnesses to secure "true" evidence may appear a mode of justice consistent with the nature of "Martial Law," but readers of this Blue-book, bearing in mind Colonel McKenzie's assertion that "no native to his knowledge was flogged for refusing to divulge information," will turn with indignation to the record of floggings under which three men suffered lashes for "giving false information," one for "wilfully prevaricating under examination," and another for "wilfully withholding evidence."

These details are necessary that we may realise the meaning of that martial law for the maintenance of which the Imperial Government shares the responsibility. For we agree with Mr. Alfred Lyttelton's firm though guarded insistence that the opinion of the law officers, to the effect that the Governor of a self-governing colony must obey his Ministers in so grave a matter as the virtual suspension of the colonial constitution, cannot be accepted as the final word of Imperial policy. Moreover, even if the Governor, who on this occasion did not conceal his opposition to the proposed course, is bound to defer to the pressure of his Ministers in the declaration and maintenance of Martial Law, this does not cancel the responsibility of the Imperial Government for the ratification of an Act of Indemnity. If, as we understand, the Government is not prepared to appoint an Imperial commission of inquiry, the disclosures made in this Blue-book demand a free and full discussion in Parliament of the constitutional question raised by such a use of Martial Law, and an impartial scrutiny of its operations as a condition precedent to the ratification of an Act of Indemnity by the Imperial Government.

THE LATE PRIME MINISTER AND HOME RULE.

BY THE LEADER OF THE IRISH PARTY.

I WAS, I believe, the very last Member of Parliament to speak to "C.-B." within the precincts of the House of Commons, and I shall never forget this interview.

It was Wednesday, the 12th of February. As Prime Minister he had made a speech of considerable length in the forenoon, proposing a resolution for the closure of the discussion on the Land Values (Scotland) Bill, which had been rejected by the House of Lords last year, and which the Government were about to send back to the House of Lords again as a challenge.

His speech was fairly vigorous, although it was noticed that he seemed somewhat nervous, and made more use than usual of the copious notes which he had brought down with him.

About 7.30 in the evening he sent me a message with a desire to see me. I found him in one of the small private rooms immediately behind the Speaker's chair. I discussed with him fully the forthcoming Home Rule debate, which was to take place the following Monday, and I found him most anxious and determined that the discussion should be of a character entirely satisfactory to Ireland and to the Irish Party.

He told me that he had made up his mind to wind up the debate himself, and that I could rely upon him making a strong Home Rule declaration.

Knowing the enfeebled state of his health, I suggested that he ought to speak early in the debate instead of putting himself to the labour of waiting up until a late hour, and speaking, perhaps, at midnight. He answered that by saying: "I am not so far gone as all that, and I am quite determined to wind up the debate myself."

I noticed that his face was not only drawn, but almost ghastly in its pallor, and I apologised to him for having kept him so long; but he would not hear of any apology. On the contrary, he assured me that he was as anxious as I was myself about the success of the forthcoming debate. He said he was then going home to have a quiet evening and rest. He said "good-night" to me and went out by the private door at the back of the Speaker's chair, and immediately left the building.

That was the last occasion on which he ever set foot in the House of Commons.

I confess that I felt extremely uneasy about the state of his health, and I mentioned to more than one friend that evening that I was almost shocked at his appearance at close quarters.

I cannot say that I was entirely surprised when, the next afternoon, I was informed, in the strictest confidence, that once again he was extremely, seriously, ill.

The public did not know, at that time, anything about it, and even when mention was made in the papers that he was indisposed the matter was made light of. But I knew, from the Thursday afternoon, that he would never be seen in the House of Commons again.

A striking instance of his extraordinary anxiety for the result of the Home Rule discussion was afforded the next day—that is, Friday, the 14th of February.

Mr. Birrell had suddenly been struck down by influenza, and we were then in this position: that neither the Minister responsible for Ireland nor the Prime Minister would be able to take part in the Home Rule debate on the following Monday.

I put myself in communication with Mr. Asquith, who was acting as Leader of the House in the absence of the Prime Minister, and represented to him the difficulties of proceeding with the debate in the absence of these two gentlemen.

After consulting with some of his colleagues, I was informed by Mr. Asquith that, on the whole, it would be better for the debate to proceed, and that he himself would take part in it.

Later on Friday afternoon, however, I ascertained that "C.-B.," having heard that Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary, would be incapacitated from taking part in the debate, had sent an urgent message over to the House of Commons for a well-known Cabinet Minister to visit him.

This latter gentleman returned after about half an hour. He had had an interview by the bedside with the Prime Minister, who informed him, if the debate was not adjourned, that he had made up his mind, no matter what the cost, that he would get up out of bed and come over and take part in the discussion himself.

In consequence of this message, the debate was finally adjourned; but, unfortunately, the Prime Minister was never able to take the part in it which he intended.

During the last twenty years I had very many opportunities of judging of the friendliness of "C.-B." to Ireland and the cause of Home Rule.

His great characteristic was that, in face of intimidation and pressure of all sorts he always stood by his guns. He refused to budge one inch to the clamour which was raised against him over the South African War; and, in the same way, he refused to budge one inch on the question of Home Rule in deference to the pressure within his own Party, led by Lord Rosebery and his friends.

At the last General Election, if it rested with him, Home Rule would have been one of the leading issues to be decided by the electors. Indeed, so far as he personally was concerned, he did his best to make it so.

In his speech at Stirling during the Election, and in his subsequent utterances, he put the Home Rule question to the very front, and, in Lord Rosebery's subsequent words, "Nailed the Home Rule flag to the mast."

He absolutely declined to give any pledge that Home Rule would not be dealt with effectively in this Parliament. But he was not master of the situation, and before the Election he naturally never had any conception of the extraordinary reaction of popular favour towards the Liberal Party which was about to be witnessed.

The result was that other members of the Party and other members of the new Government gave pledges which had the consequence of effectively ruling out Home Rule in the full sense of the term for this Parliament.

To have carried out his own view with reference to Home Rule, "C.-B." would have been forced to smash his Cabinet and his Government immediately after they came into power.

I have had, for many long years, personal and political relations with "C.-B." of a somewhat close character, and I formed the opinion that, as a politician, he was perfectly straightforward and reliable, and, as an individual, was of a most lovable character.

In proposing a resolution in the House of Commons, consequent upon the assassination of the King of Portugal, "C.-B." described that monarch as "the manly, friendly, kindly King." There never was a man of whom those words were so true as they were of "C.B." himself. These were his characteristics—manliness, friendliness, and kindliness.

In him Ireland certainly has lost a good friend, and I think it speaks well for the public life of England that, in his instance, the qualities which I have mentioned led, in the end, in spite of calumny, prejudice, and abuse, to the very highest office in the nation, and gained for him the universal respect and regret of men of all political parties and creeds.

J. E. REDMOND.

Life and Letters.

HOPE.

Wet or fine, hot or cold, nothing was more certain than that the lame man would pass, leaning on his twisted oaken stick, his wicker basket slung on his shoulders. In that basket, covered by a bit of sacking, was groundsel, and rarely, in the season, a few mushrooms kept carefully apart in a piece of newspaper.

His blunt, wholesome, weather-beaten face, with its full brown beard, now going grey, was lined and sad, because his leg continually gave him pain. That leg had shrivelled through an accident, and, being now two inches shorter than it should have been, did little save remind him of mortality. He had a respectable, though not an affluent, appearance, for his old blue overcoat, his trousers, waistcoat, hat, were ragged from long use, and stained by weather. He had been a deep-sea fisherman before his accident, but now he made his living by standing or sitting on the pavement at a certain spot, from ten o'clock to seven in the evening. And anyone who wished to give her bird a luxury would stop before his basket and buy a pennyworth of groundsel.

Often—as he said—he had "had a job to get it," rising at five o'clock, and going out of London by an early tram to the happy hunting-grounds of those who live on the appetites of caged canaries. Here, dragging his injured limb with difficulty through ground that the heavens seldom troubled to keep dry for him, he would stoop and toilfully amass the small green plant, with its close yellow-centred heads, though often—as he mentioned—"there don't seem no life, like, in the stuff; the frosts ha' spiled it!" Having collected all that fate permitted him, he would take the tram back home, and start out for his day's adventure.

Now and again, when things had not gone well, his figure would be seen stumping home through darkness as late as nine or ten o'clock at night. On such occasions, his blue-grey eyes, which had never quite lost their look of gazing through sea mists, would reflect the bottom of his soul, where the very bird of weariness lay with its clipped wings, for ever trying to regain the air.

In fact—as he had no need to tell you—he was a "trier," from year's end to year's end; but he had no illusions concerning his profession; there was "nothing in it," though it was better, on the whole, than flowers, where there was even less. And, after all, having got accustomed to the struggles of that bird of weariness within his soul, he would even perhaps have missed it had it at last succeeded in rising from the ground and taking flight.

"An 'ard life!" he had been heard to say, when groundsel was scarce, customers scarcer, and the damp had struck up into his shrivelled leg. This, stated as a matter of bare fact, was the extent of his general complaint, though he would not unwillingly descant on the failings of his groundsel, his customers, and leg, to the few who could appreciate such things. But, as a rule, he stood or sat silent, watching the world go by, as in old days he had watched the waves drift against his anchored fishing smack; and the look of those blurred blue, far-gazing eyes of his, in their extraordinary patience, was like a constant declaration of the simple and unconscious creed of man: "I hold on till I drop."

What he thought about while he stood there it was difficult to say—possibly of old days round the Goodwins, of the yellow buttons of his groundsel that refused to open properly, of his leg, and dogs that would come sniffing at his basket and showing their contempt, of his wife's gouty rheumatism and herrings for his tea, of his arrears of rent, of how few people seemed to want his groundsel, and, once more, of his leg.

Practically no one stopped to look at him, unless she wanted a pennyworth of groundsel for her pale bird. And, when they did look at him, they saw—nothing symbolical—simply a brown-bearded man, with deep furrows in his face and a lame leg, whose groundsel was often of a quality that they did not dare to offer their canaries. They would tell him so, adding that the weather was cold, to which, knowing a little more about it than themselves, he would reply: "Yes, m'm—you wouldn't believe how I feel it in my leg." In this remark he was extremely accurate, but they would look away, and pass on rather hastily, doubting whether a man should mention a lame leg—it looked too much as if he wanted to make something out of it. In truth, he had the delicacy of a deep-sea fisherman, but he had owned his leg so long that it had got on his nerves; it was too intimate a part of all his life, and speak of it he must. And sometimes, but generally on warm and genial days, when his groundsel was properly in bloom and he had less need of adventitious help, his customers would let their feelings get the better of them, and give him pennies when ha'pennies would have been enough. This, unconsciously, had served to strengthen his habit of alluding to his leg.

He had, of course, no holidays, but occasionally he was absent from his stand. This was when his leg, feeling that he was taking it too much as a matter of course, became what he would call "a mass o' pain." Such occasions threw him behindhand with his rent; but, as he said, "If you can't get out, you can't!" After these vacations he would make special efforts, going far afield for groundsel, and remaining on his stand until he felt that if he did not get off it then, he never would.

Christmas was his festival, for at Christmas people were more indulgent to their birds, and his regular customers gave him sixpence. This was as well, for, whether owing to high living or merely to the cold, he was nearly always laid up about that time. After this annual bout of "brownchitis," as he called it, his weather-beaten face looked strangely pale; his blue eyes seemed to have in them the mist of many watches. So might the drowned ghost of a deep-sea fisherman have looked, and his pale, roughened hand would tremble, hovering above the groundsel that had so little bloom, trying to find something that a bird need not despise.

"You wouldn't believe the job I had to find even this little lot," he would say. "Sometimes I thought I'd leave me leg be'ind; I was that weak I couldn't seem to drag it through the mud at all. An' my wife, she's got the gouty rheumatiz. You'll think I'm all trouble!" And, summoning God knows what spirit of hilarity, he smiled. Then, looking at the leg which he had nearly left behind, he added, somewhat boastfully: "You see, it's got no strength in it at all—there's not a bit o' muscle left. . . . Very few people," his eyes and voice seemed proudly saying, "have got a leg like this!"

To the dispassionate observer of his existence, it was a little difficult to understand what attraction life could have for him—a little difficult to penetrate down through the blackness of his continual toil and pains, to the still living eyes of that bird of weariness lying within his soul, moving always, if but slightly, its wounded stumps of wings. It seemed, on the whole, unreasonable of this man to cling to life, since he was without prospect of anything but what was worse in this life; and, in the matter of a life to come, he would dubiously remark: "My wife's always a-tellin' me we can't be no worse off where we're a-goin'. An' she's right, no doubt, if so be as we're goin' anywhere."

And yet, so far as could be seen, the thought, "Why do I continue living?" never came to him. It almost seemed as if it must be giving him a secret joy to measure himself against his troubles. And this was fortunate, for in a day's march one could not come across a better omen for the future of mankind.

In the crowded highway, leaning on his twisted stick beside his basket, with his tired, steadfast face, he stood—a ragged statue to the great unconscious human virtue, the most hopeful of all things: Courage without hope!

John Galsworthy.

THE FAITH OF FREE THOUGHT.

In a singularly interesting article in the last issue of the "Hibbert Journal," Mr. Lowes Dickinson dwells upon the changed attitude of "free-thinkers" towards the problems of life and the universe during the last generation. The old confidence in the universal reign of law, and in science as the sole authentic exponent of its operation, has broken down. Nor do we find anywhere that contented acceptance of the Agnostic position regarding ultimate issues displayed during the combative period of scientific advance in the mid-Victorian era. As Mr. Dickinson point out, our latter-day free-thinkers are not less sceptical, but they are also more believing. Still in full revolt against the orthodox religious formulae, all in their various fashions are stretching out "lame hands of faith," introducing some principle of unity and worship (in the proper significance of that term) from some other than an intellectual source. So we find George Meredith demanding a worship for Earth, while the rejected creed of Positivism is gathering illustrious disciplies in a religion of Eugenics, and numbers of hard-headed and somewhat unimaginative devotees of Secularism are rediscovering in Socialism the soul and the paradise abandoned by their fathers. This widespread and manifold revival of a distinctively religious movement among intellectual people outside the churches is of supreme significance in the spiritual life of the nation. We may distinguish in it two streams of tendency, one negative, one positive. In origin it is a vigorous re-assertion of discontent against a purely scientific view of life. The early protests of the churches, or of such free-thinkers as Carlyle and Ruskin, against the arrogance of the scientific spirit of their age, were swept aside as mere displays of temperamental violence. Our sober thought could never acquiesce in Carlyle's mystical appeal for "a great, deep, sacred infinitude of Nescience upon which all science swims as a mere superficial film."

The modern criticism of the all-sufficiency of science is far more definite and positive, and is voiced not by rhetoricians, but by philosophers, such as Professors Ward and William James, by serious, if audacious, sociologists, such as Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, as well as by not a few of our most influential historians of contemporary life. Not merely the present failure, but the inherent inability of science, and the logic it employs, to afford any satisfying apprehension of the universe as a moving, ordered harmony, and of man's place in such a harmony, is the kernel of the indictment. In part, it amounts to a general extension of the charge that science but "murders to dissect," that it is essentially analytic in its method, and that such formative principles as the so-called scientific imagination employs in the large physical or psychical hypotheses about the nature of matter, or the meaning of evolution, are imported, unavowedly and often illicitly, from other modes of discovery. The false prominence which the doctrine of evolution has won in the study of human history, has served more than anything else to indicate the nature of the inadequacy of scientific reasoning to satisfy not merely the soul but the intelligence of man. So there has grown and spread what Mr. Wells happily terms "a scepticism of the instrument," a clear perception of the fact that evolution itself destroys the claim of science to be the supreme arbiter of higher truths by showing how scientific methods themselves are only evolved by selection for the practical uses of man in his struggle for survival, and have no such eternal and universal validity as has sometimes been claimed for them. The positive suggestion which emerges from such criticism is that we must look to the co-operation of faculties other than the intellectual mechanism of science, for the apprehension of life and the universe required to feed the spirit of men and to inspire us for the work of life. Mr. Dickinson is right, we think, in using the term "faith" to designate the faculty or process required for that synthetic work which science cannot do, and in claiming for faith a far wider and freer function than is contained within the limits of any orthodoxy. For the work of faith is poetry, the operation of the creative spirit of man, the impassioned imagination in its endeavours to assimilate the moving spectacle of life and to gather motive power and guidance. That this new approach to faith and poetry should be made simultaneously from so many different quarters outside the churches will, in our judgment, be fraught with enormously important results in a spiritual revival, which is already seen to awaken no mean response inside the churches. It is no new doctrine that Mr. Dickinson sets forth—to many it will read as the purest Emerson—how that "Poetry has been the raw material of all dogma, and such poetry is neither true nor false; it only becomes false or true, or both at once, at the moment it is formulated as a creed." Is the age of creeds passing, to be displaced by an equally revered and incomparably more sustaining, because more plastic, age of poetry, in which all that is individual, as well as that which is common to the emotional life of man, shall have free play in the interpretation of life?

But in one respect Mr. Dickinson seems to us to fail adequately to interpret the poetic mission. If poetry means anything it means creation, and the poetic freedom of the religious life for all means the unceasing play of the creative power of man. It is surely untrue that we are merely concerned with "process," and that "the idea of creation has ceased to be credible, and what is worn has ceased to be interesting." On the contrary, the most fundamental criticism of the inadequacy of science is based, as Mr. Bergsen has shown in his profound work "L'Evolution Créatrice," upon the subtle influence of "creation" in the processes of evolution of life. In a word, it is the inability of scientific analyses to convey the "urge of the world," the *élan de vie*, which is continually expressing itself in the emergence of new poems, incalculable from all knowledge of prior conditions. The scientific positions, that history repeats itself, or that the same causes produce the same effects, though serviceable in the interpretation of inorganic nature, are baffled by organic unity, and have little efficacy when directed to the delicate processes of spiritual life. For in the realm of organic processes the arts of mechanical calculation, upon which science rests, continually fail; new species arise, new adaptations, new modes of conduct, not predicable from the minutest possible knowledge of antecedents: it is a world of miracles, in the sense of results which no science can enable us to forecast, and which differ, in quality, character, or human interest, from anything that has occurred before. This baffling force, this play of the creative energy, pulsating through the universe, and exhibiting itself most conspicuously for man in organic changes affecting spiritual life, can only be apprehended, if at all, by some directly intuitive action of the mind of man, more akin to instinct than to reasoning.

Thus it is to man as spiritual artist rather than as scientist that we must look for that vital unity of apprehension required, not only for such understanding of life as is possible, but still more for that confidence in our power to alter things for the better, essential to nourish and sustain the human spirit. It is not easy to extricate this thought from the toils of a vague and shifty verbiage and give it clearness and validity. For this work, M. Bergsen makes use of a fine and fruitful metaphor. A poet, who is your friend, reads you his poem, and your mind, held tense in a condition of keen emotional sympathy, attends and gathers in the impassioned meaning of the poem as a single emotional and intellectual experience, a "creation." As it is recited, it makes a single, unbroken impression: it has the force of a harmony. Only afterwards, when this tenseness of sympathetic apprehension is relaxed, reflection sets in, analysis ensues, you begin to dwell upon the separate passages, the individual images, and the pattern of composition, the systematic order, so that the method of the artistry comes into clear consciousness: and as it does so, the feeling of the unity evaporates. So Bergsen images the relation between the sort of intuition or

higher instinct required for the apprehension of all organic movements and events, and the sciences which show *how* this flow of creative energy uses its material.

Great men of science have commonly been willing to admit the limits of reason as the guide of life, and to assign some real place to faith and imagination in the search after understanding. But it rests with modern philosophers and psychologists to set science and her methods in their true place as servants of humanity. This place is second, not first, in the art of life: for the facts and laws which they unfold do not furnish that full single harmony which we call the Universe, or set the soul of man in sympathetic accord with the wider pulsations of this "over-soul." It is here one perceives that the real reconcilement of religion with science lies. But the art of such religion must be free, a perpetual fountain of fresh divination flowing over the enlarging fields of knowledge and fertilising them for spiritual nutriment. It is true that man must look with Mr. Dickinson for "a principle of growth—what I call Imagination, since some word one must use. And by this he stretches feelers into the dark, laying hold there of stuff and building mythologies and poems, the palaces of splendid hopes and desires."

THE TRAMP WORLD.

The Tramp World is the normal civilised universe seen (as it were) from the reverse side in which the grey has become blue and the blue grey. Every accepted standard has become inverted. The inhabitants are at war upon the working world; using its charity and its clumsy legislation in order to suck from that world no small advantage. They have eluded (like the inheriting wealthy) the obligations of labor, like the inheriting wealthy they possess their own exacting moral codes, differing from the moral codes of working humanity; which supports both, if not with equanimity, at least with fortitude. Occasional revelations, candid and unashamed, by those few in either of these strange universes who become articulate, reveal to that astonished working humanity the life which moves around them, among them, but not of them. Such is this most interesting "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" (Fifield), in which Mr. W. H. Davies, loafer, poet, capitalist with an assured income of ten shillings a week, narrates the record of his adventures. "An amazing book," Mr. Bernard Shaw rightly calls it; in which in clear, dispassionate language the author does not so much impeach the accepted standards of British morality, as set them aside in disdain. "I was born thirty-five years ago, in a public-house called the Church House in the town of N——" is the commencement of a story not altogether unworthy of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," without his sincere, if somewhat intrusive, moral determinations, living amongst the aborigines on the deserted island of this "floating, transitory world." In the final chapter he sums up the philosophical advice which he would bequeath to similar sojourners in that amazing region. The most important dogma of it is "contained in the simple words: 'Never live in a house next door to your landlord or landlady'; which," he declares, "deserves to become a proverb." "Many people might not consider this warning necessary," he concludes, "but the hint may be useful to poor travellers like myself who, sick of wandering, would settle down to the peace and quiet of after days."

It is the normal world, in England and America, turned inside out, seen from the other side of Looking Glass country. From such side are examined the benevolence of the rich and the benevolence of the poor, the Salvation Army shelter, the common gaol, the Charity Organisation Society, the various efforts of society to protect itself against the locust and the caterpillar. The locust, it must be confessed, especially in America, generally has the best of it. The artless and somewhat clumsy organisations of State and city and private persons spread their simple traps of cheese or delicacies for the mouse—the mouse annexes the cheese and leaves the trap scatheless. Especially is this true in America, where wealth, easily and carelessly heaped together, is as easily and carelessly scattered. Many of Mr. Davies' confessions of American begging experiences are almost incredible in their suggestion of opulence. An hour or two in streets of modest comfort will yield, to the experienced workman, a profusion of good things—money, clothes, rich and pleasant food. Free rides by "beating" the various trains, transformation with changing climate of summer and winter from the north to the south, occasional interludes in local gaols, where the officials, being paid by the number of their captives, offer increasing attractions to those who will condescend to accept such hospitalities, offer a healthful and variable existence of adventure and repose. The companions of the road offer no despicable advantages, there is no "honor among thieves," they rob each other with effrontery, and make no assertion of chivalry or fine and decent living. But they are generous in their sharing of the booty with their companions, and possess a ready sociability which leads them to partnerships and associations of some enduring value. The two unforgiveable crimes are work and thrift. Effort and Accumulation—the gods of the working world—have become idols to be trampled on. Yet, in the underworld, the appeal to compassion is still irresistible. The cattle men who bring the living food of England across the Atlantic to Liverpool "are recognised as the scum of America, a wild, lawless class of people, on whom," says Mr. Davies, "the scum of Europe unscrupulously impose." Mr. Davies had frequently made the journey, and tells horrible tales of the indifferent cruelty to the beasts: habitually the cattle men arrive, fresh from such degrading experience, upon a city of poverty; habitually they part with their scanty earnings in gifts to that poverty when they arrive. "Having kind hearts they are soon rendered penniless by the importunities of beggars." "These wild but kind-hearted men," says this testimony, "grown exceedingly proud by a comparison of the comfortable homes of America with these scenes of extreme poverty in Liverpool and other large seaports, give and give of their few shillings, until they are themselves reduced to the utmost want."

In America, under the expert advice of "Brum," the young novice learnt the valuable secrets of the trade. On entering any town, look out for a Church steeple with a cross, which denotes a Catholic Church and therefore a Catholic community. "If I fail in that portion of the town I shall certainly not succeed elsewhere." Fat women are the best to beg from. "How can you expect these skinny creatures to sympathise with another," is the unanswerable argument, "when they half starve their own bodies?" In begging in England, avoid every town that has not either a mill, a factory, or a brewery. But in America the gold mines are the watering-places and haunts of the idle rich: perhaps because they recognise natural allies in the other class of Anarchist, perhaps because they satisfy a slumbering responsibility and compassion in a careless scattering of uncalculated charity. Amongst the New York watering-places "the people catered for us as though we were the only tramps in the whole world, and as if they considered it providential that we should call at their houses for assistance." In such providential plenty the standards are well maintained: otherwise this inverted world might right itself and become normal once again. The travellers are received with disfavour by a stranger, who later is smitten with remorse. "Excuse me, boys, for not giving you a more hearty welcome," is the apology; "but, really, I thought you were working men, but I see you are true beggars." In a cottage an aged labourer who had amassed a modest fortune after a life of toil hangs on the wall the shovel which he had used in early days. To these wanderers the vision is as distasteful as an image of a saint to a Covenanting assembly: a symbol of false gods.

America is the creation of an individualism run riot: the right of the citizen exalted into a religion, the communal responsibility scarcely recognised. Mr. Davies in his exhilarating narrative of living experiences can illustrate on every page the result of such a disparity. Each of these adventurers was arrested by the city "Marshal": each found the experience agreeable, and the law evaded by a genial com-

bination of hospitality and blackmail. Seized for trespassing on the railway, they adjourn with their captor to the public-house, where the host, the policeman, and the prisoners drink together at the expense of the latter "in a very friendly manner."

So the life continues; tramping and begging on the open road, with occasional interludes of light work, picking fruit in the summer, or occupying the pleasant gaols in winter which attracted the wayfarer with rash delicacies. To enforce the criminal law, the good citizens in these little towns would offer large bounties to the police for the arrest of each prisoner, and the result was a system satisfactory to all concerned. "There is a long and severe winter before you," pleads the Marshal, "you would certainly be better off in gaol. Sixty days in our gaol, which is considered one of the best, if not the best, in Michigan, would do you no harm, I assure you." "We might take thirty days each," is the pleasant reply, "providing, of course, that you make it worth while. What about tobacco, and a drink or two of whiskey?" Both are immediately promised. All is exceedingly well arranged. The Marshal gets a dollar each for every arrest he makes; the judge three or four dollars for every conviction; the sheriff of the gaol is paid a dollar a day for boarding each prisoner under his charge; "we benefit by a good rest, warmth, good food, and plenty of sleep, and the innocent citizens have to pay for it all."

Some forced inaction stimulated a never entirely destroyed love of literature. Mr. Davies took to poetry as he had taken to pilgrimage and prison, selling his own production from the common lodging-houses of South London. At the age of thirty-five he can look back upon an astonishing life history, settling to rest as the hero of "Candide" settled to rest, having made nothing of the world's confusion; not only occupied in "cultivating his garden," but also eager with that ultimate word of earthly wisdom, "Never live in a house next door to your landlord."

Short Story.

PAKA THE CAT.

Translated from Swahili by Captain C. H. Stigand.

This is the story of Paka the cat.

If there are three or four men walking along and only one woman, the cat will turn aside from the men and follow the one woman.

Now, the reason for this is the story I am telling you.

In the beginning Paka sat in the bush, till one day she felt the pain of hunger.

So she came down to the shore, and there she met a serval who was hunting the crabs of the shore. So Paka went up to the serval and said, "Good morning"; and the serval said, "Who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

"I want to follow you about and so get food."

So the serval said, "Very good, then. Here, eat these crabs."

So Paka ate of the crabs, and she followed the serval many days.

Till one day there came a leopard and fought with the serval and killed him.

So Paka thought in her heart: "Now, this one was not a manly one: he who is the man is the leopard." So Paka went up to the leopard and saluted him, "Good morning."

So the leopard said, "And who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

"I want to follow you about and get food."

So the leopard said, "Very good. Here, eat of this serval."

So Paka followed the leopard many days and many weeks.

Till one day came a lion, and he fell on the leopard and killed him.

So Paka thought in her heart: "Now, this one also was not a manly one: he who is the man is the lion."

So she went to the lion and said, "Good morning."

And the lion said, "Who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

So Paka said, "I want to follow you about that you may give me food."

So the lion said, "Then eat of this leopard."

So Paka ate of the leopard, and she followed the lion for many weeks and many months, till one day there came an elephant.

And the elephant came and struck the lion with his trunk and the lion died.

So Paka said in her heart: "Now, this one, too, was not a manly one: he who is the man is the elephant."

So Paka went and greeted the elephant, "Good morning."

The elephant said, "And who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

"I want to follow you about that you may give me food."

So the elephant said, "Then eat of this lion."

So Paka ate of the lion, and she followed the elephant for many months and many days.

Till one day came a man; and that son of Adam came and he took his matchlock and fired.

And he hit the elephant and the elephant ran away.

After running a long way he fell down, and that son of Adam came and he fired again and again until the elephant was finished and he died.

Now Paka said: "Behold, he also was not a manly one: he who is the man is the son of Adam."

So Paka went up and saluted him, saying, "Good morning."

And the man said, "Who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

"I want to follow you about that you may give me food."

So the man said, "Then eat of the elephant."

So Paka stayed with the man and ate of the elephant, while he was cutting out the tusks.

When the man had finished cutting out the tusks he wended his way home and came to his village.

Now, that man had two wives, and the one he loved and the other he loved not.

So he came first to the house of her whom he loved not, that he might stay a short time and go to the house of her whom he loved.

So he came there and greeted the wife whom he loved not, and straightway went on to the house of her whom he loved.

When he had come there he said to her: "Oh, my wife whom I love, I have done this on purpose.

"I came first to the house of the other one that I might come straightway to you whom I love, and remain with you a long time."

Now, the woman was angry in that he had gone first to the house of the other, and she said to him: "What you say is false!"

So she came up to him and struck him—pah!

That man did not do anything; he turned round and left the hut.

Then thought Paka: "Now, even this one is not the manly one. Why does he go away? He who is the man is the woman."

So she went up to the woman and said to her, "Good morning."

The woman said, "And who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

"I want to follow you about that you may give me food."

So the woman said to her, "Very good. Sit here in my house."

Now, this is the story of Paka the cat, which comes from long ago, and this is the reason why a cat will leave a man and follow a woman.

The Drama.

A DRAMATIC "CONVERSATION."

THERE are at least two kinds of men of genius, the expansive and the shy, the talkative and the taciturn, and Mr. Shaw belongs undeniably, and even notoriously, to the former type. He is also (like most men of genius) an extremely wilful person, and it is these qualities of wilfulness and talkativeness which are between them responsible for the production of "Getting Married." It is no objection to this conversational play or playful conversation that it is a new experiment in drama. The important thing to discover about it is whether, in addition to its being a characteristic example of Mr. Shaw's talent, it is also suited to the atmosphere and the purpose of the stage. It is not an answer to this question to suggest, as Mr. Walkley suggests, that other writers—like Peacock— have also used the method of the symposium. All styles are good, said a greater than Peacock, save the tiresome style. And if parts of Mr. Shaw's new dramatic effort are tiresome, there is good reason to think that so very lively a writer must, in fact, have chosen the wrong style, that he has tried to accomplish something repugnant to the dramatic form, or alien to the special subject of his play.

This explanation accounts, in my view, for its reception on Tuesday afternoon. The first instalment of "Getting Married" was received with enthusiasm, the second with tolerable pleasure, the third with much coldness. To some extent this failure of interest was due to the inferiority of the execution of the later portions of the dialogue, in which there was too much journalism, too little of Mr. Shaw's delicately pointed workmanship. But it also arose from the elementary fact that the essence of good talk, when it is mere talk, is that there must not be too much of it. "In the beginning was the Act," and as life depends not on words but on deeds, we soon weary of the most brilliant reflections on it which do not illustrate action. The drama proper depends on action flowing from character. And this is almost equally true of the great symposium. Why are Plato's dialogues so interesting? First, because they reveal the mind and soul of the mighty *raisonneur* who conducts them, and who is continually their centre; secondly, because they deal with great subjects, greatly treated; but, thirdly, because they concern the life and the death of Socrates, the war of the great free intellect against the narrow minds and malicious powers that encompassed it. In other words, there is thought at its highest tension, there is action in its eternally significant form.

Or take the newer analogy, the modern intellectual drama. In Ibsen all comes from action and tends to it. In "Rosmersholm," everything that Rosmer was, all that his fathers were, is gathered together so that when the revealing word is spoken, when the last ray that illumines, the last shadow that darkens, has fallen on his soul and on that of Rebecca, their destinies shall be duly accomplished. Compare this with Mr. Shaw's method in "Getting Married." He has taken marriage, a great subject, though difficult to treat with candour on the stage, because, just as most men would rather hang themselves than tell the whole truth about their lives, this human shyness veils so intimate a relationship with especial closeness, and veils it above all before the *mot cru* of the stage. But then he omits the two other conditions even of the successful symposium. He does not himself act as the grand *raisonneur*. He preaches no definite faith; expounds no philosophy. And, finally, he suggests no action. His characters, to begin with, are a body of philanderers. There is the lady—a very typical modern lady—who has Dared Nothing. There are the couple who have Dared only a Collusive Farce in the divorce court. There is the Bishop who is Daring only in thought, for, like the brilliant ecclesiastic from whom he was drawn, he has not even dared to doff his ill-fitting apron. There is the young Superman whose Daring expires in a moment of unpardonable rudeness. There is the lady whose Daring has apparently been repulsed by the entire male sex, and there is the couple who, greatly Daring at the end of the third interval, get married on a mutual insurance policy. These hesitating, nicely balanced, characters set themselves to talk round a table about marriage. And they go on talking about it. There is nothing else for them to do; there is neither outer nor inner action. Each puppet rises at the pulling of the wires, and rehearses and repeats the formula set down for him. They cannot do right, for they have not done wrong. God cannot pardon them, the Devil cannot claim them. As one of them says, things have sometimes "happened" to them, and the rational-irrational end of their living, expounded them by Mr. Collins, natural philosopher and greengrocer—namely, to marry first and think about it afterwards—seems almost beyond their attainment.

For these reasons "Getting Married" seems to me an error, committed by an artist of great critical faculty, both in the choice of form and in the treatment of it. It is much as if a sculptor had tried, as modern sculptors sometimes do try, to obtain effects natural to painting, or a painter had aimed at results that only sculpture can properly embody. You must have something more than conversation for a drama, which must have a beginning and an end, and if you converse, it must be with some single and powerful moral purpose behind the talk, as with the narrative-conversation in the train on which Tolstoy builds up the dreadful warning of "The Kreutzer Sonata." Now, I hope I am not blind to such meaning as lies behind Mr. Shaw's conversation-play. I think I see behind its exposition something of the dubiousness of will that overtakes nearly all our thinkers as they survey, without the old, simple, positive clues, the perplexities of modern life. But in the main, and to him who will follow the few connected threads which its author vouchsafes, the pith of Mr. Shaw's conversation is his advocacy of the woman's case. In many passages this case is obviously advanced, in others more subtly pleaded; in one with great distinction of language and with singular truth and beauty of conception. In effect, all this society of marrying or non-marrying people agrees. Marriage, they say, is not right as it is, for it is contracted by people who are too young and impulsive to understand it and to keep to their word, or by selfish people for objects of convenience, in which the man makes the better bargain, or it is marred by the exclusiveness of one partner or another, and the denial of rational friendship. In a word, it breaks down through the perversity and thoughtlessness of human nature. To these rational pleas are joined the hesitation of the fastidious, the dislike of the "new woman" for being commanded or thrown out of the agreeable circle of her maiden life, its serious work and single responsibilities. Therefore this ill-adapted institution must be a terminable contract, a lawyer-like lease, terminable at seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, not a life-long engagement. So they proceed to draw up the ideal contract. And they all come to grief, and the exultant ascetic, to whom marrying and giving in marriage are an abomination before the Lord, tears up the new social assignment before the first section of the first clause has been drafted. In this dilemma none can help. The Church is impotent; even the State—Mr. Shaw's idealised State—is not much better. The conclusion would seem to be that the sense of human justice and right must set to work, on lines that will give woman a chance—though, indeed, she seems to ask for nothing more than to be slain on the old terms and on the old altar, misunderstood to the last by her priest and betrayer.

This, I imagine, is something like the riddle which Mr. Shaw has tossed about from the mouth of one philanderer to another. If it is needlessly obscure, if it is at times handled too slackly, at others too lightly, it is because, as an artist, Mr. Shaw has set out on a wrong track. Having started amiss, his inventiveness fails him at critical moments, so that he falls back on old characters like the waiter in "You Never Can Tell," or adapts a type like the Major in "The Voysey Inheritance," which fits more naturally into its original environment. On this point he may take the verdict of a friendly audience, or he may ask himself whether all the masters that have gone before him are not in the right and he in the wrong.

H. W. M.

Art.

THE SOROLLA EXHIBITION.

Nearly three hundred paintings, the work of Senor Sorolla y Bastida, who is one of the best known figures in the modern school of Spain, are now being shown at the Grafton Galleries. The first point that strikes one about this exhibition is its extent; the second, its variety. There are very few living painters who could fill these galleries with their recent work as completely as Senor Sorolla has done, and there are fewer who could equal his amazing versatility. These facts contribute towards making the collection an interesting one. The remaining, and most important, fact is the quality of the work. One can hardly deny that, apart from the speed with which he paints, Senor Sorolla is an artist of the most uncommon power, a phenomenon in modern Spanish art. The newer phases of this art have only just begun to be known and appreciated in England. A few years ago, before the International Society was inaugurated, men like Zuloaga and Anglada might have been forgotten artists of the dead ages for all the attention they received from ourselves. Even when Zuloaga became established as a regular exhibitor at the annual show in London, his style was barely recognised as Spanish by a nation that had grown accustomed to identify modern Spanish art with the highly-coloured literalism of Mariano Fortuny. The Spanish Exhibition, held a few years ago at the Guildhall, fostered this notion in regard to the art of the modern school. The modern section was filled with paintings more or less in the manner of Fortuny, those of the more advanced school being inconspicuous or absent. Hence we, as a nation, knew very little of what is being done by artists in Madrid or Valencia, and we should be grateful to Senor Sorolla in that his exhibition lets us know a little more. We are also indebted to him for a very ample demonstration of an unique artistic individuality, which in this month of Academy visiting is particularly welcome.

This is not to admit, as the posters claim, that Senor Sorolla is "the world's greatest artist." Nonsensical statements of this kind can only prejudice the opinion of art-lovers who are best able to judge and appreciate his merit. He has, in no lesser degree than many other living painters we could name, the defects of his qualities; in spite of his vast range of subjects, he is necessarily debarred from combining all the excellences in the painting of them. Something has to be sacrificed by every artist, and a great deal by all except the very greatest. The greatest truth of light and atmosphere, spontaneity in expression and action, can only be acquired at the expense of detail, and of those graver, more reposeful truths that mark a faultless, perfectly finished composition; and happy is the painter who can make up his mind to the sacrifice either of one thing or the other, and concentrate his energies on the end he has in view. Certainly Senor Sorolla can do this. In all his works there is no quality more prominent than his single-mindedness, than his knowledge of what he wants and his intention to get it. We realise this especially in what may be termed roughly, but not inaccurately, the *plein air* class of his paintings. His success in this class is more pronounced than in certain low-toned portraits, where he seeks to emulate the manner, without achieving the subtlety, of Whistler. The comparative failure of these latter gives us a clue to his artistic nature. It would seem as if light and colour and atmosphere were essential to it. His pictures of boys bathing, girls playing, peasants and fishermen, seas and woodlands, everything and everywhere that the sunlight glorifies, the breeze cools, and nature's atmosphere transforms from hour to hour, all these bubble and sparkle with colour and light, the gay light and colour of the South. The first impression, indeed, that one forms of this exhibition is that of its brightness, of its vivacious contrasts, and of its almost reckless daring. Perhaps it is because one is confronted with so much colour that the sober, more symphonic pictures, few as they are and distributed throughout the galleries, appear to be dull, lifeless, and even ill at ease in this multi-hued assemblage. The exhibition "shouts," as a whole, and the few quiet voices are lost in the general clamour. But their failure to impress one is not entirely due to this circumstance. Senor Sorolla can paint many things, but it would be absurd to pretend he can paint all equally well, and it is in these low-toned portraits and pictures, in spite of his evidently long and earnest study of Velasquez, that he reaches his low-water mark. The best of them are portraits such as the "Dr. Decref" and the "Dr. Madenaveitia," where the lighting of the face, as apart from the general reticence of the scheme, gives scope for his talent to express itself in vigorous modelling. These and one or two others are as searching revelations of character as Lenbach, of whose art they are reminiscent, ever painted.

The main feature of his painting, however, is its joyous bounding vitality. A naturalistic artist to the core, he is best where he is most naturalistic. The three figures of his "Swimmers," their frog-like bodies seen through the green water, are a striking realisation of action cleverly caught. Similarly, "The Skipping Rope" gives us delightfully the lithe, buoyant movement of a slender girl, *plus* the sunlight and buoyancy of an open space in the town. Sumptuousness, controlled but still sumptuous, characterises the first group of "My Children," but we are brought up sharp by the second—composed decoratively, but with the decorative formality quite upset by the middle child's being the personification of animated fun. After what we have seen and said, it is less surprising for its failure than for its nearness to success. Another surprise is the nude in the Central Gallery —a "Spanish Gipsy" in the attitude of Velasquez's "Venus" reversed, realistic in the extreme, yet chaste, a pale olive form against pale rich rose—a seeming exotic after the open-air, frankly painted "Sea Nymphs" in the same room. At the end of the long gallery hangs a portrait of King Alfonso. His Majesty wears the uniform of Colonel of the 16th Lancers, but not even the colour opportunities afforded by this redeem the portrait from flatness and undue constraint; it is one of the few pictures in which the artist appears to have felt the weight of tradition and bowed beneath it to the extent of producing a well-watered Velasquez. His other portrait of the king is far preferable. It is as if the background of woodland and the presence of dappled sunshine had given him the necessary confidence to let his brush riot with the blue and scarlet of the Spanish Hussars. More and more does the open air seem indispensable to this vivid transmitter of light. Take the biggest picture of all, the "Beaching the Boat, Valencia." From the door of the Octagon room this canvas stares across the room at us, a blaze of blue sea, and dull red oxen plunging in the shallows, and white bellying sail that almost seems to swell with a puff of wind as we look. All the vigour of a vigorous man has gone to the making of this vast insistent canvas. It conveys indescribably the sense of freshness, of nearness to nature, that one associates with a small sketch done out of doors.

This work epitomises the robustness of Senor Sorolla's art. The morbid fevers that waste the talent of so many a modern painter do not touch it; the only fever that burns within him is the fever to visualise the thing seen quickly. With the aid of a vast technical facility, he is able to do this pretty much as he pleases, and, as he has learnt the secret of painting to scale, he can do it on a fourteen foot canvas as surely as on a four-inch panel. "Beaching the Boat" suggests nothing so much as a huge outdoor sketch dashed in by the hand of a giant. There is one more thing to note While he has absorbed the essence of many styles he has become the slave of none; he varies his technique with his subjects and with the different ways he sees them. He uses all and discards all with the kind of elemental strength which, despite its roughness, attracts far more than it repels.

Poetry.

A SONG.

Going up the hill, I found it long
Until I met a merry Song
That kiss'd mine eyes to blind me.
It mock'd at me, and turn'd and fled,
But played on, fluttering overhead,
Till I forgot I went footsore,
And the dusty hill that rose before
Was the blue hill far behind me!

Herbert Trench.

Communications.

THE TERRITORIAL ARTILLERY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—That considerable body of Englishmen who thoroughly appreciate Mr. Haldane's effort to provide a solution of the problem of defence short of compulsory service, and who earnestly desire to help, by personal service and otherwise, towards the attainment of that solution, must be unpleasantly conscious that the various eminent men who are attempting to discourage those ready to make a whole-hearted effort towards the success of the Territorial Army are doing an ill service to their country. The state at which military affairs in this country have arrived needs some great and almost revolutionary treatment; and while calmly and thoroughly considering all the solid facts with which we are confronted, surely we should, at the same time, be careful to chill as little as possible that enthusiasm the inspiration of which is so necessary to the establishment of any scheme adequate to deal with the present crisis.

The primary questions to be considered in dealing with the Territorial Field Artillery are: first, is any alternative artillery for the home army possible? and, secondly, is such field artillery itself impossible? As to the first point, no one has ever succeeded in establishing a complete scheme of regular artillery for the purpose of the defence of these islands, and in the opinion of most experts any such scheme is out of the question. As the "Times" military correspondent wrote on March 14th: "It is not practical politics to expect that this Government, or any Government, will give us 196 batteries on a regular footing for the Territorial Force. The cost would be prohibitive, even if we could find the necessary recruits, which is exceedingly doubtful." Nor has the idea ever been conceived as practical politics. In 1887, when we were precisely in the same position as we should be to-day were we left with not one battery of regular field artillery over and above those allocated to the striking force, a most interesting debate took place at the Royal United Service Institution upon this very question of the possibility of establishing territorial field artillery. It was frankly admitted by practically all who took part in this debate that the idea of providing these islands with regular field artillery for home defence must be abandoned.

General the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury, then Director of Military Intelligence, and speaking, as he said, "with the responsibility which attaches to me as the head of the Intelligence Department of the War Office," said that he believed that it was hopeless to ask the nation to provide batteries of Royal Artillery in time of peace, over and above what was required for the striking force, in order that they might take the field with the auxiliary forces in time of invasion. Colonel Sir Edward Hill put the matter even more strongly: "No doubt if field artillery could be supplied by batteries of the Royal Artillery, that would be the best solution of the difficulty; but I am satisfied there is no Minister, past, present, or future, who would dare to get up and propose the necessary vote for such an expenditure of money. Therefore I think we may conclude that we must look to the auxiliary forces to supply the deficiency." Therefore, this assemblage of experts decided that an attempt should be made to raise territorial field artillery. "My personal opinion," said Sir Henry Brackenbury, "is strongly in favour of having a large force of volunteer field artillery. I say that unhesitatingly, and I believe it is not until we have such a force that we shall really be able to consider these shores of ours safe from invasion."

In the course of this most interesting discussion a mass of useful information and fertile suggestion was brought forward, and after reading the account of the whole debate, the impression left upon the mind is that the case for the territorial field artillery was not only supported by those responsible to Parliament for the expenditure on armaments, but was admitted by the highest military authorities.

What has happened since that time? Has any determined effort been made to carry out the scheme which seemed so well recommended? After examination of the facts, it must be confessed that no such effort has been made. It is true that to-day there are in existence certain batteries of volunteer field artillery, but they are not even officially recognised, and they are not part of any coherent scheme, but are the results of individual, isolated, and almost unofficial enterprise.

The history of their growth may be given in a few words. About 1887 a certain number of Volunteer Garrison Artillery batteries were converted into heavy or position batteries. They were hauled by ordinary farm-horses, and were led by the farm workmen who usually worked them. Some batteries had 40 pounders, some 20, and some 16 pounders R.M.L., in fact, the whole scheme was a very patchwork affair. The Volunteers, however, determined to progress towards better things, and gradually, without official sanction, but within the knowledge of inspecting officers and others, they replaced the farm-horses by light draught horses and mounted drivers. And so the whole matter worked on until it reached its present condition, which is still unofficial, as in the Army List they are still called R.G.A., although they turn out in all respects as field artillery.

It is presumably from the results obtained by these, so to speak, "experiments," and by the Lancashire Royal Field Artillery, that Mr. Haldane has concluded that a large scheme of territorial field artillery is worth the trial. In any case, two points stand out: first, that it has always been held to be impracticable to provide a complete set of regular batteries for home defence and, secondly, that the alternative, an auxiliary field artillery, has never been given a fair chance.

Lord Lansdowne, in the House of Lords on March 16th, recited how His Majesty's advisers at the time of the South African War had added about 60 batteries before they went out of office; but he had to confess, what is now universally known, that these batteries were incomplete and unable to be mobilised. Mr. Haldane recognised this fact, and preferred a smaller scheme of fully equipped batteries to a larger one of batteries which could never take the field. An attempt had indeed been made by the Conservative Government to provide regular artillery for the home defence. But it had failed. There was left the territorial field artillery solution which had never been properly tried, and which Mr. Haldane for the first time now recommends for proper trial. Surely on the face of it every effort should be made to secure favourable conditions for this last attempt at a scheme which has yet to prove its value, and every encouragement afforded to those who are ready to assist it to success?

"But," it is said by those who are too ready to condemn the new scheme without seeing that there is a practicable alternative, "the whole thing is from the first impossible." Is it so? In the first place, as it has been pointed out, it has never been tried. In the second place, precedent and reason alike by no means condemn the new idea. It must be remembered throughout that the Second Line Army is not intended to repulse a surprise attack at the commencement of a war. A large part of the Regular Army would be in England at that time, and the considerable period which would have to elapse before it would be despatched out of the country would afford time for the training of troops which, at the lowest estimate, may be called semi-trained already. It is not, therefore, a complete body of highly-trained men, ready for instant action in an emergency, which we are called upon to secure; but a force which has undergone the preliminary stages of instruction, and which hard and constant work can in a short time make capable of efficient resistance to an invasion. It is superfluous, therefore, and indeed ridiculous, to institute any comparison between the artillery required for the First Line Army and that necessary for home defence.

Next let us see what we can learn abroad as to the possibility of raising auxiliary field artillery. Looking, as is so often expedient, to the Colonies, we find exactly such a system in full operation. In Canada, the whole artillery, garrison and field alike, is established on almost identically the same basis as that on which it is proposed to found the new system of field artillery in these islands. Officers and men alike are not professional soldiers, but citizens, who in many cases spare only a few days a year from their work at the office or on the land. At first there were only nine working days to be spent in camp during

the year. This time has now been extended to a fortnight. Horses and drivers have proved no difficulty, and by establishing the headquarters of the different brigades in the towns, the gunners and non-commissioned officers are able to acquire efficiently their various duties. When I myself was over in Canada I studied with interest this system of what may be called auxiliary artillery, and all I could hear or see tended to establish the opinion that the scheme worked economically and efficiently.

The Canadian example offers striking support to those who contend for the trial of Mr. Haldane's territorial field artillery; nor do arguments which at first seem gravely to weigh against it appear so insuperable when carefully examined. Much outcry has been raised concerning the difficulty of obtaining horses, drivers, and officers. With regard to horses, the Canadian example and English precedent prove that they can be obtained and trained. The County Associations, with their knowledge of their own localities, should have no difficulty in finding men willing to become drivers, and, judging from the evidence offered at the United Service Institution debate, an advertisement in the papers would have the desired effect of procuring some old regular artillery drivers, who are still capable of doing the work to which they were accustomed. As for the officers, not only must there be plenty of retired officers who would be ready and able to come out for 14 days a year in their old capacity, but under the stimulus of the County Association it is practically certain that many young men of the excellent type required will be willing to enter this most attractive branch of the service, and give up a certain amount of their leisure to making themselves acquainted with duties which are in themselves of no small interest.

While Mr. Haldane's scheme must appear on close examination deserving of a most thorough trial, it may happen that some reassurance must be given to those who hesitate to trust the defence of these islands entirely to auxiliary forces. In this case it might be suggested that this reassurance should take the form of a small nucleus of regulars to be allotted to each battery. These men would not only prove most valuable in the instruction of their fellow soldiers, but could if necessary take out one section of the battery at almost a moment's notice. Thus where a brigade of territorial field artillery was stationed together, there would always be a battery ready for immediate service; and even in the case of isolated batteries a section would be available.

No doubt there will be certain amendments which it will be found advisable to make in Mr. Haldane's scheme; but there can be no doubt whatever that the energies of those who desire the efficient defence of the United Kingdom should be directed towards suggesting such amendments, and not aimed at the general condemnation of a scheme which offers fair prospects of success, and to which there seems to be no practicable alternative.—Yours, &c.,

E. Crawshay-Williams.

May 12th, 1908. Late Lieut. R.F.A.

Letters to the Editor.

THE SUGAR CONVENTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your correspondent "Spectator" is not right in his correction of the paragraph on this subject which appeared in your issue of May 2nd. The words "refined sugar only" printed in italics in his letter do not occur in the text of the clause. It says "sugar refined in the United Kingdom and thence exported shall be accompanied by a certificate," &c. The expression *sugar* must be interpreted in accordance with Clause I. of the original Convention, which says that "sugar sweetened products such as preserves, biscuits, and all other analogous products are assimilated to sugar." I have noticed the efforts of our diplomatists to which "Spectator" refers, but I draw a less favourable conclusion from them than he does. No doubt our representative explains that he stated clearly that Great Britain could not undertake to furnish certificates of origin with sugared products, but if this view had been accepted by the Convention it should appear in the text. Moreover, the text is accompanied by an explanation which states that the form of certificate of origin which States can demand has not been annexed to the additional Act, although it has been approved by the Permanent Commission and placed on the minutes of the sittings. This secrecy on a matter vital to our manufactures rouses my suspicions, and is a good illustration of the distrust with which the Convention is regarded. As to the suggestion in "Spectator's" letter that our exports would be penalised if the Convention were terminated, this is the common Protectionist argument, but British manufacturers have done very well in the past without such assistance.—Yours, &c.,

May 13th, 1908. Anti-Convention.

THE JUSTICE OF THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. Swanwick desires to spread abroad "*two salient facts*" about the Bill, both of which seem to be incorrect.

1. "That the Bill, if passed, will leave two out of every three public-houses untouched."

The scale in the Bill does not provide this. In this licensing division there are one market town and eight villages. There are now 83 licences. Mr. Asquith's Bill provides a scale for closing 58, leaving 25 in 1923. This is closing 69 per cent. The convictions for drunkenness in this division in 1907 were four. In ten Hertfordshire towns the Bill will close 68 per cent. In the twelve largest Cambridgeshire villages the Bill will close 71 per cent. There is very little drunkenness in these rural districts, where people chiefly drink a light beer. A probable effect of the Bill will be the closing of nearly all the beer-house licences, leaving the full licences, and the effect of a heavy monopoly charge will be a premium on selling cheap spirits in preference to beer.

The Bill does not leave two out of three public-houses.

2. "That the owners and licensees of the houses closed will be fairly and fully compensated."

In the first place, the compensation provided is taken out of the pockets of the owners and licensees, and is to be only a partial insurance of a difference in rental value with and without the licence. In no trade has Schedule A as assessed on premises ever been based on the extent, value, or profits of the business carried on at those premises. It is based on the annual letting value of the premises in the open market.

No shopkeeper, merchant, or manufacturer would accept as compensation for the loss of his business a sum based on the Schedule A assessment of the premises in which his business is carried on.

The compensation clauses in the Licensing Bill provide only for a loss of rental value, and omit the much more important value contained in the loss of business.

Schedule A on the profits of tied houses is assessed and paid at the brewery.

This simple fact is entirely ignored in the Bill. The owner of licensed premises is unable to transfer his business to other premises, as a new licence cannot be obtained. He is entitled to some compensation for loss of trade.

The limited licence system enforced by the State has compelled brewers to carry on their business at particular premises. Although the trade may find new channels, the loss of capital in closing houses is admittedly very large. The Licensing Bill ignores this loss, and merely provides an insurance fund, collected from those who incur the loss, to refund in the case of licences withdrawn, the capitalised difference of the loss on rentals diminishing annually by fourteen instalments.

Many licensed houses will be closed on which the compensation will be only a few pounds per cent. of the capital involved.

The following is an illustration: "The Black Horse," High Street, Hitchin. Schedule A assessment £48. Licence £20. Compensation levy £10. The assessment is a fair assessment of the full annual letting value, as a free house, to a free tenant. The tenant's nominal rent to his brewer is £19, but owing to the high assessment (on which a triple

charge depends), rates at 7s. in the £, licence at £20, compensation levy at £10, he is, in fact, unable to pay any rent. The trade, about 200 barrels a year, is of value to the brewery, and until the Licensing Bill was introduced could easily be capitalised and sold at £1,200. The spirit trade is not tied.

This house is in a position in which it may probably be worth £40 rent for another trade, leaving £8 a year as the basis of compensation to be received under the Bill.

After paying a levy of £10 a year the owners may receive such a sum as will provide an annuity of £8 for an unexpired portion of fourteen years. If closed in 1923 the owners will have paid £190 to the Compensation Fund, and will receive £8. Can this be termed a full and fair compensation for a loss of business recently worth £1,200, a figure to which nothing has been added during the speculative rise in public-house prices? This is a concrete example of what will happen under the present compensation clauses of the Bill. Compensation becomes a phrase meaning nothing. A high licence system graduated on the density of the population is in my opinion much to be preferred to the complicated process contained in this Bill.—Yours, &c.,

COUNTRY BREWER.

May 11th, 1908.

THE BRITISH SUNDAY AND THE EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was glad to see the letter from the Honorary Secretary of your Sunday Society in the "Times" yesterday. As Mr. Judge truly says, the public of France are waiting to learn whether the great exhibition is to be open on Sundays. I may say that they are anxiously waiting for the answer to the question, for on it depends whether thousands of our people will, or will not, be able to visit the exhibition, in which the Fine Arts section will be of such exceptional value that the "Times" properly describes it as "by far the finest collection of works of art, French and British, that has ever been brought together in this country" (the United Kingdom).

The very idea of closing such an exhibition on Sundays surprises a Frenchman, for with us it is just on Sundays that such exhibitions receive the largest number of visitors. We, however, take into account the habits of the different countries. Sunday rest has for more than two hundred and thirty years formed part of the legislation of the British people and has entered into their customs. I understand, therefore, why the industrial and commercial parts of the exhibition should be shut on Sundays, but need this extend, even in England, to the art collections? As set out in the address of the Sunday Society to the French people, the national collections of art in London are now open on Sundays. Has this opening of the national museums and galleries exercised a bad moral influence? Can it be said that the seeing of artistic objects does not form part of a people's education? It must surely be of educational importance to afford opportunities for the study of the scientific and artistic achievements of two such countries as Britain and France, and draw comparisons between them. Is not that, indeed, the *raison d'être* of the exhibition? Well, then, let us facilitate visits to the exhibition as much as possible. It is most important for the French visitor that these science and are collections should be visible on Sundays.

Nowadays the inspection of scientific or artistic treasures is no longer regarded as an aristocratic privilege. But the workman who took a day from work in order to visit the exhibition would pay heavily for it. In addition to the admission there would be the loss of his day's earnings. With Sunday closing the tendency would be to make the exhibition a privilege for the well-to-do.

With the liberal policy now adopted by the British Parliament in regard to the Sunday opening of the collections in your national museums and galleries, we cannot believe that similar collections in the exhibition will be shut on Sundays. If one allows that the result is good in case of works of the past, would it not be the same in the case of contemporary art and science?—Yours, &c.,

YVES GUYOT.

95, Rue de Seine, Paris,
May 12th, 1908.

LIFE OF DELANE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I must take exception to one passage in your interesting review of my "Life of Delane," in your issue of May 2nd. The accidental transposition of two prepositions in page 266 of the second volume, a mistake which will be corrected in the next edition, is hardly sufficient warranty for the statement that I have "misreported simple facts of contemporary history like the Benedetti Treaty." The context shows that the mistake is nothing more than a typographical error.

In fairness to myself I must request you to give this explanation the same publicity as your criticism of my work.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT.

The Dutch House, Hampton-on-Thames,
May 7th, 1908.

[Of course, we accept Mr. Dasent's explanation, and withdraw our comment. But as his sentence stood, it reversed the truth about the origin of the Treaty.—ED. NATION.]

THE TRADE IN FICTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your nervous anxiety for "the liberty of the great artist," contained in your reference to my having "cut" a story by Robert Louis Stevenson, may perhaps be allayed when I inform you that Mr. Stevenson, when he came to publish his "Beach of Falesa" in book form, adopted almost to a word my alteration of his work, and thus it stands to-day.

Assuming, Sir, that you received on occasion a contribution of unquestionably literary merit and undeniably artistic taste, but here and there a touch of Rabelaisian frankness, would you or would you not insert that in your journal? I think you would "cut"—after consultation with the author, of course, where the author was available, but without consulting him if he were many thousands of miles away.

On this question of the blue pencil in literature there has been much astonishingly foolish comment in the daily journals since the verdict in the "Rita" case. My protest is against the whole of the pretentious army of makers of the fiction of the day. There are degrees of humility and of arrogance with these gentlemen, very much after the fashion that there is with tradesmen. One man keeps a small butter shop in a side street, another a substantial emporium in a main road, a third sells his butter wholesale. I am not quite sure that the airs of butter merchants Nos. 2 and 3 at the expense of butter merchant No. 1 are warranted. It is so with the fiction trade of to-day—usually a less satisfactory condiment than butter.

In the "Rita" case witness after witness declared that he was in the habit of writing stories for serial publication, and did not mind what changes were made by his editor or to what extent his stories were "cut." Among such witnesses were Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. William Le Queux, and Mr. Robert Leighton.

Another array of witnesses, also well-known writers of fiction, declared that they would not have a line of their work cut by an editor. Of these gentlemen I say nothing, for some of them are personal friends. I take them, however, as representatives of a class. Of this class it may be said that the particular demand for their work safeguards them from selling it under conditions in which it would be necessary to cut. Such a publication as "Tit-Bits" or "Answers" would not add thousands to its circulation by the publication of a story by any one of these. It does not want them—it does not buy them. On the other hand, the "high-class" magazine, which is sometimes not so much edited as flung together, finds it quite convenient to publish their work without deleting a line, and buys on these conditions, generally from a literary agent, who is often the real editor of the publication in question. Sometimes the editor buys the story without reading it at all.

I am unable to take these more prominent novelists of the hour quite as seriously as they take themselves. I read many scores of their works a year. With most of them I find only a trade trick. Cutting would not make less a work of art of what was never in the remotest degree a work of art.

If I send an article to a newspaper I frequently

find that it has been "cut" by the editor. I presume, Sir, that you have "cut" the articles of your contributors on occasion. Now I consider my article quite as much a work of art as nine-tenths of the novels published each year. Well, it has never occurred to me that I had any remedy against the editor, not even the £5 that a jury awarded to Rita. The £100 for calling her novel a "new story" is a separate issue.

Some time ago I sent a letter to one of the leading morning newspapers; half of it appeared. That was because the editor did not agree with the other half. This I counted an outrage, and if the law is to protect our writers of fiction, I think it should protect our writers of facts.—Yours, &c.,

May 9th, 1908. CLEMENT SHORTER.

PENSIONS AND THE SINKING FUND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I confess that I read your comments on the Budget with some astonishment.

A small pension scheme has been introduced which by working (1) an income limit, and (2) a pauper limit, contrives to whittle down cost to £6,000,000 or so per annum.

This scheme, small as it is, is not financed by the present Budget. Only £1,200,000, or less than the so-called "nucleus" of last year, is provided; as to the balance of £4,800,000, we have only a mysterious hint as to the Sinking Fund.

You, Sir, joyfully welcoming this hint, translate it into figures, expressing your belief that the annual appropriation to the debt services, put by Mr. Austen Chamberlain at £28,000,000, is to be reduced next year to £25,000,000.

You are encouraged to do this by Mr. Asquith's statement, which you endorse, that at March 31st, 1909, the debt will be where it was twenty years ago.

But why go back twenty years? Here are the facts:—

1889	.....	£697,000,000
1899	.....	£628,000,000
1909	.....	£696,000,000

At March 31st, 1909, the National Debt, that is, will be £68,000,000 higher than before the war, when Liberals properly protested against a Tory raid on the sinking fund.

Yet, with about one-third of the war cost still remaining as debt, for not knowing how soon our financial strength may be again sorely tried, THE NATION contemplates with satisfaction the financing of a pension scheme out of the Sinking Fund. Nay, not merely "out of" the Sinking Fund, for the new Sinking Fund is but about £3,000,000. You would annihilate it.

The debt repayments of the last two years have been chiefly accidental, arising from (1) our unparalleled trade boom, (2) the deaths of rich people, and (3) mistakes in estimating revenue. The contemplated raid would be designed and either permanent or replaced by a revenue quite as legitimately, if not more legitimately, obtained from "Tariff Reform."

But this is not all. Last year's revenue was obviously under-estimated, as I pointed out at the time. This year's revenue is, I fear, over-estimated. One-tenth or so of the financial year has already expired, and here is the record:—

	Revenue.
32 Working Days, April 1st to May 9th, 1908 ..	£14,762,532
35 Working Days, April 1st to May 11th, 1907 .	£17,019,468

At the rate of last year, £15,540,000 should have come in. So that we have a loss of £780,000 in a tenth of the year. Also a working day is lost, and another will be lost. It is, of course, too soon to speak with complete confidence, but in view of the extraordinary slump in trade shown by the April trade returns, we must expect bad revenue figures.

One thing may save us—the income-tax, that incomparable instrument which is still used so clumsily, and which the Government blindly refuse to use wisely. Mr. Asquith pointed out that the individual declarations up to £2,000 a year had led in 1907-8 to the revelation of much more income, the gross assessments now reaching £980,000,000. Yet Mr. Asquith refused last year to entertain my proposal that the rich, as well as those with up to £2,000 a year, should declare their incomes. It would but need this simple and just provision to bring the gross assessments well over £1,000,000,000—the net income of about 5,000,000 people of the "classes" now approximating to that figure. I mention this to remind you, and the Government, that a nation with such stores of wealth should deem it unnecessary either to whittle pensions down to a £5,000,000 undertaking, or to pay that £6,000,000 by raiding a too small Sinking Fund.—Yours, &c.,

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY.

House of Commons, May 14th, 1908.

THE DUNDEE ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have seen many letters, in which attempts have been made to arrive at a true comparison between the bye-election just decided at Dundee, and the election at the same place in January, 1906. As far as I can judge, none of these attempts has been successful, mainly because the correspondents concerned do not appear to have seen an analysis of the voting of 1906.

The then candidates were Robertson and Robson, Liberals; Wilkie, Labor; Shackleton and Smith, Conservatives.

This is how the voting went:—

Robertson and Wilkie	3,183
,, Robson	5,953
,, Shackleton	65
,, Smith	24
,, plumpers	51
Wilkie and Robson	124
,, Shackleton	769
,, Smith	204
,, plumpers	2,553
Robson and Shackleton	27
,, Smith	5
,, plumpers	13
Shackleton and Smith	2,934
,, plumpers	16
Smith, plumpers	16

Now votes, either plumpers or split, which have gone to any one political party are, of course, votes belonging solely to that party.

On the other hand, votes which have been split between two different parties should, to arrive at a just total, be divided equally between those parties.

Now, taking this method and applying it to the analysis, we find that the votes recorded for each party in 1906 were:—

Liberal, 5,953 + 51 + 13 + $\left\{\frac{1}{2}\right.$ of (3,183 + 65 + 24 + 124 + 27 + 5) = $\left.\right\}$ 1,714 = 7,731.

Labor, 2,553 + $\left\{\frac{1}{2}\right.$ of (3,183 + 124 + 769 + 204) = $\left.\right\}$ 2,140 = 4,693.

Conservative, 2,934 + 70 + 16 + $\left\{\frac{1}{2}\right.$ of (65 + 24 + 769 + 204 + 27 + 5) = $\left.\right\}$ 547 = 3,567.

The poll last week was—Liberal, 7,079; Conservative, 4,370; Labor, 4,014; from which it appears that the Liberals and Labor have lost 652 and 679 respectively, while the Conservatives have gained 803. Perhaps it would be better to apportion the Prohibition vote of 655. It is hardly likely that any of these were drawn from the Tories; but suppose the odd 55 were, then divide the remaining 600 equally among Liberal and Labor. This would show the following Table:—

	1908.	1906.	
Liberal ...	7,379 ...	7,731 ...	Decrease 352
Conservative .	4,425 ...	3,567 ...	Increase 858
Labor ...	4,314 ...	4,693 ...	Decrease 379

The figures appear to bring out: (1) The great steadfastness of all parties at Dundee, which compares very favourably with the unreliability of all parties in these southern parts, where the strong, silent, dependable Englishman is supposed to reside. (2) The fact that the Liberal and Labor Parties suffer together; and (3) That the deserters to Protection are drawn about equally from each of the two other parties.

If this last is not so, then, if the deserters are mainly Liberal, the consequent loss to the Liberal Party is partly made up by secessions to it from the Labor Party, while if the deserters are mainly from Labor, the loss to that party is partly made up by an influx of Liberals.—Yours, &c.,

F. HUBERT JONES.

68, Tarvin Road, Chester,
May 13th, 1908.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

A BIOGRAPHY that can hardly fail to be of great political and literary interest is "The Life and Letters of Lady Russell," which will be published by Messrs. Methuen during the coming autumn season. As Lord John Russell's wife Lady Russell occupied a position of great importance in the political society of the last century, and her own undoubted gifts of character and intellect, as well as her singular charm of manner and conversation, made her house a meeting place for the chief Liberal and Radical leaders of her time. She interested herself in a great variety of subjects, and among her correspondents were Moore, Rogers, Mazzini, Dickens, and Dr. Martineau. Unlike most of the great Whig ladies, her advocacy of progressive causes became firmer rather than weaker as time went on, and she was far more of a Radical, tending even to Socialism, than a Whig at the end of her life. The task of preparing the biography has been entrusted to Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, and he has had access to a large number of unpublished diaries and letters, including the correspondence between Lord John Russell and his wife at the time of the Free Trade agitation, which was not available for Sir Spencer Walpole's "Life of Lord John Russell." It will be remembered that Lord John Russell visited Napoleon at Elba, and had long conversations with him there. It is to be hoped that Mr. MacCarthy will see fit to include in the coming book some portions of the diary in which Lord John noted down these conversations. Mr. Justin MacCarthy will contribute to the work a chapter of personal reminiscences of Lady Russell.

* * *

MESSRS. PUTNAM'S SONS are to publish a fifth series of Mr. Paul Elmer More's "Shelburne Essays" within the next few weeks. Former volumes of these essays have been an exception to the rule that a volume of essays on literary themes can never hope for a large circulation. Mr. More's success is gratifying, for he never panders to the passion for gossip. His work is true criticism, dignified, acute, and sober, and he has, too, a real feeling for style. Most of the essays in the coming volume have already appeared in the New York "Nation," and among the subjects treated are "The Greek Anthology," "The Praise of Dickens," "George Gissing," "Mrs. Gaskell," "Philip Freneau," "Thoreau's Journal," "The Centenary of Longfellow," "James Thomson (B.V.)," "Chesterfield," and "Sir Henry Wotton." One of the most striking of the essays is that which deals with the author of "The City of Dreadful Night." Mr. More classes Lucretius, Leopardi, and Thomson as typical of three aspects of pessimism. Lucretius, he states, may be said to speak for rebellious mankind, Leopardi for the patriot who merges his personal grievance in despondency over his nation, and Thomson for the individual who feels himself cut off by circumstances from the complete illusion of happiness. This is a happy characterisation of the three poets, for if Thomson has nothing of the splendid audacity and Roman courage of Lucretius, and little of Leopardi's patriotism, he has given effective expression to the mood of haunting despair.

* * *

AN account of Louis XVII., under the title "The King Who Never Reigned," will be published this autumn by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. It will contain the memoirs of Eckard and of Naundorff, together with a translation of M. Joseph Turquan's interesting attempt to solve the mystery that surrounds Louis XVII.'s fate. M. Turquan's theory is that the Dauphin was murdered in the Temple Prison at Robespierre's instigation, and that his place was taken by a child in the last stages of consumption, who was smuggled into the prison. M. Turquan's theory is simple, and has the merit of accounting for some at least of the facts, such, for instance, as the order that Madame Royale should not be allowed to see her brother, and the discovery of the skeleton of a child in the Temple. The fate of Louis XVII., like that of the Man in the Iron Mask, is one of those unsolved historical mysteries which have engaged many pens without any likelihood of certainty being reached.

ANOTHER work by M. Turquan, soon to make its appearance in English, is "The Sisters of Napoleon," which has been translated by Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge. The view taken is that Napoleon's sisters had a greater influence on the march of events than is generally supposed, and that their action did much to damage the Emperor in the esteem of the masses. Caroline, Queen of Naples, certainly did something to promote the disasters of the Empire, and Elisa's conduct as Grand Duchess of Tuscany roused the hostility of the Italians, and was in part responsible for their desertion of Napoleon's cause in his hour of need. Pauline did less injury to her brother, but her scandalous life well merited the epithet "crowned courtesan," which has been applied to her. The lives of Napoleon's sisters and their influence upon his fortunes should certainly make an attractive addition to the history of the Empire. The book will be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

* * *

Two novels of special promise to be published during the season are "The Little Brown Brother," by Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, which will be issued by Messrs. Constable, and "The Singular Republic," by Mr. W. H. Koebel, announced by Mr. Francis Griffiths. Mr. Hyatt came to the front last year with "Marcus Hay," a novel which made a great impression. His coming book is founded on his experiences of the Spanish-American War, and is said to be an uncompromising exposure of the corrupt side of American politics and its effect upon the war. Mr. Koebel is the author of "Modern Argentina," a delightful book of travel, reviewed in our issue of August 17th last. The scene of the new novel is laid in South America, where Mr. Koebel has lived for several years.

* * *

THE anonymous author of "Leaves from a Life" is at work on a new book, which will probably be called "Fresh Leaves." It will be occupied chiefly with reminiscences of country life. Mr. Eveleigh Nash is to be the publisher.

* * *

THE death of M. Ludovic Halévy on Friday week, at the ripe age of seventy-four, closes the career of one of the most witty and graceful of modern French writers. Halévy was known throughout the world as the collaborator of Meilhac and Offenbach. His librettos were a feature of the Second Empire, and are all marked by gaiety of conception and deft craftsmanship in execution. He won fame, too, in more serious work, for "Monsieur et Madame Cardinal," "L'Abbé Constantin," and "Criquette" are almost classics. He was a member of the French Academy for a quarter of a century, but wrote little since his election to that body in 1883. There are now two vacancies in the Academy, but it is understood that no steps will be taken to elect new members until the spring of next year.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer." By David Duncan, LL.D. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

"The Cradle of the Deep: An Account of a Voyage to the West Indies." By Sir Frederick Treves. (Smith, Elder. 12s. net.)

"The Life of Goethe." Vol. III. From 1815 to 1832. By Albert Bielschowsky. Translated by W. A. Cooper. (Putnam's Sons 15s. net.)

"The Rise of Man." By Colonel C. R. Conder, LL.D. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"Autobiography of Montagu Burrows." Edited by his son, Stephen Montagu Burrows. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

"The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century." By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. (Methuen. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"From Edinburgh to India and Burmah." By W. G. Burn Murdoch. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Mr. Crewe's Career." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Le Pragmatisme." Etude de ses diverses formes, Anglo-Américaine, Française, et Italienne, et de sa Valeur Religieuse. Par Marcel Hébert. (Paris: Nourry. 1 fr. 25.)

"Molière: Les Théâtres, Le Public, et les Comédiens de son Temps." Par Karl Mantzius. Traduit du Danois par Maurice Pellisson. (Paris: Colin. 5 fr.)

"Souvenirs de la Duchesse de Dino." Publiés par sa petite-fille la Comtesse Jean de Castellane. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 7 fr. 50.)

"Le Baiser au Clair de Lune." Roman. Par Guy Chantepleure. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

"Kirche und Sozialdemokratie." Von G. Liebster. (Berlin: M. 3.)

NOW READY, with a Coloured Frontispiece, 40 pages of Half-Tone Illustrations and 4 Sketch Maps. Small royal 8vo. 12s. net.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

An Account of a Visit to the West Indies.

BY

SIR FREDERICK TREVES, Bart.,

Author of "The Other Side of the Lantern," "Tale of a Field Hospital," &c.

JUST PUBLISHED. Third, Revised and much Enlarged Edition. Small demy 8vo. 3s. 6d net.

HARDY ORNAMENTAL FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS.

By A. D. WEBSTER, Author of "Practical Forestry," "The Forester's Diary," &c.

MEMORIES OF MEN AND BOOKS.

By Rev. Professor ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A., Author of "Stories from Homer," &c. With a Portrait. 8s. 6d. net.

Spectator.—"Our only quarrel with this very agreeable book of reminiscences is that it sometimes withholds information where we particularly want it. But we must stifle our cry for more, which is, by the way, a true compliment to the book, and indicates the good things."

THE PASSING OF MOROCCO.

By FREDERICK MOORE, Author of "The Balkan Trail." With a Map and 12 pages of Illustrations, 5s. net.

Standard.—"Cleverly written, and gives some intimate views of recent scenes and developments in the Moorish Empire."

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

By Mrs. SUTHERLAND ORR. NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. Revised and in parts Re-written by FREDERIC G. KENYON, D.Litt. With 2 Portraits, 7s. 6d. net.

Daily Mail.—"May now, thanks to Dr. Kenyon, be accepted by Browning enthusiasts as authoritative."

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE GREY KNIGHT:

An Autumn Love Story.

By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

Illustrated London News.—"Altogether charming. . . . No one, we think, will read 'The Grey Knight' without feeling the better for it."

CROSSRIGGS.

By MARY and JANE FINDLATER.

Times.—"A book which contains an abundance of good things. The authors' principal claim to success is Alex Hope; in her they have added to the number of one's friends."

THE FLEMINGS.

By JESSIE and CHARLES FIELDING MARSH.

*** A penetrating study of an artistic temperament drawn away from the hard and engrossing service of art by the love of a woman who possesses different ideals. [*Just Published.*

THE FOREFRONT of the BATTLE.

By ANDREW LORING.

Author of "The Rhymer's Lexicon," &c. [*May 19.*

*** A story of adventure, politics, and romance, the hero being a young statesman of Cabinet rank. The plot is very ingenious, and the story contains many dramatic situations.

RE-ISSUE OF

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY,

Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN and SIDNEY LEE.

IN TWENTY-TWO VOLUMES,

Cloth, gilt top, 15s. net each;

or half-morocco, marbled edges, 21s. net each.

VOLUME III. (BROWN—CHALONER) NOW READY.

Daily Telegraph.—"One of the cheapest works of the kind ever put before the public. . . . In welcoming this new and marvellously cheap re-issue, which will cost only one-third of its original price and occupy only one-third of the shelf space, we may say that no public reference library will in future be worthy of the name that does not contain the 'Dictionary' in one or other of its forms."

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

16 Henrietta Street, W.C., and Edinburgh.

Mr. W. H. Lang's volume, "Australia," in the "Romance of Empire" series is now ready. The romantic incidents of Empire-building are graphically depicted. The artist, Mr. Lambert, is familiar with his subject, and contributes twelve telling illustrations, reproduced in their original colours. Of the previous volume, "Canada," by Beckles Willson, the "Saturday Review" describes it as "overflowing with adventure." 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

The idea of bringing together in neat and light volumes the best stories of all time has never yet been adopted. Messrs. Jack have commenced such a series in "The World's Story Tellers." Two volumes are ready: "Stories by Gautier" and "Stories by Hoffman." Only the best will be selected, and readers may be sure of obtaining volumes of entrancing interest and of genuine literary merit. Mr. Arthur Ransome edits the series and contributes introductions. Each volume has a frontispiece portrait by Miss J. Gavin from an authentic source. Cloth, 1s. net per volume.

Lovers of Opera will welcome Mr. Cuthbert Hadden's "The Operas of Wagner," and all who desire to follow the plot and understand the music will find a mine of wealth in this volume. The twenty-four superb illustrations in colour by an artist who has proved himself especially in sympathy with the Wagner themes—Mr. Byam Shaw—add greatly to the beauty of the book. It is at once the most perfect and the cheapest book on the subject. An ideal gift-book. 6s. net.

Of the "Masterpieces in Colour" series fourteen volumes have now been issued. Artists express surprise at the beauty of the reproductions. The first attempt to reproduce the world's masterpieces in their full glory of colour, revealing to many accustomed to the usual black-and-white illustrations beauties unrealised before. Messrs. Jack have sent a qualified representative to select and obtain the necessary permissions in the Continental galleries, and the pictures chosen include many unfamiliar subjects. Encouraged by the great success of the series many other volumes are being prepared. The four last issued are "Titian," "Holman Hunt," "Leighton," and "Raphael." The next two will be "Millais" and "Carlo Dolci." 1s. 6d. net per volume.

Mr. Birrell, M.P., has completed his selection of Browning's Poems, with introduction, notes, &c., and it now forms the twelfth volume in the "Golden Poets" series. Cloth, gilt, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Jack have always made a feature of "Nature Books," and the volume on "The Farm" has just been added to the "Shown to the Children" series. These volumes, which now include "Beasts," "Birds," "Flowers," "The Sea-Shore," contain no fewer than forty-eight illustrations reproduced in colour from original drawings. The text and plates are specially designed for children, and owing to their excellence and cheapness the volumes are in continuous demand. 2s. 6d. net.

"Napoleon" and "Oliver Cromwell," by H. E. Marshall, author of the ever-popular history of England for children ("Our Island Story"), have been added to the "Children's Heroes" series. 1s. 6d. net and 1s. net.

Spring List on Application.

London: T. C. & E. C. Jack,

16 Henrietta Street, W.C.; and Edinburgh.

Reviews.

THE DECAY OF DIVINE RIGHT.*

THAT religious thought is the key to political thought, and that there is an "absolute solidarity" between the controversies of the past and those of our own day are the main theses discussed and illustrated by Mr. Figgis in a volume whose modest size is no index to its importance. It presupposes a certain knowledge in the reader; but, given this, it may be said with confidence that its interest will be found as vivid as its learning and scientific temper are exceptional. It recalls the work of Acton and F. W. Maitland, and represents the Cambridge Historical School at its best.

The writing is necessarily compressed. The period covered is a seed-bed of later ideas and institutions; and the limits imposed by the circumstances under which the lectures were originally delivered—they were the Birkbeck Lectures of 1900—made anything like detail impossible. And the more carefully the facts are studied the more inadequate general statements professing to embody them appear.

> "Of course, all these statements are merely approximate. We can say no more than that certain tendencies were dominant at one time rather than another. The theocratic ideal is still discoverable; and there was very little theocracy about the Venetian Constitution in the Middle Ages. In the same way there was some real equality and independence among nations long before Dante wrote "De Monarchia"; and, if the State is not to be called such because it is loosely knit, what are we to say of the British Empire to-day?"

Nowhere do we feel this more than when we compare the medieval with the modern conception of Church and State. The Medieval Church stood in close relation to the Empire; in theory the two coincided. But this theory was never fully realised: the existence of such States as England and France outside the Empire made the formula inadequate, and gave the Church a reserve force which was an appreciable factor in her conflicts with the civil power. The result, however, of the association between the Holy Roman Church and the Holy Roman Empire was that the Church was not *a* State, as it became later, but *the* State: the State, or, rather, the civil authority (for a separate society was not recognised), was merely the police department of the Church.

> "The latter took over from the Roman Empire its theory of the absolute and universal jurisdiction of the supreme authority, and developed it into the doctrine of the *plenitudo potestatis* of the Pope, who was the supreme dispenser of law, the fountain of honour, including regal honour, and the sole legitimate earthly source of power, the legal if not the actual founder of religious orders, university degrees, the 'supreme judge and divider' among nations, the guardian of international right, the avenger of Christian blood. All these functions have passed elsewhere, and the theory of omnipotence, which the Popes held, on the plea that any action might come under their cognizance so far as it concerned morality, has now been assumed by the State on the analogous theory that any action, religious or otherwise, so far as it becomes a matter of money, or contract, must be a matter for the courts."

Mr. Figgis illustrates this change of view by an apposite reference to the Scottish Church Case of 1904, in which the present Secretary for War endeavoured, at considerable length, to explain to the late Lord Chancellor the notion of a Church. When did an Englishman understand the ecclesiastical politics of the superior part of this island? Mr. Haldane's well-meant effort was in vain.

Bellarmine's theory of the indirect power of the Pope in the civil sphere was an ingenious attempt to meet the new facts of the political world, while retaining the claims of the old Church under a modified formula. His treatise was condemned at once by the Index and by the Parliament of Paris. The instinct of the French lawyers was sound. The new view brought in by a side wind all that was most mischievous in the old, the extravagance of whose form had gone far to neutralise its content.

> "Under the mask of an indirect power, which is to interfere in politics in order to prevent laws being passed contrary to ecclesiastical liberty or against the virtue of the people, and may depose a monarch, if he attacks the immunities of the Church, it is clear that practical activity of the most dangerous kind might be exercised by the Popes; and that the doctrine, if carried to its extremes, might be so used as to mean a temporal sovereignty for the Pope, or at any rate an irritating suzerainty."

The object was to emphasise the distinction between the ecclesiastical and the civil power at the expense of the latter, which was conceived as purely secular, a human institution for material ends. The former was from above; this from beneath. The sovereignty of the people was urged by Suarez and Molina in the interests not of civil freedom but of Church authority, which was exalted in proportion as the State was belittled. The doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings was originally a protest against this; against ecclesiastical usurpation, that is to say, rather than popular liberties: it had the Pope, not the people, in view.

The medieval theory, which was that of so sound a Protestant as John Knox, was nearer the modern view than its sixteenth century modification; the Papalism of Augustinus Triumphus needed only to be laicised to be brought into contest with actuality. The Church becomes mankind viewed from the religious standpoint; its teaching the religious consciousness of mankind at its highest expression; its infallibility the fact that this consciousness in the long run justifies itself. In this view, the error, inevitable under the then existing circumstances, was the identification of this religious and moral sense with the pronouncements of the hierarchy: but, the centre of gravity changed, the theory holds. The other theory, even under Cavour's plausible formula, lands its advocates on the slippery slope of the *societas perfecta* doctrine of canonists, embodied in the *Immortale Dei* of Leo XIII. The Church is a "societas genere et jure perfecta, cum adjumenta ad incolumitatem actionemque suam necessaria voluntate beneficioque conditoris sui, omnia in se et per se ipsa possideat."

The Encyclical, which is to be found in the later editions of Denzinger's "Encheiridion," should be carefully studied by those who desire to compare the two views. To get behind both, the position of Sohm deserves more consideration than it has received in this country. Sohm, in Harnack's words, "*ist ex errore per veritatem ad errorem gelangt.*" But there are few writers from whom so much is to be learned. Both the "Kirchenrecht" and the smaller "Grundriss der Kirchengeschichte," an excellent translation of which is available, should be consulted. For the Catholic side of the question, reference may be made to Hergenröther's "Catholic Church and Christian State."

Mr. Figgis has, we think, overstated the case against Probabilism. There are many varieties of this theory; and it may be said with truth that, in common with other casuistic theories, they are injurious to morality in so far as they formulate the exception. But no received doctrine holds "that it is morally justifiable for a man to pursue the course which he believes to be wrong, if only he can find a single authority of weight who declares it to be right." A man is not bound to take what he conceives to be the most perfect course; but, in order to act, he must be convinced in conscience that his action is morally justifiable. What is called Moral Theology is essentially *ex post facto;* a science of reflection, not a guide to conduct. And Probabilism is primarily for the use of the confessor, not of the penitent. Given the existing use of the sacrament of penance, some such theory is essential in the interest of the community. Failing it, the confessor would be able to impose his personal opinions in faith and morals under a pain of refusal of absolution. St. Alphonsus Liguori made this tyranny impossible; and it is, perhaps, as the founder of Probabilism in this sense that he is a Doctor of the Church.

F.

* "Studies of Political Thought from Gerson to Grotius, 1414-1625." By John Neville Figgis, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

LEMAÎTRE ON RACINE.*

THE reader of M. Lemaître's brilliant series of lectures on Racine can hardly fail to be struck by the difference between the popular attitude towards literary reputations in this country and in France. A course of lectures on a seventeenth century classic, however eminent the lecturer, would in this country win but a sparse audience. M. Lemaître found that, owing to the demand for tickets of admission, he

* "Jean Racine." Par Jules Lemaître. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS' NEW BOOKS.

LETTERS OF CORTES.

The Five Letters of Relation from Fernando Cortes to the Emperor Charles V.

Translated and Edited, with a Biographical Introduction and Notes compiled from original sources, by FRANCIS AUGUSTUS MACNUTT. Illustrated with Portraits in Photogravure and Maps, two volumes 8vo, cloth extra (limited to 750 sets printed from type), £2 2s. net.

This sumptuous edition of the letters of Cortes presents for the first time in a consecutive English translation the five letters of relation from Fernando Cortes to the Emperor Charles V. Historians and scholars have long recognised these letters as the earliest and most authoritative source of information on Mexican conquest. The present version has been translated throughout by Mr. MacNutt, who has rendered the cumbersome sixteenth-century Spanish of Cortes in readable English.

THE LIFE OF GOETHE.

By ALBERT BIELSCHOWSKY. Authorised Translation from the German by WILLIAM A. COOPER, Assistant Professor of German in the Leland Stanford Junior University. In three volumes, fully Illustrated, 8vo, cloth 15s. net each.

Vol. I.—From Birth to the Return from Italy, 1749-1788.

Vol. II.—From the Italian Journey to the Wars of Liberation, 1788-1815.

Vol. III.—From the Congress of Vienna to the Poet's Death, 1815-1832.

Dr. Bielschowsky was acknowledged as the foremost authority on Goethe of recent times. His biography embraces the results of all previous study of Goethe, and in addition includes a great many distinct contributions to our knowledge of his times and works, especially of how the writings are the faithful expression of the man in the various phases of his development. The literary form is one of the highest artistic finish, the book being intended not merely for specialists, but more particularly for the general cultured public.

THE WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TURK'S HEAD EDITION.

Beautifully Illustrated with 80 Full-Page Photogravure Plates Reproduced from Original Drawings, especially made for this Set by Mr. FREDERICK SIMPSON COBURN.

In 10 large 8vo volumes, printed on Old Stratford Linen Paper, bound in buckram, with gilt tops (edition limited to 750 copies), £10 10s. net.

PRISONERS OF CHANCE.

By RANDALL PARRISH, author of "When Wilderness was King," "My Lady of the North," "Beth Norvell," &c. With Illustrations in colour. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s.

Mr. Parrish's latest novel is a romance of the province of Louisiana during the stirring last years of the eighteenth century.

His hero is a young Englishman who meets strange adventures among Frenchmen and Spaniards, and with survivors of the ancient race of mound-builders.

Our New Illustrated List is now Ready.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 84, Bedford Street, Strand, London; and NEW YORK.

T. & T. CLARK'S NEW LIST.

By the late **JAMES ADAM, Litt.D.**, Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Demy 8vo, 10/6 net.

THE RELIGIOUS TEACHERS OF GREECE.

GIFFORD LECTURES ON NATURAL RELIGION.

Edited with a Memoir, by his wife, ADELA MARION ADAM.

PREHISTORIC ARCHÆOLOGY AND THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Rev. H. J. DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, Litt.D. East Rudham. Post 8vo, 5s. net.

THE PASTORAL TEACHING OF ST. PAUL: His Ministerial Ideals. By W. E. CHADWICK, D.D., Author of "The Social Teaching of St. Paul," &c. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d net.

"The most valuable contribution to the subject of the duties of a clergyman in his pastoral capacity which has appeared for several generations."—*Cambridge Review.*

THE EARLY TRADITIONS OF GENESIS. By Prof. A. R. GORDON, D.Litt., Montreal. Post 8vo. 6s. net.

"We can confidently recommend this book both to students and the general reader. It embodies a reverent and at the same time thoroughly scientific reconstruction of the traditions and historical facts recorded in the earlier portions of the book of Genesis."—*Athenæum.*

THE RELIGION OF THE POST-EXILIC PROPHETS. By Prof. W. H. BENNETT, D.Litt., London. Post 8vo, 6s. net.

"Lucid and comprehensive, vigorously written, and entirely reverent in spirit."—*Methodist Times.*

NO STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE: NO NATURAL SELECTION; A Critical Examination of the Fundamental Principles of the Darwinian Theory. By GEORGE PAULIN. Post 8vo, 5s. net.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, and his Influence on Religious Life and Thought. By CHARLES SAROLEA, D.Ph. D.Litt. University of Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, 3s.

New Vol. International Critical Commentary.

ECCLESIASTES. By Prof. GEORGE A. BARTON, Ph.D., Bryn Mawr College, U.S.A. Nearly ready, post 8vo, 8s. 6d.

Complete in Two Volumes.

HASTINGS, DICTIONARY OF CHRIST AND THE GOSPELS. Price per vol. in cloth, 21s. net, and in half-morocco, gilt top, 26s. net.

"The preacher's purpose is better served than it has ever been before."—*Times.*

T. & T. CLARK, Edinburgh; & at 14, Paternoster Sq., London.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., Ltd.

FROM

THE DE LA MORE PRESS LIST.

ESSAYS ON MEREJKOWSKI.

Translated from the Russian by G. A. MOUNSEY.

F'cap. 8vo, boards, 1s. 6d. net each.

NEW VOLUME: **THE LIFE-WORK OF CALDERON.**

Previous Issues in the Series:

The Life-Work of Hendrik Ibsen.
The Life-Work of Pliny the Younger.
The Life-Work of Montaigne.

NIGHTS AT THE OPERA.

A series of Handbooks for the Music Lover, the object of which is to reproduce in an attractive form an Analysis of the Music, together with a running Commentary on the Dramatic Element in the Opera to which it is devoted. 1s. net. each.

By WAKELING DRY.

1. LOHENGRIN.
2. TANNHAEUSER.
3. TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.
4. MEISTERSINGER.
5. RHEINGOLD and WALKURE } RING DES NIBELUNGEN
6. SIEGFRIED and GOETTER-DAEMMERUNG. } RING DES NIBELUNGEN
12. THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

By FRANCIS BURGESS, F.S.A.Scot.

7. BIZET'S CARMEN.
8. GOUNOD'S FAUST.
9. MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI.
10. VERDI'S IL TROVATORE.
11. VERDI'S RIGOLETTO.

NATIONAL WIT AND HUMOUR SERIES.

32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d. each net. NEW VOLUME.

WIT AND HUMOUR OF THE PHYSICIAN.

A Classified Collection from Various Sources.

Previous Issues in the Series.

1 and 2. American Wit and Humour.
3. French Wit and Humour.
4. German Wit and Humour.

HYPNOTISM: ITS HISTORY, PRACTICE, AND THEORY. By J. MILNE BRAMWELL, M.B., C.M. Demy 8vo, cloth. New Edition, 18s. net.

A MANUAL OF COSTUME, AS ILLUSTRATED BY MONUMENTAL BRASSES. By HERBERT DRUITT. Profusely Illustrated. Demy 8vo, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

A Complete Catalogue will be forwarded on application.

ALEXANDER MORING, Ltd.,
32, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

had to deliver each lecture twice, and the daily newspapers gave liberally of their space to reports of them. And in order to apprehend the full force of the contrast, it must be borne in mind that M. Lemaître had no wonderful discoveries to make known, no startling theories to propound, and that the success of his lectures was as far as possible from a *succès de scandale*. Here are no piquant discussions of the art of love, no subtle doses of flattery—platonic or otherwise—addressed to fashionable dawdlers who regard the lecturer as the newest type of society entertainer. We have instead a scholarly account of Racine's life, of the society in which he lived, and an appreciation of his great tragedies. How is it then that a course of lectures like these have had a success that would be impossible among ourselves? One reason, as Matthew Arnold so often repeated, is that the French have, what we have not, a conscience in matters of the intellect. There is probably no country in Europe where more trashy novels are circulated and read than in the France of to-day. But there is also no country where true literature is more certain of being appraised at its proper worth and enjoyed with greater intelligence. Swift's witty and truthful remark that many men treat books as they treat lords, they learn their titles and then boast of their acquaintance, is far less true of Frenchmen than of Englishmen. A Frenchman's reverence for his classics is profound, but it does not preclude intimacy. The consequence is that M. Lemaître was able to address an audience capable of understanding his delicate irony, quick to take an allusion, and impatient both of rhetorical exaggeration and of commonplace.

It would, however, be absurd to explain M. Lemaître's success without taking account of M. Lemaître himself. Since 1884, when he began that remarkable series of essays that now form the six volumes of "Les Contemporains," he has shown that he possesses most of the qualities that go to make a critic. He has erudition, but he is as little of a pedant as his friend, M. Anatole France. He has the grace and lightness of touch, the love of order and clearness, the dislike of what is violent or over-emphatic, which seem to be innate in the best French men of letters in all ages. Besides these he is gifted with a sense of humour and—as such writers as M. Georges Ohnet know to their cost—a touch of malice which enables him to point an epigram with deadly precision. He has, moreover, what is indispensable for adequate treatment of his present subject, a whole-hearted enthusiasm for Racine.

For many English readers Racine and the whole French classical drama call to mind, in the main, artificiality and boredom. The long tirades, the absence of external action, the coldness and formality of its pseudo-classic setting, and the atmosphere of the Court of Louis XIV., which, one hardly knows how, manages to make itself felt in every act and scene, all this renders French classical tragedy tedious and unreal to those who expect drama to show them action, and character modified and developed by the clash of action. It need scarcely be said, however, that there are in French classical tragedy most of the qualities of the highest poetry, and that these qualities are seen to best advantage in its greatest exponent, Racine. Racine may not be a world-poet, but he is both by his qualities and his essential defects the poet of the French nation. He is French by the unity of impression, the sharply defined impact which every one of his tragedies leaves upon the mind. Every scene, every episode, every sentence is calculated with the most exquisite art to hold the attention bent on the mental conflict or the emotional crisis which the author is attempting to portray. There are none of those scenes so seemingly apart from the main issue yet so important in their bearing upon character which Shakespeare lavished with so prodigal a hand. Instead all is ordered, precise, circumscribed; we are in the presence of the same conflict, the same fundamental situation from the first scene to the last. Another point is that in Racine, as in the Greek drama, there is little preparation, and the tragic tension is maintained from the beginning to the end. "French tragedy," says Goethe, "is a crisis." This is pre-eminently true of Racine. Nero is introduced upon the stage twenty-four hours before his first crime, Bérénice twenty-four hours before her departure for Rome, and it is the same in the other plays. This observance of the unity of time helps the poet in creating the definite effect he seeks in a way which the romantic drama, with its slow accumulation of incidents, does not allow. On the other hand, it is open to the objection that the passions, observed for the first time when the catastrophe is close at hand must seem violent and exaggerated, and that this violence will, owing to the needs of the drama, be heightened as the play proceeds. Sainte-Beuve notes but does not emphasise this defect in a sentence which is an accurate estimate of Racine's art. "Great art in constructing a plot; exact calculation in its arrangement; . . . presence of mind in the smallest details; remarkable skill in winding only one thread at a time; skill also in pruning and cutting down rather than power of conciseness; ingenious knowledge of how to introduce and how to dismiss his personages; . . . all inconvenient accessory parts and antecedents suppressed; nothing, however, too bare or too monotonous, but only two or three harmonising tints on a simple background; then, in the midst of all this, passion that we have not seen born, the flood of which comes swelling on, softly foaming, and bearing you away, as it were, upon the whitened current of a beautiful river: that is Racine's drama."

For M. Lemaître, as for Sainte-Beuve before him, Racine is above all the dramatist of Port-Royal. The famous Abbey formed him in his early years, and left an impress which may be traced in all his work. "The drama of Racine," says M. Lemaître finely, "is the profane and unforeseen flower of the great work of religious meditation and internal perfection that had been accomplished at Port-Royal-des-Champs." Port-Royal taught Racine his knowledge of the human breast. It introduced him, too, to the measure and harmony of Greek culture. "Thus he united the two grandest traditions of humanity—Hellenism and Christianity."

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.*

On many people the increasing complexity of our civilisation produces, by reaction, a craving for pictures of simple, primitive, old-world life. While a town life of routine and comfort seem with some to impair their powers of response to real freshness of feeling, others welcome eagerly any book that can momentarily free them from the pressure of an over-artificial environment. The latter, indeed, show the healthy instinct of children who, free of streets and pavements, hasten to roll on the grass. In "Ashes" the Sardinian novelist, Madame Grazia Deledda, paints for us the primitive atmosphere of her country, one little affected by modern influences, and so specially interesting to us when viewed through the eyes of a native who has passed out of it into the atmosphere of a great capital. In "Nostalgia" Madame Deledda executed a brilliant piece of work, and "Ashes," if less perfect, should uphold her reputation.

Little Anania is the illegitimate child of the young peasant girl, Oli, "well grown and beautiful, with very large, very bright, feline eyes of greenish grey," and of her worthless lover, Anania, a field labourer, who has come to the Cantoniera for the spring sowing. Her father, Uncle Micheli, receives him kindly, but later on, after a visit to the town, Nuoro, he comes back saying, "Oli, mind yourself. Bad luck to that farm labourer. He has deceived us even as to his name. He comes from Argosolo. The people of Argosolo are a race of goshawks, of thieves, and jail-birds. Mind yourself, young woman! He's a married man." But when Oli has "gone wrong," Uncle Micheli is implacable, and casts her out. He has warned her; he has trusted her. But this, no! Oli takes refuge in the miserable house of Aunt Grathia, a bandit's widow, in the mountain hamlet of Fonni, where all is "misery, rags, dirt." Little Anania grows up with the goat-herd boy, Zuanne, and sees little of his poor mother, who is always out working in the fields. She dug potatoes and came home late, worn out, livid with cold, famished. And the child cannot remember having seen his father, who never comes to Fonni; and sometimes he hears his mother sobbing at night, but he is afraid to ask her why. One night Oli awakes the child and dresses him, and hangs an amulet round his neck, and starts with him at dawn on the long journey to Nuoro. There is a quiet truth to nature in the description of this eventful

* "Ashes." By Grazia Deledda. Translated by Helen Hester Colvill. John Lane. 6s.

Are you reading the remarkable Articles by The Right Hon.

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

describing his Visit to Uganda in the

STRAND MAGAZINE ?

The first Article appeared in the MARCH issue.

Order from your Bookseller or newsagent. Price SIXPENCE.

NEWNES' THIN PAPER CLASSICS.

These charming and portable volumes are small enough for the pocket (8¾ in. by 4 in. by ¾ in. thick), yet large enough for the bookshelf. Printed in large type, on thin but thoroughly opaque paper, with Photogravure Frontispiece and Title-page to each volume printed on Japanese vellum, and in a dainty binding, they make an ideal present.

Cloth, 3s. net; limp lambskin, 3s. 6d. net per volume. Postage 3d. extra.

VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Prof. W. Knight.
SCOTT'S POEMS. Edited by Prof. W. Knight.
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND CONFESSIONS OF DE QUINCEY
BYRON'S WORKS. 3 vols.
ADDISON'S ESSAYS.
SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE. 2 vols.
EVELYN'S DIARY.
PEACOCK'S NOVELS.
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON. 2 vols.
HAWTHORNE'S NEW ENGLAND ROMANCES.
POEMS OF WORDSWORTH.
THE SHORTER WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.
LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.
THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.
MRS. BROWNING'S POEMS. 2 vols.
SHAKESPEARE. 3 vols.
MILTON'S POEMS.
BURNS'S POEMS.
BACON'S WORKS.
PEPYS'S DIARY.
KEATS'S POEMS.
CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES.
MARCO POLO'S TRAVELS.
ROSSETTI'S EARLY ITALIAN POETS.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.
THE POEMS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
HOMER'S ILIADS. Translated by George Chapman.
HOMER'S ODYSSEYS AND SHORTER POEMS. Translated by George Chapman.
SWIFT'S JOURNAL TO STELLA.
BEN JONSON'S PLAYS AND POEMS.
HERRICK'S POEMS.
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
THE NOVELS OF LAURENCE STERNE.
MARLOWE'S PLAYS AND POEMS.

NEWNES' ART LIBRARY.

A series of volumes illustrative of the work of the Great Artists. Each volume contains about 64 full-page Illustrations in Monochrome, and a Frontispiece in Photogravure. The text is mainly biographical and descriptive, and includes a list of the principal works of the artist under consideration.

The volumes are bound in quarter vellum, with artistic paper sides, and published at 3s. 6d. net, post free, 3s. 10d.

VELASQUEZ. By A. L. Baldry.
TITIAN (Early Works). By Malcolm Bell.
TINTORETTO. By Mrs. Arthur Bell.
PUVIS DE CHAVANNES. By Arsene Alexandre.
G. F. WATTS. By Romualdo Pantini.
FILIPPINO LIPPI. By P. J. Konody.
TITIAN (Later Works). By Henry Miles.
GIOVANNI BELLINI. By Everard Meynell.
PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD. By Ernest Phythian.
FRA ANGELICO. By Edgcumbe Staley.
DELACROIX. By Henri Frantz.
MICHAEL ANGELO. By Dr. Georg Gronau.
CORREGIO. By Selwyn Brinton.
INGRES. By Octave Uzanne.
SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES (Second Series). By Arsene Alexandre.
G. F. WATTS' LANDSCAPES. By Walter Bayes.
SIR HENRY RAEBURN. By R. S. Clouston.
SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. By R. S. Clouston.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD. (Dept. 129),
SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL
have just published a striking
New Novel by the Author of "Jessie Vandeleur," entitled

THE FOURTH SHIP.

By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE,

of which "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH" (First Review) says: "A SHEER DELIGHT. . . . FULL OF DELICATE WORKMANSHIP AND REAL LIFE. . . . ALIVE WITH HUMAN SYMPATHY, RICH IN TYPES OF FEMININE CHARACTER, AND WRITTEN THROUGHOUT WITH DISTINGUISHED RESTRAINT."

Also the New Novel by the Author of that extraordinary romance, "The Boats of the Glen Carrig," called

THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND.

By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON,

which may, perhaps, be best described in the following brief outline from last Fridays "Times":

"Purporting to be a manuscript discovered in a strange old ruin in the West of Ireland wherein the recluse who d elt there records his amazing experiences; first of horrible, swinish creatures who surround and attack him; and then of a weird cosmic phantasmagoria when cons rush past him, and sun, stars, time, and space whirl about in a kind of awesome nightmare: stopping at the moment when he hears the Horror come creaking through the trap of the cellar below: 'strange padding steps' on the stairs—Something fu bling at the door handle—O God help me! The door is opening—slowly, someth—". Altogether, a pretty and original exercise in thrills.

Also, if you have not read the following Novels from CHAPMAN and HALL'S LIST, you will find them at any Library or Booksellers'.

THE HUMAN BOY AGAIN. . . . By Eden Phillpotts.
SALLY BISHOP: A Romance. By E. Temple Thurston. (2nd edition.)
THE WATCHERS OF THE PLAINS. By Ridgwell Cullum. (2nd edition.)
THE DEATH MAN . . . . . By Benjamin Swift.
IMPERIAL BROWN OF BRIXTON. By Reginald Turner. (2nd edition.)

CHAPMAN AND HALL, LTD., 11, Henrietta Street, W.C.

NOW READY.

AUTHORITY AND THE LIGHT WITHIN.

By EDWARD GRUBB, M.A.

Crown 8vo. Cloth Boards, **2s.** net.

"There must be many who will be grateful to Mr. Grubb for showing so clearly and well where firm and sure religious footing is to be found, which no waves of criticism can assail or shake."
CHRISTIAN WORLD.

"I have turned again and again to some parts of thy book, and am much interested in it. It is a most suggestive work."
WILLIAM TALLACK.

"The name of the author guarantees a treatment at once thorough, sympathetic, and reasonable; indeed we should apply to it, if confined to a couple of words, 'sweet reasonableness.' . . . The book is full of suggestive thought, and should be widely read by all who wish to understand the essential meaning of what is called the 'The Quaker Message'."
THE FRIEND.

LONDON: JAMES CLARKE & Co., 13 & 14 Fleet Street, and of all Booksellers.

Books as wedding presents—this is the subject of an interesting article in the May "BOOK MONTHLY," 6d. net. Another article is on "What Glasgow reads," and the number contains all the news of bookland, with many illustrations.

Order from your bookseller, or write for a specimen copy to the publishers, Simpkin Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

day on which the poor mother has decided to cast her child on the mercy of the weak and blustering father and his cheerful and motherly wife, Aunt Tatàna. Oli leads the child to a house in Nuoro, and tells him to go in at the door and say, "I am the son of Oli Derios," and then she disappears, and nothing more is heard of her. After the first commotion of the household, Aunt Tatàna adopts little Anania, despite the oaths and protestations of the olive-miller. But at night the boy hears somebody tip-toeing to the bed, and feels a bristly moustache on his cheek. It is his father. How true this is to the lack of moral courage of most men.

The most charming section of the novel describes Anania's life at Aunt Tatàna's, where in the courtyard, or at night round the furnace in the olive-mill, a mixed company of poor neighbours come to warm themselves and gossip. Madame Deledda delineates with great exactitude the tone of these peasants, beggars, and workpeople, and their careless philosophy of life. All over Europe, from Spain to Russia, in all "backward" districts, that is to say, where railways, factories, machinery have not changed the economic conditions, the old-world life of the peasantry offers much the same family features. So much is this the case that if the landscape and the local colour were altered, the talk of the poor folk in "Ashes" would be true to village talk in almost every European country. The following sorrowful passage might have come out of the pages of Gorki:—

> "Little Anania spent his days amid these folk: from them he learned rude words and actions, and they accustomed him to the sight of drunkenness and careless misery. In another smoke-blackened and cobwebby cellar beside Maestro Pane's workshop, a poor sick girl was withering. Years ago her father had gone away to work in an African mine, and he had never been heard of again. The girl, Rebecca, lived alone, diseased and abandoned, in her squalid den, swarming with flies and other insects. A little further lived a widow, whose five children were supported by begging. Maestro Pane sometimes begged himself. But one and all they were merry. The five beggar children never stopped laughing. Maestro Pane talked to himself and related long peasant tales of the jolly days when he was young. Only in the long luminous afternoons, when the streets were silent and the wasps buzzed over the elder flowers, inducing sleep to the little Anania, stretched at the threshold, then in the hot stillness could be heard the sharp cry of Rebecca. It rose, it grew, it broke off; it recommenced, it hurled itself on high, it dashed itself to earth. It seemed, so to speak, to pierce the silence with a shower of sibilant arrows. In this cry was all the grief, all the evil, the poverty, the forlornness, the unforeseen wretchedness of the place and its dwellers; it was the voice even of things, the lament of the stones which dropped one by one from the blackened walls of the prehistoric houses, of the crumbling roof, of the broken stairs, and worm-eaten balconies which menaced ruin; of the spurge which grew on the pathway, of the wild olive which shadowed the walls, of the children who had no food, of the women who had no clothes, of the men who drank to stupefy themselves, and beat their wives and their children and their beasts because they could not strike at their destiny; it was the voice of all sickness uncured, of all the misery ineluctably accepted like life itself. But who heeded?
>
> "Little Anania, stretched across the threshold, flapping away the flies and wasps with a branch of elder, thought sleepily—'Whew! Why is that girl screaming? What makes her scream? Why are there any sick people in the world?' . . .
>
> "As the sun sometimes shines out from an unexpected quarter of a cloudy sky, so the florid figure of Signor Carboni sometimes appeared in this district of dismal poverty. Then the women came to their doors smiling and saluting; the men who did no work, and passed their time stretched out indolently in the sunshine, sprang to their feet and blushed; the children ran after him and kissed his hand, which he carried carelessly behind his back. In hard winter he gave *polenta* and oil to the whole neighbourhood. People came to him for small loans which they never repaid. Everywhere in the dirty wind-swept lanes he met boys and girls who called him Godfather, and men and women whom he addressed as Gossip. He could not keep count of his godchildren, and Uncle Pera declared that many called him Gossip merely to get his money."

Anania, however, is raised above this careless peasant life. The benevolent Signor Carboni stands sponsor for him, and pays for his education at school and college, and Anania soon falls deliriously in love with the beautiful Margherita, the padrone's daughter. The intoxication of love in adolescence, the languorous dreams of youth, the enchanted horizon of life, the intermittent fits of moroseness, jealous despair, and wild melancholy, all the complex psychology of the feverish period, is admirably seized by Madame Deledda. But Anania's moral and mental crisis is much complicated by his morbid shame about his mother, and by his consuming desire to seek her out and reproach her with having deserted him. Painfully conscious of the stain on his birth, he longs for news of her death, and yet this solution seems to him great cowardice. The beautiful Margherita returns his love, but Anania excites himself continually with the idea that when the girl learns that his mother is still living, a wretched outcast, or fallen into a life of shame, that he will lose her love. When Anania goes to Rome to study law at the university, this obsession about his mother's ruining his life grows so strong on him that he sets the police to work to discover where she is (and the villagers of Nuoro declare that she has been seen in Rome by one of their number); and the police inform him that a woman, Maria Obinu, answers to the description, and is living in Via del Seminario. Anania seeks her out, and her manner is so strange and ambiguous that he cannot make up his mind as to whether she is, or is not, his mother. He takes lodgings in her house, and lays little traps to force her admission, but he can never be certain whether she is playing a part, whether she is concealing an immense tenderness for him and is afraid of declaring herself openly. This puzzling situation is sketched with considerable cleverness, for the reader himself feels baffled. She might be his mother, so perplexing are human actions. And Anania has to return to Nuoro before he has solved the mystery.

In the last portion of the novel the morbid conflict in Anania's heart suddenly reaches its climax through his discovery that he has deceived himself about Maria Obinu, and that poor Oli is living, a "pale, emaciated apparition," wan with fever and squalid with neglect, in the desolate Cantoniera. She has led a wandering beggar's life for years with companions of the road, has been ill-treated, beaten, in prison, abandoned, has dragged herself from place to place, stupefied and starving, and always she is afraid of her son discovering her, afraid of being put in prison. Anania is in a mad tumult of feeling; he pities and yet wishes to spurn his mother. He will do his duty by poor Oli, he will renounce Margherita. "My life is destroyed, my career ended. How could a pure, delicate girl live beside an infamous woman?" He has fits of exaltation and abasement turn by turn, and when he at last faces the lost and trembling woman, he becomes hard and brutal, "and remorse for his brutality increased his fury. All the instincts of primitive man, jealous, ferocious, barbarous, vibrated in his quivering nerves. He knew it, but was unable to control himself." It is difficult to criticise the psychology of Anania's anger, and of the tragic scene that follows. The analysis is profoundly true to human selfishness, but temperamentally the English reader will feel both remote from and curious about these Southern passions that master the reason. And because we are, most of us, more sophisticated, more reasonable, colder, and less variable, it is very good for us all to have to follow these nervous, distraught, and "romantic" moods of Anania's feverish nature. The English are very poor psychologists, and every generation sees us a little stiffer, more wooden, more set in our own ideals of human conduct. That is why modern Continental literature is so valuable to us.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

We are very glad that Mr. Burrows and Mr. Hobson have collected and published such examples of Mr. William Clarke's journalism as were ready to their hands ("William Clarke: A Collection of His Writings." By Herbert Burrows and John A. Hobson. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.). The articles give a very fair notion of the width of his interests and sympathies, the clearness and power of his style, and the quality of serious thought which he gave to every subject he touched. Mr. Clarke was at once a great and a popular journalist, by which we mean that he popularised great topics, dealing with them with singular mastery, but also with the power of enlightening those who knew less than he knew or felt less deeply. His production was constant and very large. He could write on nearly everything which modern journalism surveys, pouring out in a steady stream critical work for the magazines, political leaders, reviews on a very wide range of subjects, and "appreciations" of significant figures of his times. He had a remarkable gift

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON **BIBLE** WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from **6d. to £10.**

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

406 pages, 8vo, cloth, 2s. post free.

HEAVEN AND HELL:

Things Heard and Seen.

By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER wrote:—"There is one grand and beautiful idea underlying all Swedenborg's revelations or speculations about the future life. His remarkably suggestive books are becoming familiar to the reading and reflecting portion of the community."

LONDON: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1, Bloomsbury St.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

Rare and curious Books for the collector. First Editions. Court Memoirs Medical, Occult, &c. Out of Print Books and everything that's a book supplied. No matter when published. State wants. 1,000,000 books on sale. Catalogues free.

HOLLAND BROS., 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED. First editions of all kinds. Sporting, Naval, Military Coloured Plates by Alkin, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others. Special list of 3,000 wanted.

SATURDAY

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

WESTMINSTER

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

The Daily News

Founded by

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846.

Honored tradition and the spirit of modern enterprise are combined in "The Daily News." Matters of serious interest are reported at length. Place is also found, in shorter form, for the lighter news items which are a feature of 20th century journalism.

"The Daily News" is the **only** London Liberal newspaper that devotes every day a whole page to Financial and Commercial matters, Trade and Market reports and Stock Exchange Intelligence.

Its daily Parliamentary report is far more detailed than that of any other ½d. paper, and nearly a column is given to the Law List.

If you do not read "The Daily News" it is impossible for you to follow the progress of Liberalism.

HEAD OFFICES—

Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF "PUBLIC OPINION."

Here is an Australian estimate of PUBLIC OPINION, from the *Sydney Stock and Station Journal*, published in Sydney, N.S. Wales:—

"This week there came to hand the very sort of paper that a busy man wants, and that is PUBLIC OPINION. I remember having seen it years ago in England, but somehow amid the multitude of things I saw at home, it failed to grasp my imagination. But it's an all right paper. You would think it was the idea on which Stead modelled his *Review of Reviews*.

"It is simply what it professes to be, public opinion. It gives you the opinions of leading men and leading papers in regard to the current events of the day. No man out here has either the time or the inclination to read all that is going on in the great British world, and this paper boils it all down, and gives it as purely as possible. What I like about it is the fact that the editor does not appear to have an axe to grind or fad to illuminate. That is what we need. We all have fads of our own here, because I think we are more intelligent than the stay-at-home people. If we're not, we probably think we are, so it's all the same. '*Cogito ergo sum.*'"

PUBLIC OPINION A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.

Every Friday Twopence

EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION, 30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

SPECIMENS FREE ON APPLICATION.

of using quotation as an illuminant of his work, not as a substitute for it. None of it, indeed, was conventional. Mr. Clarke touched religion, politics, philosophy, literary criticism, less as a student, though student he was, than as a man who realised what significance lay between all these forms of thought and feeling and the central facts of present-day life. There are very few such journalists, and if any young man wants to know what a high level of thought and style, what richness of knowledge, and what special aptitude for illustrating it, can be combined with a most active and continuous life in Fleet Street, he cannot do better than read every essay in this collection. Not less remarkable than Mr. Clarke's gifts was his character. This was upright and single-minded to a degree. Of no man can it be said more exactly that he lived with truth and spoke to his kind only that which he conceived as being helpful to it. Like many sincere men, the study of life drew him the way of pessimism, and ill-health, and the brooding habit of the intellectual man too exclusively devoted to the interior life, cast a certain shadow over his temper. But his writing was always sane and truly moderate. His best work was done for the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Spectator," and was not less remarkable in mass than in quality.

* * *

The adventurous wedding tour of the Count and Countess de Lesdain is described by the Count in "From Pekin to Sikkim, Through the Ordos, the Gobi Desert and Tibet" (Murray, 12s. net). It was a sufficiently audacious enterprise, entered upon, say the authors, "to gratify our wish to cross country hitherto unknown and, if possible, to increase the geographical knowledge of our day." Starting from Pekin with an equipment of three Chinese springless carts, the two travellers made their way to the Ordos desert, which they found uninteresting. Its only claim to distinction is the tomb of Jenghis Khan, and this also proved a disappointment, but the Count and Countess have at least the honor of being the first Europeans to see this jealously guarded site. "Two small tents, one behind the other, and connected by a very low inner door, made of worn-out felt, and admitting through their rents the rain and the wind, are the 'monument' destined to perpetuate the renown of the greatest conqueror the world has known." The Gobi desert was monotonous, though not so difficult as had been expected. Greater hardships were experienced in Tibet. On one occasion the party encamped at a spot more than 19,000 feet high, and their escort could with difficulty be induced to proceed further. In Tibet the travellers saw some rich gold mines, but from the absence of pasturage and the great severity of the climate, they do not think that exploitation by Europeans would be possible. The book is pleasantly written, and should appeal to all who are interested in exploration, as a great part of the country passed through is quite unknown to Europeans. There are some interesting photographs and a map showing the route taken.

* * *

To their tasteful and marvellously cheap series, "The Muses' Library," Messrs. Routledge have added "The Complete Poetical Work of George Darley" (1s. net), together with a workmanlike introduction by Mr. Ramsay Colles. This is the first collected edition of Darley, a poet who enjoyed some reputation in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Both Carlyle and Lamb praised his verses, and though they can hardly be said to have the compelling quality of really great poetry, they have merit enough to place Darley in a secure, if subordinate, position among the poets of the nineteenth century. Several of his lyrics—in particular "It is not Beauty I demand"—have the charm and feeling of the seventeenth century poets whom he followed. The present edition is capitally done, and will be valued by those who care enough for poetry to wander off the beaten path.

* * *

A Novel Reader's Guide.—"Dean's Hall," by Maude Golding (Murray, 6s.). A good story of Quaker life at the end of the eighteenth century, not strong in plot, but excellent in characterisation. "The Fourth Ship," by Ethel Colburn Mayne (Chapman & Hall, 6s.), is a charming character sketch of an old maid, showing close observation and undoubted power of writing. "Bess of Hardendale," by Theodora Wilson Wilson (Hutchinson, 6s.), revives the well-worn plot of babies changed at birth, but is redeemed by a convincing picture of the Westmoreland dalesmen. "Faith Unfaithful," by Fred. E. Wynne (Brown, Langham & Co., 6s.), is a clever story of Irish life, humorous and pleasantly written. "Marozia," by A. G. Hales (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), contains a number of short stories of adventure and passion, written round a queen who seems to have been modelled on the late Queen Draga of Servia. "The Cottage on the Fells," by H. de Vere Stacpoole (Werner Laurie, 6s.), is a detective story, quite unlike Mr. Stacpoole's usual manner. The plot is excellent, and the style rapid and vigorous. "The House of the Lost Chord," by Dona Teresa de Savillo (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), and "Tinman," by Tom Gallon (Ward, Lock, 6s.), both contain carefully concealed mysteries, which even experienced readers of this type of fiction will be unlikely to disentangle.

The Week in the City.

The position of trade and finance just now is extremely interesting, and very difficult to diagnose. Those who were looking for an immediate rally in the States have been disappointed, though Wall Street has had the Pennsylvania success to give it courage. But manufactures and commerce, which rallied a little in February and March, are said to have sunk back in April to the lowest depth since the crisis. Traders in the Western States are especially despondent as to the prospects of any immediate change for the better. One cause of the stagnation is that the great protected trusts, which poison the political and commercial atmosphere of the United States, refuse to lower prices, and prefer, in their own elegant language, to "lay off" men. Fortunately, the reports of the condition of winter wheat are most promising, and as the crop will be on its way here in three months' time, there is good reason to hope for a further decline in the price of bread. That should cause a general fall in provisions, and, taken in conjunction with the reduction of the sugar tax, may well bring about an important rebound of trade. Our working classes will buy tools and clothes much more freely when this long desired relief comes to swell their real wages. It is to the home consumer that we shall have to look to make up for the falling off of foreign custom. From this point of view the wool market is especially interesting. In the old days it used to be a maxim that when corn was low wool was high, and *vice versa*. This has been remarkably exemplified in the last eight months. No sooner had the sharp rise come in corn prices than the slump occurred in wool. Many speculative buyers both in Yorkshire and on the Continent have been severely hit, and at the London wool sales, which are being held this week, quotations for coarse wools are lower than they have been for many years. As there is far more capital in England than in Germany, and we have an immense advantage just now over Berlin in discount and money rates, it seems likely that British merchants will lay in large stocks of wool at prices very favourable to cheap production. It is by this natural adjustment of prices that a decline of production is always arrested. Prices had risen too high for the consumer. He has closed his purse, and now the general decline in raw materials will enable manufacturers to tempt him back into the market.

The Reception of the Budget.

City men are, of course, predominantly Conservative, and nothing will induce them to pay any public compliment to a Radical administration. Nevertheless, there is an undertone of rejoicing at the Budget. After all the premonitory wails of "Mail" and "Times" and "Telegraph," there has been an unprecedented reduction of debt and an important remission of taxation. That the introduction of the decaded scheme of old age pensions should have been accompanied by the halving of the sugar duties is a dazzling feat, especially when it is announced that nearly 17 millions of Consols, Irish Land Stock, and Floating debt have been paid off in the course of the year. The stock markets have been quite buoyant with the exception of Americans, which have evidently still a troublous time to face. One rather humorous feature of the situation is that the reduction of the sugar duty is a considerable boon to brewers, as it cheapens an important raw material of beer.

Lucellum.

London & County Banking Company, Limited,

REGISTERED UNDER "THE COMPANIES ACTS."

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

CAPITAL - £8,000,000, in 100,000 Shares of £80 each.

Paid-up Capital, £2,000,000. Reserve Fund, £1,600,000.

Directors.

Hon. SIR ERIC BARRINGTON, K.C.B.	WILLIAM E. HUBBARD, Esq.
JOHN ANNAN BRYCE, Esq., M.P.	SIR THOMAS JACKSON, Bart.
JOHN JAMES CATER, Esq.	WM. McKEWAN, Esq. (Honorary Director).
ERNEST H. CUNARD, Esq.	OSWALD CECIL MAGNIAC, Esq.
VISCOUNT GOSCHEN.	WILLIAM G. RATHBONE, Esq.
C. SEYMOUR GRENFELL, Esq.	CHARLES J. CATER SCOTT, Esq.
CHARLES JOHN HEGAN, Esq.	

Auditors.

HENRY GRANT, Esq. THOMAS HORWOOD, Esq.

Hon. STUART PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE.

Head Office Manager—HERMAN RICHARD WYATT.
Deputy Head Office Manager—FREDERICK JAMES BARTHORPE.
Country Manager—WILLIAM GEORGE GRIBBLE.
Chief Inspector—FRANK WILLIAM HOWETT.
Chief Accountant—THEOPHILUS JAMES CARPENTER.
Secretary—EDGAR FRANCIS ROBINSON.

Head Office: 21, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

Foreign Exchange Branch—80, Cornhill, E.C.

THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED,

Opens DRAWING ACCOUNTS with Commercial Houses and Private Individuals, upon the plan usually adopted by Bankers.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—Deposit Receipts are issued for sums of Money placed upon these Accounts, and Interest is allowed at such rates as advertised, reference being had to the state of the Money Market.

CIRCULAR NOTES AND LETTERS OF CREDIT are issued payable in all the principal Cities of the World. CURRENCY DRAFTS are issued on all Cities, and Colonial and Foreign Drafts collected.

The Ageney of Foreign and Country Banks is undertaken.

THE PURCHASE AND SALE of Government and other Stocks, also of English and Foreign Shares, are effected. DIVIDENDS, ANNUITIES, &c., are received for Customers of the Bank.

Great facilities are afforded to the Customers of the Bank for the receipt of Money both from and in the Towns where the Company has Branches; also the following Banks will receive and transmit, free of charge, credits for Customers of this Bank:—Barclay & Co., Ltd.; Capital and Counties Bank, Ltd.; Lloyds Bank, Ltd.; London City and Midland Bank, Ltd.; and National Provincial Bank of England, Ltd.

The Officers of the Bank are bound not to disclose the transactions of any of its Customers. By Order of the Directors,

E. F. ROBINSON, *Secretary.*

MAPLE & CO

ARE SPECIALISTS
FOR COMFORTABLE

CLUB & LOUNGE CHAIRS & SETTEES

Inspection invited, or Illustrated Catalogue of Chairs sent free

LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

LONDON PARIS BUENOS AIRES

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD

(Via NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. / OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. / TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the
GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,
London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Moat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and of the remedies to be applied."
—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."
—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the ECONOMIST is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS.
Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C.,
and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

EDUCATIONAL.

COUNTY OF LONDON.

The London County Council invites applications for the post of ASSISTANT LECTURER, specially qualified in English and general subjects, at the Clapham Day Training College for Women, Cedars Road, Clapham.

The salary will commence at £130 a year, and will rise by annual increments of £10, subject to satisfactory service, to a maximum of £170 a year.

The person appointed will be required to give lectures in her subjects; to help in supervising the students' school practice; to assist in the organisation of college clubs and societies (bearing, as a rule, some relation to her own department of work); and to take an active interest in the general life of the College.

Applications should be made on Form T.S. 56, to be obtained, together with particulars of the appointment, from the Clerk of the London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Monday, May 25th, 1908, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed "Assistant Lecturer in Training College," and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will be held to be a disqualification for employment.

G. L. GOMME,
Clerk of the London County Council.

Education Offices,
Victoria Embankment, W. C.,
May 12th, 1908.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK.

(Under the Management of the Society of Friends.)

Twenty-six boys passed University Entrance Examinations in 1906 and 1907.

A new feature for post-Matriculation students is a CITIZENSHIP COURSE, including Economics and Modern History with special reference to existing political institutions and social problems.

The School continues to hold a strong position in Leisure-Hour work:—Natural History, Archaeology, Carpentry, etc.

For copies of prospectus and full particulars with regard to scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

Head Master: Arthur Rowntree, Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.

RUGBY SCHOOL.

THE EXAMINATION FOR SCHOLARSHIPS
Will Begin MONDAY, JUNE 1st.

Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN JULY.
Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors.
Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.
Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.
Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

EDUCATIONAL.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.
Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

Scholarship Examination, June 2nd, 3rd & 4th.

One of **£87**, five or more of **£50**, five or more of **£30** (£21 for Day Scholars) per annum. Faber Exhibition of £12 awarded to boy who does best in examination. Council nominations, value **£12** per annum, may be awarded to boys who do well, but fail to obtain a scholarship. For particulars, apply to the Head Master or Secretary.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL.

Examination for Scholarships (£60-£20) begins on June 10th at Giggleswick, in London, or under conditions, at Preparatory Schools. Apply Head Master, Giggleswick School, Settle, Yorks.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

An Examination will be held on June 24th, 25th, and 26th to fill up not less than 5 residential and 3 non-residential Scholarships and also some Exhibitions. For particulars apply by letter to the Bursar, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.
A limited number of boarders received.

MILL HILL SCHOOL,
LONDON, N.W.

The Next Examination for Entrance Scholarships (value 15 guineas to 60 guineas) will be held on Thursday, July 2nd, and two following days. For further particulars apply to the Bursar.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION, July 1st and 2nd.
APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Christiania—The Cammermeyer Boghandel, Car Johans Gade, 41 and 43.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.

52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye. Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS HOTEL. Tel.: 0199. Mrs. F. Sara.

BARON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Magnificent Moor Views.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.

DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell. Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.

GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

SWISS CAFE, Union Street. Moderate. Genoni Bros.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGANDINE.

BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.

WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager.

MESSRS. BELL'S NEW BOOKS

THE ITINERARY OF JOHN LELAND.

Newly Edited from the MSS. by LUCY TOULMIN SMITH. Vol. II., containing Parts IV. and V., with an Appendix of Extracts from Leland's Collectanea. Small 4to. 12s. net.

*** This edition will be completed in five volumes, of which Vol. I. (containing Parts I.-III.), price 18s. net, and Vol. III. (containing the "Itinerary in Wales"), price 10s. 6d. net, are already published.

"The present edition was worth waiting for, and we are grateful to Miss Smith for the care she has bestowed on a congenial task. The result of Miss Smith's editing is eminently satisfactory. The Itinerary, which is interspersed with extracts from charters and lives of the saints, abounds with lights on the vanishing feudal period, and there are few who will not find the indefatigable old antiquary an amusing and most instructive companion."—*Westminster Gazette.*

NEW VOLUMES BY THE RIGHT REV. F. A. GASQUET, D.D.,

ABBOT PRESIDENT OF THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINES.

Crown 8vo. 6s. net each. Just Published.

THE LAST ABBOT OF GLASTONBURY,

and other Essays. Illustrated.

*** The first essay here reprinted, "The Last Abbot of Glastonbury," was first published in 1895 as a separate volume, which has long been out of print. It gives an account of the destruction of the great Benedictine Abbeys of Glastonbury, Reading, and Colchester, and of the tragic deaths of the last abbots of those houses in the reign of Henry VIII. The other essays in the volume are collected from various magazines, and have not previously appeared in book form.

THE BLACK DEATH IN 1348 and 1349.

A History of the Great Pestilence. New and Revised Edition.

"By far the most interesting and exhaustive record to be found of this most appalling visitation."—*Morning Post.*

READY SHORTLY.

THE OLD ENGLISH BIBLE and Other Essays.

CONTENTS.—Notes on Mediæval Monastic Libraries—The Monastic Scriptorium—A Forgotten English Preacher—The Pre-Reformation English Bible—Religious Instruction in England during the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries—A Royal Christmas in the Fifteenth Century—The Canterbury Claustral School in the Fifteenth Century—The Note-books of William of Worcester, a Fifteenth Century Antiquary—Hampshire Recusants in the Time of Queen Elizabeth.

OTHER WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Henry III. and the Church. Demy 8vo, 12s. net.

Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries. Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

The Eve of the Reformation. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

Detailed List on application.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE GOSPEL OF PAIN. By THOMAS J. HARDY.

A small volume which will be found to give, with much eloquence and the weight of experience, the witness of suffering to a larger life. The object of the writer is to show that suffering is less a field for the exercise of philosophic speculation than the common and central ground of life itself, where alone may be found an indication of life's purpose, and consequently of its conduct.

"This thoughtful and stimulating little book."—*Times.*

"Mr. Hardy is both earnest and persuasive, and the doctrines he expounds have force as well as consolation."—*Evening Standard.*

Prospectus on application.

The York Library.

Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 2s. net; limp leather, 3s. net.

NEW VOLUMES.

GOETHE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. ("Dichtung und Wahrheit.") Revised Translations by M. STEELE-SMITH, Head Lecturer in Modern Languages at Newnham College, Cambridge. With an Introduction and Bibliography by KARL BREUL, Litt.D., Ph.D. 2 vols.

THE IDYLLS OF THEOCRITUS. With the Eclogues of Virgil, rendered into English Verse by CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY, with an Introduction by Professor R. Y. TYRRELL. [*Ready end of May.*

READY END OF MAY.

4to (nearly 600 pages). 500 Copies only for sale.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, 1806—1867. A Catalogue of Exhibitors and their Works. By ALGERNON GRAVES, F.S.A. Price £3 3s. net.

This work is to be issued uniform with the same compiler's "Royal Academy of Arts" and "Royal Society of Artists," and will form a valuable Supplement to them. A special feature of the volume is that the sizes of the pictures exhibited are given, and (in the case of pictures exhibited after 1852) the prices asked for their works by the artists.

A Prospectus, with Specimen Page, on application.

DECORATIVE HERALDRY. A Practical Handbook of its Artistic Treatment. By G. W. EVE. With about 200 illustrations. New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

"He treats his subjects with a width as well as a depth of knowledge that renders this volume amongst all modern writings the treatise on heraldry *par excellence* for artists."—*Magazine of Art.*

LES CLASSIQUES FRANCAIS ILLUSTRES. Publies sous la direction de DANIEL O'CONNOR. Small crown 8vo, with Eight Full-page Illustrations in Colour and about Thirty in Black-and-White. 5s. net each.

"Charmingly illustrated . . . a delightful series of French Classics in French."—*Spectator.*

"Well printed and charmingly illustrated."—*Journal of Education.*

"A most attractive edition. . . . We look forward to the promised issue of further volumes in a series which has begun so well."—*Oxford Magazine.*

NOW READY.

GEORGE SAND: LES MAITRES SONNEURS. Preface d'EMILE FAGUET, de l'Academie, Française. Illustrations by M. V. WHEELHOUSE.

GEORGE SAND: LA MARE AU DIABLE.

Notice Analytique de C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Illustrations de GERTRUDE LEESE.

BALZAC: LES CHOUANS. Illustrations de J. BLAKE GREENE.

A Prospectus, with Specimen Colour-plates, will be sent on application.

Bell's Cathedral Series.

UNIFORM VOLUMES.

Crown 8vo. Profusely Illustrated. 1s. 6d. net each.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH. A Description of the Fabric and its Contents, with a Short History of the Order. By GEORGE WORLEY. With 31 Illustrations and a Plan.

THE PRIORY CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, SMITHFIELD.

A History and Description of the existing Fabric, and some account of the Hospital and smaller Church of St. Bartholomew. By GEORGE WORLEY. With numerous Illustrations and a Plan. [*In the press.*

Bell's Miniature Biographies.

Pott 8vo, each with Eight Illustrations. Cloth, 1s. net.; limp leather, with Photogravure Frontispiece, 2s. net.

NEW VOLUMES.

PAINTERS—

BOTTICELLI. By R. H. HOBART CUST.

DA VINCI. By R. H. HOBART CUST.

MUSICIANS—

GRIEG. By E. MARKHAM LEE.

HAYDN. By J. F. RUNCIMAN. [*In the press.*

Webster's International Dictionary (Twentieth Century Edition)

Revised throughout and brought up to date. 2,348 Pages. 5,000 Illustrations.

WEBSTER is the best practical Working Dictionary of the English Language. It is recognised as the Standard Authority throughout the English-speaking world. It is an indispensable Reference Book.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, with Hundreds of Testimonials, Specimen Pages, Price, &c.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, York House, Portugal Street, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1908.

The Nation

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1908.

1908 ISSUE JUST PUBLISHED.

The Statesman's Year-Book.

Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World for the Year 1908. Edited by J. SCOTT-KELTIE, LL.D. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

African Nature Notes and Reminiscences. By F. C. SELOUS, F.Z.S.

With Illustrations by E. CALDWELL. 8vo. 10s. net.

The Eversley Tennyson.

Annotated by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON. In 9 Vols. Globe 8vo, 4s. net each.

Vol. VI.—BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS. [*Tuesday.*

2nd Impression.

The Story of the Guides.

By Col. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B., Queen's Own Corps of Guides. With Illustrations, 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The history includes such episodes as the march to Delhi in 1857, and the massacre at Kabul, which led to the Afghan War, and is carried down to the Chitral Expedition.

National and Social Problems.

By FREDERIC HARRISON. Extra crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A volume of great and varied interest. These collected papers deal with European political problems of the highest moment and with questions of Labour, Unionism, and Socialism.

The Problems and Perils of Socialism. **Letters to a Working Man.**

By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY Sewed, 6d.

*** Copies for purposes of distribution may be obtained from the Publishers in quantities of not less than 100 at the rate of 25s. a hundred, carriage to be paid by the purchaser.

Highways and Byways in Hampshire.

By D. H. MOUTRAY READ. With Illustrations by ARTHUR B. CONNOR. Extra crown 8vo. 6s.

Autobiography of Montagu Burrows

Captain R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Edited by His Son, STEPHEN M. BURROWS. With Portraits. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

The Diary of John Evelyn.

With an Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON, Hon. LL.D. Edin. 3s. 6d.; limp leather, 5s. net.

H.M.I. **Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools.**

By E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, formerly H.M.I. North-West Division. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

A highly entertaining book, containing a large number of good stories told by a *raconteur* of exceptional ability.

Civil War and Rebellion in the Roman Empire, A.D. 69-70.

A Companion to the "Histories" of Tacitus. By BERNARD W. HENDERSON, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEW NOVEL.

Mr. Crew's Career.

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, Author of "Coniston," etc. Illustrated. Extra crown 8vo. 6s.

Poems of T. E. Brown.

Selected and Arranged with an Introduction and Notes by H.F.B. and H.G.D. 2s. 6d. net. [*Golden Treasury Series.*

The Philosophy of Loyalty.

By Professor JOSIAH ROYCE. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.

8th THOUSAND. With Portrait and Map. 2 vols., 24s. net.

MODERN EGYPT

BY THE

EARL OF CROMER.

Lord Cromer's book has been extensively, and most favourably, reviewed by the Press of every shade of political opinion. The *Spectator* directs attention to its "extraordinary charm and interest" and to its insight and humour. The *Edinburgh Review* refers to its value "as a record of a contemporary episode in world history," and states further that "the book is worthy of the subject and of the man."

"Fit to be placed with the greatest works of the great historians."

The importance of the work as a contribution to contemporary history is emphasised by Mr. SYDNEY LOW in the *Standard*. "It may be supplemented," he says, "it cannot be superseded"; while the *Daily Telegraph* expresses the opinion that "it would be superfluous to praise a book which is obviously destined to take high place among the rare volumes of authentic contemporary history."

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

"Lord Cromer," says *Punch*, "writing as well as he works, has contributed to history one of the most important chapters added during the present generation." "It is," says *The Westminster Gazette*, "a fascinating book." The *Evening Standard* prophesies that the book will become a classic, and refers to it as "a work that every student of our Imperial life must read.

Mr. SPENSER WILKINSON, in the *Morning Post*, says that "Modern Egypt" tells from beginning to end "a story which is perhaps the most dramatic that has passed before the eyes of Englishmen now in middle life," and is, in the opinion of the *Daily Chronicle*, "a narrative that holds and a judgment that convinces. . . . A most fascinating and surprising narrative."

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN.

GOSPELS OF ANARCHY and other Contemporary Studies.

By VERNON LEE. 10s. 6d. net. (May 25th.)

Deterioration of Soul, Tolstoy as a Prophet, Nietzsche and the "Will to Power," On Modern Utopias; an open letter to Mr. H. G. Wells, etc., etc.

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

By BROUGHAM VILLIERS. 10s. 6d. net.

The Nation says:—"It is in our judgment by far the best general historical treatment of the origin and play of forces in the Labour Socialist Movement of this country that has yet appeared. . . . All Liberals who are not too scornful of Socialism to wish to understand it as set forth by this brilliant exponent will read Mr. Villier's book."

HISTORY OF IRELAND TO THE COMING OF HENRY II.

By ARTHUR UA CLERIGH. 10s. 6d. net.

THE STATUTES OF WALES.

Collected, arranged and edited by IVOR BOWEN, Barrister-at-law, of the South Wales Circuit. 21s. net.

CRIMINAL APPEAL AND EVIDENCE.

By N. W. SIBLEY, B.A., LL.M., Joint Author of "International Law as interpreted during the Russo-Japanese War." 15s. net.

THE SWISS DEMOCRACY A Study of a Sovereign People.

By H. D. LLOYD and JOHN A. HOBSON. 6s. net.

"I can only recommend legislators to read it, trade unionists to purchase it, preachers to lecture on it, and all ethical and similar societies to discuss it chapter by chapter."—*The Review of Reviews.*

THE UPRISING OF THE MANY.

By CHARLES E. RUSSELL. With 32 Illustrations. 5s. net. A description of the democratic and labour movements throughout the world.

NOTE.—Mr. Unwin's new announcement list will be sent post free to any address on application.

1, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

Readers of *The Nation* will be interested in seeing a list of books written by members of the New Government.

LORD MORLEY.
"The Life of Richard Cobden."

Mr. R. B. HALDANE.
"Army Reform."

Mr. JOHN BURNS.
In "Labour and Protection."

Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.
In "The Johnson Club Papers."

Mr. C. F. G. MASTERMAN.
"In Peril of Change."
"The Heart of the Empire."

Mr. W. RUNCIMAN.
In "British Industries under Free Trade."

Published by Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN has been appointed by His Majesty's Government Sole Wholesale Agent for the small scale Ordnance Survey and Geological Maps. A complete catalogue will be sent post free to any address on application.

IN PREPARATION.

MICHAEL DAVITT

Revolutionary Agitator and Labour Leader.

By F. SHEEHY-SHEFFINGTON.
7/6 net.

The stormy career of Michael Davitt has an absorbing fascination for all who are interested in the Irish question. This book is a sketch of his life-history by a writer fully in sympathy with his ideals. The volume will contain an Introduction by Justin McCarthy.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

(B.C. 29—A.D. 476.)

By H. STUART JONES, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. Story of the Nation Series. 5s.

"A really valuable and instructive book."—*Daily Chronicle.*

NOTE.—A complete list of the Volumes in the Story of the Nations' Series, the standard history of the world, will be sent post free to any address on application.

HISTORY OF CIVILISATION.

By CHARLES SEIGNOBOS. 5s. net each.

Vol. I. HISTORY OF ANCIENT CIVILISATION.
Vol. II. HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL CIVILISATION.

A concise review of the development of European civilisation since the downfall of the Roman Empire.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. New Impression. 8s. 6d. net.

NOTE.—A complete list of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will be sent on application.

GERMAN EDUCATION, PAST AND PRESENT.

By FRIEDRICH PAULSEN, Ph.D. 5s. net.

This book is perhaps one of the most brilliant achievements of the well-known Berlin philosopher and educationist.

Cheaper Editions. Bound uniform with LORD MORLEY'S "Life of Richard Cobden." Illustrated. Cloth 2s. 6d. net each.

LIFE OF GOETHE.

By HEINRICH DÜNTZER.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

By HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER. With a new introductory chapter.

ANNIE BESANT. An Autobiography.

Cheap Edition with a new Preface. Illustrated. 5s. net.

"BETTER AND HAPPIER."

An Answer from the Ladies' Gallery to the Speeches in Opposition to the Women's Suffrage Bill, Feb. 28th, 1908. By LADY McLAREN. Paper cover. 6d. net.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON

The Nation

Reviews.

THE STRATEGY OF PITT.*

THE question has been hotly discussed whether the revolution in naval construction which has come about since the days of the wooden walls has rendered obsolete the study of the naval strategy of the earlier times. Arguing on the surface of things, one would certainly decide in the affirmative. The changes have been so sweeping that the naval wars of the eighteenth century might seem to have no lessons for those who direct the leviathans of to-day. But this view rests on sheer confusion of thought. It fails to distinguish between tactics and strategy. The former, concerned as it is with the movements of units in a battle, has changed utterly. The latter, dealing with the wider operations of war, is not essentially changed; for its dictates depend on principles which are scarcely less abiding than those of mathematics and geometry. It is therefore well that Mr. Corbett should have undertaken to carry on in these volumes the story of our earlier naval wars (omitting the uninteresting Spanish War and the War of the Austrian Succession), and to set forth in detail the combined naval and military plans and efforts which rendered the Seven Years' War so fruitful in results.

As is well known, that war began with a series of disasters which damped the ardour of nearly all but Pitt. To his inspiring power we owe a priceless debt of gratitude, but Mr. Corbett here proves that his services were equally great in the council chamber. Here, indeed, is the chief value of this book: it is very far from being a naval chronicle of the type of James's work. It is concerned more with the policy which planned great expeditions than with the details of their execution. Little or no notice is taken of fights between single ships which are dwelt on so largely by James. This is pre-eminently a book which statesmen as well as seamen would do well to study. Perhaps Mr. Corbett has devoted rather too much attention to Whitehall and not quite enough to Portsmouth and Plymouth. The book would have been improved by a chapter on the British and French navies and dockyards. In the concluding chapter, entitled "Lessons of the War," there are some remarks on the excellent work done by Anson and others at the Admiralty in this period, one result of which was the adoption of the '74 ship as the standard sail-of-the-line, and the 32-gun frigate as the fast cruiser. But this does not meet the want indicated above. The ordinary reader needs to know something of the naval resources of the rival States, as well as the general relations of all the Great Powers which the author has clearly outlined.

The preliminary survey of European affairs shows why our policy at first was tentative and halting. Though the capture of Fort Duquesne (afterwards Pittsburg) by the French was a direct challenge to war, there were many reasons why Ministers should seek to localise it. Austria was grumbling about the Barrier Treaty to which we vainly sought to hold her; the Dutch were not bound to help us unless we were distinctly attacked; Spain more than once seemed about to join France; and Frederick the Great was casting longing eyes on Hanover. In fact, this book supplies new proofs of the clogging effects of the Electorate on British policy. The timidity of Newcastle accentuated the difficulties; but, as something had to be done, Boscawen was secretly commissioned to sail with a fleet to Cape Breton Island, cruise off that important stronghold, Louisburg, and capture any French expedition that might seek to enter. By dint of lying hard to the French ambassador at his own table, Granville and Robinson soothed his fears for a time; and the expedition promised to prevent any further French aggressions in North America and to bring the whole question to a decisive issue. Despite the lies, Boscawen failed utterly; and, as is here shown, from a lack of comprehension of the real points in question. If he struck any blow at all, it should have been decisive; but he chose to attack a French squadron in foggy weather, took three ships, and, for the sake of a pawn, compromised England's opening. On the Continent we were looked on as the aggressors, and the Dutch naturally refused to fulfil their treaty obligations. The disaster that befell Braddock's force near Fort Duquesne and the failure of Admiral Hawke to seize Du Guay's squadron off Finisterre made the outlook of the gloomiest.

Mr. Corbett then describes the events that altered the situation, namely, "the diplomatic revolution" and the rise of Pitt to power. The former of these ranged Austria on the side of France, and therefore almost forced Prussia into an alliance with England. The latter gave us a Minister worthy of working with the great Frederick. After the rather niggling treatment accorded to Pitt by Dr. von Ruville, it is refreshing to read this narrative written with wider views and sympathies. Perhaps the tendency here has been somewhat to over-estimate Pitt's genius for strategy. To take one instance: Mr. Corbett praises the plan for a raid on Rochefort as the most telling means of lessening the pressure of the French arms on Frederick and the Duke of Cumberland's army in Hanover in the summer of 1757. Now, it is true that action against any French port was far better than the inaction of which our ally had bitterly complained. But why was Rochefort chosen? No trustworthy plans of the place and of its difficult approaches were in our possession; the blow could not be struck with the same speed as at one of the northern French ports; the position of Rochefort was so remote from Hanover as to afford only very indirect relief to Prussia; and it seems to us on every ground that a stroke at Dunkirk or Havre would have been far more effective. George II. struggled to get an expedition sent to the coast of Hanover, where it would have threatened the right wing of the Duc de Richelieu's army.

But no arguments could bend Pitt's haughty will. The force set sail; the commanders of the land and sea forces hampered one another at the critical time; and the expedition was a miserable failure. Mr. Corbett well points out the final causes of the fiasco; but he does not convince us that the whole plan was not ill-conceived. To quote Elizabethan and other examples of raids and diversions in support of the surprising statement that: "Judged by the most fastidious science, Pitt's expedition to Rochefort was absolutely correct," is to beg the whole question, which is whether or no Rochefort was the best objective.

The failure was not without its lessons. Wolfe saw at Rochefort how the fleet and army had been used to thwart instead of support one another. "In war something must be allowed to chance and fortune, seeing that it is in its nature hazardous and an option of difficulties." Such was his pithy comment on the poltroonery of his superiors at Rochefort. The refusal of Pitt to acknowledge the Duke of Cumberland's Convention of Klosterzeven, and the victories of Frederick at Rossbach and Leuthen changed the whole face of the war as if by magic. Here, it seems to us, Mr. Corbett has not done justice to the great Prussian. Even in a work dealing primarily with the sea, it should clearly be shown how immense was the influence of Rossbach in reducing France to the defensive and enfeebling alike her resources and her nerve. Twenty diversions to Rochefort or to St. Malo (another "scratch at the French coast") would have effected less than that direct and crushing blow.

The combination of skill and daring that marked Pitt's plans for the conquest of Canada is here duly emphasised. The capture of Louisburg opened the way to Quebec. But a long delay occurred owing to the failure of the British expedition against Fort Ticonderoga at the foot of Lake Champlain. When the plan was renewed in 1759, Wolfe had charge of the great expedition that was to move from Louisburg on Quebec, while to Amherst there fell the advance by way of Ticonderoga. Mr. Corbett does not notice the criticisms that have often been made on this division of force. A demonstration on that side was, of course, essential, in order to lead the French to scatter their forces. But, to

*"England in the Seven Years' War: a Study in Combined Strategy." By Julian S. Corbett, LL.M. 2 vols. Longmans. 21s. net.

suppose that Amherst could move through very difficult country in time to stretch a hand to Wolfe before Quebec, was most risky. Strategists have generally condemned movements on lines so very widely apart; and it is clear that if, say, the half of Amherst's force had joined Wolfe in moving by sea straight on Quebec, the chances of failure would have been minimised. As it was, the boldness of Wolfe and of his naval coadjutor, Saunders (to whom justice has at last been done in this work), snatched a brilliant victory from the jaws of defeat; and those who read the thrilling story here re-told, will realise the importance of combined military and naval movements. This is the true significance of the capture of Quebec.

We have no space in which to notice the other features of interest of this work—the reduction of Montreal, the capture of Belleisle and Havana, the triumphs in the East Indies, and the change produced by Pitt's resignation. Everywhere the touch is sure and the survey illuminating. We should like also to discuss Mr. Corbett's statement that defence is stronger than offence. Surely this is contrary to general experience. A commander who conceals his real line of attack, and distracts his enemies by feints, is almost sure to win if his foes cannot deal vigorous counter-strokes in time. The successes of Napoleon were nearly always won by his use of a vigorous and unexpected offensive. The defensive both on land and sea will, as a rule, only succeed when it has the advantages of position, numbers, and *morale* on its side.

J. Holland Rose.

THE RIDDLE OF THE BACCHAE.*

There are various medieval stories of a good monk contemplating the proceedings of some robber or notorious evil-liver, and detecting therein the seeds of some future saintliness which will eventually raise the sinner to the position of a pattern monk. It is with very similar feelings that I regard this book. It is in my eyes a sin, an open and flagrant sin; but it has the seeds of grace. If Mr. Norwood repents, there are qualities in his book which suggest that he will be a brilliant scholar; if he does not repent—well, it will be a disappointment to lovers of Greek literature. He possesses two of the great requisites for understanding ancient poetry—sound scholarship and intensity of observation. He fails, I think, in historical sense; in the understanding of how a playwright works; and perhaps also, though I hesitate to bring such a charge against a writer whose style shows uncommon vigour of thought and wide knowledge of literature, in sensitiveness to what I may call poetic values.

The main doctrine of the book is based, as the writer explains, on the theory laid down by Dr. Verrall in "Euripides the Rationalist." Euripides was a sceptic; therefore he cannot have seriously introduced gods or miracles into his plays. Therefore those parts of his plays—rather specially numerous—in which gods and miracles do occur, must either bear a secret meaning, intelligible to some supposed esoteric band of followers, of whom we have no mention in history, or they must not be parts of the play at all, but merely additions intended to save the writer from persecution by the orthodox. I will not criticise this theory in general, but will merely explain Mr. Norwood's application of it to "The Bacchae."

"The Bacchae" is a sort of miracle play, based on a sacred legend of the Bacchic cult. The new god, Dionysus, comes from the unknown East to his own land of Thebes to preach his doctrine and assert his godhead. His own people, led by Pentheus, presuming upon his gentle appearance, insult and imprison him. The persecuted god at last rouses himself, breaks down his prison walls, puts a fatal delusion upon Pentheus, and makes him commit the sin of spying upon the secret rites of the Bacchic women; which doing, he is discovered and torn to pieces. It is an old and horrible "sacred story," full of dramatic possibilities, but not calculated any more than other tales of primitive religion to bear strict scrutiny from the standpoint of morals. How Euripides transforms it, and what meanings of his own he reads into it, I have tried to discuss in the introduction to my first volume of translations of Euripides, and will not repeat here. Mr. Norwood starts from two hypotheses: first, that the play must be a work of rationalist propaganda (not merely a play with a spirit of rationalist criticism visible in it, which is a quite different thing); and secondly, though he does not formulate this so clearly, that the poet must definitely take one side or the other in the implied moral conflict, and cannot intentionally leave the reader bewildered.

He starts from the earthquake which shakes down "all the house" where Dionysus is imprisoned. The Chorus who are alone on the stage apparently see the earthquake, cry out in terror, fall on their faces, &c., and Dionysus comes out of prison immediately after, and tells how it occurred. But Mr. Norwood says that there was no earthquake, and that the Chorus only think there was one because they are hypnotised to do so by the professed Dionysus, who is in truth only an accomplished medium. His reasons for denying the earthquake are (1) that we do not know how earthquake effects were produced on the Greek stage. This, I think, is no argument at all, since it is admitted that they were produced. (2) After the earthquake scene there is no more mention of the earthquake, and persons who come on the stage later do not make any remarks on the effects of it. This in a modern play would be an important difficulty; but it amounts to little in Greek dramatic technique. The Greek habit was to let each scene stand very much by itself, producing its own effect uninterrupted by references to other parts of the play. An incident or a character which has done its work is simply allowed to drop. One could give many instances, but each one would need to be discussed in detail. I will merely state my opinion that Mr. Norwood's error lies, first, in applying the standards of realistic drama to a form of art which never contemplated them; and secondly, in a tendency to handle a poet's words as if they were the statements of a suspect witness, in which any contradiction or logical inconsistency is evidence to show that important facts are being kept back from us.

He concludes that the point of the earthquake scene is to show how mad the Chorus were in thinking there was an earthquake, when by the nature of the Greek stage there could not be one. Consequently the other miracles are all imaginary too. Those narrated by the First Messenger are meant to show how credulous that Messenger was; those mentioned by the Second Messenger are not really miraculous. The object of the whole play is to show how, among credulous persons, faith in a miraculous religion may have arisen. Dionysus is, as we have said, not a god at all, but a professional medium of bad character. True, he distinctly tells the audience in the prologue, and the other characters in the epilogue (where he appears *ex machina* in the usual divine manner), that he is a god; but those parts must be rejected. The chapter on the character of this human Dionysus is vigorously written, and suggests the subject of quite a good play, which I wish Mr. Norwood would try to write. I believe he would then find how totally different it is from the subject which Euripides has treated. Mr. Norwood's Pentheus would be a character in it, and a quite good and workable character; better, indeed, than Euripides' Pentheus. Euripides leaves the rebel king curiously uninteresting, considering what a chance he had. The reason doubtless was that with a real flesh and blood Pentheus, who appealed much to our sympathetic imaginations, the story of "The Bacchae" would be absolutely disgusting. If you are dealing with an ancient hell-and-judgment story in which a man is torn in pieces alive by his mother and aunts, it is more tactful not to have the man in question very human. Best leave him rather wooden and conventional. The pathos when you want it will be quite strong enough. I wish Mr. Norwood would consider, not what a case can be made out for Pentheus, but why Euripides has abstained from making out such a case.

Of course, it must be remembered that I have views of my own about "The Bacchae," and therefore am not likely to read Mr. Norwood's book with a quite unbiassed mind, or even to state his arguments quite as he would wish them stated. His criticisms of my work are in every way fair and even generous, though I still think that the "manger" in Luke ii., 7, &c., is historically connected with the

* "The Riddle of the Bacchae." By G. Norwood, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Lecturer in the University of Manchester. Manchester University Press.

"manger" in which Dionysus was prisoned. The Greek word is the same, and the parallels between Dionysus-worship and certain elements in Christian legend are admitted by most authorities to be very numerous, and to turn up in the most curious and unessential details. I do not see why Mr. Norwood should wish me to translate the word by "stall" in one place and "manger" in the other. Perhaps I reject Mr. Norwood's view the more swiftly because some fifteen years ago, when studying the Rationalist theory in general, I tried almost exactly this same hypothesis upon "The Bacchae," and decided that it would not work. But Mr. Norwood's book has even in the eyes of a sceptic the considerable merit of stating the hypothesis in a very thorough-going and able manner, and at least giving it its full chance of being believed. I can imagine that many people may be convinced by reading Mr. Norwood, though I doubt if the conviction will often survive a re-reading of the play itself.

GILBERT MURRAY.

AN AGNOSTIC ESTABLISHMENT.*

No one reading this book could miss its interest and ability; it might, nevertheless, be possible to miss its importance. Dr. Stanton Coit, besides being a man of high distinction and idealism, is a man of many ideas, and it would be easy to regard this book as a collection of such ideas. But it is sometimes more valuable to have one idea than many; and this book is primarily the exposition of one idea, and that an important one. Many would even call it paradoxical and perverse. Properly, of course, it can only be stated in Dr. Coit's words, but for purposes of brevity it can be stated in mine. Dr. Coit, a modern agnostic, criticises existing Christianity along lines almost literally opposite to those of Herbert Spencer and the majority of the critics. The common charge against Christianity was that religion was indeed, or might be, a matter of passionate private importance, but that it had been coarsened by establishment and crushed by ceremonial. A man might worship Jehovah, but why need he do it in church? A man might have a faith beyond this world, but why should it have an establishment within this world? It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Dr. Coit reverses this. He says it is the Church that is right and the Jehovah that is wrong. He says that it is the establishment in this world that is right, and the faith beyond this world that is wrong. This agnostic is strongly against the Nonconformists, especially of the Puritan age, not because they did not conform to the orthodox theology, but strictly because they did not conform to the Established Church. For while a theology is super-human, and an agnostic cannot support it, an Established Church is human and an agnostic can support it. "Imagine," says Dr. Coit, "for a moment how different would be the state of social life and thought in England to-day if the religious philosophy of National Idealism had been known and acted upon three centuries ago by the reforming enthusiasts of England! The Nonconformists within the Church would never had acquiesced for a day in their final expulsion from the established organisation. They never would have rested content with the idea of private enterprise churches. They would have resented the idea of free churches. Instead of their infinite solicitude to save separate souls from eternal torment by gathering them into isolated conventicles, they would have continued to agitate as a great political force for the recognition of their teachings within the Establishment." With great clearness and eloquence, and a fascinating subtlety of illustration, Dr. Coit maintains throughout this proposition: that the national Church is the nation, that everyone ought to belong to the national Church first and discuss its doctrines afterwards.

On the whole, it may be conceded that Dr. Coit has proved that an agnostic can belong to a State church. Exactly what he has not proved is that one who is not an agnostic can belong to it. On his line certainly a secularist can be a churchman; the only doubt is whether a Christian can be a churchman. Nay, on these lines the real doubt is whether a churchman can be a churchman. The natural claim of one's country presumably is supreme for those to whom the supernatural does not matter. But Dr. Coit has not dealt with the case of those to whom it does matter. If you only believe in this world social solidarity is possibly the most important thing; if you believe in something more it is not, and there is the end of the discussion—and the beginning of the quarrel.

This is specially noticeable in the able chapters in which Dr. Coit pleads for his well-known policy of using the terms of supernatural religion in the sense of ethics. Dr. Coit most plausibly explains how theological terms might be useful to a man with no theology; but in the actual theological atmosphere of mankind they will surely be a little misleading. To Dr. Coit it is quite natural to say that he belongs to the Christian Church, because he believes in national unity and admires Christ. But to me it sounds exactly like saying that I belong to the Primrose League because I believe in political combination and admire primroses. Such a suggestion would leave unfairly out of account the fact that the Primrose League believes, rightly or wrongly, that it is fighting for something important. Christian theology, rightly or wrongly, thinks the same.

The question of whether we should use these terms in a wholly symbolic way is surely greatly affected, to say the least of it, by the fact that more than three-quarters of our civilisation uses them and believes in them in an actual way. Of course, we do use religious or mythological terms with reference only to an abstract spirit or agency. But generally this is only done with dead religions or mythologies. Thus offering our children to Moloch now only means offering them to cruelty and destruction; but if there were really a little temple of Moloch in Battersea with a corrugated iron roof, we might avoid the term as confusing. Or again, our lighter journalism still talks (I regret to say) about the darts of Cupid; but if there really were an important Nonconformist sect which believed in the positive personal existence of Cupid, we should find it necessary to make a distinction. The whole of Dr. Coit's proposals for loosening or expanding the sense of words is really founded on the assumption that Christ is as dead as Moloch or Cupid. That is where he makes a mistake.

Lastly, there is a sensation which makes me distrust all this talk of a purely secular and social religion, of the nation as the religious unit, and all sections joining in worship without reference to theology. There is in us a memory of the history of our race. Christianity was not an expedient tried in the barbarous twilight of history; it was an expedient tried after the sun of rationalism had both risen and set. It was an expedient tried after Dr. Coit's expedient had been tried—and found wanting. For the true name of this civic religion without dogma is simply Paganism. It is needless to discuss whether it can exist: it has existed. Men have worshipped the virtues as pure pillars of the State; they did it in ancient Rome. Men have worshipped a god who was simply public unity and equity—his name was Divus Cæsar. And we modern Europeans are not so much men moving towards that experience as men still fleeing from it; we are only the advance guard of that immense revolt and rout which fled from the failure of the Pagan Empire. Sometimes, when we visit an entirely new town, we have a strange feeling that we have been there before. I have that strange feeling when I visit Dr. Coit's new religious city. I fancy there is something in me that has been there before; I feel like a ghost. And as a man in an empty street may hear footsteps mocking him with a belated echo, so as I walk down this modern highway I seem to hear behind me the sound of my own sandals padding along the Appian Way.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

* "National Idealism and a State Church." A Constructive Essay in Religion. By Stanton Coit, Ph.D. Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.

THE DECAY OF GERMAN DRAMA.*

WITHIN the past few years we have noted a growing tendency in German criticism to proclaim the decay, if not the complete break-up, of the contemporary movement in the German drama, which began with such wonderful promise and such high hopes nearly twenty years ago. Among the sym-

* "Vom Rückgang der deutschen Bühne." Von Paul Goldmann. Frankfort on the Main: Rütten und Loening. M. 4.
"Kaiser Karls Geisel. Ein Legendenspiel." Von Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer. M. 3.

pathisers with the movement the want of unanimity is on the increase, and the critics who, from the first, maintained a sceptical or antagonistic attitude, are becoming more clamorous. To the latter class belongs Dr. Paul Goldmann, the Berlin representative of the "Neue Freie Presse," and author of the present volume of polemical criticism. He is a clear-headed, common-sense critic, whose views have from time to time been welcome as affording a wholesome antidote to the often rather blatant optimism of the "moderns." But in this last volume his reserved and sceptical attitude has passed over into what can only be called a pæan of "Schadenfreude." Dr. Goldmann might have told us—and with a justice that stood in no need of vigorous underlining and reiteration—that the new German drama was deficient in theatrical qualities, that it refused to learn from the French, that it showed a disagreeable fondness for perverse moral questions, and delighted in refurbishing forgotten classical plays with modern psychological interpretations. But his tone is of a kind that provokes antagonism rather than wins sympathies; his limited materialistic outlook in matters of poetry precludes any hope of an understanding with the young German pioneers, and explains, too, why an embittered anti-Semitism is so much more readily fostered in Germany than elsewhere. Dr. Goldmann clearly overshoots the mark in his latest volume; the end is not yet. Germany's disappointment and impatience with her national stage are not difficult to understand. The present writer had the good fortune to witness and share in that outburst of popular enthusiasm which, in the early 'nineties, greeted plays like "Die Ehre" and "Heimat," "Jugend" and "Die Weber"; one could not but hope then that Germany would ultimately evolve from the crossing influences that came from France, Scandinavia, and Russia a distinctively national drama on a basis of wholesome realism. But year after year passed, one play after another was greeted with acclamation only to disappear in the limbo of forgotten things, and the coming of the master-dramatist seemed further off than ever. A widespread disappointment was inevitable. But all this does not make Dr. Goldmann's irritatingly superior tone any the more palatable, nor does it convince us that the German drama, as Dr. Goldmann would like to prove to us, was from the beginning on the wrong path.

To such a *laudator temporis acti* Gerhart Hauptmann is the head and corner-stone of offence. As a matter of fact, the lesser playwrights may pretty well be neglected; writers like Halbe, Dreyer, Hirschfeld, Fulda, have long since shown that, however willing the spirit is, their work is deficient in the ideas that move men; their horizon is bounded by the Philistinism of the theatre, or at best by the vagaries of the literary coteries. Hermann Sudermann, again, accepted too readily the rôle of popular playwright to count very seriously in the building up of a drama of literary pretensions, and we doubt if the reputation of that unkempt genius of the perverse and the abnormal, Frank Wedekind, is erected on a much surer basis. But Gerhart Hauptmann belongs to a different category, and whether, like the critic whose volume we have before us, we accuse him of foolish obstinacy in refusing to learn what a play is from his betters, or are merely disappointed at his continued inability to make headway in the German theatre, we must at least admit that he is an original force in contemporary literature.

His new dramatic legend, "Emperor Charles's Hostage," which was produced in Berlin a little time ago, is not likely to stay the "decay" of which Dr. Goldmann speaks; but we doubt if that critic would agree with us as to the reason. It is a legend of Charles the Great in his later years, and describes the infatuation of the aged king for a young Saxon hostage, Gersuind, who, standing "jenseits von Gut und Böse," is to the old man the embodiment of all that is pure and desirable, while in reality she is rotten to the core. In this mere anecdote Hauptmann has been fascinated by the psychological problem; he has set himself to study how an old man may be shaken by an elemental passion, and he has thrown the result into dramatic form. So far we have no quarrel with the poet; for if the new German drama promised anything twenty years ago, it was that, on the Scandinavian model, it would give us plays of inward, not outward, problems and conflicts. Dr. Goldmann censures with peculiar acrimony Hauptmann's unwillingness to take advantage—in the manner of Dumas and Sardou—of the natural dramatic accents in the subjects he chooses; as a matter of fact, the poet seems to avoid such moments as systematically as the old classical dramatists avoided bloodshed on the stage. And if, by this means, he succeeds in concentrating his audience's attention on the inward dramatic conflict, it is a legitimate and welcome departure from the conventions of the theatre; moreover, the accentuation of the subjective conflict at the expense of outward effectiveness has been a steady principle in the best dramatic work of the North of Europe from Heppel to Ibsen. But, however that may be, there is less action in "Kaiser Karls Geisel" than in any other of Hauptmann's plays, even in that actionless tragedy "Michael Kramer"; the only happenings take place in the mind of the king himself.

The failure of the play is not, however, to be attributed merely to the choice of subject or the method of its treatment; it seems to us that a power was needed to realise this intensely subjective type of drama which lay beyond the poet's range. Hauptmann made his name in German letters as a realist of plastic imagination and delicate powers of observation; in "Kollege Crampton," "Die Weber," "Hannele," "Der Biberpelz," "Fuhrmann Henschel," and "Michael Kramer," he has written dramas which rank very high among the products of the naturalistic movement in Europe, and if the realism of these works was occasionally enlightened by mystic gleams from another world, and poetic, even allegorical, touches not to be found in the drab of French and Russian realism, this only gave Hauptmann's work a distinctive, unforgettable flavour of its own. On the other hand, even the poet's warmest admirers cannot claim for him distinction as a writer of verse; his lines have none of the haunting music of the young Austrian dramatists of our day; he is also, as Georg Brandes pointed out years ago, strangely lacking in the ideas that form the yeast of dramatic poetry. And then how unreal and imaginary is his Kaiser Karl, his Alcuin! They are no more historical than the heroes of the French tragedy of the seventeenth century, and they are, if anything, less living than the personages who strutted the stage in the endless Hohenstaufen dramas of the early nineteenth century in Germany. It would almost seem as if the wave of realism had passed across the German theatre and left it where it was. Thus we regret the failure of Hauptmann's new play not—as critics like Dr. Goldmann would say—because he is leading the German drama into new, unknown lands still unindicated on the critical map, but because he has ignored all that he himself in earlier days helped the German drama to attain. The path he has chosen here leads assuredly only one way, and that is back to the lifeless iambic tragedy on Schillerian lines, a form of literature which German realism in the hour of its triumph believed that it had destroyed. Hauptmann has had failures which we have felt were undeserved: "Michael Kramer" was one, "Schluck und Jau" another—to mention dramas which the popular verdict disposed of without much mercy; he has had one success which we deplored and still deplore, "Die versunkene Glocke," with its uninspired verses, its theatrical allegory, and broad appeal to the sentiment of the masses. Had it not been for this "Sunken Bell" we believe Hauptmann would have remained more faithful to the art of which he is a master, and if he had felt tempted to write historical dramas, they would at least have been on the lines of "Florian Geyer," and not on those of the present play.

On the whole, then, "Kaiser Karls Geisel" is not a work with which to refute Dr. Goldmann's assertion that the German stage is declining; but we trust the failure will have the advantage of sending the poet back to the form of drama in which he has no rival among contemporary men of letters. But we would also insist that the decline of the stage in Germany, if it is to come, will be brought about by those very causes—the return to the theatrical and the conventional, the cessation of experiment—in which Dr. Goldmann sees the only hope for its recovery. To many of us foreigners who are starved on the monotonous multiplicity of the theatres of London and Paris, the charm of the German theatre lies in its independence and originality, in its steady endeavour to get away from the French convention that has dominated the European theatre for more than a century. The German theatre still possesses the power of giving a new thrill to the mind. In Germany, in

other words, the theatre is making an honest endeavour to break with tradition, and to speak to the cultivated man of to-day of the things that lie nearest to him; and the failures in such endeavour are, we are inclined to think, more precious in the end than the theatrical successes which run round the globe.

THE HISTORY OF FOLK LORE.*

On its physical side, anthropology is concerned with the measurement of skulls as a key to their ethnic relations; and with the collection of prehistoric remains of man, as tools and weapons from river gravels and caverns, and various objects from graves and monuments, throwing light upon his stage of culture. On its more important side, the psychical anthropology gathers from immaterial relics, products of that marvellous apparatus, the three thousand million-celled human brain, a great body of tradition and belief whose interpretation is the province of folk lore. Strange to say, anthropology knocked for many a year at the door of the British Association for the Advancement of Science before admission was granted, and folk lore still awaits due recognition from historians who profess to run on scientific lines. The inability of the older school to go behind documents had excuse, because no light from a prehistoric past had yet dawned; but no such plea avails the modern school, towards which Mr. Gomme, burning with a zeal "according to knowledge," adopts a tone more monitory than persuasive.

> "It is essential that folk lore should establish its right to a place among the historical sciences. At present that right is not admitted. It is objected to by scholars who will not admit that history can proceed from anything but a dated and certified document, and by a few who do not admit that history has anything to do with affairs that do not emanate from the prominent political or military personages of each period. It is silently, if not contemptuously, ignored by almost every historical inquirer whose attention has not been specially directed to the evidence contained in traditional material."

In brief, to their shame, these heretics deny continuity. Mr. Gomme cites two examples, one local and the other personal, of the interdependence between history and folk lore. He sees in the prominence given to London Bridge in folk tale and legend the deep impression which that structure, erected by the skilled "Romans of Lundinium," made on a rude people; while a key is put into the reluctant hands of the historian whereby is explained the association of mythical exploits with the actual deeds of the last of the Saxon defenders of his country against the Norman. Here it may not be amiss to point out that the legends themselves are witnesses to the existence of the hero, and to the nucleus which they encrust, so that many a name, nebulous in history, becomes consolidated by tradition.

In utilising materials drawn from out-of-the-way sources (as Macaulay utilised broadsheets and pamphlets for his brilliant pictures of social conditions), Mr. Gomme works in the spirit of one to whom there is "nothing common or unclean"; the folk tale, custom, and rite having at their heart some primitive idea wherein lies the only interpretation by man of man himself and of his surroundings then possible. The opening chapter, whose main argument is expressed in the quotation given above, is followed by a discussion on the methods of research to be pursued, and by definitions of terms. There is no such novelty in these as Mr. Gomme assumes; books previous to his own have laid down the canon that primitive myth is primitive science, and, in a certain degree, primitive theology. Examples more or less familiar to the folklorist are given, but, as Herbert Spencer has said, one can drive facts and ideas into people's heads only by "restating the obvious," and we are grateful to Mr. Gomme for including among his samples of creation-myths two admirable specimens from Wales and India, which, with local variation, tell how, there being no solid elements left, woman was woven out of sunbeams, breezes, warmth, cold, and sweetness. The sequel that so ethereal a creature was rejected by man is inevitable. We are reminded of the cynical German proverb: "God made man; then woman; then, taking pity on man, He made tobacco." Supplementing his illustrations by reference to the creation story in Genesis, Mr. Gomme has sympathetic recognition of the high level among cosmogonies which it attains, but his comments are somewhat confused by the use of the term "religion" where it is obvious that "theology" is meant. The distinction should be carefully maintained, because in the one we recognise an element which affects man everywhere deeply and constantly; and in the other that which is the hopeless attempt to incarnate the spiritual in creed and dogma. Neither can we follow Mr. Gomme in his remarks upon survivals in beliefs, and their outward and visible signs in rites and customs. What he has to say about their inevitable decay and death is not reconcilable with the numerous examples of their persistence which follow. It does not seem possible to over-emphasise the influence of the past on the present. As the reproductive cells are charged with ancestral tendencies so dominant that there appears to be no room for the intrusion of characters acquired during the lifetime of the individual, so it is with the forces which we call spiritual. Animistic ideas, however disguised, remain the essential elements of religions; the ancient gods may change their names, but never their natures. The four Spirits of the Sea of old Malay belief become four archangels in the hierarchy of Islam; the worship of Elijah as Helias is carried on at the shrine of the sun god Helios; Demeter survives in St. Demetrios; and the ague-stricken Lincolnshire peasant alike invokes the God of the Christian, and Woden, the old Scandinavian god, in his word-charm against the disease. A thin epidermis covers the thicker layer of pagan conceptions; the educated Hindu officer who, Sir Alfred Lyall tells us, worshipped five pebbles as the symbol of Omnipotence, is on no lower plane than a clerical friend of the reviewer, who, marching with the times in scientific matters, is a firm believer in demonology and witchcraft.

One-fourth of the volume is filled with a chapter on "Anthropological Conditions," wherein, as the title implies, Mr. Gomme deals with matters having less direct bearing on his main theme, although full of interest for the expert. Passing in adverse comment the chief theories propounded on the origin of the strange institution known as totemism, to be broadly defined as "clan work," he falls back, wisely we think, on general principles, in the remark that

> "the tie of totemism is not the tie of blood kinship, but the artificially created association with natural objects or animals,"

born, it may be added, of barbaric belief in a community of life between earth's creatures, one among other previsions of the uncultured mind which modern science justifies. There remain a number of subjects, notably those bearing on custom, a branch wherein Mr. Gomme speaks with special authority, which have suggestive treatments, and invite comment. This the limits of space forbid, and it must suffice to commend a book which skilfully marshals a further body of evidence on the workings of evolution in the human sphere.

Edward Clodd.

* "Folk Lore as an Historical Science." By George Lawrence Gomme. With Twenty-eight Illustrations. Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

THE ARAB IN ARCHITECTURE.*

The traveller who journeys southward across Europe, as he approaches the Mediterranean, will become aware, if he is interested in the subject of architecture, of a singular change which takes place in the general character and appearance of buildings. It matters very little where exactly his southward course lies, but as the length of Italy, with Sicily lying off the end of it, and the great Spanish peninsular, are the boldest southern projections, it is here perhaps that the change is most keenly felt. It is not a change to be expressed in terms of style. You do not account for it by any of the normal references to the classic, the Renaissance, the Gothic, or any other mode of building. It is not even to be accounted for by the introduction of new forms and features; for the peculiarity of this curious change is that it can work upon any material. It is not in any sense a creative movement; it has no powers of its own; but on every kind of architectural design submitted to it it operates indifferently, and the general effect and outcome of its

* "Portuguese Architecture." By Walter Crum Watson. Constable. 25s.

operations is always the same. What it does is this: it takes from every style or structural feature it has to deal with its accuracy and sharpness of outline, and the clean definition of its form. No matter what the style or the feature may be, they all undergo the same metamorphosis; they all come out a little blurred, dulled, and sodden looking. It is by this you recognise them. The Norman column, the Gothic arch, the Renaissance pilaster and architrave are found in the South, as in the North; but, as compared with the Northern specimens, the Southern always give one the same impression, the impression that they have been boiled, and have lost in the boiling their hardness and their precision of outline and angle. Moreover, it is not only in the structural features that the change takes effect; it takes effect wherever form is the motive; in all sculpture, whether of foliage, or animals, or other objects. In the South sculpture quite loses its strong and precise Northern quality, and becomes flabby and comparatively meaningless. In a word, as we approach the Mediterranean, the sense for form, which is the dominating characteristic of Northern art, weakens and declines.

All who have travelled will recognise the change of which I speak. We will not linger on what is obvious. But the causes of which this is the effect are worth considering. Those causes are not to be sought in natural differences of climate and temperature, for in the classic age, when the Greek and Roman influence was paramount in these latitudes, the capacity to deal with form existed in its full vigour. There is to this day no more curious contrast to be found in architecture than that suggested by the exquisitely clear and curt articulation of the Greek temples of Sicily as compared with the floridly decorative buildings of later dates in Sicilian towns; and throughout the whole extent of the Mediterranean countries the still surviving remains of Roman ruins, clean-hewn and solid, offer just the same contrast to later surrounding structures. The effects we speak of are not, therefore, due to natural conditions. They are due to racial influence. It will be found that, wherever the Arab race has touched, these effects have crept in, and wherever the Arab race has established itself these effects have become the abiding characteristics of architecture. Right across the South of Europe, roughly, perhaps, coinciding with the fortieth degree of latitude, extends an invisible frontier, marked upon no map, but marked clearly enough in the changing character of its buildings, up to which the Arab influence, carried by inroads or perpetuated by compact, penetrated. All along this frontier the European and Arabic characteristics grapple in a wavering conflict. Down to it from the North the European genius, which is rational and intellectual in its character and coherent in its methods, which slowly builds up its civilisation and develops its literature, science, and system of government on approved and tested principles, which leans constantly, as intellectualism always must lean, to the tangible and definable, and for that very reason has always, on the artistic side, found itself in form and expressed its ideas most naturally in terms of form—down to that line, I say, the European genius reigns, and the mark of its sovereignty is the clean-cut sculpture and architecture, imbued with the full sense of purpose and knowledge of adaptation of means to ends which belong to the Western temperament. Then comes the change, subtle, scarcely distinguished at first, but soon more and more unmistakable as lines begin to waver and forms to dissolve, and all the vigour of intellectual definition dies gradually away. We have passed the frontier now, and are within the sphere of influence of Orientalism. The mystical and the sensuous have taken the place of the practical and the intellectual. Exact definition, the formative and structural principles, are no longer here vehicles for the expression of life. Rather these principles are life's playthings, to be experimented with, to be twisted and tangled and involved into a thousand fantastic and irrational designs. Look at this quaint arcade of arches distorted into unimaginable shapes, resting on shafts like pipe stems, and honeycombed with undecipherable chiselwork. Such are the uses to which the sternly simple features of Northern architecture are now degraded.

Portuguese architecture, as Mr. Crum Watson says in the preface to the work which has suggested these remarks, is in itself no very great thing. But architecture is always interesting, for it is that one of the arts which most fully and freely expresses racial character. People all build, and they all build according to their nature. The Greeks, the Romans, the Goths, and, in their own peculiar way, the Arabs, have all left on architecture the impress of their racial temperament, and the mingling or conflict of their various styles of building is a mingling or conflict of racial characteristics. Now Portugal is one of those countries which lie upon the frontier line we spoke of which divides European and Arabic ascendency, and the whole country is more or less penetrated and influenced by the struggle between the two. Necessarily that struggle is bad for architecture as architecture. The Arab influence on the arts of form has been an unmixed curse. It only needs to turn the pages of the book before us, well illustrated as they are, to see in almost every photograph the effects of the enervating Oriental influence. The feeble ingenuity of the tracery, the instability of the arches with their frail, complicated archivolts, the overcrowded and flaccid surface-carving are the constantly recurring symptoms of that influence. All this is bad, I say, for architecture, but it has its side of human interest. It helps to a realisation of one cause at least of the old perpetual antagonism between East and West. The East has its own gifts of sensuous and emotional apprehension. It has its seers and prophets where we have our scientists and scholars. But we must go elsewhere than to the arts of form for a display of these Oriental gifts. Meeting, as here, in architecture, it is the strength of the West, the weakness of the East, that is shown. All that the West has to offer to the East, the power of coherent design, of intellectual definition and cogent reasoning, are gifts that go to the making of great architecture; and here along this Mediterranean frontier-line, where the East comes lapping to our threshold, and where we can watch the great European structural principle dissolving at its touch, here we have an opportunity of seeing at their work those disabilities and incompetencies which, far from being restricted to the sphere of art, are the disabilities and incompetencies which permeate Oriental life. Look at these tottering arches and honeycombed sculpture! This is why the East has no literature worth calling literature, no science worth calling science, no government worth calling government. This is why we are in India. Architectural incapacity is the sure sign of intellectual and political incapacity all the world over, for architecture is *par excellence* an intellectual art.

It has often seemed to me that the change of which we have been speaking, the change wrought in European architecture by the westward rush of an Oriental race, might be made of itself the subject for a fairly interesting little book. As I have pointed out, this change is uniform in character, it attacks all styles alike, it is fairly well defined in range, and it would seem capable therefore of being handled as a separate theme. Perhaps such a treatise might bear the title of "Mediterranean Architecture," for the Mediterranean, rather than any national boundaries, has determined its extent, and it has acted, in varying degrees of intensity, all round the coasts of that sea.

L. March-Phillipps.

THE BOARD SCHOOL—AND AFTER.*

From a former generation, that which knew the Education Act of 1870, Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley comes down to us with mirth. He had a narrow escape of the law, but, very happily for the readers of these pages, a discerning providence reserved him for the humours of the School Board. On the morning that he was appointed "one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools," he received a brief in Chambers. "This had never occurred before." Briefs there had been, an unremunerative few, at sessions and assizes, "but in Paper Buildings hitherto the solicitors had respected the privacy of my apartment." The brief instructed him to examine a bankrupt in Chambers. The bankrupt, we surmise, had the best of it; and Mr. Kynnersley, convinced of his unfitness for the Woolsack, proceeded to leave a card on the Lord

* "H.M.I.: Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools." By E. M. Sneyd-Kynnersley, formerly H.M.I. North-West Division. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d. net.

President. His appointment, he assures us, was a job. There is a chorus, which all who peruse these reminiscences will raise together—"And a good job too!"

Mr. Kynnersley began in Wales, having no Welsh, and but limited powers of enjoying the profuse but incongruent hospitalities of the country. The clergy nourished him on old port; the dissenting ministers offered their choicest butter-milk. The Church tendered cigars; Dissent pressed on him an unfamiliar leaf known as "Tobacco of The Cause." His first regular billet was in Norfolk, where he found a lovable people, an irritating railway system, a curious collection of third-class inns, a climate of Siberia, and some peculiar names.

> "Also there is a child named Laste. I asked the Rector whether I should say Last or Lastee? and whether IT was a boy or a girl? IT was a boy, and the Rector well remembered baptising IT. 'Name this child,' he said, and the father replied 'Last.' 'How do you spell it?' asked the puzzled priest. The father said he didn't spell it at all, but IT was the tenth, and he wasn't going to have any more."

It was a Norfolk parlour-maid who let fall a *bon-mot* about the orchids she was helping her master to move: "An' a very good name fer un tew; awkidest things I ever handled." A similar unconscious pleasantry was sometimes found in the lips of the Norfolk elector. Two yokels were gazing on a poster which announced the result of a by-election:—

"Brown	3,456
Jones	2,978
Majority	478

"'I 'xpact thet's about thet there election.'
"'Ya-as: there was only tew of un got in, though.'
"'Ya-as: only they two a' the top.'
"And the other added with an indescribable air of cunning:
"'Ole Majority di'nt get many, did 'a?'"

In the course of years Mr. Kynnersley inspected the schools of nearly a dozen counties.

> "There were places which I never saw except in winter: there were others which I connected with climbing roses in the village, and great bunches of wild flowers in white jugs inside the school. If I lunched with A., I had ducks and green peas; B. came in rhubarb-tart time; C. fed me on game; D. gave me the first mince pies of Advent."

School Boards perplexed, worried, and amused him; but Mr. Inspector is, or was, a more or less irresponsible person, and the shoe seldom pinched him; the geography or arithmetic of an entire Board may collapse beyond recovery, but H.M.I. sleeps well. "Don't shoot them: they are doing their best," might, says Mr. Kynnersley have been inscribed on the council chambers of many Boards.

It is time to come to the children. Mr. Inspector was not long in learning that the one thing the human boy may be expected to say is the unexpected. His games and nearly all his pleasures are rooted in Conservatism, but when it comes to conversation or examination he has gins that bring sorrow to the wariest. "How much is eleven twelves?" asks Mr. Kynnersley, and answer is there none. He puts it more searchingly: "*Who* knows how much is eleven twelves?" To a question couched in that form the response, if unforeseen, was inevitable: "Gawd!"

There is the usual chapter of "Errata"; a delightful one, fruitful of amazing remarks on the boy's part. The boy in class is always shedding new light on things. History, in particular, is a mine to him out of which he fetches treasures bigger and more blazing than the Pitt diamond. The Jacobites—

> "called themselves Jacobites from a passage in Scripture about Jacob which passage they considered applicable to their own case. Their object was to do away with the tolls at turnpike gates, and they went to the root of the matter and destroyed the gates themselves."

The Young Pretender—

> "was Prince Charles Edward who claimed to have been one of the little Princes murdered in the Tower. He was found to be a deceiver, and was put into the King's Kitchen to work."

Another scholar recognised him as—

> "the son of the Old Pretender, William Pitt, who was a claimant to the throne in George 3's time. He was one of the greatest statesmen that ever lived. He was created Earl of Orford."

Magna Charta—

> "was a very good woman to the poor. Her photograph is on the stained glass windows of the Church of Scotland."

Wellington, Nelson, Bonaparte, Marlborough, Clive, and others are occasionally blended into one glorious character who began life in the king's kitchen, was ordered thence "to the regulars," rose to be the only general "able to lead the whole of the British army into Hyde Park, and lead them out of it again," was equally terrible on land and sea, gained the famous victory at Waterloo, had a hand at Blenheim, "dispelled some rioters" in the Indian Mutiny, was an inmate of the Black Hole at Calcutta, commanded the English fleet during the Peninsular war, led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, bore his part in the Spanish Armada, was "charged with bribery after serving in Parliament a few years," and was finally "carried by his men in their arms to the cabin below," where (as well he might!) he thanked God that he had done his duty.

Eager always is the boy to light his privy lamp in places he considers dark. By the Treaty of Utrecht, for example—

> "the English gained a good many battles. They gained the entry through the Mediterranean Sea, and also opened trade to the Americans. These battles was mostly all won by Bute, viz., the battles of Vicissico, Maschueritz, Passaro, and Vico Vosa. The former being assisted by Marlborough, who was one of the chief persuaders of Queen Anne, 1702. Bute, though he tried his utmost to make things successful, he was hung by the vengeance of the people. The previous wars led to the Indian Mutiny, where a great many of our soldiers were ill-treated and became romantic with thirst."

No doubt there is sometimes a certain rash confidence on the examiner's part. He is an optimist who is determined to believe that he is examining a future Stubbs or Freeman. Somewhat often, however, it is impossible to acquit him of folly in the questions he belabours the boy with. How many of us could say offhand what was the "Root and Branch Bill" of 1641? Which of us would be a penny the better for knowing all about it? Would one in ten among us have given a more reasonable answer than that of the boy who said, "A Bill dealing with the root of the matter, and some branches relating to it." The mind can charge itself only with a certain quantity of knowledge, and some useful items must be displaced in order to make room for information of an almost vicious uselessness respecting the Root and Branch Bill of 1641. Indeed, behind the feast of mirth which Mr. Kynnersley's delightful reminiscences provide us with, there will lurk, for some readers, an awkward question or so. Are the blunders of the boy all there is to show for the millions spent on national education in eight-and-thirty years? Every year almost we get a new crop of stories from the schools, and, from 1870 to the present day, they are all of the same kind. The boy has been making the same mess of history, geography, arithmetic, and literature just as long as we have been hearing about him—and a book on the lines of Mr. Kynnersley's (though seldom half so witty) makes its appearance every other year. Nay, not all the blunders are the blunders of the boy. Not a few of them are the follies of pupil-teachers, aged 18-20, or assistant teachers, aged 20-30. It is a teacher who tells us that "Warren Hastings was known as the Old Pretender," and another teacher that he was "the son of Edward VI." Really, it would seem to matter little whether the teachers taught the children or the children the teachers. Obviously both are being crammed (by what methods, out of what text-books, we know not) with a heterogeneous mass of facts and figures which they are totally unable to assimilate, and three-fourths of which would never, at any time, in any situation, be of the most infinitesimal service to them. It would be of far more real help to the boy to impress on him that he ought to keep to the right in walking than to inform him (what it is probable he privately disbelieves) that in 1641 a Bill was passed to abolish Archbishops.

Year by year, for thirty-seven years past, boy and teacher alike have striven to persuade us—in spite of heaven knows how many Codes!—that the Jacobites descended from Jacob; that Wellington, Nelson, or Napoleon was one of Queen Elizabeth's naval commanders; that Sir Thomas Moore was killed at the battle of Corunna; that Blake was one of the seven Bishops; that the Coalition Ministry of 1783 had something to do with the cheapening of coal; that Christmas originated with the Pilgrim Fathers on their

celebrated adventure in the Holy Land; that Free Trade came in with the cargo of tea which Washington smuggled into the Bristol Channel; that Jack Cade quelled a rebellion with the historic words: "I am Henry of Winchester, kill not your king"; that John Knox is identified with the steam roller and the printing press; and that Christianity was introduced into Britain by Julius Cæsar, fifty-five years before the birth of Christ.

In the matter of national education, a not inexpensive item for all of us, have we tried as sincerely as Bute on the plains of Vicissico and Vico Vosa to "make things successful"?

A MODERN SONG WRITER.*

To many, perhaps to most English-speaking musicians, Hugo Wolf and his music are still very much of an enigma. Now and then a concert is given, on the programme of which stands Wolf's name against a couple of songs, while once in the proverbial blue moon there comes forward a musician bold enough to devote a whole scheme to the wonderful creature and his music. Such opportunities as are thus provided for the uninitiated are, for reasons that are quite obvious to his better-acquainted brother, entirely inadequate to a right and proper understanding of Hugo Wolf's genius. For genius Wolf unquestionably possessed, even if one cannot go the whole way with Mr. Ernest Newman, and place him, as composer of Lieder, above Schubert. But it must be confessed that the author of this extremely interesting, finely felt, and critically admirable study, makes out a good case for his subject, whom he appears more thoroughly to understand than any other British writer who has devoted attention to Wolf.

> "Those of us who have worked unceasingly at Wolf's songs, finding our admiration for them grow as our acquaintance with them has deepened, have no hesitation in putting him at the head of the song-writers of the world. He surpasses them all to the same extent and for the same reasons that Wagner surpasses all other musical dramatists—in virtue of the vast range of his interests, his Shakespearian breadth of sympathy, the infinite plasticity of his conceptions, his gift for finding for each poem a musical expression so poignant and so veracious that one can never again imagine it being expressed in any other way."

This is precisely what we should have said of Schubert. But we have, unfortunately, no space to follow Mr. Newman's argument to its end. The quotation, however, will serve to exhibit his enthusiasm.

Mr. Newman divides his book into two parts, of which one deals with the life, the other with the works, of Hugo Wolf. Intensely interesting the life is, though now and then it makes painful reading. Philippe Wolf, the father of Hugo, seems to have been a fairly prosperous business man, though he came near to being ruined by a big fire while his son was still an infant. From his father, an excellent violinist, pianist, and guitar player, Hugo received his earliest music lessons, and from the first he gave evidence of the possession of an unusual musical capacity. To this, no doubt, was due the fact that he was in no way fitted to become the "sober and contented man of business" which his father sought to make him. Unfortunately, there are no complete details forthcoming of the combat between father and son on the subject of the latter's profession, but it is enough to know that ultimately the former gave way to his son's desire, and that Hugo duly entered the Vienna Conservatorium. The delightful account of the lad's hero-worshipping of Wagner during his student days, of his applauding Wagner so furiously at the first performance he had heard of "Tannhäuser" that his hands became sore, of his ultimate meeting with the master and of his attempt to show Wagner his youthful compositions, must be read in Mr. Newman's book. Though Wagner refused to express an opinion of the merits of the music—"I understand nothing at all about music," he said—yet he deeply moved and impressed the lad. Indeed, the impression was both lasting and deep, for on one occasion Wolf closed the pianoforte upon which he had played through "Parsifal," declaring that henceforth no other music should be heard after it. And again, Dr. Decsey has stated positively that in course of time Wolf's handwriting came to resemble Wagner's. Nevertheless, all the great enthusiastic admiration did nothing to reduce the strength of Wolf's own individuality.

Looking back over a period of thirty years, it is amusing enough to read of Wolf's dismissal from the Vienna Conservatorium on account of the fraudulent missive, signed by his name, which some miscreant had sent to Hellmesberger, its chief, warning him that he had but one more Christmas to enjoy. But it was a serious matter for Wolf, who raged all the more furiously, perhaps, at the stigma of dismissal because it was his heart's desire to leave the institution, where he himself says he learned very little. Henceforth he was his own master, He read voraciously. He worked at the study of music with intense earnestness, and he found useful friends in Felix Mottl and Josef and Franz Schalk. Even then, however, he seems to have given transitory glimpses of a somewhat eccentric mind. On one occasion, on going to a wedding, he, after many solicitations, seated himself at the pianoforte, and burst, not into an appropriate wedding march, but into Berlioz's "March to the Scaffold."

> "'He played the dreadful music,' says Eckstein, 'with a realism that was positively terrifying. He represented the execution, suggested the scaffold and the blood, and made so demoniac an effect that the bride, who was standing by him in her wedding dress, fell down in a swoon. Wolf got up and left the house.'"

For a lengthy period there followed a hideous struggle with poverty, to which many a stronger man than Wolf might have succumbed. Indeed, in 1881 his pinched and precarious financial condition proved no longer endurable, and Wolf became second Kapellmeister at Salzburg. This post he held, however, for but a short time, and he appears next as the musical critic of the Vienna "Salonblatt," wherein he constantly fulminated against the Philistines, but wrote enthusiastically of the older masters, and of Marschner and Berlioz. The nationalism of Grieg and others, however, made no deep appeal to him, though rather curiously he admired Smetana, Glinka, and Tschaikowsky. For him Liszt was the lion of the piano, Rubinstein the tiger, Friedheim the panther, Rosenthal the devil—extremely happy epithets, all of them.

Gradually Wolf was growing to that mastery of which Mr. Newman writes so admirably in his critical study of the compositions, into which we have no space to go. Slowly, but none the less surely, the fruits of his muse were attracting the attention of the best judges, Friedrich Hofmann, Schalk, Jäger, Hirschfeld, Graf, Vancsa, and others. But Wolf's life was slowly ebbing to its close, long, in the ordinary course of things, before the art he so splendidly enriched was prepared to part from him. To-day all the world knows of the cloud which, small at first, gradually crept over the mind of Wolf, and there is no use in dwelling here upon the melancholy end. Enough it is to realise that Wolf was a composer of greatest gifts, and a song writer among the foremost in the singers' Walhalla. As time passes and knowledge of his muse grows, so waxes the popularity of his songs, certainly his finest creations—the word "popularity" being used, of course, in its best sense. Than this no higher praise can be given. Mr. Newman's book is one that will appeal to many readers who are not themselves musicians, for his picture of Wolf is clearly drawn, and the subject stands out well. There is not an English musician who can afford to ignore the second part of the volume.

* "Hugo Wolf." By Ernest Newman. Methuen.

THE LAND OF THE WALLABY.*

THE special characteristics of Australian fauna and flora, and also of geography, are so many, and the distinctness with which they vary from the normal so great as to strike the imagination of most new colonists and British visitors. Mr. Thomas Ward, a Queensland stock-farmer, with more than the usual opportunities of his calling, has seen much of most parts of the Continent, and has embodied his experience in copious, if somewhat random notes. They do not contain much that is new. Their main usefulness is to give the known facts their true relative proportions, to convert text-book information into something approaching personal

* "Rambles of an Australian Naturalist." By Thomas Ward. Edited by Paul Fountain. Murray.

A NOVEL QUARTETTE.

In introducing my NOVEL QUARTETTE I have in mind the general verdict passed upon THE LITERARY FOUR-IN-HAND. The chorus of praise that these four volumes received far exceeded my most sanguine hopes, and I have no doubt that a NOVEL QUARTETTE will prove not less acceptable.

¶ "Such books are worth keeping on the shelves, even by the classics," was the opinion of the *Times* upon THE WINGLESS VICTORY. The numerous readers of Miss WILLCOCKS'S previous book will not, I venture to think, be disappointed in **A MAN OF GENIUS.** It will be remembered that the critics received her last book with acclamation, which resounded in America, and is vibrating in Germany and Scandinavia, where the book has been translated. A MAN OF GENIUS, the scene of which is laid amid the wildest scenery of the North Devon Coast, shows a profound knowledge of art, love, passion, and the elemental things of life. It will convince the reader of the danger incurred by the children of earth in playing with fire. There will be ten Illustrations by WINIFRED STORY. [*Just out.*

¶ There are two things that a publisher is always anxious to discover, a Great Australian Novelist and a Great Irish Novelist. When I received my reader's report upon **THE BISHOP'S SCAPEGOAT,** by T. B. CLEGG, I felt that perhaps one of these discoveries was made, and the following quotation will perhaps justify me: "In my opinion Mr. CLEGG is a novelist who will at no very distant date achieve one of those successes which make a big reputation. I can with some amount of reason look forward to a real success for this novel." [*May 22nd.*

¶ On the publication of CLARA VIEBIG'S remarkable book **ABSOLUTION** in Germany last autumn a two-column review appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, from which the following passages are selected: "In Germany, this book of the sombre purple cover and the design of a halo surrounding the strange title is everywhere. It is on train and steamer, in little odd bookshops of sleepy country towns, and (often in strange company) among the best displayed wares in the shop windows of the main streets of great cities. 'It is a terrible book,' people say. . . . The face of a woman, young and proud, haunts the pages of the new novel by the most powerful of women writers of Germany." [*Just out.*

¶ ABSOLUTION created a sensation in Germany, and **THE CHILD OF CHANCE** (Le Semeur) had no less a vogue in France. It was the book of the season, and as such immensely discussed in Paris. The heroine of ABSOLUTION is a woman to whom man is the Lover, to Marie-Cécile in MAXIME FORMONT'S NOVEL man is essentially the Father. The justification of illicit love has formed the subject of many plays and novels, but the rights of maternity have been grievously overlooked. Can the maternal instinct in a woman justify her disobedience to conventional standards? The portrait of Marie-Cécile offers a partial solution to the problem. M. FORMONT knows that he is dealing with a delicate subject, but he deals with it as a man, one who not only recognises the cry of motherhood, but knows what it portends. [*May 19th.*

I have lately issued the following novels:—

THE MASTER KNOT ALICE BIRKHEAD.
"A new writer to be reckoned with seriously . . . her handling of the hero and heroine is masterly."—*Morning Leader.*

THE CHICHESTER INTRIGUE THOMAS COBB.
"The idea is good, the character-drawing beyond the average, and the writing excellent in its ease."—*World.*

THE ISLE OF MAIDS M. T. HAINSSELIN.
"An animated, original story."—*Times.*

THE FINANCES OF SIR JOHN KYNNERSEY A. C. FOX-DAVIES.
"Extremely bold and entertaining."—*Morning Post.*

THE GATES THAT SHALL NOT PREVAIL H. M. FARRINGTON.
"Should appeal to the popular taste."—*Athenæum.*

LOVE AND THE IRONMONGER F. J. RANDALL.
2nd Impression.

In addition to a Novel Quartette, I have the following important books almost ready:—

(I.) PLEASURE AND PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA.
By CECIL HARMSWORTH, M.P.
Record of a tour at the Cape, with discussion of the more pressing problems. Crown 8vo. **5s.** net

(II.) THE CREED OF BUDDHA.
By THE AUTHOR of "The Creed of Christ."
An attempt to ascertain the inner faith of Buddha and its relations to Indian Idealism and Christianity.
Cr. 8vo. **5s.** net.

(III.) THE SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM RESTATED.
By GEORGE GREENWOOD, M.P.
A judicial summary of the evidence for and against identifying Shakespeare with the Stratford player.
Demy 8vo. **21s.** net.

(IV.) THE LIFE OF SIR HALLIDAY MACARTNEY, K.C.M.G.
By DEMETRIUS BOULGER.
Macartney was thirty years secretary to the Chinese Legation in London. Demy 8vo. **24s.** net.

The Bodley Head, JOHN LANE.
London & New York.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN THADEUS DELANE.

Editor of the *Times*. Containing hitherto unpublished Letters of Palmerston, Disraeli, and other Statesmen, and numerous Anecdotes of the Court and London Society in the Reign of Queen Victoria. By ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT. With Illustrations, 2 vols. demy 8vo, 32s. net.

"The reader who would comprehend the incredible extent of Delane's influence must read this book. He can scarcely believe till he has seen all the evidence; but when he has seen it he will be not only astonished but convinced. . . . Nothing can disguise the instructiveness of these volumes."—*Spectator.*

COLONEL SAUNDERSON, M.P.

A Memoir. By REGINALD LUCAS. With Illustrations, including several Sketches of Political Personages by Colonel Saunderson. Demy 8vo, 12s. net.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PORT ARTHUR.

By Monsieur E. K. NOJINE, accredited Russian War Correspondent during the Siege. Translated and abridged by Captain A. B. LINDSAY. Edited by Major E. D. SWINTON, D.S.O. With Map and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

"One must admit that he has written far and away the most vivid and instructive story we have yet had of Port Arthur."—*Birmingham Post.*

"It is one of the most remarkable books that have lately appeared, and it is singularly dramatic and entertaining. We are made to feel the life of Port Arthur during the siege, and to realise the causes of failure in divided counsels and a system faulty from base to summit."—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

A WOMAN'S WAY THROUGH UNKNOWN LABRADOR.

By Mrs. LEONIDAS HUBBARD, Junior. With Map. Portraits, and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net,

Leonidas Hubbard was a pioneer in the exploration of Labrador, and lost his life there in the cause of science. Mrs. Hubbard bravely took up the work, and, having done so with success, has set down a plain statement of her journey through Labrador, and of her husband's expedition as well. Her book tells a moving story, and is authoritative and unique.

FROM PEKING TO SIKKIM

Through the Ordos, the Gobi Desert, and Tibet. By COUNT DE LESDAIN. With Map and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. net. [*Just out.*

Count and Countess de Lesdain, immediately after their marriage, travelled from Peking through the little-known district of the Ordos Desert, thence by the province of Kansu, across the high mountainous district into the valley of the Yangtse and so to Tibet.

FROM PEKING TO MANDALAY.

Being the Account of a Journey from North China to Burma through Tibetan Ssuch'uan and Yunnan. By R. F. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.G.S., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. With numerous Illustrations and Map. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

THE RISE OF MAN.

By COLONEL C. R. CONDER, LL.D., M.R.A.S., author of "Tent Work in Palestine," "The Hittites, their Language," &c., &c. Demy 8vo, 12s. net.

DEAN'S HALL.

By MAUDE GOLDRING, New Novel, 6s.

A story of open-air life on somewhat unusual lines. The scene is laid in Upper Wharfedale a hundred years ago.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

knowledge, and to stimulate a desire to know more. More can certainly be known.

The Blue Mountains, which for so many years baffled the steps of the explorers who would merely cross them, are still full of unexplored tracts. Of those strange exitless valleys, completely surrounded by cliffs hundreds of feet in height, and unwatered by any permanent stream, there are still many that have not been entered. One such, only twelve miles from the Picton viaduct, took Mr. Ward and his friends five days to reach under skilled guidance. It is seven miles long and five broad, and surrounded by thousand-feet cliffs so sheer that a stone can be flung so as to clear the whole drop. Others have an area of more than a hundred square miles, with no stream larger than a brook and no means of accounting for their origin.

Meanwhile there is ample room for the work of the preserver of wild life. In the forests of the Blue Mountains the lyre bird is painfully escaping extinction; the wedge-tailed eagle reigns there as king; and gorgeous parrots and cockatoos scream in the richly flowered ravines. We have an endearing description of the lyre bird, which, in spite of its pheasant-like appearance, is one of the sweetest song-birds of Australia. "The song is rather loud but sweet and flute-like in tone and quite unlike that of any other bird. . . . The sounds of imitation include the calls and cries of every creature that is found in the locality. . . . The lyre bird nearly always interposes snatches of its own song between its mimic cries, and finishes its concert with a prolonged solo of its own notes. The song is often kept up till night has quite set in."

The echidna, or native porcupine, is plentiful enough in the Victorian Alps. In spite of its smooth, bird-like brain, which seems to be in this animal and the platypus a mysteriously necessary corollary to their egg-laying habit, the echidna has considerable claims to intelligence. Puzzling in detail as well as in their main constitution, both echidna and duckbill are furnished with spurs on the hind feet, an offensive apparatus that seems out of place on these inoffensive creatures. However, it is only the males that carry them, so that in spite of all appearance to the contrary, these mild beings may indulge in fierce contests during the mating season. The spur is grooved, and has an obvious gland at its base, but no fluid has been detected in the gland. On the balance of probabilities, the spur is an obsolete weapon in process of disappearance.

Another harmless creature, which by virtue of a pinch-beck suit of spikes has received no less a name than *Moloch horridus*, or spiny devil, is met with chiefly in mallee scrub, that monotonous bush which stands on a disk or "scab" a yard in diameter, from which it sends down its tap-root and shoots up its stunted branches. Most of us are familiar with Moloch's portrait. "Its harmlessness is in direct contradiction to its horrible appearance." Unlike the frilled lizard, it by no means presumes upon its warlike appearance. Standing on its hind-legs and distending its frill to the utmost, the "Australian dragon" lashes furiously with its tail and grins appallingly with all its teeth. But these teeth it fails to use in the slightest when, its bluff having failed, its yard-long body writhes in our hands. A creature of which we had not heard before, and which we hope, with Mr. Ward, may prove new to science, is his "leaping centipede," of sometimes seventeen inches in length, which he met with in the Champion Bay and Swan River districts. It is of coppery hue with greenish reflections, and, when alarmed, escapes by drawing its body into a loop and suddenly springing a distance of twelve or sixteen feet!

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.*

The words of Miss Florence Nightingale, which so fitly close this memoir of Lord Wantage, express the feelings of those who knew him: "Lord Wantage is a great loss—but he has been a great gain. And what he has gained for us can never be lost. It is my experience that such men exist only in England. A man who had everything (to use the common phrase) that the world could give him, but who worked as hard, and to the last, as the poorest able man—and all for others—for the common good. A man whose life makes a great difference for all. All are better than if he had not lived, and this betterment is for always—it does not die with him. That is the true estimate of a great life." However difficult it may be to enter into the soldier spirit which animated his life throughout—for he came of a military race—that which is ever present in the best type of soldiers was his, namely, a strong sense of duty, for in his later days, when failing health led a friend to urge upon him the giving up of some public business, he replied: "But I must do something to justify my existence."

Robert James Loyd-Lindsay was born in 1832 at Balcarres, in Fifeshire, the youngest child of General and Mrs. Lindsay, one of the younger branches of the Lindsay family, of which the Earl of Crawford is the head. His earlier years were spent at Bălcarres, varied by foreign travel and school. From Eton he entered Haileybury, and thence, at eighteen, into the Scots Fusilier Guards. Four years afterwards the Crimean War broke out, and his was one of the first regiments to leave for the seat of war. Influence was strong in his favour, and opportunity soon came his way. At the battle of the Alma Lindsay was the Queen's colour-bearer, and when the Fusiliers retired from the Russian parapet the tide of conflict was around him, but he saved the colours, and so won his V.C.—one of the first to obtain that coveted decoration. For two years he remained in the Crimea, returning home to be one of the heroes of his time, for at Inkerman he again was mentioned for his valour.

Such was the opening of his career, and it led to much that follows. Lady Wantage, with the delicacy which is manifested throughout the entire book, does not tell how it led to their marriage, which was romantic in the extreme. In 1852, Lord and Lady Overstone and their young daughter met the Lindsays in Rome. The story is that the young Lieutenant afterwards fell in love with the Hon. Miss Loyd, but her father refused the necessary sanction to their engagement, and the young soldier went out to the East, hoping to end his life on the battlefield. When he returned with laurels on his brow, the parental objections were removed, and Lindsay was welcomed gladly, and became son-in-law to Lord Overstone, who gave the young couple his Berkshire estates, he adding the name of Loyd to his patronymic.

The record of Lord Wantage's many activities are given in detail, but not too fully. After leaving the Army, he threw himself into the Volunteer movement, of which he was one of the earliest officers. The outbreak of the Franco German War in 1870 gave an opportunity for carrying out on a larger scale a Swiss proposal, made in 1863, for miti gating the horrors of war; and Colonel Lindsay, as he was then, was the leading spirit in the British Red Cross Society, to which he devoted a large portion of his time, and he took a personal part in directing its work in France, Servia, and Turkey, during various conflicts. In 1877, he became Financial Secretary to the War Office. But his efforts were by no means confined to military and political spheres. As a great landowner, he was deeply interested in agriculture, and his estates were among the best-managed in the country. Believing in education, he was one of the founders and a liberal supporter of what is now University College, Reading, of which he was president for many years, and directly inspired the establishment of an Agricultural Department. To that College Lady Wantage is giving a hostel for eighty men students in memory of her husband, and Wantage Hall will perpetuate his name. It is of interest to note that Lord Wantage was one of the pioneers of small holdings and allotments. He was a Conservative and a Churchman, but broad-minded and liberal in thought.

It is impossible in a short notice adequately to deal with this suggestive book, or to mention the multifarious public work in which Lord Wantage took part. Reference may be made, however, to the way in which Lady Wantage has paid this tribute to his memory. It is charmingly written, in a spirit of self-abnegation beyond all praise, worthy the subject and the writer. Throughout their married life, extending over a period of forty-three years, these two were linked by an affection which was beautiful to behold.

* "Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B.: A Memoir, by his Wife." Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d.

DUCKWORTH & CO.'s LIST.

A HISTORY OF ART.

By Dr. GIULIO CAROTTI, of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Milan, and the Royal University of Rome. English Edition. Revised by Mrs. S. ARTHUR STRONG, LL.D. Vol. I.—ANCIENT ART. 540 Illustrations. Now Ready. Cr. 8vo, 5s. net.

*** *An indispensable book of reference. Prospectus on application.*

THE MUSEUMS AND RUINS OF ROME.

By WALTER AMELUNG and H. HOLTZINGER. Edited by Mrs. S. ARTHUR STRONG, LL.D. Maps, Plans, and 270 Illustrations. 2 vols. 10s. net.

"These little books are without their match."—*Academy.*

ROMAN SCULPTURE FROM AUGUSTUS TO CONSTANTINE.

By Mrs. S. ARTHUR STRONG, LL.D. With 130 Plates, Pott 4to, 10s. net.

"Mrs. Strong has never ceased to claim serious æsthetic consideration for the works of Roman artists, and is admirably equipped for the task which she has here undertaken. A word of special praise is due for the excellent selection of illustrations, which leave no phase of Roman sculpture unrepresented, and include several unfamiliar subjects."—*Spectator.*

Two Good Novels.

ISLE RAVEN.

By OWEN VAUGHAN (Owen Rhoscomyl). 6s.

"A tale of great power and fascination. His description of the glories of the southern coast and the perils of its rock-bound channels will appeal to every lover of the sea."—*Observer.*

"A writer of great power." "A magnificent love story."

"A wonderful romance which holds us in the grip of a visionary world."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A Leaflet descriptive of Owen Rhoscomyl's Novels will be sent free on application.

Very considerable praise is being accorded to the first published work of Miss SOPHIE COLE. Its title is

RACHEL CHALFONT.

No recent Novel has depicted the emotional experience of a woman with such telling effect. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Just Published.—By CH. M. DOUGHTY. 4s. 6d. net.

ADAM CAST FORTH.

A Drama Founded on a Legend of Adam and Eve.

"Its spacious imaginings move in a world as austere in its lines as the desert itself. But like the desert they have grandeur, and at rare intervals a green oasis. In the latter scenes, especially, there come passages of a simple human beauty, like herbage round a spring in a bare land. We had expected magnificence from Mr. Doughty, but we do not know whether his moments of tenderness are not more impressive than his heroics. He has written a noble poem which will be welcomed by all who are worthy of an art that makes no concessions to popularity."—*Spectator.*

THE DAWN IN BRITAIN.

By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY, Author of "Travels in Arabia Deserta." 6 vols. crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net each.

"This strong, strange poem fulfils aspirations. . . . . This is no ordinary poem, such as minor bards, endowed with a cultivated taste and a select and recondite vocabulary, could write. It is work of an altogether higher order."—*Times.*

WANDERINGS IN ARABIA.

By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. With a Portrait and a Map, 2 vols. 16s. net.

"One of the greatest travel books in literature."—*Spectator.*

"In many respects the best book of travel ever written."—*Punch.*

"One of the great books of our own time."—*Observer.*

"Surely belongs to the classics."—*Daily News.*

Two New Volumes in the

POPULAR LIBRARY OF ART.

WHISTLER. By BERNHARD SICHERT.

CRUIKSHANK. By W. H. CHESSON.

With many Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. net, Leather, 2s. 6d. net, each volume.

DUCKWORTH & CO., 3, Henrietta Street, W.C.

J. M. DENT & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

FLOWER GROUPING IN ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH GARDENS.

Text by ROSE KINGSLEY, "E.V.B.," the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS, WALTER P. WRIGHT, &c.

With Notes and 56 Illustrations in Colour by MARGARET WATERFIELD.

Square Crown 4to, £1 1s. net.

A Companion Volume to "Garden Colour," now in its Fourth Edition. [*Prospectus post free.*

"The charming volume, full of pleasing pictures and suggestive notes by Miss Margaret Waterfield and eleven contributors, cannot fail to be popular with the modern school of gardeners."—*Saturday Review.*

"A very handsome volume, finely illustrated with picturings of what has been done in many gardens of the United Kingdom. Miss Waterfield has had the help of able contributors, and has given garden-lovers not only a book, but an ideal, nay, many ideals."—*Spectator.*

A NEW VOLUME OF THE

"MEDIÆVAL TOWN" SERIES.

A Series of Literary Guide Books.

"A pretty series wherein art and history are deftly combined in the service of the intelligent tourist."—*Westminster Gazette.*

LATEST ADDITION

THE STORY OF MILAN.

By ELLA NOYES. Illustrated by DORA NOYES. Cloth, 4s. 6d. net; leather 5s. 6d. net.

THE TEMPLE BIOGRAPHIES.

LATEST VOLUME

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By HENRY BRYAN BINNS, Author of "A Life of Walt Whitman." With many Portraits and Other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

Spectator.—"Mr. Binns is not a hero-worshipper if this means drawing a portrait without any shadows. His drawing is vigorous; he makes us see something of what the man really was."

Westminster Gazette.—"A careful and interesting study of President Lincoln. He tells us more than the ordinary biographer of the intimate personal life."

JUST PUBLISHED.

GRANADA: Present and Bygone

By A. F. CALVERT. 20 coloured, 8 half-tone Illustrations, and numerous line drawings in the text, by TREVOR HADDON, WALKER HODGSON, LOUIS WEIRTER, &c. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Granada is in many respects the most fascinating city in Spain. The Author endeavours to supply such archaeological and historical information as will enable readers to understand Granada and its associations.

SHORTLY.

A NEW VOLUME IN THE

ENGLISH MEN OF SCIENCE SERIES.

LORD KELVIN.

An Account of his Scientific Life and Work.

By ANDREW GRAY, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. Cloth, gilt top, with Photogravure Frontispiece, 2s. 6d. net.

Professor Andrew Gray succeeded Lord Kelvin in the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University, and was his intimate friend.

CITIES OF ITALY.

By ARTHUR SYMONS.

A Collection of Essays dealing with Rome, Venice, Naples, Ravenna, Pisa, &c.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Symons is always picturesque, and his book is a delightful record of pleasant hours in a sunny land."—*Manchester Guardian.*

A GUIDE TO THE PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCHES AND MINOR MUSEUMS OF FLORENCE.

By MAUD CRUTTWELL.

Small 8vo, numerous Reproductions of the Paintings, 3s. 6d. net.

VASARI ON TECHNIQUE.

Translated into English for the first time by L. S. MACLEHOSE. The Translation Revised and an Introduction and Commentary added by Prof. BALDWIN BROWN. With Coloured and other Illustrations, square demy 8vo, 15s. net.

[*Prospectus post free.*

Manchester Guardian.—"Miss MacLehose has succeeded admirably in her exceptionally difficult task of rendering into English equivalents the obscure and sometimes obsolete Italian technical terms, and Prof. Brown's copious and scholarly notes are of great interest and value."

Prospectuses of any or all the Series advertised above will be sent free on application.

J. M. DENT & Co., Aldine House, 29-30, Bedford Street, W.C.

At a simple function, when they were thanked for hospitality to a party of Reading College agricultural students, acknowledging, Lord Wantage said that Lady Wantage had shared in the welcome, and then added, "but we are always one in what we seek to do." Such revealed the nature of both.

A BUDGET OF NOVELS.

"An Engagement of Convenience," by Mr. Louis Zangwill (Brown, Langham & Co., 6s.) stands well out from the common ruck of novels by the mere fact of possessing those fundamental qualities which no novel ought to lack, but which, alas! most novels do. Mr. Zangwill's story is sincere, straightforward, true to the realities of human nature, and thoroughly well put together. It is not at all a work of genius, but is excellent reading, and, like all genuine pictures of life, it leaves our circle of comprehension widened. Not many men could have kept the portrait of Alice—that dear, unobtrusive, uninteresting woman—so precisely within its true limits. Such work stamps Mr. Louis Zangwill as one of the very small group of English-writing novelists who really know their business.

* * *

"Roses and Rue," by Horace Wyndham (Grant Richards, 6s.) records the amatory experiences during a twelvemonth of an exceedingly imprudent young lady. Miss Daphne Barrington, although by no means a social novice, had not acquired any perception of vulgarity in men and contrived to get herself into embarrassing situations with the most "impossible" persons. Finally she married the comparatively respectable man whom she had loved from the beginning, and whose good advice she had consistently rejected. The novel is confectionery, lightly and skilfully beaten up, and flavoured with that airy touch of bitterness which the modern palate is understood to prefer.

* * *

It is not very easy to formulate a judgment of Mrs. Percy Dearmer's new novel, "The Alien Sisters" (Smith & Elder, 6s.). One may safely begin by saying that it is too long, and in parts too wandering, and that it has not the light touch and charming humour of "Brownjohn's" and "The Orangery"; but these colourless observations scarcely touch the question why, being so full of thought, of feeling, of perception, and of intense sincerity, the book is not a remarkable success. There is probably some inner weakness of construction, not immediately perceptible, which might be revealed by detailed analysis. Be this as it may, the fact remains that "The Alien Sisters" is not, like the earlier efforts of its author, in a much easier field, a finished achievement. It may, nevertheless, indicate a stage of advance, and Mrs. Dearmer's next book may perhaps be as successful on the serious plane as "Brownjohn's" was on the playful one.

* * *

From a note on the wrapper of "The New Galatea" (Greening, 6s.) we learn that its author, Mr. Samuel Gordon, is known as "the Jewish Kipling," and that English is an acquired tongue to him. We may venture to guess that he has not acquired it in a very good school, since his writing entirely lacks delicacy, distinction, and exactitude. A man might easily know less English and yet write better English. He constantly conveys a slightly wrong shade of sentiment—uses, for instance, "answerable" when he means "responsible"—and makes his educated men employ the slang that belongs to a wholly different class. The very last lines of the book contain an imaginary art-criticism from the "Times" that concludes thus: "It is not so well known that the face of Galatea is a lifelike portrait of Mr. St. George's young and charming wife." Now the "Times," though it may recently have made regrettable errors, has not yet adopted the tone of society journalism, and those two adjectives are, happily, quite incredible. Mr. Gordon's story is that of a silly, self-opinionated, and rather unnatural young woman, whose misunderstandings of herself and her fellow-creatures are colossal. If she had any reality, we should want to beat her; fortunately, she has none.

* * *

The average novel reader who carries home Mr. Arthur Wellesley Kipling's volume, "The New Dominion: A Tale of To-morrow's Wars" (Francis Griffiths, 6s.), will be likely to find himself disappointed, for the work—though indisputably full of imagination—is rather a political tract than a novel. It is an American variant of the old "Battle of Dorking" theme, and its appearance in this country would seem to be slightly belated, since "to-morrow's wars" are described as beginning in 1907. We learn that in the late summer of that year King Edward was laid up by an accident, and that meanwhile not only had the United States and Japan gone to war, but Great Britain had all but become involved as an ally of Japan. On September 4th, however:—

> "At eleven o'clock the King, aroused by the noise and hubbub, demanded an explanation of what had happened, and forty minutes later he took upon himself the responsibility of steering his country through the crisis. Called upon to choose between Alliance and Race, his Majesty did not hesitate. Blood *was* thicker than water, and at three in the afternoon the famous message was sent by cable to Washington:—
>
> "'To His Excellency the President of the United States, Washington.
>
> "'Britain withdraws from her alliance with Japan. Let there be peace between your country and mine.'"

We admire the combination of politeness and prudence in this strange dispatch. Even at a moment of rapid action, more strictly characteristic of a kindred potentate, the King of England is represented as cabling every monosyllable in the titles of the President, but as saving eighteenpence to his nation by omitting the usual adjective before "Britain." As the "British final ultimatum" had been sent two days earlier, we should have expected to find some ill-conditioned member of Parliament complaining of the Royal interposition, but nothing of the kind is recorded. This brilliant flight of fancy occurs early in the proceedings, but, sad to say, it stands alone, the greater part of the book being about as interesting as a newspaper report. Finally:—

> "Great Britain and all her dependencies have entered into the great pact that binds the two Americas against the rest of the world. The Monroe doctrine has been extended until it overshadows all the fair territories under the British flag."
>
> "The Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack have flaunted victoriously together over a beaten foe."

"Flaunted?" It is to be hoped that if the two standards ever should be hoisted side by side above "a beaten foe," the Union Jack, at least, will have the good taste rather to "float" or to "wave" than to "flaunt."

* * *

It must be regretfully declared that Lady Troubridge's new novel, "A House of Cards" (Hutchinson, 6s.), is in no respect a good piece of work. The situation is hackneyed, the characters mere puppets, and the writing so hopelessly slipshod as to be at times barely intelligible. How many generations must still pass by before it comes to be understood that language is an instrument the use of which needs learning as that of a violin does? The writer who produces such a passage as the following—which appears on p. 91 of "A House of Cards"—is still at the earliest stages of the instruction book:—

> "Not only that, but to Meriel herself she had taken an intense, unformulated hatred, for Lady Hayden from the first had disliked and despised her, although she was quite incapable of fathoming her petty intrigues, still less of dreaming of the half-matured plan which had risen in Lady Carden's mind, and which now gave her the courage to cast her all upon a die, and to say words which, if he were more honourable, or more devoted, than she gave him credit for to his wife, would make him banish her from the house; but shallow as she was, Vera had been clever enough to read the unmistakable symptoms of a quarrel in Hayden's manner when he rejoined her."

* * *

Mr. Basil Tozer, the author of "A Daughter of Belial" (Rebman, 6s.), describes his work as "a sensational novel," and no reader will be found to question his classification. As literature, the book has no existence, but the headlong speed of the narrative and the cheerful prodigality of crime may render it readable to the simple-minded. One humorous touch it has: the dedication to Queenie "Gordon," formerly of Cavendish Square, W. Now "Queenie Gordon" is the name of the quite incredible she-villain who plays "the lead" in Mr. Tozer's melodrama. This artful method of insinuating that the ghoulish lady really existed, and that Mr. Tozer actually knew her, in so mundane a spot as Cavendish Square, is almost worthy of Defoe.

A HELPFUL BOOK FOR A THOUGHTFUL YOUNG MAN

THE LORD'S TEACHING CONCERNING HIS OWN PERSON.

By WAYLAND HOYT, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Theological School of the Temple University, Philadelphia. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2*s. net*.

1. The Fact of Jesus.
2. The Question "Who then is this?"
3. The Answer of Jesus.
4. Some Conclusions.

A HELPFUL BOOK FOR AN UNSTEADY BELIEVER.

CAN WE TRUST THE BIBLE?

Chapters on Bible Criticism

By the Revs. FRANK BALLARD, D.D., HUBERT BROOKE, M.A., Canon R. B. GIRDLESTONE, M.A., GEORGE HANSON, D.D., MATTHEW LEITCH, D.D., and R. SINKER, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*

1. Is the Bible Inspired? 2. Discoveries Confirming the Old Testament. 3. Facts and 'Facts.' 4. Invulnerable Certainties. 5. Deuteronomy & the Higher Criticism. 6. Are the Gospels True?

A HELPFUL BOOK FOR THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

TAKING MEN ALIVE:

Studies in the Principles and Practice of Individual Soul-Winning.

By CHARLES G. TRUMBULL. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Life of Faith says: "We do not wish to use exaggerated words, but the volume is a fascinating one."

The Scotsman says: "Its suggestions are marked by freshness and practical common-sense."

The Revival Times says: "It will be found of infinite help to all who wish to be used of God."

The Schoolmaster says: "It is a book to buy, to read, and to 'distribute by hundreds.'"

A HELPFUL BOOK ON THE OLD THEOLOGY.

SAVING TRUTHS OF THE GOSPEL

By the REV. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A. "Sundays of the Year" Series. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

1. The Sacrifice of the death of Christ.
2. The Benefits of the Sacrifice.
3. Side-lights on the Sacrifice.
4. Words that Live.

A HELPFUL BOOK FOR ANY BIBLE STUDENT.

New Popular Edition. Demy 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 848 Pages, cloth gilt.

THE BIBLE HANDBOOK

An Introduction to the Study of Sacred Scripture, by the late JOSEPH ANGUS, M.A., D.D. Thoroughly Revised and in part Rewritten by the late SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D., Author of the "Handbook to the Grammar of the Greek Testament," "Handbook to Old Testament Hebrew," &c.

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—"Dr. Angus' manual has grown remarkably during the past half-century, under the influence of modern scholarship and recent research; and in its new form should renew its undeniable hold upon the Bible student of to-day."

Published by the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, London, E.C.

5 HELPFUL BOOKS

JUST PUBLISHED BY THE

"R.T.S."

POPULAR NATURE BOOKS

FOR READERS OF ALL AGES.

ADVENTURES IN BIRD-LAND.

A Book for Boys. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Home Life in Bird-Land," "Woodland, Field, and Shore," &c. With 90 Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author, and 100 Pen-Sketches by E. RICHMOND PATON. Cloth gilt, demy 8vo, 6s. net.

BY MEADOW, GROVE, AND STREAM.

An Introduction to Nature Study. By HENRY HILTON BROWN, F.E.S. With 2 folded Coloured Plates. Photogravure Frontispiece and 171 Figures in Black and White, from Original Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

BY-PATHS IN NATURE.

By FRANK STEVENS, Author of "Adventures in Pondland," &c. With 72 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

CREATURES OF THE SEA.

Being the Life Stories of some Sea Birds, Beasts, and Fishes. By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S. With 40 Full-page Illustrations by THEO. CARRERAS. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY.

A Reliable Guide to British Wild Life and Nature Photography. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

FIFTY-TWO NATURE RAMBLES.

A Series of Open-Air Talks for Young People. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., M.B.O.U., Author of "Every Boy's Book of Natural History," &c. With five Coloured Plates from Drawings, and 100 other Illustrations from Photographs. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

HIDDEN BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S. With 95 Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

HOME LIFE IN BIRD LAND

By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Woodland, Field, and Shore." With four Coloured Plates, and over 80 other Illustrations from Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net.

THE HONEY BEE.

Its Nature, Homes, and Products. By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc. With 82 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

HOW TO STUDY WILD FLOWERS.

By Rev. GEORGE HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., &c., Author of Plants of the Bible," New Edition, with 12 double-page Coloured Plates and 57 other Illustrations. Cloth gilt, with Coloured Pictures on cover, 2s. 6d.

NATURE, CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL.

By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S., Author of "Hidden Beauties of Nature," &c. With 69 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

NATURE: THROUGH MICROSCOPE AND CAMERA.

By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S., Author of "Nature, Curious, and Beautiful." With 65 Photo-Micrographs. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net.

PONDS AND ROCK POOLS.

With Hints on Collecting for, and the Management of, the Micro-Aquarium. By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," &c. With 130 illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

THROUGH A POCKET LENS.

By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S., Author of "Ponds and Rock Pools," &c. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

WOODLAND, FIELD, AND SHORE.

Wild Nature depicted with Pen and Camera. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Adventures in Bird-Land," &c. With Two Coloured Plates, and 101 Engravings of Birds, Animals, and Insects from Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Published by THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,

LONDON: 4, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C., and Sold by all Booksellers

MESSRS. CONSTABLE'S LIST.

MY SCHOOL AND MY GOSPEL. By Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER. Fully illustrated. 4to, 21s. net.

"It is written with perfect ease and self-confidence, his writing is as readable as his painting is attractive. It is a piece of psychological demonstration that is extraordinarily refreshing and alluring by reason of the simplicity of its candour."—*Graphic.*

A HISTORY OF THE VOLUNTEER FORCES, from the Earliest Times to the Year 1860. By CECIL SEBAG-MONTEFIORE, Captain and Hon. Major 1st Midd. Royal Engineers (Volunteers), Captain Reserve of Officers. With 8 Illustrations in Colour and Photogravure. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

"It is a wholly admirable piece of work, covering ground which has too long been left unexplored. The author has carefully sifted and incorporated whatever is valuable in a narrative which is exceedingly readable . . . of the deepest interest alike to students of military affairs and to the students of the general history of this country."—*Daily Telegraph.*

MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR CLAUDE, Chief of Police under the Second Empire. Translated by K. P. WORMELEY. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

"A most readable and entertaining volume, which reads like fiction, but which is the most living of living truth."—*Morning Post.*

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD. By H. G. WELLS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Mr. Wells puts his case in a sane, practical manner, which should show the opponents of Socialism that they are not dealing with dreamers or fanatics, but have a reasoned view of society which they must confront with reason and with an alternative."—*Daily News.*

LETTERS FROM THE RAVEN. Correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn. Edited with an Introduction by MILTON BRONNER. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

"There is much in this little book which tells us intimately of the shy, sensitive, finely imaginative temperament of Lafcadio Hearn."—*Daily News.*

ROMANTIC TALES FROM THE PANJAB, with INDIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT. Collected and Edited from Original Source by the Rev. CHARLES SWYNNERTON, F.S.A. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo, 6s. net.

"Anyone who peruses Mr. Swynnerton's book will gain a far better idea of the tendencies, aspirations, and mental atmosphere of the inhabitants of these far-away regions than can be derived from tomes of philosophical disquisitions and anthropological or topographical reports. They are instinct with life, and narrated with a dramatic force worthy of all praise."—*Daily Telegraph.*

MORNINGS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL. Second Series. BRIEF AND INCISIVE ADDRESSES TO YOUNG MEN ON PERSONAL RELIGION. By FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY, D.D., Plummer Prof. of Christian Morals at Harvard. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Dr. CLIFFORD says:—"These short talks are full of the most precious thought, expressed in clear and strong English. They bear directly on the conscience and the practical life. A more nourishing morning book for young and old I do not know."

PREVIOUSLY ISSUED.

MORNINGS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL. First Series. 5s. net.
AFTERNOONS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL. 5s. net.

ICE-BOUND HEIGHTS OF THE MUSTAGH. Exploration and Climbing in the Himalaya. By FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN and WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN, M.E. With 170 Illustrations. 8vo, 21s. net.

A volume of mountain-climbing, full of adventures. In the course of this expedition peaks of over 23,400 feet were conquered. The illustrations are numerous and of unusual merit.

THE SOUL OF SPAIN. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

"The picture of a Spanish renaissance in the twentieth century. . . . It is a fascinating picture, and Mr. Ellis invests it with literary charm."—*Yorkshire Post.*

THE SYMBOLIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE. by ARTHUR SYMONS. New Edition. Uniform with previous Volumes. 5s. net.

LETTERS FROM INDIA. By ALFRED WILLIAM STRATTON. With Memoir by his Wife, ANNA BOOTH STRATTON, and an Introductory Note by Prof. BLOOMFIELD. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

NEW POEMS. By ST. JOHN LUCAS, Author of "The Vintage of Dreams," "The Absurd Repentance," &c. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"The poems comprised in this inspiriting volume are both versatile and vigorous. They are well felt, and expressed with a heartsome rhythm, like that of a marching tune, which is always well handled to answer the nimble movement of the verses' thought."—*Scotsman.*

BY THAMES AND COTSWOLD. Sketches of the Country. By the Rev. W. H. HUTTON. New Edition, with Illustrations by W. M. MEREDITH. 5s net. [*Next week.*

"We can heartily recommend this book; the author could not describe the country as he does if he did not thoroughly love it, and the reader, if we mistake not, will share his enthusiasm."—*Literary World.*

SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORD, AND MONMOUTH. By A. G. BRADLEY. With sketches of the country by W. M. MEREDITH. 5s. net. [*Shortly.*

GLAMORGAN AND GOWER. By A. G. BRADLEY. With sketches of the country by W. M. MEREDITH. And a Map. 3s. 6d. net. [*Shortly.*

THE FIRST BOOK OF FARMING. By CHARLES L. GOODRICH. Crown 8vo. With 86 Illustrations. 4s. 6d. net.

A handbook designed to stimulate and develop the intelligence, industry, and energy of the gardener and agriculturist. Mr. Goodrich has had many years of experience in teaching agriculture, and is to-day a practical and successful farmer.

THE BOOK: ITS HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT. By CYRIL DAVENPORT, V.D. Fully Illustrated. 6s. net.

"A fascinating subject is here treated by a recognised authority, who knows how to make use of his wealth of knowledge so as to be as interesting as he is informing."—*Literary World.*

THE STANNARIES. By GEORGE R. LEWIS. Extra crown 8vo, 6s. net.

An account of the English tin mining and miners from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Centuries.

SIX SHILLING NOVELS.

MAROTZ - - - - - - - - **John Ayscough.**
Author of 'Admonition.'

"One of the most striking novels of the year. A book worth reading and to be read."—*British Weekly.*
"It is a literary masterpiece—not indeed as a novel, but as a series of vividly printed pictures of Sicilian life."—*Observer.*

THE DAUGHTER - - - - - **Constance Smedley.**
Author of 'Conflict.'

"'The Daughter' is a novel to buy, to read, to think about, and to pass on to many friends."—*Westminster Gazette.*

ROSE MACLEOD - - - - - - **Alice Brown.**
Author of 'The County Road.' [*Next week.*

THE ANCIENT LAW - - - - - **Ellen Glasgow**
Author of 'The Deliverance.'

PAULINE - - - - - - - - **W. E. Norris.**
Author of 'The Square Peg.' [*Shortly.*

London: A. CONSTABLE & CO., LTD., 10, Orange Street, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1908.

The Nation

VOL. III., No. 8.] SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1908. [PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE DIARY OF THE WEEK	257
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—	
The Government and the Suffrage	259
Remitted to the Churches	261
A Moral from Hops	262
The Waste of a Continent	263
CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN IN THE ABBEY. By The Rt. Hon. Lord Eversley	264
LIFE AND LETTERS:—	
The Background of Glory	265
Men against Sportsmen	266
The Millinery of Murder	267
The Cuckoo Habit	268
MUSIC:—	
Three Opera Singers	269
THE DRAMA:—	
Mr. Pinero's Study of Provincial Life. By H. W. M.	270
ART:—	
Pictures at the Artistes Français	271
COMMUNICATIONS:—	
The Largest of our National Estates. By Resident	272
POETRY:—	
A Boy's Heart. By C. H. Bewley	272
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—	
Experiments on Animals. By Dr. Stephen Paget	273
The Justice of the Licensing Bill. By R. Mortimer Montgomery	274
The Educational Rapprochement. By F. E. Pollard	274
The Sugar Convention and Italy. By Anti-Convention	275
Pensions and the Sinking Fund. By T. A. Prest	276
The Riddle of the Bacchae. By G. Norwood	276
What does "Votes for Women" mean? By A. Grimshaw Haywood	276
Bombs in India. By A. St. John	277
The British Sunday and the Exhibition. By Edward Brown	277
The Problem of Medical Relief. By G. C. C.	277
THE WORLD OF BOOKS	278
Books to be Read	278
REVIEWS:—	
Herbert Spencer	279
The Poets' Irish Question	280
The Anti-Indian Englishman	280
A Study in Scottish Character. By Hector Macpherson	281
A Veteran Reviewer	282
A Novel of Propaganda	284
BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
The Search for the Western Sea	286
The Tragedy of Korea	286
Memoirs of the Life and Military Services of Viscount Lake	286
History of Ireland to the coming of Henry II.	286
Miniature Series of Painters	288
THE WEEK IN THE CITY	288

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE Prime Minister made a sensational announcement to a deputation of sixty Liberal members who asked him on Wednesday for facilities for Mr. Stanger's Bill on Women's Suffrage. Mr. Asquith refused facilities, but gave a pledge of equal and momentous importance. He declared that, before closing the story of the present Parliament, the Government would propose a Suffrage Bill dealing with (*a*) the qualifying period, (*b*) plural voting, and (*c*) the "unreal categories" of voters. Speaking not for himself but for two-thirds of the Cabinet, and presumably also for the great majority of the party, the Prime Minister added that if Women's Suffrage were introduced as an amendment to such a Bill he should not oppose it. But he attached two conditions. The first was that any such change must be upon "democratic lines," which means, we suppose, that no amendment conferring the vote merely upon qualifications of property and residence would be accepted. The second condition was that Women's Suffrage must be shown to have "the overwhelming support of the women of the country." In one respect the mass of Liberal opinion, which founds itself on adult suffrage, will welcome the Prime Minister's declaration, but a certain difficulty of tactics suggests itself. Even if the Lords do not throw out the Bill altogether, as a measure requiring the previous assent of the constituencies, they will certainly refuse more than a limited property franchise. This the Government will not, of course, accept. It would seem, therefore, that we are to have a general election on adult suffrage. The extreme suffragists have not accepted Mr. Asquith's great concession, and a section of them endeavoured to besiege his house in Downing Street, and were arrested and bound over to keep the peace.

* * *

THE country will hear with mixed feelings that the King will at Whitsuntide pay a State visit to the Czar at Reval, in the Gulf of Finland. He is to be accompanied by Sir Charles Hardinge, the Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, an official who, very strangely, as it seems to us, now replaces a Minister of the Crown during formal interviews between the Sovereign and foreign monarchs. The King and the Czar are closely connected by blood and marriage, and no sensible Englishman desires to see Great Britain and Russia on bad terms with each other. But the mere fact that the King's visit is confined to a series of sea courtesies, and that a State visit to St. Petersburg is impossible, exhibits the true relationship between the Czar and his people. At no period of the reform movement in Russia has a more pitiless system of oppression, enforced by constant executions, wholesale exile, and the destruction of private rights and liberties by court martials and administrative order, existed. Had this been the state of Russia at almost any period of the late Queen's reign, public opinion would not have tolerated a meeting between the Czar and the Monarch of these realms. It is singular that we are so much less sensitive in the matter of national liberty to-day.

* * *

THE Second Reading of the Education Bill was carried on Wednesday by 370 to 205 votes, a majority of 165. The rise in the strength of the Opposition was due to the Irish Nationalists, sixty-four of whom voted against the Bill; three Liberals were also hostile, and three Labor members and a few Ministerialists abstained. The voting, however, like the debate, was unreal, the discussion showing that opinion on both sides of the House, though fluid, tends steadily to a settlement. This view was notably expressed by moderate Tories and Churchmen of the type of Sir John Kennaway and Colonel Williams. On the other hand, the Lancashire Tories, doubtless with direct encouragement from Mr. Balfour, whose demeanour and speech were equally disturbing to hopes of peace, ridiculed the notion of a compromise, Mr. Joynson Hicks, fresh from North-West Manchester, even declaring that the Unionist Party would wait "till they could dictate terms to the other side," *i.e.*, through the rejection of the Bill by the Lords. Mr. Balfour's contribution on Wednesday was practically in this vein. He insisted that no "conciliatory picture" could be painted on the canvas presented by the Bill, which "despoiled" and "robbed" the trustees and owners of the Church schools. But he admitted that in substance there was no difference between the two sides, and that, if Churchmen and Nonconformists could work together in country parishes, they might make peace in Parliament, on the basis apparently of giving "more power" to parents in the choice of religious instruction.

* * *

THE Ministerial speeches were all conciliatory, as were those of representative Nonconformists like Sir

George White, Mr. Perks, and Mr. Ellis Griffiths. The Bill was formally put in charge of Mr. McKenna, who, however, offered a less specific defence of its plan and structure than Mr. Runciman. Mr. Asquith's line was to emphasise the general desire for peace, which he declared not twenty members of the House would oppose. His chief stress was laid on the Nonconformist grievance in the single-school areas, where, as he said, in thousands of parishes in which the school was kept up by rates and taxes, Nonconformist pupils could not teach, and Nonconformist children must choose between sectarian instruction and no religious instruction at all. He thought the Churches were drawing together, and grave would be the responsibility of politicians who stood between the wishes of the people and the children's interests—a peroration plainly aimed at Mr. Balfour.

* * *

General Willcocks has forced the passes leading into the Mohmand country. The first brigade got through the Nahakki Pass without resistance, but on Saturday one of its advanced posts at Darwazagai was attacked, and in the course of a gallant fight, which has secured special praise from the Indian Government, lost nine killed and twenty-three wounded. The second brigade had a similar experience in the Khapak Pass on Monday, and suffered twenty-seven casualties; the tribesmen here charged sword in hand with a dash not usually credited to the Mohmands. Some towers have been destroyed, but the troops have suffered severely from the heat, the vile roads, the bad water supply, and the continued sniping at night, and cholera is still raging at the base. It is not known how much longer the operations will last or what fruit they will bear, and Parliament is still cultivating its passion for ignorance of Indian affairs generally, and frontier affairs in particular.

* * *

The two sides of the Protectionist movement—preferences with food taxes and the bolstering up of temporarily depressed home industries—have both been illustrated during the week. On Saturday a large demonstration of hop-growers and hop-pickers, organised and paid for, it is said, by Tariff Reformers, met in Trafalgar Square to demand a duty of 40s. a cwt. on foreign hops, or about 90 per cent. of the value of the raw material. The statement that 40,000 acres of hops have been "grubbed" owing to "unfair foreign competition," has been completely falsified by the production of the statistics of foreign importations, which show that the highest figures—those of 1881-5—have never been approached at any later period. In the House of Lords, an attempt was made by the Duke of Marlborough to revive the dying interest in preferences. The speeches showed lamentable weakness on the part of the Free Trade peers, Lord St. Aldwyn, as usual, assenting to a policy which he showed in argument to be futile or perilous to our foreign trade, and Lord Curzon practically abandoning Free Trade for India. No consistent position was revealed, Lord Milner, as an out-and-out Protectionist, admitting that the Colonies were likely to remain devoted to Protection, and therefore to their policy of excluding British goods. Of the methods of this policy Lord Cromer made a scathing and very powerful exposure. The desire to curtail the commercial freedom of the Colonies was shown in the criticism of the Franco-Canadian Treaty, which, as Lord Crewe said, did no harm to us, and was entirely consistent with Canadian rights.

The Tangier correspondent of the "Times" admits that Abdul Aziz's game is up. Abdul Aziz put the last of his money, arms, and men into an expedition to Marrakesh, which is hemmed in, and must choose between surrender or enlistment under Mulai Hafid. Mulai Hafid entered Mekinez a week ago, and is probably already in Fez. He now rules the North as well as the South, while Abdul Aziz has to shelter behind French guns. France's recent Morocco policy is bankrupt, and it is reported in the French Press that M. Clemenceau has at length faced the facts, and decided to abandon military adventure and withdraw all troops except a few temporary garrisons. The policy of a return to peaceful penetration is advocated in opposition to General Lyautey by M. Regnault, who shared with the General the special mission to Casablanca. It embraces neutrality in the dynastic struggle and the recognition of the victor, whoever he be. It will be hard for M. Clemenceau to swallow the bitter pill of acknowledging Mulai Hafid as Sultan, but Germany will probably do so before long. His envoys have already been received "unofficially" in Berlin.

* * *

Mr. Whiteley, the Chief Ministerial Whip, is about to resign his seat and to become a peer. The ground of his retirement is ill-health. The Government appear to us to be making too many new peers, though, if Mr. Whiteley regards a peerage as a suitable reward for energetic, though not especially tactful, service in the Commons and for great driving power with the majority, the party must be content. His successor is Mr. J. A. Pease, for many years the second Whip, and we are glad to see that Mr. Whitley succeeds to a formal official position. Mr. Pease is a clever and persuasive Whip, and few men in the House of Commons know it better. But the Whips' office is still something to seek as a representation of Radical sentiment.

* * *

Mr. Asquith has made a good beginning with his clerical patronage. The new Dean of Peterborough is Mr. Arnold Page, a Balliol man, associated in his clerical work with two great Broad Churchmen, Dr. Fremantle and the Rev. William Rogers, and belonging distinctly to the liberal school of thought and action which successive Prime Ministers, Liberal and Conservative, have so long neglected.

* * *

Mr. Justice Longley, a Canadian Judge, varied the amiable platitudes at a Canadian dinner in New York last Thursday by saying that though Canada had, and would always have, the most friendly sentiments towards England she would not for ever be content to remain in the Empire. The feeling for national independence would grow and would lead to an amicable severance, and he anticipated that a treaty of alliance would replace the existing relations. Mr. Bryce, who was present, naturally protested against this doctrine, but it is hardly possible to deny the strong hold it has not only in Canada but in Australia.

* * *

A powerful demonstration in favor of a national theatre, as a commemoration of Shakespeare, was held in the Lyceum theatre on Tuesday afternoon, Lord Lytton in the chair. The Chairman was able to read a letter from Lord Plymouth, announcing that the Memorial Committee were willing to meet the counter movement, and it has been agreed that the two bodies shall meet. We hope that no compromise will be offered which interferes with the vital object of the Lyceum demonstration, the founding of a National or Standard Theatre of

Dramatic Art. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton spoke strongly in its favor, declaring that the present state of the theatre was chaotic and ineffective, an indictment which Mr. Steadman supported from the point of view of the workmen, who, he said, greatly preferred the old "stock" companies to the modern system of rule by actor-managers. The movement for a Shakespeare memorial in Portland Place is practically dead.

* * *

We understand that the Home Secretary will introduce on Monday a Bill of great importance for the Prevention of Crime. It will deal with the whole subject of prison treatment and the reformation of offenders, and will introduce some new and far-reaching principles, including, we believe, a form of the indeterminate sentence.

* * *

The complete official results of the French municipal elections (writes our Paris correspondent) were published only last Saturday. There are, not including the Seine, 36,150 communes. The Unified Socialists have the majority in 164, the Independent Socialists in 148, the Radicals and Socialist-Radicals in 8,743, the other groups of the Left in 10,775, the Centre in 5,588, the Clericals and Nationalists in 9,025; in the remaining 1,707 communes the color of the majority is indefinite. The various groups of the Left have a net gain of 1,977 communes (816 from the Centre and 1,161 from the reactionaries), of which about two-thirds are gained by the Radicals and Socialist-Radicals. It will be seen from these figures that there is no reaction against Radicalism. The vast majority of the 9,025 reactionary communes are small villages, and, whereas the moderate groups of the Left hold more communes in the country as a whole than the Radicals, the latter preponderate in the towns, and their total vote is very much larger. The reactionaries hold only thirty-three of the 359 *chefs-lieux* of departments and arrondissements, and only 435 of the 2,320 *chefs-lieux* of cantons—a small net loss in each case. The clerical losses in the districts which have always been their strongholds—Brittany and the West generally—are very striking. Among the most important are the towns of Caen, Nantes (the only one of the fifteen great towns where the clericals had a majority at the last general election), Rennes, and Vannes. The Nationalists gained two seats in Paris on account of Socialist abstentions at the second ballot. On the Paris Council, as before, the Radicals hold the balance between the two Socialist groups on the one hand and the Centre and Right on the other.

* * *

The Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush will, we hope and believe, in time be a beautiful show. The Mohammedan Indian architecture looks well by night, the gardens will be large, and there is plenty of space for the exhibits. But at present there is little else but space. Except one or two side-shows, chiefly unconnected with England or France, there is nothing much to see, and unless people pay an extra sixpence for the Indian village or float on the pond in a kind of water omnibus, they find no particular entertainment for their shilling. It is true they can listen to a band and buy refreshments, but the rest of the time they will be searching in vain through vasty halls of emptiness, or stumbling over ground like the shore at low tide. We are glad to know that the preparations are going on "with feverish haste," but we regret that the fever of haste did not come on before so many French people arrived to honor the "entente," and that such crowds were admitted only for disappointment.

Politics and Affairs.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE SUFFRAGE.

The kaleidoscope of politics has given us during the week a completely new view of the immediate future. The Prime Minister, who has hitherto been regarded as one of the most pronounced opponents of women's suffrage, announced on Wednesday his readiness to admit clauses for the enfranchisement of women on wide democratic lines in a Government measure. It is difficult to realise—we can hardly avoid the doubt whether Mr. Asquith himself has fully realised—the far-reaching importance of this change of attitude, and all its probable reactions on the movement of affairs. The ordinary Liberal may be pardoned a sense of bewilderment when he contemplates the great variety of topics that fill the theatre of political discussion under the present Administration, and the remarkable rapidity with which they follow one another across the stage. From education to the Lords, from the Lords to the land, from the land to temperance, from temperance to old-age pensions, from pensions to women's suffrage—we pass from question to question, each raising fierce and most complex controversies, each hazarding vital issues, each so full of difficulty that a Government might stand or fall by it alone; above all, each so puzzling and obscure to the general public as to require months of separate attention before it is properly understood. Before any one of these questions is well on the way, the switch is turned, the kaleidoscope has moved, and another is before us. Really, we can hardly wonder if a public much immersed in its own affairs gives a confused and uncertain voice on each succeeding problem. At any rate, so it is, and we have to remember that the practical interpretation of confusion and uncertainty in politics is a negative. We could wish that the Government were sufficiently alive to this danger to their future.

As to the recent announcement, it is, of course, true that Mr. Asquith's personal opinion is unchanged. It is true that the suffrage, as he tells us, will not be proposed by the Government nor backed in the first instance by their authority. Nevertheless, it is easy to see that if the voting strength which it commands in the Commons remains unimpaired, and if it be free for the friends of the measure to introduce it into a Government Reform Bill, it will, as a result, be incorporated in that Bill in the Committee stage, and by the time that the Bill has received its third reading, women's franchise will form the pith of a Government measure, and will be part and parcel of the policy of the Liberal Party.

We need not for the moment examine very deeply into the causes of this momentous departure. It will be claimed as a triumph by both sections of political women, by the moderates, who will argue, with some reason, that it is their deputation to which Mr. Asquith has given way, that it is the value of the electoral work of Liberal women which turned the scale in his

mind, and by the extremists, who will contend that he has yielded to the pressure exercised at bye-elections what years of peaceful persuasion could not achieve. Far more important to the convinced suffragist, whose real object is not to find excuses for attacking a Liberal Administration, but to secure political rights for women, is to weigh carefully the forces which will ultimately determine the success or failure of the promised Bill. She will have to bear in mind that women's suffrage is to be brought forward, not as an independent measure, but as part of a general abolition of electoral anomalies and disabilities affecting both sexes. For that mode of treatment we have already argued with some fulness in these columns. We need not repeat the reasons which we then advanced in detail, but we may remark that the line adopted by Mr. Asquith is a signal justification of those friends of women's suffrage who have steadfastly persisted that, when given, it should be on thoroughly democratic lines. Advocates of adult suffrage have for two years and more been denounced as covert enemies of the women's movement. They were accused of the Machiavellian design of admitting an unanswerable argument in the abstract and rendering it null and void by drawing a practical conclusion which no one would accept. They were told that to talk of adult suffrage or anything like it was to postpone the enfranchisement of women till the Blue Moon. In vain they pleaded that a democratic House of Commons would never sanction a limited franchise. They were emphatically assured that they did not mean what they said, and that, whether they did or did not, women would not listen to them. The event, so far, has vindicated their sincerity and justified their insight. Women's suffrage is to be accepted by the Government only as part of a general extension of popular government, and only on the essential condition that it is to be given on broad democratic lines. If the Lords propose a property franchise, it will be rejected.

The promise, of course, will not satisfy the Women's Social and Political Union, who, we may shrewdly suspect, would find some excuse for continuing their agitation, whatever the present Government might promise or perform, and who probably desire at least the enfranchisement only of a small propertied class. But the great mass of thoughtful women will take a very different view of the position. They will recognise that the battle is only half won. They have first to secure that the members who have been willing to vote for their Bills as long as the question was of the academic rank will be found in their places with equal assiduity when it is part of a reform which is seriously intended to become law. They have, what is still more essential, to consider what prospects the Bill will have of passing the ordeal of the House of Lords. As part of a Government Bill, and that a Bill for strengthening and widening the popular element in the Constitution, the suffrage will not come before the Peers precisely in the odour of what they take for sanctity. They will mutilate or reject it if they dare, and they will dare unless they are convinced that public opinion is so strongly set upon the Bill that its rejection would endanger their own position. More than ever, then, it becomes true that the fate of women's suffrage in the near future depends on the impression made by women in public life. Here, again, Mr. Asquith put his finger on a fundamental point. He showed that in the ordeal which awaits it the suffrage can only survive if it has the effective force of opinion, in particular the opinion of women, at its back. Now, as a force operating on opinion, the militant section has had its effect. It has shown that to many women, especially to many of the working class, the question is one of real and vital interest. This was substantially a "new fact." But it is a new fact no longer, and it may safely be said that, during the last twelve months, for one man or woman that has been attracted to the movement by the tactics of street sham-fights, three have been turned away. In particular among Liberals, on whose attitude, when it comes to a tussle on the point, everything will depend, the sense of absurdity has deepened into resentment as they have realised that there are women to whom in their fanaticism no cause is sacred. Fortunately for the movement, Liberals are reasonable enough to remember that a band of fanatics are not to be taken as fair representatives of a sex, and they retain the opinion that the average woman, like the average man, can in general be trusted to look at public questions on all sides, and not close her eyes systematically to every issue but one. But we would suggest to the suffragists that it becomes at times a little difficult, particularly as the fortunes of Liberalism become critical, to preserve this equable frame of mind. We would urge that the more they do in the next two years to give colour to the old contention that women are constitutionally unfit for public affairs, the more difficult it will be to secure the sustained energy and enthusiasm which will be necessary to force their Bill through the obstacles that beset all Liberal legislation. Of Liberals in turn it may very fairly be asked that they should swallow their very natural exasperation at the state of mind which in the pursuit of victory recks nothing of temperance, of education, or of social reform. They will do well to bear in mind the old contention of Mill that the suffrage is itself the greatest political educator, and to consider whether women's influence outside the recognised political system may not have injurious effects which responsibility would largely mitigate.

But there is a deeper consideration than this. Liberalism is rooted in democratic principle. That principle may be false. It may be that in following it for three generations we have been following a wrong track. Yet, notwithstanding all disappointments and disillusionments, a survey of the modern world gives no hope of improvement from any alternative system. But if the democratic principle be the best foundation of Government yet devised, how are we to escape from its logical application? What argument has all this controversy thrown up to show that the disqualification of sex is fundamentally unlike the old disqualifications of class against which Liberals fought and won? If there be one, we may say, in Hume's phrase, that we desire it to be produced. If there be none, we may fairly ask our friends to face the practical conclusion.

REMITTED TO THE CHURCHES.

THE Prime Minister suggested in closing the debate on the second reading of the Education Bill that, if the House of Commons were sitting not in the Palace of Westminster but in the Palace of Truth, there would be revealed an almost universal desire for a settlement of the educational controversy. We are afraid that if such a revelation took place, it might disclose something more or less than a passion for peace. It might show Mr. Balfour, for example, calculating with some closeness the effect of forcing the educational struggle once again on to the constituencies, and thereby achieving the double purpose of winning Lancashire, with its Anglican and Catholic vote, for Toryism, and depriving the Protectionists of the argument that a victory for the Opposition had been won on Tariff Reform, and on Tariff Reform alone. It might reveal the Protectionists, who, under Mr. Austen Chamberlain's lead, seemed to dwell apart, both in body and in mind, from their Balfourian colleagues, open to a precisely opposite set of calculations. It would conceivably exhibit the High Anglicans who follow Lord Robert Cecil anxious to banish Cowper-Templeism, and in face of that great gain to the Catholic view, prepared to chance the secular solution. And, on the other hand, it would assuredly display the moderate Churchmen keenly concerned to preserve undenominationalism if only as a formal check in their own schools and in the national institutions on the Catholic movement. Above all, this same disconcerting Mirror of Truth, if it were held up impartially among all sections and quarters of the House, would disclose the rather elementary fact that the average politician on both sides was thinking more of votes and seats and the general election than of religion or educational efficiency.

Here, therefore, would seem to be somewhat unpromising ground for a settlement. And there are other reasons for fearing that we must not be too sanguine. The Bill whose second reading was carried on Wednesday is not a popular measure, and the main reason for its unpopularity is the very concession to denominationalism which Mr. Balfour now denounces. No one likes contracting out. In London it would certainly dislocate the educational machinery. It seems to punish the children for the fault of the parents, or, rather, of the politicians and the theologians. It moves further away from the national solution than did the Bill of 1906. Such a measure, even if it passed intact through the House of Commons, would hardly go to the Lords with strength enough to ensure it acceptance. If its predecessor, backed by a united Ministerial party, including the Irish, was wrecked without thought or care for the consequences, what can be the fate of a less powerfully supported plan? It is possible that if London were excluded, and the terms slightly raised, a settlement might be nearly arrived at. But there must be some limit to the demands on the Treasury, and to the extent to which the Churches, Roman and Anglican, are to feed their schools from the national resources, and at the same time to cut themselves loose from the State machinery of control. And if the Bill is abandoned, what is the alternative? Where is the material of compromise? It seems to us that the answer to that question is fairly simple.

In the first place, time is running on, and the heads of the Anglican Church, who did nothing to avert the wreck of Mr. Birrell's Bill, seem at last conscious of the scandal of an open and continuous war on the schools question with Nonconformity, with the Labor Party, and with great masses of the population, Christian and non-Christian. They recognise that the Act of 1902 did not settle the question, a conclusion which Mr. Balfour himself does not rebut. And they must see their own special responsibility for the maintenance of a quarrel which has nothing to do with the true educational problem. They put forward the parents. But we and they know that the mass of English parents concern themselves little about the niceties of dogmatic teaching. These are mysteries, which the average man leaves to his spiritual guides, when he has any. It is the neo-Anglican theology, basing itself on a mystic sacramentalism, that has largely caused the set against "simple Bible teaching." The Anglican Church, therefore, blocks the way, and not only on religious grounds. It took too much from the Act of 1902. It fixed all its schools on the rates, but gave those ratepayers who did not agree with it little power, and no relief from the unfair situation in the single-school districts, where Nonconformist parents have to submit to special Church teaching and the general clerical control of the children. The Church, in a word, owes something, in fairness and honesty, to the nation and to its Nonconformist brethren, and the debt must be paid.

And, on the other hand, Nonconformists have an equal reason for desiring compromise. Their formula, "simple Bible teaching," is in many respects an admirable one. Christianity should surely be simple, if anything, and it is certainly founded on the Bible. But the phrase, in its accepted meaning, has been subject to a process of attrition. The idea of the whole Bible as "equi-pollent," to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, does not stand where it did. A more human, a more truly religious, spirit is constantly being applied to it. And, on the other hand, the Anglican tells you that that is not his conception of the interpreting, authoritative force in Christianity. It is useless to argue with him; for a Liberal, concerned with toleration for all forms of creed, it is rather difficult to argue with him, and to say, in spite of the High Anglican affirmation to the contrary, that "Cowper-Templeism" does give the essence, the spirit and temper, of the Christian religion. In other words, the argument for "facilities," such as Mr. Birrell's lamented measure provided, is more cogent than it was two years ago. There is a second point about the Nonconformist case as it stands to-day. It is strong, indeed unanswerable, in the single-school districts. It is far weaker in the areas where the alternative school exists. It is true that passive resistance has been extended so as to cover the whole question of rate-aid to voluntary schools wherever given. But as the wise speeches of Sir George White and Mr. Perks showed, the eyes of the Nonconformists are fixed on essentials, not on accidents, and they may soon be asked to accept

a settlement dealing only with the districts where their grievance is really poignant. This is not exactly a case in which they are confronted merely with the resistance of the House of Lords. The trouble arises that England itself is divided into two camps of almost equal strength, and that neither section, whether it is temporarily in power or not, can force an extreme solution on the other.

The hope of educational peace, therefore, depends more on the statesmanship of the Churches than of the politicians. We think that Anglicans deceive themselves if they think that they have the nation behind them in any passionate adherence to religious teaching in the national schools at the cost of the State. Such an idea is quite against logic, against the old Nonconformist principle, against the tendencies of democracy. In the minds of the people, who, though deeply tinged with Christian ideas, as all modern peoples are, are not in great masses dogmatically Christian at all, the Churches are known by their works rather than by their faith, by their output of human goodness and charity. They have not impressed this rather sceptical, if good-natured, public opinion during the struggles of the last six years. But they have an opportunity of redeeming their character now that the Government have practically remitted to them the task of restoring peace where they have made war.

A MORAL FROM HOPS.

At Hastings in the Spring of 1892 Lord Salisbury discovered, in discussing the taxation of imports, that "there is a good deal to be said for hops," and the hop-growers in the audience cheered. But when a couple of years later (at Trowbridge) the same statesman was accused of proposing a duty upon corn, he said "I beg to nail that lie to the counter before it is uttered. I know that Free Trade is, and must be, the policy of this country. I know that Protection is dead and cannot be revived." Lord Salisbury never explained the inconsistency. But certain it is that hops and hop-growing have always succeeded in being regarded as privileged pursuits, deserving to be exempt from the ordinary rules of agriculture and commerce, and to receive special favour from the State. We can only explain it by the supposition that the glamour of beer attaches to the raw material. For years the malt duty was the stock-in-trade grievance of the old Tory Party. When in Opposition they always harped on the cruelty of the impost, and when in office the revenue was so convenient that they always forgot to repeal it; until at last, greatly to the disgust of the champions of agriculture, the malt duty was repealed, not by the farmer's friends but by Mr. Gladstone. What perplexes the ordinary citizen and what he wants to know at the present moment is why the Tariff Reform League has suddenly ordered its whole force of hired oratory to advocate a heavy import duty upon what is not merely a raw material of *an* industry, but a raw material of the industry, of *the* trade, *par excellence*, which all patriots delight to honor, cherish, and protect. That the hop agitation and the hop demonstration have been got up by the Tariff Reform League and heavily subsidised there appears to be no doubt. And it is equally certain that Tariff Reform as expounded by Mr. Balfour would leave raw materials free. A few weeks ago, at a dinner, when a well-known Parliamentary writer thanked him for providing so much raw material for the craft, Mr. Balfour said he was glad to find himself classed as raw material because it was the one thing they had all agreed not to tax. We are, therefore, entitled to ask whether Tariff Reformers have thrown over Mr. Balfour and whether, as they wish to protect the English hop-grower against American and Continental hops, raising the home price by means of a duty on all imported hops, they are equally prepared to protect the English wool-grower against the wool-grower of Australia, South Africa, and Argentina. And will they protect our farmers against the competition of foreign hides? The special interest of the question lies, of course, in this, that by protecting English hops, English wool, and English hides against the foreigner you are raising the cost of all the beer, cloth, and leather manufactured in England, so that the brewer, the woollen manufacturer, and the boot maker will all be compelled to raise the price of their products and will certainly suffer in their competition with the foreigner in neutral markets.

The hop demonstration should, therefore, serve as an object lesson in the scope and consequences of Protection. Nothing shows more clearly than this how insidious is the poison, and how impossible it is for the patient who begins with small doses to avoid taking larger and larger ones. The Tariff Reformers started with a few specialities. They proposed to save a few ruined industries at home and to encourage a few Colonial imports. They find now that the only practical thing for agitators to do is to promise Protection to everybody. If Mr. Amery had represented Wolverhampton in a Protectionist Parliament, he would have lobbied for all the Wolverhampton interests. The locksmiths of Wolverhampton would have been fostered at the cost of all who want to buy locks. Another member's business would have been to get a protective duty on the steel or other metal from which the locks are made, and so *ad infinitum*. The idea of exempting food or raw material is absurd, for the whole scheme of Protection in a representative democracy is that the representative should lobby and threaten and cajole in order to rig the tariff in the interests of his constituents. If the most active section of his constituents is chiefly interested in raising the price of a food or raw material, or perhaps that of an article like hops, which are possibly food and raw material, then the function of the M.P. is as plain as a pikestaff. He has simply to join in the scrimmage and snatch as big a tax as he can lay hands on. If his tax is less than that gained by another for a neighbouring constituency, he will lose the next election.

The hop agitation therefore (which seems to have been damped by the brewers) is serving a very useful purpose. It shows that Tariff Reformers, even where they are trying to persuade the country to take a small dose, find themselves gradually drawn further and further, until at last they suddenly appear as undisguised Protectionists of everything, from the most primitive agricultural products to the most finished forms of manufactured articles. All science has departed, and the business of the League has descended until it has become the humblest job. But there is another side to this hop-growers' grievance which deserves a little consideration, and that is the audacious hypothesis of its champions, who tell us that our hop-grower is being ruined by the wicked foreign hop-grower. The foreign hop-grower, and especially the hop-grower of the United States, is supposed to be flourishing at the expense of Kent, Sussex, and Worcestershire. It may be news to some people that the American hop industry is in a worse plight than ours. The "Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin" of New York, one of the most reliable and impartial journals in existence, estimates that the hop acreage in New York State will be reduced this year by from 8 to 10 per cent., that of Oregon by 10 per cent., and that of Washington by 30 to 40 per cent. But, adds our New York contemporary, "well-informed men do not hesitate to say that this reduction will not help toward placing the industry on a paying basis. It is stated by men whose ideas are by no means regarded as radical, that a 50 per cent. reduction would be none too much." An informant of the journal put the matter as follows: "There is no question but what the industry is in a bad way. Unless the grower goes ahead, regardless of others, and reduces his acreage to the lowest possible point, there are more hard times ahead." Another dealer called attention to

the decreased consumption of beer as a result of the prohibition movement, and the consequent decrease in the consumption of hops by brewers. The "New York Journal" continues:—

> "It is perfectly clear that the industry is suffering from over-production, and we are asked to maintain this over-production by imposing a protective duty."

But the most curious touch of all is the peculiar conduct of a large firm which had exported hops to England. No clear reason could be given as to why this firm should actually have bought hops (as it did for a time) above the market price in order to ship them to England. On inquiry by our contemporary in New York, the mystery was solved as follows. The firm had been taken in by the press telegrams announcing the marvellous progress of Tariff Reform in England and the imminent breakdown of the Free Trade Ministry. It had thence concluded that, in a very short time, a heavy duty would be imposed on hops. Accordingly, hops were shipped to England, and stored there "in the hope that England will put a duty on imported hops, which would raise their value to a point sufficient to enable the owner to clear a handsome profit." What a deliciously ironical situation! The hop-growers have been ruined by their saviours. The dump was in anticipation of the tariff.

So much has been written about hops in the last week or two, and so many statistics have been sown over the field of argument, that we will only refer to one further obstacle that lies in the way of a hop tariff. It was Adam Smith, we think, who first pointed out that if a protective tariff is good for an Empire, it must be good for a kingdom, a county, or a town. And, as a matter of fact, history shows that the desire for local protection is very strong, and has often found expression in the most recondite forms. In the hop industry, local competition is far more terrible than that of the foreigner, because it is the habit of brewers, we understand, to mix a certain proportion of English hops with imported hops. Hence the demand of the brewers is not for the cheapest hops, but for the cheapest *English* hops. The competition is between the hops of Kent, Sussex, Worcestershire, and Hereford. In Mr. Belloc's amusing skit of the proceedings of the Tariff Reform Commission, a Kentish yokel is dragged before the court, over which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain presides, in order to give evidence against foreign hops. The witness, however, is under the impression that the Sussex men are foreigners, and, as they are the only competitors who have troubled him, he has to be carried out of the hall, struggling and crying out loudly against "them Sussex whops." We might, of course, carry the illustration into many other trades. It is not the competition of France or Germany that has closed so many woollen mills in the West of England during the last fifty years, but the competition of the West Riding of Yorkshire and of Scotland. But enough, perhaps, has been said to show that the hop agitation is a mirror in which many economic and moral lessons are reflected.

THE WASTE OF A CONTINENT.

A NEW kind of patriotism is developing in the United States to grapple with a new crisis, the third and greatest in American history. The War of Independence and the Civil War were both events of the first order. But in the evolution of that vast and unique democracy overseas it may well prove that their effects will ultimately be less momentous than the success or failure of the American people in solving the novel economic problem that now confronts them. That problem involves an issue no less gigantic than that of the gradual exhaustion or the gradual conservation of the natural resources of the country, their wasteful exploitation by private speculators or their protection and development in the interests and for the use of all the people. Many phases of Mr. Roosevelt's leadership will pass away and be forgotten. But the stand he has taken on a question which, as he has said, involves the final basis of national power and perpetuity, is likely to prove permanently productive. In this view the great conference of all the Governors of the Union which was held in Washington last week to discuss the ways and means of a policy of national economic self-defence will probably come to be looked back upon as the most important event in his Presidency. It was an essay in practical Socialism of a very far-reaching character. It symbolised the awakening of a new American consciousness, the focussing of the many impulses that are slowly pushing the American people in matters of economics as well as of Constitutional interpretation and of social and political development away from the disorder and waste of the old order. One discerns those impulses at work in many directions. The powers of the Federal Government are constantly being increased by the rulings of the Supreme Court that cannot, even if it would, evade the spirit of the age. The powers of the States are proportionately diminishing. In almost all matters that concern the rights and interests of labor, in the employment of women and children, in Factory Acts and Employers' Liability Acts, the United States lags some fifty years behind England. But she is arousing herself to her deficiencies; she is endeavouring, amid a hundred obstacles where we in Great Britain have only one, to make up the leeway; and every step she takes implies a progressive increase in the authority of the community over its individual members. At the same time, in a wider sphere, we see the central Government experimenting with a variety of plans for the more effective assertion of its control over the railways and the great industrial corporations.

It was inevitable that this new conception of what the national interests ought to possess and of what private interests ought to be made to surrender, should sooner or later extend to the problem of the natural resources of the country. In no department has the myopia of little men with little minds worked greater havoc. America is not fundamentally different in this respect from other countries. Anyone who will study the report of the recent Committee on Irish forestry will agree that we, at any rate, have no right to cast a stone at America. But the processes which have practically stripped Ireland of trees are operative in the United States over a far wider territory, on a yet more appalling scale and in connection with many other sources of national wealth. The size and magnificence of the American inheritance, and the rapidity and recklessness with which it is being squandered, are an almost incredible commentary on human folly. On no country, perhaps, had "affluent fortune emptied all her horn" in such varied and bountiful profusion, and no country could have shown itself more utterly ungrateful. The Americans have dealt with their resources, and deal with them to-day, in the pioneer spirit of sheer, wanton pillage. By fires and reckless cuttings and negligent replanting they have so denuded their forests that a timber famine is inevitable. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, indeed, the head of the United States Forest Service, declares that at the present rate of consumption the American supply of lumber will not last another thirty years. Four-fifths of the timber lands of the country are in private hands; the consumption of wood, probably owing to the demand for paper, increases twice as fast as the population; and the States by heavily taxing the owners of woodlands not only on the value of their land but on the value of the standing trees upon it, and the Federal Government, by selling as agricultural land tracts on which nothing but trees will grow to advantage—thus securing impoverished farms instead of flourishing forests—and, above all, by putting a prohibitive duty on the import of lumber from abroad, undo with one hand all the good they are seeking to do with the other, and end by placing an irresistible premium on forest destruction. A quarter of a century from now, unless the nation is roused from its indifference, the United States for all industrial purposes may be a treeless land.

Deforestation is not only a great evil in itself, but the cause of greater ones. If wood is wasted, water must be. Millions have been spent upon the American rivers

yet they are less navigable to-day than they were fifty years ago and carry a smaller traffic. Year by year they are being filled up with silt and débris, floods increase, and hundreds of square miles of farming land are, in consequence, impoverished. It is said that the Mississippi alone carries yearly to the sea more than four thousand million tons of the richest soil within its drainage basin. Then, again, over-grazing has reduced over five hundred million acres one-third in value. Coal, too, supplies an even more striking instance of heedless waste. The Government coal experts declare that between three and four hundred million tons of coal were lost in the mining and marketing of the country's coal product in the single year 1906. Numberless mines, after the extraction of the best coal, have been abandoned though only half-worked out, or have caved in and thus been irreparably ruined. The stock of unmined anthracite, it is estimated, will not last another fifty years, and before a century has gone by the supply of bituminous coal will be similarly exhausted; while if the consumption of iron ore continues to increase in the same ratio as during the past twenty years, a couple of centuries will see the end of it. Mineral oil and natural gas have been equally abused; vast areas of public lands have been fraudulently diverted from the genuine settler to the predatory speculator; and the soil of the country has been so shamefuly mishandled—the Americans are, perhaps, the worst farmers in the world—that its crop-producing power is both actually and relatively on the decline.

And all this, be it remembered, has taken place in a land that is still three parts margin, still in the chrysalis stage of its growth, still Empire-building on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. No such spectacle has ever been presented to the world. By the side of it the moribund chaos of our own canal system and the egregious mismanagement of such woods as we possess seem petty misdemeanours. It may, of course, happen that new inventions will ward off the catastrophe that is shaping itself across the Atlantic. The time may come when pulp for the manufacture of paper will be raised in annual crops, when the main motive power of industry will be furnished by the rivers, and when reinforced concrete will take the place of structural steel. But it is not the part of statesmanship to take such possibilities into account, and President Roosevelt is right in not trusting to them. His policy of stimulating the Government's forestry, irrigation and reclamation services, of withdrawing the public domain from the grip of the speculator, of adopting the Australian system of leasing instead of selling it for private development, of vetoing private water Bills, and of encouraging all the States to agree upon a uniform plan of conservation for the benefit of posterity, is a policy which, whether it succeeds or fails, will always be remembered to his credit.

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN IN THE ABBEY.

Looking back but a few years, who would have predicted that of the group of men who were then prominent in the Liberal Party, Campbell-Bannerman would be the one to achieve the position of Premier, and after a brief tenure of office, and so premature a death, to be commemorated by a national monument in the Abbey?

Six years ago Harcourt and Morley in the House of Commons, and Spencer and Kimberley in the House of Lords, seemed to be far ahead of him in influence and prospects. But four years of courageous leadership in the Commons, thrust upon him by the withdrawal of others, the organisation of victory for the Liberal Party at the General Election, and two years of office as Premier, during which personal qualities in him unknown before were made known, have resulted in the unanimous vote of both Houses that the supreme honor of a national monument is due to him.

It may be probable that this would not have been accorded if it had not been that the late Premier practically died while in office. As pointed out by Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, Parliament has not in the past established the rule that all who have been Premiers are to be thus honored. Of nineteen Premiers since the beginning of the last century, exclusive of those still alive, monuments of only eight have been erected in the Abbey by the votes of Parliament, namely, Pitt, Percival, Canning, Peel, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, and Salisbury. The monument of the Duke of Wellington is at St. Paul's, where also there is one to Melbourne erected by the subscriptions of his friends. No notice in this way was taken by Parliament of the death of Liverpool, Grey, Russell, or Derby. There are, indeed, busts in the Abbey of Aberdeen and Russell placed there by their friends.

However much we may hold Campbell-Bannerman in admiration and affection, we cannot but admit that he will not rank in history with Premiers in either of the above lists. If he had lived long enough to make effective use of the great political majority which he did so much to achieve, if he had completed the programme on which the Liberal Party was bent, if he had brought to an issue the conflict with the House of Lords and had settled a great constitutional question in a democratic spirit, on which he felt most strongly, or if he had been able to strike an effective blow against militarism, his position in history would have been more assured. As it was, his career as Premier was incomplete, and must be compared with that of Percival, Aberdeen, and Rosebery, rather than with any of those I have alluded to. It was, however, superior to those of Addington, Portland, Grenville, and Goderich, who flitted casually across the great stage only to be unnoticed in history.

The question arises where the monument thus decreed by Parliament is to find a place in the Abbey. It must be admitted that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour are fully justified in their criticism that the Abbey is already overcrowded with monuments. A Royal Commission, appointed at my instance in 1890, reported, after full inquiry, that, even then, there was no further room in the building for monuments. In spite of this, several monuments have since been placed there with the result that the difficulty of overcrowding has been greatly increased. The additions have, for the most part, either detracted from the beauty of the Abbey or from the artistic effect of other existing monuments, or have been insignificant and inadequate as memorials of those intended to be thus honored.

Let me take as an illustration the North Transept, where the monuments of statesmen have for many years past found places. A few years ago one of the chief objects of historical interest and of artistic merit was the well-known group of the three Cannings, George Canning the statesman, Lord Canning, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, of which the statue of Lord Canning by Foley, the gifted Irish sculptor, is one of the most beautiful in the Abbey. The statue of Peel stood at some distance from this group, and, between them, also detached, was that of General Sir John Malcolm, which might, with advantage, have been removed to some other position. With the addition of the statues of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, there is now a row of seven full-length figures giving the effect of an exhibition gallery of sculpture, and the effect of the group of Cannings is quite lost. The statue of Gladstone is also most unfortunately placed there. It is within a few feet of that of Peel, a most proper association in one sense. But Peel is depicted in a Roman Toga, with bare arms and feet in sandals. It is much above life size—a classical work of very high repute by Gibson. Gladstone is depicted in the robes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer —also a fine work of art. The contrast between the two statues is very unpleasing to the eye. That of Gladstone should, I think, have been placed on the opposite side of the Transept, fronting Peel. This, I know, was the intention of Dean Stanley, who reserved the place with this object, but I understand that the present officials of the Abbey objected to this from the point of view of the building arrangements. The present position of the Gladstone monument is, therefore, a proof of the overcrowding of the building. The monument to Lord Salisbury is to take the form of a recumbent statue. It is not yet in place. I understand that some existing

monument will be shifted for the purpose of finding room for it.

The recent additions of smaller monuments are also open to grave objections. Tennyson lies buried in the South Transept. A bust of him has been placed on a bracket attached to one of the columns of the building. It is quite an inadequate memorial to so great a poet, and the arrangement of brackets with busts on the columns is, I think, everywhere a disfigurement to the building. This is especially noticeable in the busts of Longfellow and of Archbishop Tait. To appreciate this we have only to compare this treatment with that of the bust of Dryden hard by, placed on an architectural pedestal of excellent proportions, with the result that it is one of the most charming monuments in the building. The difference of treatment is most conspicuous. A careful survey of the Abbey will, I feel certain, convince everyone that there is absolutely no longer any standing place in any part of it for a full-length statue of the late Premier such as the statues of Peel, Gladstone, and others, still less for a recumbent statue such as that intended for Lord Salisbury, and which necessarily occupies more space. The only possibility is that of a bas relief, on one of the walls of the building, and this, I think, can only be effected by some rearrangement or displacement of an existing monument.

There seems to be a possibility of this kind at the end of the Nave next to and at right angles to the monument of Charles Fox. Affixed against the north wall there is here a huge slab of black marble, with an inscription, which can be deciphered with great difficulty, to Penelope Egerton. Who this lady was and what her claim was to a memorial in the Abbey does not appear. The guide-book says that her husband was buried in the Nave. This great slab might, I think, with advantage be moved to some remote corner of the building, or even to the cloisters, and a place might thus be found for a bas relief to the late Premier. Its juxtaposition to that of Fox would be appropriate, for, like Fox, Campbell-Bannerman earned a great part of his fame by leading the Liberal Party in opposition to an unnecessary war. Fox, on the death of Pitt, became Minister, not nominally the Prime Minister, but virtually so, and died within two years, as did Campbell-Bannerman.

Both Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour suggested that the monument to the late Premier must be the last of the kind, and that no more monuments, to Premiers at least, should be placed in the Abbey. We can accept this conclusion as regards the Abbey as it is, but it raises necessarily the question whether some addition should not speedily be made to the building, so as to enable the continuance of the roll of monuments absolutely unique of its kind. The Royal Commission of 1890, to which I have already alluded, reported:—

> "That the memorials illustrating the history of England for more than eight centuries which the Abbey contains are an inheritance of high national interest and value, and that the roll of such monuments ought to be maintained."

On the subject of displacement or re-arrangement of existing monuments they added:—

> "We are of opinion that no interference with existing monuments short of removal or rearrangement on a large scale, would provide adequate facilities for this purpose, and we do not think that even in individual cases monuments should be disturbed contrary to the wishes of the representatives of the dead."

They were unanimously of opinion that an addition should be made in the Abbey. Unfortunately, they were even divided as to what this should be—whether in the form of a monumental chapel in Old Palace Yard, connected with the Abbey by a cloister running under the buttresses of the Chapter House, or by a chapel in the cloisters on the site of the old Refectory. This difference of opinion has been the cause of the adjournment of the question for twenty years. It must now, I think, be faced and settled if we are to maintain unbroken the associations of the Abbey with the history of the country.

EVERSLEY.

Life and Letters.

THE BACKGROUND OF GLORY.

In speaking of war we use a conventional language that conceals reality as successfully as any legal convention can. Open a military history, such as Napier's, at almost any page, and you find some such sentence as this: "Nearly 50,000 men and 80 guns were disposable for offensive operations in the beginning of June." Take a received maxim of war, such as Napoleon's: "The strength of an army, like the power in mechanics, is estimated by multiplying the mass by the rapidity"; or, "The first aim of every system of operations should undoubtedly be to destroy the active forces of the enemy." Read any text-book on strategy or tactics, and you will find it entirely occupied with abstract and colourless terms—semi-permanent positions, attenuated lines, objectives of attack, lines of communication, counter attacks, influence of artillery, danger zone, effective fire, enfilading fire, field of fire, concentration of fire, and attacks driven home.

These are the algebraic signs and formulæ of warfare—a kind of military shorthand, invented, one must suppose, rather to save space than to obscure the underlying truth. It is a mere convention, but, like most conventions, it comes to be more thought of than the thing signified, and by aid of it people will talk of war as of a game of chess whose symbolic knights and castles are columns and cavalry brigades. To them the "50,000 men disposable" are a vague and abstract figure, a multiplication product, a component, the complement of a parallelogram. Granted the thing can move, can "operate," it has no more in common with mortal man than the resultant of two forces acting in a vacuum. War, on these terms, makes a charming pursuit—innocent as a field-day, inevitable as a fugue, a subject well adapted for the argument of bores.

In Sir Charles Napier's account of Corunna, there is a trifling incident not even mentioned in his brother's history. He tells how he was standing by Sir John Moore when a round shot tore off the leg of a 42nd man, "who screamed horribly, and rolled about so as to excite agitation and alarm among others. The General said: 'This is nothing, my lads; keep your ranks; take that man away; my good fellow, don't make such a noise; we must bear these things better.'" So, we may hope, the good fellow stopped making such a noise; and in a few minutes Moore himself received a round shot that tore away his shoulder, and certainly he bore these things better. There is the touch that pierces the formulæ of abstractions and makes reality of disposable forces.

The third volume of the official history of the Boer War, published last Wednesday (Hurst & Blackett) is a good type of military writing—clear, brief, and accurate. On its own lines, it could hardly be better done. It tells of various advances and operations—the great advance to Pretoria, the operations in the Western Transvaal, in the Orange River Colony, and so on. We are shown columns advancing, divisions operating, frontal movements, enveloping movements, clearings, and pursuits, so many men, so many guns, so many horses. With a good map and little blue and red flags on pins one could make quite a pretty and intelligible picture of it, and criticise the obvious mistakes of generals through all a summer's afternoon. It is admirably carried out, full of interest, beside, to anyone capable of delighting in the game of war. But before the minds of those who were there what a different picture rises as they read those quiet pages—a picture no more like the blue and red flags on pins than a map is like a country!

One may read, for instance, that the General made dispositions for a reconnaissance in force next day, and it is interesting to move the little red flag an eighth of an inch forward. But some of us remember that starlight morning, the rattle of the chains as the guns went by, the dull rumble of the wheels, the plodding tramp of fours upon a soft road, the checks, the grounding arms, the low voices of men going into action, the first streak of light that showed the long brown serpent wind-

ing over hills, the whir of the first shell that went right through a battery horse without bursting. Or we read that "the hostile artillery was not slow in development," and behind the words we see again the great white puff of smoke from a hill-top, men falling flat for shelter, the flare of blazing orange in the middle of the street, the Kaffirs applauding as at Crystal Palace fireworks, the front of the Scottish store suddenly blown out, making one remark how jolly it was to see shops open again.

Many pages later we are told "the General had at 9 a.m. detailed a flying column to move out and make an effort to intercept the routed enemy." Move your red flag again one-eighth of an inch, but if you could only have seen that flying column!—the faces pallid and hollow, every bone visible through the skin, legs bent on the march or at the halt like a broken-kneed cab-horse's, uniforms torn and black, trousers patched with socks, feet bare. The men clung to their rifles with both arms, or carried them as women carry babies. Every few minutes they halted to rest. Every hundred yards one fell down or dragged himself on all fours into the rocks. The artillery horses that had been kept alive struggled feebly up the road, tugging at the chains. From every side arose the stupefying smell of horses that had cheated the soup cauldrons by starvation. As you passed a man, a faint odour of perfumery told you he had been enjoying condensed horse flavoured with hair-oil in a hospital. Doubled together with dysentery, twisted with rheumatism, green with hunger, so the flying column crawled out to intercept the routed enemy.

In May 44,000 men and 203 guns were disposable for the advance to Pretoria, and we read that "on the 27th the main body crossed the Vaal." For a military history that is quite sufficient. But the words call up a vision of the ten miles of loose sand over which the heavy guns and supply waggons had to be dragged before the river was reached, where the main body crossed in just a line of print. Was more suffering ever crowded into so short a space? Ten years' bull-fighting in Spain could not made up its sum. Sixteen oxen went to a load, and twenty-two for the big guns. Knee-deep in sand they ploughed their way, the wheels often hidden to the axle. In front a Kaffir guided the span, another held the ropes upon the waggon, a third walked at the side with an enormous raw-hide whip. All yelled and screamed in the peculiar language oxen best understand. If a waggon stuck, all the Kaffirs around stood by with their whips and lashed the living hides into great lines and gashes. The oxen bellowed and groaned, writhing backwards and forwards, trying in vain to tear themselves from the yokes and the heavy chain which runs down the centre of a span. Many rolled over dead of pain and terror; many lay down and let man do his worst. These were shot or poleaxed, and others took their places. But usually, when torture reached a certain pitch, the waggon moved, the purpose of strategy was accomplished, and the main body crossed the Vaal.

Since the beginning of wars it has been the same. We talk easily of Sennacherib's hosts and Persian invasions, of Alexander on the Indus, Hannibal over the Alps, or Cæsar in Gaul. We hear about hordes of Huns and Goths and Tartars, Turkish conquests, Marlborough victories, Napoleonic campaigns. Vast bodies of men are dimly seen moving like patches of cloud upon the blue. Sometimes, as in Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts," "the invisible presence of the countless thousands of massed humanity makes itself felt indefinably." Sometimes, as at the lifting of a fog, we perceive the vanished armies of the past vaguely running to and fro like hardly perceptible insects on a leaf. We classify the items, we group them into abstractions, and play their disposable forces like a draught-board game. Strategy must be studied that mankind may fight again, and military studies must be succinct. The movements of men trying to kill each other will still be operations, and the killed and wounded still be totted up as casualties. But behind this veil of useful words the "Spirit of the Pities," standing beside the "Spirit of the Years," realises that the background of all wars is the same. There go the lines of animals, dragging and carrying, strained, tortured, and slain for purposes they cannot conceive; and there stand the living men, the souls that are added up in columns of "strengths and casualties." They are hungry and thirsty; they are sick with pain. At night their little fires are kindled, and they jest about the rations. They sleep with their faces to the stars, but before the stars are pale they are roused again and given hot drink and a piece of bread to hearten them for the work now coming. This life on earth is their one sure and certain existence; most of them like something or other, some are in love with at least one woman, not a man among them wishes to be a casualty before evening. But they are going into action, the order to fall in comes; they take a last gulp, utter a last curse, snatch up the rifle, and hurry away with the rest; for the strength of an army, like the power in mechanics, is estimated by multiplying the mass by the rapidity.

MEN AGAINST SPORTSMEN.

The work of the present Parliament is very largely directed towards getting back for the common people of this country some of the elementary liberties which they have lost. It is in this light that the debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Trevelyan's Bill, to secure the right of free access to uncultivated mountain and moorland, deserves serious consideration. Sir Walter Scott invoked dire poetic penalties upon the returning voyager whose soul failed to thrill with the feeling, "This is my own, my native land." But this sentiment is not generated in the void, and cannot live without sustenance. It is not essential to the love of country that every man shall own or work a piece of land as his private property. But it is essential that, as a child, he shall grow up with some fixed sense of home, some gathering of memories round a spot of land, even though it be in a suburban street, and that, as child or man, he shall enjoy the liberty of wandering innocently in such wild and beautiful country as is within his reach. There is grave danger lest to large masses of our people their "native land" should become an unmeaning phrase. Born in a country almost wholly parcelled out to a little group of proprietors, they have no right of settlement for work or home. On the high roads and such fragments of public land as remain they are not allowed to loiter or camp out. Save where they have made a precarious and costly bargain with some owner of their native land, they are living in a constant state of trespass.

There were members who feigned to treat Mr. Trevelyan's Bill as a sentimental grievance of trifling dimensions. But in truth it is a phase of an exceedingly grave antagonism in our modern life. It is often stated, perhaps truly, that country-bred folk do not consciously enjoy the beauties of scenery, and that they have little curiosity about the treasure-house of Nature. Possibly it requires a generation of town dwelling to bring out into consciousness these latent capacities of interest and pleasure. Whether this be so or not, we know no more striking vindication of the city civilisation, which now absorbs about three-quarters of our population, than the innumerable signs of a genuine and even a passionate love of scenery and quiet country recreations that are everywhere visible. The stress of city work and life demands such relief; our growing wealth allows ampler holidays further afield for large sections of our workers; cheaper and fuller facilities of movement by rail or cycle furnish the opportunity to make a real and living acquaintance with what is imposing, beautiful, or interesting in their native land. The health, the recreation, the education of our people demand this measure of liberty. It is a requirement of civilisation in the strictest sense.

But over against this growing, wholesome need of the people stands a selfish theory of ownership. We will not here revert to the familiar story of the enclosures of

the commons and wastes which in the recent past have furnished the largest encroachment by private ownership on popular access to and use of lands. It must suffice to remind readers who may imagine that the policy and the spirit which it contains belong to the dead past, that the very class whose sense of the rights of their own property and liberty is keenest are still persistent in curtailing the landed rights and liberties of the people, whenever these interfere with their own convenience or pleasures. Enclosure, or in other words land-stealing, is still carried on in a necessarily restricted shape, for there is so little left to take, and nothing but the closest vigilance prevents the constant stoppings of public footpaths. But the most serious encroachments are of a different order. The civilising influences which free access to mountains and moorlands and the beauty and sacredness of nature can exercise, are subject to new irruptions of barbarism in the shape of organised exclusive sports. Though political considerations obviously tempered the language of the other night's debate, the real issue presented was that of the right of a privileged possessing few to cancel in the name of sport the few lingering remnants of rights in their country left by law or usage to the body of the people. Sir Thomas More complained four centuries ago that men had been ousted from the land to make way for sheep: this he regarded as an outrage of selfish land-owning industrialism. Now, it appears, sheep must give place to deer and grouse, industrialism to the new barbarism. It is true that the owners of these great Scottish tracts which thus revert are prompted by no uncommercial instincts. For we learn from Mr. Mason, and the statement deserves pondering, that an estate which formerly fetched £700 rent for sheep rearing fetches £3,000 as a deer forest, and that other instances bear out this same rental economy. In other words, it is within the power of a little handful of men, some of them foreigners, to convert at their will large sections of our "native land" from farms growing food with peasant labor into vast pleasure grounds for a few rich men to kill half-tame birds and deer, made up for them by retainers and caretakers. Is there no sense of shame and of peril accompanying the placid admission of a speaker in the Commons debate that "the sporting value of Scotland is one of its greatest present assets"?

But it is not with Scotland alone we are concerned; it is with the wider spirit of exclusion which, in England as well, denies to the common people the use and enjoyment of nature, and, in a dozen different ways, sets sporting rights above the rights of man. If it is monstrous that the glorious beauty of the Trossachs or of Lakeland should be denied to the artist, the naturalist, or the simple pleasure seeker for fear some "sanctuary" of game should be desecrated, it is not less monstrous that commons within a few miles of London should become preserves of small clubs of golfers, or that the main high roads should be virtually annexed by supermen in motor cars. Indeed, nothing can better illustrate the attitude of the sportsman to the simple pleasures of the poor than one of the "arguments" against Mr. Trevelyan's Bill adduced by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who urged that, if the people were permitted to walk freely even upon such commons, there was "nothing to prevent them sitting down on a golf green." Many hard things were said about tourists and vulgar trippers by gentlemen whose purses enable them to travel expensively and exclusively: and it appeared to be held a positive grievance that modern facilities of travel should enable a large number of persons to seek their profit or enjoyment of scenery in company.

Though the very conciliatory manners of the promoters of the Bill carried the sense of the House of Commons, its fate, if it enters the other House, may well be precarious. On our part, we deprecate undue timidity in handling a crucial question of popular rights. There is something really ignominious at this time of day in Radical members of Parliament having thus humbly to plead for liberty for the people who live in the vicinity of mountains, moors, and streams, or who visit them as travellers, to get what good they can for their souls and bodies out of the free gifts of nature. Nor are we particularly favourable to the notion of compromising these rights of access by some niggling policy of public preserves in special beauty spots. This, in our judgment, is an unworthy remedy for a grave and growing grievance. Where no injury is threatened to the industrial use of land, or to any reasonable privacy of occupation, we see no grounds for landowners being permitted to refuse access to their lands or waters to peaceable and orderly persons who wish to enjoy this liberty. A moment's scaring of a deer or of grouse does not outweigh the pleasure and profit of human beings, and it remains for a gentleman with the traditions of a Castlereagh to denounce the very moderate endeavour to assert this plain doctrine as "an invasion of the rights of property."

THE MILLINERY OF MURDER.

We wish that our modern fashionable women would bethink themselves that the savage who adorns himself with the plumage of birds and the skins of beasts has excuses which they cannot plead. The beasts are his personal enemies, and the dead birds at least attest his skilful archery. If he delights in the gay colouring of slaughtered creatures, he can plead that it is because he knows nothing of the arts which lend to rare dyes and subtle textures an element of human triumph that enhances their intrinsic beauty. The taste for these adornments disappears with the growth of a real pride in craftsmanship. It has returned in our time as an incident in the evolution of dress. The pleasure in durable hand-woven textures, in embroideries that represented the slow work of individual skill, has gone down before the organisation of labor—and this sweated labor—and the pillage of distant forests. Women compete to-day in the crowding of effects, and machinery has killed the feeling for decorations which were a proof of pleasant toil and conscious skill. The old finery, with its laces and its silks, told to the eye its tale of busy Flemish villages and opulent Indian towns. The new millinery, with its skins torn from dead herons and kingfishers, speaks too often of suffering and the waste of life. Somewhere in the process of this evolution imagination has decayed. Our grandmothers wore their exotic fabrics with a sense of their origin, a consciousness of the romance that came from the adventure in distant seas, and felt in the rare textures the touch of the dusky idolatrous fingers that had made them. The things had a place in their lives which tempted the fancy to play on the history of their making and their getting. The modern woman who wears an osprey plume or a stuffed humming-bird is manifestly thinking only of its crude visible effect.

The figures which Lord Avebury gave on Tuesday in introducing his Bill to prohibit the importation of the plumage of wild birds were a record of massacre on a gigantic scale. London has become the world's market for the sale of the bird life that fashion demands. In the last six months of 1907, 19,742 skins of birds of paradise and plumes torn from 115,000 white herons were sold by auction, and one firm alone catalogued the skins of 20,000 kingfishers. But the figures give no conception either of the cruelty or of the waste of life. The sportsman who kills for pleasure or for food respects his prey during the breeding season. The plumage-hunter, on the contrary, concentrates his depredations in the period when the birds are mating and nesting. The colours he requires for the hats of his customers are the very expression of the birds' exuberance of happiness and life. The plumes which milliners call "ospreys" or "aigrettes" are borne by the herons only during the nuptial season. The heron is then killed with ease, because its natural shyness has disappeared in its absorbing care for its young. Every plume means not merely the death of a bird, but the slow starvation of all its young, and every feather worn in a fashionable hat tells its history of a ruined nest. To the woman who wears it, ignorant or callous, it means the happy

sense of conformity to a social type, and an outlay of money that marks her social status. To the spectator who watches her, it calls up the picture of a savage deed and a cruel end. Year by year the swamps and rivers where these creatures breed are growing desolate, and it can be a matter only of a decade before the species is altogether obsolete. For rare and exceptionally beautiful birds like the white heron it is easy to arouse regret. But there is no discrimination in a fashion which carries its demoralisation from stratum to stratum of society. The woman who cannot afford an osprey or a kingfisher wears half a sea bird or the wing of a swallow shot in its flight over Italy or France. There is scarcely a species which vulgarity has not laid under tribute. If the process continues it can only be ugliness which will survive, and mankind will inhabit the world which it deserves.

Lord Avebury's Bill makes a courageous attack upon a trade which stands entrenched behind a substantial wall of interest. One has only to open a newspaper to realise how powerful this interest is. The leading columns may welcome the Bill, but the fashion article on another page directs its readers where best to obtain these brutal adornments. The Bill was not opposed in the Lords, but the spokesmen of the Government expressed a semi-official reserve, and prescribed a highly dilatory procedure. It is no doubt true, as Lord Beauchamp pointed out, that the closing of the market in London would drive at least a part of the trade to Paris or Vienna. But even so, the diminution of the demand by the whole extent of the sales in this country must exert a considerable influence on the world's supply. Even a temporary disorganisation of the trade would give a respite to several harried species, and the permanent suppression of the trade in England would mean at the very least the slaughter of only three birds where four are killed to-day. It is to be hoped that the Government will use its influence, as Lord Beauchamp suggested, to bring about the prohibition of the export of skins and plumes from the countries of supply. India, some of our tropical colonies, and several States of North America, have already prohibited exportation. But these two methods of checking the trade should be complementary and not exclusive. If we shrink from injuring our own traders in dead wings by prohibiting imports, we shall exert small influence when we go to poorer nations abroad with a suggestion that they should first ruin their export trade.

This surely is a question on which any Government may dare to be bold. Public opinion is divided about vivisection; it is not even absolutely unanimous about some of the practices covered by the Spurious Sports Bill. But this use of murdered beauty for adornment has no articulate defender. There is hardly even a fashion paper base enough to advocate it outside its advertising columns. For it is the mark and criterion of an educated mind to feel a disinterested joy in a beauty which it does not thirst to own and possess. It knows that the beauty of living things is in their function and their motion. It realises that a skin, stripped though it may be with all its resplendent colouring from a still living creature, is no more than a relic of a lost beauty. The hand of the vandal who must possess what he admires destroys in the act the very thing that aroused his desire. He violates a mystery, and makes it common. He steals a life, and wins in the act only a monument to his own cruelty. An imaginative child is happy in the thought of romantic jungles and virgin forests which he will never penetrate and but dimly conceives. An educated man moves through mean streets and the squalor of civilisation with a constant vision before his eyes of past glories and beauties unravished. It is a joy to know in England that there are parrots on the Amazon, as it is solace to think in the Strand that there are wood hyacinths in Sussex. To those who have this vision of lives inviolate and glories unseen, it is an imperative duty to oppose this waste of life. Even were there no cruelty involved, the extinction of one species of birds of paradise is a vandalism as gross as the erasing of a Giorgione or the burning of the Alexandrian library. Races which have escaped the long perils of geological change must not perish in the end at the bidding of a Paris fashion. When Watts painted his angel of pity, weeping with veiled face, it was over a table strewn with dead wings and mutilated plumes.

THE CUCKOO HABIT.

The silence of a May afternoon is slightly ruffled by a series of little coughs like the whisper of a locomotive, as a shadow-grey bird slants down through the ash boughs and comes to rest on a green bank. It sits still for a few moments, turns once, then rises again and makes for a little crest where the grass grows long and dry in little brow-like dashes. A passing inspection is made as though the thought had occurred that something edible might be there, and the pointed grey wings are spread once more and the hawk-like bird passes from sight. Thus neatly and silently must the parasite do her work. Bungling or hesitation is fatal; smoothness approaching self-effacement the whole stock-in-trade of those who wish to impose on the carelessness or good nature of others. Like a perfectly oiled and mathematically adjusted machine, the hen cuckoo has done her work and the tit-lark's nest now contains that which will rob it of its other treasures and make exacting work for a pair of tiny foster parents of a monstrous chick.

The life history of the young cuckoo has been abundantly described since the time when Jenner professed to have witnessed it, confessing later that he had relied on the testimony of a paid watcher. The watcher, however, was a good observer. We have now, from several naturalists, photographs of the blind, hollow-backed nestling stooping beneath eggs or fellow chicks and heaving them from the nest, panting terribly between the instalments of its horrible task, but persisting till it has the whole nursery to itself. Not only the photographers, but many casual observers have seen the wretched foster parents feeding their monstrous charge, often having to perch upon its shoulders to reach its mouth, and so pecked by its impatient ingratitude as to be bald. Often the work wears them to death, and if this occurs before the maturity of the cuckoo, its plaintive baby cry fetches to it new nurses who undertake to feed it though the incubus has not grown upon them out of a strange mishap to a clutch of their own beautiful eggs.

Beyond the grand question, how the cuckoo habit ever came to be contracted, there is one notable link in the bird's life history still rather dim. In what way is its hawk-like appearance useful to it? Is it true that the process of introducing the egg into the nest is preceded by a taunting visit from the cock, so that the small birds absent themselves from the nest in order to chase a supposed hawk from the neighbourhood? And is there to the senses of birds some subtle difference by virtue of which the hen is less hawk-like, and so more tolerable to her intended dupes? That, at any rate, is the line of development taken by the Indian koel, the male of which resembles a crow, while the female is a poor, drab, inoffensive looking bird which slips quietly up to the nest while her dangerous-looking mate is being chased away. Other Indian cuckoos, on the other hand, succeed by virtue of their exact resemblance to the destined host, a resemblance that can never aid our only practitioner of the foisting art.

If the impish human experimenter tries the effect of putting canaries' eggs into chaffinches' nests and of exchanging the eggs of robins and wagtails, he fails in a large proportion of cases to secure adoption, while the cuckoo hardly ever fails. Every parish has its one or two chanters of the familiar and typical spring song, and few districts have more than the average share, though Sir Herbert Maxwell's sister has counted as many as fourteen at once feeding on currant moth caterpillars in her Renfrewshire garden. The wonder is, not that there are so many cuckoos but that there are not many more. If the bird lays only the five eggs of the average small bird, she has a five times better chance than any one of them of bringing four of them up. She must, in

order to succeed, show not the least solicitude for the welfare of her progeny, and no cuckoo has been known to wreck the scheme by paying furtive visits to see whether the egg is still in the nest, or whether the chick has duly ejected its foster sisters. In some books the story is vaguely told that once a pair of cuckoos built a nest in England and reared their own progeny. We do not believe that such a thing occurred within the period of human history. Long before man appeared on the planet the cuckoo habit was perfected and sealed by complete callousness, and the way of return to an honester mode of life seems to be barred beyond hope. The cuckoo that took suddenly to housekeeping would make a hopeless failure of her incubation or the feeding of her progeny, and would at every stage run a far greater risk than her much-experienced neighbours of falling into the clutch of the crow, the hawk, and innumerable other dangers. Meanwhile, the rival of her own species would have her five children, heirs to the vitality acquired in an irresponsible life of vagabondage, safely boarded out with capable nurses, who could be relied upon to bring them safely up even at the cost of their own lives. And as there is evidently no half-way house between full maternity and parasitism, the cuckoos seem destined to remain cuckoos to the end of time.

The descent into cuckoodom can be shown to be just as easy as ascent out of it is difficult. Every season some one or another comes across an instance of laxness in the nesting arrangement of some bird that seems to point in this dangerous direction. It behoves every bird to maintain jealously the pride of individualism, to insist on making its own nest in its own place, building it in the time-honored way, and guarding and maintaining it as its very own. Pheasants and partridges are the worst offenders against this ideal in this country and at the present time. It is comparatively common to find a pheasant and a partridge laying their eggs in the same nest, or a French and an English partridge taking this bad reading of the *entente cordiale*. The subsequent history of such experiments varies. More often, the two birds sit side by side, each hatching half the combined clutch. Sometimes the birds fight for the nest, and one of them is driven away not only from the other's eggs, but from her own also.

Perhaps the original cuckoo thought to steal a march on some other bird by appropriating the nest that had been built, with the intention of rearing her own offspring therein. Then the rightful owner drove her off and hatched the cuckoo's egg as well as her own, not to her own chagrin, but that of the cuckoo. Those fond of strange speculations may consider the alternative theory —namely, that some other bird stole the nest of the cuckoo, who has been trying to get her own back ever since. We cannot ourselves entertain the suggestion. The cuckoo must have been the prime offender against avine morality. Is there any excuse for her? We find to-day that not only is the anatomy of her breast little fitted to the duties of incubation, that she is almost unique among English birds in the shape of her feet, two claws of which turn backward instead of the usual one. That may be an impediment to the craft of nest-building, though it must be remembered that the parrots, and our own woodpeckers, with similar feet make very good use of them. The zygodactylic feet may be an inheritance from more honest days; they may be the result of the young cuckoo's straining for full possession of the nest, and useful tools for that diabolic proceeding; they may be only intended as a means for making the gamekeeper look thoroughly foolish when he has shot a cuckoo in mistake for a sparrow-hawk.

Music.

THREE OPERA SINGERS.

The concert season is in full swing, and Melba has sung to the most fashionable audience of the season. Of all these concerts there is but little to say. They arouse a sense of profound sadness in thinking of the musical profession crowded with such talent, and of the barren future for it. Of concerts that remain in the memory for more than a week there are but few. Among those few are the orchestral concerts conducted by that wizard of the orchestra, Herr Arthur Nikisch, and the violin and piano recitals given by M. Eugène Ysaye and M. Raoul Pugno. Two of these sonata recitals have already taken place, and reached absolute perfection. No such playing has ever been heard in London before. With regard to the opera, the performances of "Die Walküre" and "Götterdämmerung" were satisfactory but no more, unless the orchestra under Dr. Richter be considered the chief factor in these special Wagner performances. "Tristan und Isolde," performed last Saturday, did introduce us, however, to a new soprano, Miss Edyth Walker.

The standards of musical criticism when applied to opera invariably fail because musical critics as a rule persist in their absolute musical view of music-drama. A little acting goes a very long way with them. Hence it has come about that Miss Edyth Walker's Isolde has been lauded to the skies in some quarters. She was "superb," "splendid," "magnificent," and possessed every quality for which the critics could find adjectives. Certainly Miss Edyth Walker is an intelligent and painstaking artist with a full experience of the opera stage. In the sense that acting is a series of vehement and appropriate gestures, together with obvious changes of facial expression, Miss Edyth Walker is an actress of talent, and her Isolde was a dramatic impersonation. But her gestures and facial expressions are quite on the surface. There is always this distinction to be made in criticising acting: the outward expression can be taught and resolves itself into fairly well-defined and appropriate physical movements; the inward acting springs from imagination and feeling, or from the power of making pretence of these qualities. Properly speaking, gestures and facial expression should follow the mind and be inspired by it, almost unconsciously, and to attain to that plasticity a certain amount of physical training is required. Music-drama, with its broad effects, can be carried through with the artificial, outward type of acting, it is true, and in Wagner's works there is always the orchestra to reinforce the acting of the protagonists, but the part of Isolde is in a different case. The first act of that drama is not intelligible unless the Isolde can make you feel that her anger with Tristan is the anger that springs from slighted love and injured pride. This hidden drama is not to be expressed only by gesture, but by the same kind of telepathy which enables us in private life to understand that which is not expressed. Ternina had that power; Miss Edyth Walker has not, and, lacking it, she should not be called "superb," "splendid," or "magnificent." Then, in music-drama variety of vocal expression is as important as variety of tones of voice in spoken drama. The ordinary Isolde screams and her voice loses all meaning. Miss Walker does not scream, but, at the same time, the upper notes of her voice are hard and inexpressive, and, in general, she sings with insufficient variety of tone. She is a clever, experienced, and capable artist, and well worth hearing, but she is not a genius.

It may be that certain newspapers desired to create a new "boom." There is nothing new to be said of Tetrazzini, who is now accepted at Covent Garden as a remarkable singer, and therefore the New Isolde was a temptation. The vice of modern newspapers is a feverish desire to be sensational in their enthusiasms. It is a kind of mental hysteria. Tetrazzini was certainly worthy of uncommon praise. Now that she has sung more often her faults of style are patent enough. She does not phrase well because she is always so careful to prepare for her high notes and amazing voice gymnastics. This preparation resolves itself into a noticeable pause before attacking a high note or beginning a difficult run. The great singers of the old school would not have been guilty of this vocal solecism. Also the Tetrazzini's voice is not equally good from end

to end of its range. Her middle notes are weak and toneless, compared with Patti's or Melba's. With all these faults and weaknesses Tetrazzini is a most remarkable singer, and deserves the fame she has so suddenly gained. But it is to be hoped that newspaper critics will not find it necessary to discover a new "star" every season, and it is still more devoutly to be hoped that Madame Melba will not be played off against Tetrazzini.

To compare one artist with another is always a temptation, and to some extent all criticism is a question of comparison, but any comparisons in a party spirit are to be deprecated. Is Tetrazzini as great a singer as Melba, is a foolish question. For one thing, the occasion of Melba's first appearance this season provided no basis for any sort of comparison. The music of Puccini's "La Bohême" is not the type of music in which Tetrazzini has excelled, but is suave, sentimental, impassioned stuff in the Neo-Italian manner. It is possible that Tetrazzini could sing it with wonderful expression and charm, for her concerts last autumn proved that she is by no means limited to *fioritura*, but until the two singers can be compared, we must have a firmer basis than our recollection of Melba in "Lucia," or "Rigoletto," or "Traviata." Even then it may be doubted if any comparison can be made, for the character of each artist's voice is so different. The evenness, perfect production, and sustained tone of Melba's singing were very impressive on Tuesday night. It is her desire to be considered an actress as well as a singer, and she is reported to be enamoured of the part of Mimi in Puccini's opera. But although Melba has learned some of the technical tricks of acting, of which at one time she was quite ignorant, she is never anyone but Melba as far as her voice is concerned. Its great beauty is absolute, and, although not impersonal, it has no power of expressing intimate shades of expression. She can caress a phrase, but not an idea or feeling. Whatever she sings is sung in exactly the same way, with beautiful tone, ease of production, and thrilling truth of intonation.

This absolute beauty has its own emotional effect. Madame Melba sings "I Love You" without any suggestion of passion in her voice; but its tone seems to have a meaning, simply because she sings the notes as written by the composer, and the human voice, however perfect it may be used in a mechanical sense, is never a mere musical instrument. Mr. Gomez might play the same phrase on his clarionet with more expression and to perfection, but it would not have the same effect. It is a question of timbre. Madame Melba's voice has a distinctive, human timbre of its own, and that does suggest feeling if it does not convey it. The timbre of Miss Edyth Walker's voice, on the other hand, arouses no thrill, although, compared with Melba, she is a mistress of dramatic expression, simply because the new Isolde's voice is not really a beautiful organ. For support of this argument in favour of the intrinsic expression of a beautiful voice, the Tristan of Jean de Reszke may be instanced. He did not even aim at the dramatic expression of Herr Knote, who is by no means a tenor of the German declamatory type. But by sheer beauty of tone Jean de Reszke sometimes achieved the most surprising effects. No one who heard it can forget the thrilling passion of his Tristan's cry of "Isolde!" when the two have thrown down the barriers. It was a drama in miniature. Many tenors have made a good deal of that cry, but none has approached Jean de Reszke's intensity of expression. Yet it is not to be believed that he felt the situation with more keenness than a Max Alvary, a Burrian, or a Knote felt it. It is merely that Wagner conceived the right musical expression for that brief outburst of love, and that Jean de Reszke's voice could give it full expression, so that the cry was at once beautiful as sound and poignant as a human utterance. Tetrazzini in "Traviata," and Melba in "La Bohème," have also shown the dramatic power of the beautiful voice. It is a power which the musical dramatist of the future will take into account, and so opera may circle back to the ideals of an older school of musical art.

The Drama.

MR. PINERO'S STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

It is an interesting coincidence that at the time when the movement for establishing a national standard of dramatic art visibly approaches success, Mr. Pinero should produce a play not unsuited to a national theatre. This is not at all surprising. Mr. Pinero is a kind of barometer of the state of the British drama. He does not himself produce any changes in it, but he is a sensitive medium—he records them. In the days of "Sturm und Drang" I imagine that he would be stormy and emotional. When the theatrical airs were "light and variable," he would be sunny and not too strenuous. When we were all for analysis he, too, would look within, and when we criticise broadly our political ideas and tendencies, as Mr. Shaw criticises them in "John Bull's Other Island," or the dismal, illiberal side of middle-class existence, as Mr. Barker surveys it in the funeral scene in "The Voysey Inheritance," Mr. Pinero can be up and doing, and can develop an excellent study of English provincialism.

This adaptable, many-sided talent, joined to long-standing and inside knowledge of theatrical devices, is no doubt a considerable asset. Those of us who care only or chiefly for the intimate secrets of literature, for feeling, deep and sincere, will not prize such a gift too highly. Others again, who chiefly admire skill, will always be drawn to it. And no one who compares "The Thunderbolt" with "His House in Order" will deny that Mr. Pinero is able to advance from the artificialities of the stage to criticism of life. He can note and describe types and individuals. But then, again, he observes with obvious limitations. He does not follow the full, free play of character. His men and women must first obey the laws of exit and entrance, and then take on such freshness and originality as this obedience to stage convention has left to them.

Observe, for example, the movements of the Mortimore family in "The Thunderbolt," on whose fortunes the play depends. Each member is carefully studied. James, the vulgar, aggressive man with brains; Stephen, the journalist-tradesman without them, the editor Pott of a modern Eatanswill; Thaddeus, the half-baked, ineffective, artistic temperament—all are good. Their wives are even better, for they bring out one salient side of the family environment in provincial life, the way, mainly, in which feminine bitterness and jealousy accentuate the men's quarrels, and create the narrow, self-absorbed atmosphere that so easily becomes electric with hatred and revenge. And, on a third point, the way in which the disposition of money affects family relationships, Mr. Pinero seizes a fact not at all new but true and suggestive. "That'll take the blanket off 'em," said a local philosopher to a clergyman of my acquaintance about to read a will before an assembly of expectant legatees, closely resembling the impassioned gathering round the table in the third act of "The Thunderbolt." Such episodes *do* "take the blanket off" average men and women, and it is a tribute to Mr. Pinero's talent that building on an old resource of the theatre, namely, the destruction of a will, and the alternative triumph and disappointment of a mass of selfish heirs and heiresses, he is able to erect something human and instructive.

But then comes the weakness that besets the Old Theatrical Hand. Mr. Pinero's Provincial Family must not only love and hate after their kind; they must yield him his meed of sensational effect. They must furnish a series of splendidly impressive tableaux. They must all rave and shout together; their faces must all fall together; the curtain must rise on them set in eager or hopeful groupings, and fall on them in disappointed or agitated ones. These attitudes are not without meaning or significance. The fortunes of the Mortimores are all cleverly associated with the central idea of the play—the want of money. The builder is on the brink of poverty for want of capital; the editor-proprietor has a progressive rival and an obsolete plant; the snobs live

beyond their income; the music-master has been dragged down by his wife, whose father was "in the retail," and an angel with a flaming sword guards his ascent to the seraphic ranks of "the wholesale," or the still more exalted beings who are uncontaminated by buying and selling. Money saves them all; the money they have got through the crime of one of their number who has destroyed the will that disinherits them. The discovery of that crime must drag them down again to the old obscure struggle, with new disgrace heaped on their luckless heads. How can they avoid it? How find a compromise? At least, and as a last device, they can grovel before the despised girl who holds the key to their tiny, imperilled ambitions. All these ideas are, as I have said, suggestive and truthful, though they are presented rather hardly and without the feeling which is a great artist's attitude to his creatures. Yet in the expression of them Mr. Pinero is impelled to leave nature, and give us a series of half-farcical scenic arrangements more appropriate to the "musical comedy" than to this interesting picture of our "mœurs de province."

But the play is not all melodrama, and its conclusion, at least, has dignity and worth. In Helen Thornhill, the illegitimate daughter of the dead brewer, Mr. Pinero has drawn a character of singular refinement. The idea of associating justice and calm strength and balance of nature, without sentimentality or Quixotry, with a young girl, who sets right all these conventional strugglers and schemers, is a fine one, and its development in the last act seems to me to represent Mr. Pinero's best achievement in dramatic literature. More conventional, but drawn also with great delicacy, is the presentment of the family lawyer, the medium through which the grasping vulgarities of the Mortimores are made visible. We all know this stage lawyer; yet in Mr. Pinero's and Mr. Beveridge's hands he was a figure of distinction, such as one looks for with more confidence on the French than on the English stage. And, unfortunately, it is the English stage under the control of the actor-manager for which, until we get our national, or standard, theatre, all our playwrights must work. I see that Mr. George Alexander is praised for his acting in "The Thunderbolt." I wish I could join in that praise, for it is clear that at least one scene in the play is written for him. Mr. Alexander plays it as, with his triumphant experience of thousands of playgoers hanging upon his lips, he is bound to play it, just as Mr. Tree plays *his* parts, and as Irving, a far greater and more highly endowed actor, used to play his—I mean with undue emphasis and self-consciousness. I have no doubt that such a representation was pleasing to the majority of the audience at the St. James's Theatre, to whom the more perfectly conceived art of Mr. Calvert and Mr. Beveridge was less agreeable. But I confess that in my acute and continually realised prevision of what Mr. Alexander would do next and how he would do it, of the moment when his sensitive mouth would take its upward curl, and his expressive eyes look eloquent reproach or generous forgiveness, I suffered more than I should care to express. This is a mere effect of personal sensitiveness; but if it has any substance, we must blame, not the actor, but the system which destroys the *ensemble* of our stage, and at once weakens and coarsens many of its conspicuous talents.

H. W. M.

Art.

PICTURES AT THE ARTISTES FRANCAIS.

Considering the importance of the Salon des Artistes Français, its world-wide reputation, and the halo that still surrounds its name, any estimate of the vast collection of pictures now on view in the Grand Palais deserves a corresponding care. Outside Paris, at any rate, admission to its exhibitions, and still more its approval in the shape of medals and "mentions," are considered, even now, in the light of an artistic consecration. Despite the fact of the great secession, when the majority of its more talented members broke away and founded the rival Société des Beaux Arts, the older branch is unquestionably the more popular, and it certainly keeps up the standard of high technical achievement.

This being so, it is only fair to state that the vast majority of canvasses on these walls show an entire absence of the significant and of that vitally important quality in painting—interpretation. With the exception of M. Henri Martin's decorations, anyone at all familiar with former exhibitions knows that three-fourths of the pictures will be merely large illustrations from which all sense of the decorative has been excluded, and this year this impression has been confirmed on each subsequent visit.

At the head of the staircase, in the large room hangs M. Detaille's immense "Chant du Départ." Here it seems out of place, whereas in a panorama of a battle it would be more than adequate. In spite of much skill, the result leaves you cold, and the great white charger, far from sublime, only raises a smile. The charger is winged, but the artist's idea stops short at the frame, not having wings to fly.

In the same room begins the series of pictures illustrating the history of France from Charlemagne to the present day. Here is a "Death of Charles the Bold," the naked corpse of the Duke of Burgundy lying in a frozen stream under the walls of Nancy. Here M. Styka shows "Polish Ambassadors Proclaiming the Duc d'Anjou's election to the Polish Crown." In a room to the left we are confronted with M. Faivré's "Death of Mme. de Lamballe," also a naked corpse, this time lying in a gutter, jeered at by a crowd of sans-culottes.

To the right of the first room is M. Jacquier's "Glorieux Bûcher," a Napoleonic episode. This type of picture is as numerous as ever, the range of history as wide, and, let it be said, there is greater reticence in choice of subject. Some of these huge illustrations are often well composed and correctly coloured, though a glance at the catalogue will soon dispel any doubts as to their merits of harmony, for they all gain in black and white reproduction. In hardly a single case can they be said to have been evolved from a mind that has grasped the fundamental truths of what is pictorial, nor what an artistic conception implies. Their authors seem to have drawn their inspiration from a "set" at the Porte St. Martin, and M. Sardou and the scene-painter have dethroned Tintoretto. Not choice of subject so much as ignorance and lack of artistic purpose have been their prisons. Certainly Napoleonic anecdotes are more familiar to modern minds than legends of St. Mark, yet the great Venetian holds you enthralled in the Accademia; he needs no quotations from Michelet nor pages from mémoires to tell his story, for his aims have been other than mere illustration and expression.

M. H. Martin's "l'Etude," designed for the Sorbonne, is on a plane so much above its surroundings that, though less successful than usual, is yet a work of beauty. Mr. Sim's fine canvas, too, comes as an ocean breeze across the stagnant air of modern school traditions and facility mistaken for original talent. We stand in the presence of a temperament revelling in life and air. His "Fête sur l'Isle" is a joy to the eye, the pearly greys and iridescence recalling Tiepolo ceilings and sunlit palaces in Venice. Decorative, too, are Mlle. Dufau's panels for the Sorbonne, which are attracting so much attention, and deservedly. The influence of Besnard is too obvious to entitle her to claim any great originality, but her work must be mentioned for its freedom from the commonplace, and her success in personifying such abstractions as "Mathematics and Radioactivity." All decorative possibilities have been wilfully neglected in the "Commandes de l'Etat," in which President Fallières is depicted laying foundation stones, opening flower shows, and driving with a mounted escort to a banquet. All show ability; they are the hardy annuals of a Salon, but they leave no secret behind.

The genre painters are, as usual, led by the brilliant M. J. Bail, whose talent for painting copper vessels is too well known to need further mention. M. Lartaud's faithful study of soldiers in a third-class railway carriage in the lurid light of an oil lamp is clever, but too photographic to be classed among such works as "Le Bain" of M. Desch, who has charmingly rendered a young mother and child.

M. Baschet's portrait of M. Henri Rochefort is a striking likeness, well composed, and is, on the whole, the most satisfactory example of portraiture in the Salon. There is able work by Mr. Cope and by MM. Cayron, Umbricht, Humbert, and Mlle. Kretzinger. But what can be said of M. Bonnat's "Mme. J. M.," all "cross hatching" and vermilion velvet? All his mannerisms are accentuated this year, and it is a relief to turn to M. Hébert's "Princesse de P," a wonderful performance for a veteran.

In landscape M. Harpignies still maintains his high level, and both Mr. East and Mr. Eaton contribute works of real excellence; but, with the exception of M. Rémond, the landscapists are not up to the average. M. Gosselin, indeed, shows feeling, but cannot forget Cazin. The remaining artists are oblivious of the meaning of interpretation, and as the time must shortly come when the efforts of a Lumière will be crowned with success, their works will cease to have much meaning.

Communications.

THE LARGEST OF OUR NATIONAL ESTATES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—If there is a point—and surely there are many or the outlook is black indeed—upon which Conservatives and reformers can sympathise with each other, it is the desire that measures undertaken for the public benefit should destroy as little as possible the natural and historic beauty of our country. In some cases destruction is inevitable, which is all the more reason for keeping strict watch upon others where it could be avoided. General expediency may easily outweigh all romantic considerations; the water supply of Manchester may well be more important than the preservation of the winding shores of Thirlmere; but still the plea on behalf of natural beauty is never quite an empty one. It gathers force as town populations increase and as year by year a greater number of holiday-makers, whose habits make it easy to "forget the blue above the trees," go out to rest and to refresh themselves. Those, however, who have public control are apt to regard all who protest against their proceedings in the Press as sentimentalists, more anxious to air their own sensibility than to weigh the case. Yet the Press remains the one field where the cause of natural beauty and of advantages unspecifiable in blue-books can be championed; and some dust must first be knocked up over such a question before those with whom the decision lies can usually be got to even consider that it has two sides. Otherwise, if nobody protests it is supposed that nobody cares.

For this reason I wish to draw attention to the recent burning operations in the New Forest, to the numerous protests they have provoked, and to the principles of the forest's management which they raise. The facts are these. About sixty miles of gorse and heather have been burnt, by the order, and presumably through the initiative, of the Deputy-Commissioner, acting under the Office of Woods and Forests, with whom, of course, the ultimate responsibility rests. The devastated area stretches one hundred yards beside all the roads which cross the forest. Though the district surrounding Lyndhurst and the official residence has been treated with a discrimination showing a distinct respect for appearances, elsewhere the gorse on village commons and near cottages has been destroyed with reckless and pedantic rigour. Thus the visitor, travelling wherever he goes between two charred strips of desolation, varied occasionally by the black skeletons of shrivelled trees, may well ask what abstruse calculation for his ultimate advantage could have dictated such depressing measures. It is to be hoped that the ironic sense is sufficiently common to afford him in most cases a momentary gleam of amusement at the official reply: the object of this destruction is to prevent, if possible, the forest being at any time seriously damaged by fire.

As all acquainted with the New Forest know, damage of varying degrees of severity arises every year from incendiary or from accidental fires, deliberate incendiarism being probably the most frequent cause. The motive is either pure love of mischief or the desire on the part of those who possess grazing rights to get young tender feed for their cattle. Now it is obvious that the present disastrous precautions will have no tendency to diminish the fires of the mischievous, for they have only to walk a hundred yards from the road (a step which they would take in any case to avoid observation) in order to amuse themselves by "making a little hell of their own." Nor will it lessen the incendiary fires of the "commoners," for the grass by the side of the roads is too dusty to make good feed, and the last thing the owners want is that their cattle and ponies should be tempted on to the roads along which motors are continually passing. The fires will continue, and are continuing, to occur in the hollow "bottoms" filled with old wiry heather, which the commoners are always petitioning the Crown to burn. The only effect of this wholesale devastation, as far as they are concerned, will be to weaken the motive which withholds men in such cases, namely, a pride in the beauty of the forest. When the "Westminster Gazette" published an interview with principal officials of Woods and Forests, their statements that the burning of the road-ways was agreeable to the commoners was at once met by an indignant denial from four of the oldest and most respected of them, who added that it would "not in any way stop incendiary fires."

It is therefore only as a precautionary measure against accidental fires that the damage done can possibly be excused. But is the Deputy-Commissioner in that case prepared to assert that the greater proportion of accidental fires have started from the roadside, or that the match of the motorist or bicyclist is necessarily more dangerous than that of the strolling smoker in the heather? Before the public assents tamely to a precaution which has entailed proportionately as great a sacrifice as the demolishment of whole streets to stop a raging fire in a town, they have a right to inquire whether the wishes of the residents and commoners were first consulted, and whether so rigorous a measure was afterwards carried out under the eye of an authority whose interference could stop at once unnecessary destruction. If these steps were not taken, the public has been negligently served; if they were taken, the charge against the Woods and Forests that they have, in this matter, wrongly estimated the nature of the public trust committed to them, still remains. What is the nature of that trust? Are they right in regarding the preservation of the unique beauty of the New Forest as a subordinate part of their function? Is it not, after all, more important to the public that this beauty should be preserved than that the assets on the office balance sheet should be more satisfactory? Thanks to the efforts of Fawcett, the Act of 1876 does insist that the managers of the forest should keep in mind beauty *as well as* profit. But this injunction, unless it is continually insisted upon, tends to be neglected. Three separate and conflicting interests share the New Forest. First there is the Crown, whose interest it is to make the forestry pay if possible; secondly, there are the commoners, who want the forest to be made as good grazing ground as possible; and lastly, the nation, who want this tract of the most beautiful wild-wooded country in England to be kept as a public park. It is the nation's interest which, in the struggle between Crown and commoners, goes to the wall. The official burnings of the last month, entailing more disfigurement than all the incendiary and accidental fires of the last ten years put together, show that the Act of 1876 is an insufficient protection. What is needed is an Act which recognises the fact that it is worth the country's while to face, if necessary, a larger deficit in the accounts, in order to secure for all the full benefits of the most beautiful of the national estates.—Yours, &c., Resident.

Poetry.

A BOY'S HEART.

A boy's heart knows the words
Of singing winds and singing birds;
Strange stories greet him in the roar
Of waters on a rocky shore;
And realms of old romance he sees
Amid the gloom of forest trees.

I know that over Cullen Hill
Brave Michael Dwyer is hidden still;

They say he perished long ago,
But let them talk, for well I know
That for such men no death can be
Until the land they love is free.
But somewhere in Drumrosna glen
I know he lies with all his men,
Or else, unseen, those comrades lurk
'Twixt Ochilly and Glendahurk,
Or maybe by Rosvannagh lake;
And when you see the bushes shake,
And herons wheeling in the air,
And none to fright them anywhere,
It well may be that out of sight
Someone is hidden, and the flight
Of birds and whispering of leaves
Mark where his breast too boldly heaves,
And where his hands too roughly pass
And rustle through the wither'd grass.

Or if you went some windless night,
When neither moon nor stars were bright,
And walked on Inishturlan strand,
You'd see a glow upon the sand
Out of a hollow in the rocks;
And, if you gave three ringing knocks,
Someone would come and lead you in,
And, where you saw the cliffs begin,
You'd see a cavern open wide,
And flaming wood and turf inside,
And, lying round about the fire,
A band of men; and Michael Dwyer
Himself would rise out of his place,
With firelight on his eager face,
And quickly take you by the hand
And ask the fortunes of our land;
And when his vigil will be past,
When he may rise and strike at last.

Or, if you chanc'd to lie alone
Upon the mountain-side, some stone
Might swiftly slip aside, and show
A passage winding deep below,
And at its end an earth-wall'd room,
And in the flickering rushlight's gloom
A band of men who laugh away
The dragging hours of the long day,
With one bright hope to give them light,
One vision in their dreams by night,
—The hour a crownless harp shall shine
Over our Irish fighting line.

And maybe some day, as I go
By Rossdouane or Glennacno,
Suddenly one of Michael's band
Before me in my path will stand,
And ask me if my heart is true
To the great deed that they must do:
And when I answer, as I will,
That Ireland's lot, through good and ill,
Shall be my lot, her fight my fight,
Till God gives victory to the right,
Then they will take me without fear
Where for so many a vanish'd year
They have heard gull and curlew call,
And seen the leaves of autumn fall
Under so many a western wind,
And then at last my heart will find
Hearts like its own, that cannot meet
The cheerless world beneath our feet,
But look ahead a little way
To seek the dawning of the day.
Unheeded there the months shall pass,
Awaiting 'mid the quiet grass
The wind that blows from sea to sea
The watchword of our liberty.

Weary the night and slow the noon;
O blessed wind, come soon, come soon!

C. H. Bewley.

Letters to the Editor.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—You have given me leave to reply to some statements in a letter published in The Nation, on May 9th, in "The Times," of May 4th, and elsewhere, concerning experiments on animals. These statements, made by a member of the medical profession, were for the most part vague, and were not supported by references, or by definite facts. But there are six points in his letter which require very careful consideration.

1. His letter rather tends to make it appear that physiological experiments form a large proportion of all experiments on animals. But, of course, 94 per cent. of all experiments on animals in this country are inoculations, or of the nature of inoculations, involving no sort or kind of surgical operation or "vivisection."

2. He uses the phrase "the physiologists' privileges and unassailable secresies"; but, as a matter of fact, he has only to present his visiting card at one of the chief physiological laboratories in London, and he would at once be admitted to an advanced course of physiological lectures, at which he might witness one or more experiments in physiology.

3. He says that it is cant to say that a physiologist or a pathologist making experiments on animals is devoting himself to humanity. And we shall all of us agree with him that "devotion to humanity" is a phrase which should be kept for very great occasions. A man engaged in the study of a disease is neither more nor less devoted to humanity than a man engaged in the prevention or the treatment of that disease. Take, for example, diphtheria antitoxin. The men who discovered the antitoxin, and the men who administer the antitoxin, are all engaged over one bit of work. It is all the same disease; it is all the same thing. Of course, as a matter of fact, the discoverer may be a thousand times more valuable to humanity than the doctor. Or if, as often happens, discoverer and doctor are one, it is the discovery, not the doctoring, that wins him the gratitude of humanity.

4. He says that a free hand, practically, is afforded to the physiologist in this country. He would hardly have made this sweeping statement if he had carefully studied, not only the text of the Act, but the very lengthy evidence before the Royal Commission as to the additional restrictions and special conditions, which are not in the text of the Act, but are imposed by the Home Office on licences or certificates.

5. He alludes to curare as if it were often used. Of course, curare is never used in this country, except in the case of an animal already under an anæsthetic. Indeed, it is very seldom used in any sort or kind of experiments on animals. I wrote, a few years ago, to the professors of physiology at Edinburgh, Cambridge, and Oxford, and asked them what use they had made of curare during the whole of the preceding year. The Edinburgh professor wrote back: "We did no experiments with curare during the past year"; the Cambridge professor wrote back that curare had been used four times in the whole year, twice on an animal under chloroform and ether, and twice on an animal under ether; at Oxford, during the whole year, curare had been used on seven frogs, whose brains had previously been destroyed, and on one rabbit under ether.

6. He suggests that anæsthetics are not "conscientiously" administered in our laboratories. That kind of charge is often made; and was the occasion of an action for libel some years ago, which is not yet forgotten by the public. Nothing, in all the evidence before the Royal Commission, is more striking than the failure—and, in one or two cases, the humiliation—of those witnesses, representing the opposition to all experiments on animals, who denied that anæsthetics are carefully and completely administered to animals in laboratories.

The opponents of all experiments on animals must bear it in mind that the bare text of the Act has been adapted,

by many additions and extra provisions, to cover a system of experiments which is very different from the work that was being done when the Act was passed, more than thirty years ago. In 1875, when the first Royal Commission was appointed to enquire into experiments on animals, there was practically no bacteriology. It is for inoculation alone that the Home Office allows Certificate A, which dispenses with the use of anæsthetics. In no case has Certificate A been allowed for any experiment involving any operation more severe than the withdrawal of a little blood from a vein under the skin. Even inoculations, if they involve, as a very few of them do, a preliminary incision must be made under an anæsthetic.

Of all inoculations, only 1 per cent. are made on dogs or cats; and only 0·1 per cent. are made on a horse, ass, or mule. The vast majority are made on guinea-pigs or on mice. The great increase of late years in the total number of experiments in this country is due to the inoculations made on mice for the Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

It must be borne in mind that many inoculations are made by Government in the interests of the nation. The Board of Agriculture has two laboratories: the Local Government Board makes experiments on animals: the Home Office has required "a good many experiments in connection with dangerous trades." Also, there are many municipal laboratories: Aberdeen, Cardiff, Colchester, Glasgow, Hamilton, Manchester, Wakefield, Worcester; all have such laboratories. In Liverpool, experiments for the municipality are made by the University. The Metropolitan Asylums Board also has its own laboratories. Again, the War Office and the Board of Agriculture have made use of experiments on animals. In brief, the inoculation of animals is part of the regular work of the State.

Those experiments in which an operation is performed under anæsthesia, and the animal is allowed to recover from the anæsthetic, form only 2·6 per cent. of all experiments. During 1906 about one in four of these experiments was made on a dog or a cat; and none were made on a horse, ass, or mule. These experiments, for which Certificate B is necessary, are of the very highest importance. It was by the help of such experiments that the facts of cerebral localisation were worked out. Again, it was by the help of such experiments that the use of thyroid extract was discovered. And, of course, Certificate B is not granted without careful enquiry; and it is strictly guarded by conditions. The operations are required to be performed antiseptically. If the antiseptic precautions fail, and suppuration occurs, the animal is required to be killed. In the event of a subsequent operation being necessary, a condition is attached, requiring all operative procedures to be made under anæsthesia; and no observations or stimulations of a character to cause pain are allowed to be made without the animals being anæsthetised.

In all the rest of the experiments made in this country, 3·45 per cent., the animal is anæsthetised, and is killed under the anæsthetic. In a very small minority of these cases, about one in ten, the experiment was made before a class.

Thus the percentages for the year 1906, which will be found in the Government Report published in 1907, are as follows:—

Inoculations, or similar proceedings, not involving a cutting operation	93·96
Animal anæsthetised, and killed under the anæsthetic	3·10
Animal anæsthetised, used for demonstration, and killed under the anæsthetic	0·34
Animal allowed to recover from anæsthetic, and kept for observation. No stimulation of a character to cause pain, and no further operation, allowed without anæsthetic	2·60
	100·00

Let us now take the case of a man who wants to obtain leave to make certain experiments on animals. What steps must he take? One of the doctors of the "National Anti-Vivisection Hospital"—I have read that he told a huge audience, not long ago, that diptheria-antitoxin is "animal filth"—is reported to have spoken as follows: "A vivisector has a theory whereby he hopes to discover a cure for, say, neuralgia of the little finger, and the Home Secretary promptly arms him with a licence to torture as diabolically as he pleases and as many animals as he thinks fit." But what are the facts? Each applicant, having filled up the necessary form or forms of application, must get them signed by two of that very select body of Presidents and Professors who alone are permitted to sign applications. The Home Office receives the application, and sends it to the Association for the Advancement of Medicine by Research. They report on it to the Home Office; then it goes to the Inspector, and he advises on it, "frequently having to make, and making, further enquiries with regard to the proposal made, before he finally advises. It very frequently happens that if the wording of the licence, or the certificate, is somewhat indefinite, and would allow of experiments being carried out which were not really necessary for the purpose of the investigation, the wording will be so altered as to confine it strictly to the inquiry. That often happens. Every licence which is applied for has to pass not only through three sets of eyes, but four sets of authorities, before it is granted." (Evidence before the Royal Commission.) The applicant must state, on his papers, the character and purpose of the proposed experiments, must record and report them, and must send to the Home Office any published account of them.

There is no room here to reckon what has been gained in the prevention and the treatment of disease by the help of experiments on animals. I only want to say that the Research Defence Society has been formed to make known the facts as to experiments on animals in this country. It has received a splendid welcome; it has already 1,150 members, representing every class of educated Englishmen and Englishwomen, and it has set to work founding branch societies and issuing pamphlets and leaflets. As Honorary Secretary of the Society, I shall be happy to receive applications for membership, to send literature to all who wish for it, and to answer all enquiries.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN PAGET.

THE JUSTICE OF THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"Country Brewer" has done the Licensing Bill excellent service by giving us all the figures relating to "The Black Horse" at Hitchin. I accept his figures without reserve. They appear to be typical figures. But they show the absolute fairness of the Licensing Bill.

The trade is 200 barrels a year, and before the introduction of the Licensing Bill could be sold at a capitalised sum of £1,200. This sum is, of course, arrived at by "Country Brewer" by taking a profit of 10s. a barrel, that is £100, and capitalising at twelve years' purchase. (This is fair if the house is very favourably situated in all respects, as I dare say it is.) The annual value of the licence is therefore £100.

It is also to be noticed that, as "Country Brewer" frankly informs us, the tenant is unable to pay the brewer any rent at all. (That is to say, any rent beyond what is really a rent involved in the tied-house price which he pays for his beer.) Therefore, both the annual value and the capitalised value of the licence are in this case the annual value and the capitalised value respectively of the licensed premises, that is, of the licence and premises combined.

Now the annual value of the licensed premises being in fact £100, the Schedule A assessment *ought* to be £100. "Country Brewer" says a fair assessment *as a free house to a free tenant* is £48. But the "Black Horse" is *not* a free house, and the tenant, however the fact is concealed, is really paying £100 by reason of the "tie." What "Country Brewer" is seeking to do is to exclude brewers from the class of possible tenants, thus reducing the annual value, although he includes them in the class of possible purchasers, so as to increase the capital value to £1,200. Of course, a brewer is the person who will be ready to give the highest annual rental, just as he is the person who will be ready to give the highest purchase price.

Having thus arrived at the true figures, let us see how

they work out. The correct Schedule A assessment is £100. The assessment without licence (given by "Country Brewer") is £40. The difference is £60. If the "Black Horse" licence is lost during the first year after the passing of the Bill, the compensation will be £60 × 10 = £600. The brewer will also have the premises, "worth £40 a year, for another trade, which, at sixteen years' purchase, are worth £640." (In the Cobham Brewery cases the rent was capitalised at eighteen years' purchase.) So that the brewer will have, if he chooses to put his Schedule A assessment at the true figure, assets that are worth £1,240 if he loses his licence at once, instead of an asset worth £1,200 before the introduction of the Bill.

I have taken the figures on the assumption that the licence is lost during the first year, because in that case the calculation is simpler, but the total assets are of exactly the same value at whatever period the licence ceases to be granted. Each year during which the licence continues the brewer gets his annual income of £100, that is £60 beyond the value of the premises without the licence; and the compensation will each year decrease by such an amount that the total sum realised by the brewer from the licence during the time-limit will always work out at £600 present value.

As to the compensation levy of £10 a year, this will cease the moment the licence ceases; and the brewer will be singularly unfortunate if the result of shutting up other houses, for which compensation is paid, is not to bring back a considerable portion of this £10 a year in the extra trade which may be expected to come to the "Black Horse" if its licence continues.—Yours, &c.,

R. Mortimer Montgomery.

5, Crown Office Row, Temple, E.C.,
May 18th, 1908

THE EDUCATIONAL RAPPROCHEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Suggestions are being made and welcomed that the education problem may be solved by a conference of Anglican and Nonconformist divines. Now, while this is no doubt a hopeful sign, it is also a curious instance of the fact that either the problem is not regarded as an educational one at all or else that an educational problem can, in the judgment of the public, be solved without calling in the advice of those who know most about it.

If this is in any way a matter of education, why, in the name of common sense, leave out the teachers? It is they that are the real experts; the militant ecclesiastics, whose resultant wisdom is looked forward to, are, as a rule, ignorant of the elements of the case. Yet the bishop is called in, and the priest and the parson, the theologian and the biblical critic; but the one who really knows the inside of a school is quietly ignored. This strange omission is the counterpart of another equally strange. In all this discussion the question of what moral or spiritual food is suited to the capacity and needs of the child has scarcely even been asked. What need of further proof that the combatants have not the faintest claim to consideration as educational advisers?

I am very far from denying that the awkward politico-sectarian difficulty has got to be met, and that on this side these divines may speak with weight, and that some have fought a great battle for liberty and justice. But surely, when the spiritual welfare of the future nation is at stake, we should do well to call in the best educational counsel that we can find, and not merely seek a political rapprochement of warring sects. Many serious school problems are at issue.

Is the method of the Catechism an obsolete one?

Can the Bible be used by a method consistent with intellectual integrity and the spirit of search?

Is the sub-division of the school, according to the creeds or customs of the parents, conducive to educational efficiency?

Is the teaching of dogma to young children capable of being made intelligent and profitable?

If the desired end is the spiritual uplifting, stimulating, and purifying of character, is the average Cowper-Temple course of Scripture history (and the like) the best weapon that can be forged for attaining it?

The great need of the day is the linking of the educational system to the social and civic duties of men. If the class teacher is excluded, and an ecclesiastical and possibly incompetent visiting master introduced, will this linking be achieved at all?

These are root questions involved in the present controversy, and to most of them men and women of educational wisdom and experience can give more valuable answers than anyone else. Are they to be consulted? And are these problems given their due weight in the minds of our statesmen and in the minds of the political public?

In my opinion, we can never satisfy the demands of intelligence, educational principle, and justice, except by the laying down of a plain moral purpose as the State's aim in education, and the giving of wide liberty to the teacher as to the mode of attaining it.

But to hand over the hardest subject to the inefficient amateur, to admit the sacerdotal notion that no mere layman must meddle with it, to mark off religion as a most disconnected and sectional part of life's training, to order the teacher off at the very point where his work may become deepest and most human—and to suppose all this a solution—well, to parody Lord Goschen, this would be to gamble with the needs of a nation.

It may be pointed out, again, that one great matter that needs to be decided is whether goodness can be inculcated as good and admirable for its own sake, or must it of necessity be based (not ultimately, but educationally) on theologic sanctions. But is it sensible to leave such a decision to men hopelessly committed to the theological view?

Once more, the end is the spiritual enlightenment and discipline of the citizens to be, and this can only be reached if the advice of educational experience and common sense is sought and followed.—Yours, &c.,

F. E. Pollard.

Bootham School, York,
April 19th, 1908.

THE SUGAR CONVENTION AND ITALY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—A paper was sent out by the Foreign Office on the date of your last issue giving the form of certificate referred to in my letter, which may be required to accompany sugar refined in this country on export after the 1st September next It, however, throws no light on the question raised by me and "Spectator" in your paper.

The greater part of the document is devoted to a statement in regard to the treatment of an application made by Italy for permission to become an exporter of sugar to the modest amount of 15,000 tons per annum. Notwithstanding the support given to this demand by His Majesty's Government, "it was found impossible to obtain the unanimous consent of the Commission to permit Italy to become a recognised exporting country." So the application of Italy was refused; and then we read "The Italian delegates, however, reserved entirely the right of their Government in these circumstances to take the course they judged best, and it remains to be seen whether within the further space of three months Italy will decide to retire from the Union or not." In view of the statement made by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons on August 1st, 1907, as a condition of our remaining a party to the Convention "that we shall be free from any risk of having our markets restricted by the majority of Powers whose interests at a given moment in the future may not coincide economically with our own," this decision, together with that arrived at in the previous sitting, with regard to limiting the Russian exports, seems to be of great importance.—Yours, &c.,

Anti-Convention.

May 20th, 1908.

[Our correspondent's point seems to us to be extremely pertinent.—Ed. Nation.]

PENSIONS AND THE SINKING FUND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Raiding the Sinking Fund in order to provide Old Age Pensions may be open to criticism, but Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money's statement, in your issue of the 16th inst., that the reduction of the fixed charge for the service of the National Debt in the financial year 1909-10 to £25,000,000 would annihilate the New Sinking Fund, does not seem to be correct.

The account of the public income and expenditure in the year ended March 31st, 1908, issued by the Treasury on April 30th, 1908, shows that the fixed charge for the service of the National Debt during the year was £29,500,000, and that the balance [after payment of interest on the Funded and Unfunded Debt, Terminable Annuities, and Management of Debt], commonly called "The New Sinking Fund," amounted to £8,365,293 16s. 5d.

If in the financial year 1907-8, the fixed charge had been £25,000,000 instead of £29,500,000, the balance, or New Sinking Fund, would have been £8,365,293 16s. 5d. —£4,500,000 = £3,865,293 16s. 5d. It is estimated that £14,000,000 will be paid off the debt during the current financial year. The interest on this sum would amount to about £400,000. It follows, therefore, that if the fixed charge for the debt in the year 1909-10 is £25,000,000, the balance (after payment of interest on the Funded and Unfunded Debt, Terminable Annuities, and Management of Debt), or New Sinking Fund, would amount to more than £4,200,000. The reduction of the fixed charge to £25,000,000 in the financial year 1909-10 would not, therefore, annihilate the New Sinking Fund.—Yours, &c.,

T. A. PREST.

329, Norwood Road, S.E.,
May 19th, 1908.

THE RIDDLE OF THE BACCHAE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Though I have to thank Dr. Gilbert Murray for his most kind (though adverse) and most interesting review of my book, I hope that you will allow me to point out one or two passages which seem to me serious, though unintentional, misstatements.

Dr. Murray mentions my opinion that Euripides intends us to regard the alleged overthrowing of Pentheus' palace as an imposture, and then discusses my reasons for thinking so. One of these reasons he entirely omits to mention—that Pentheus and Dionysus soon after the "miracle" go into the house to prepare for their visit to the hills, and find no difficulty in doing so. Of the other two reasons, one—that based on the inadequacy of the resources of the Greek stage—is stated by Dr. Murray thus:—"We do not know how earthquake effects were produced on the Greek stage." I have not said this. What I have said (pp. 39—41), rightly or wrongly, is that the proper representation of the downfall of the palace was utterly beyond the powers of the stage machinists of the day. Dr. Murray, it is likely enough, thinks so definite a statement rash; indeed, he says, "It is admitted that they [earthquake effects] were produced." (Admitted by whom?) But whether my assertion is justifiable or not, I think he could have found a better statement of my objection.

My other argument (that several characters who come on the scene afterwards make no remark on the ruins which ought to be lying at their feet) Dr. Murray states with perfect fairness. His answer to it is that "the Greek habit was to let each scene stand very much by itself, producing its own effect uninterrupted by references to other parts of the play." This assertion (made in this connection) is astounding. Is Dr. Murray really ready to believe that on the Greek stage a house could fall down and that twenty minutes were enough not only to repair the damage, but also to eradicate from the owner's mind all memory of the mishap? If I may borrow an instance which I have used elsewhere, does he really believe that in a Greek play a person could be killed and appear later none the worse, stalking about like a hero, as Plato says? If he is unwilling to believe such things, surely his theory cannot apply to this case.

The last matter I have to mention is one which I touch on with great diffidence, and only because it appears to me much more important than any theories of my own. It is that of Dr. Murray's translation of iv. 509, sq. He is mistaken in supposing that I have the slightest objection to his translating the Greek word by the English "manger." What I do deprecate is his translating the whole sentence, "let him lie in the manger," instead of "imprison him beside [or near] the manger"—surely the only possible version. Dionysus is to be tied up *in front of* the rails, like a horse or a bull. To say "let him lie in the manger" looks so extremely like the fabrication of a fictitious parallelism between this passage and another that I cannot help wishing that Dr. Murray had avoided doing so; and it is impossible not to notice that he first of all offers an unexceptionable translation ("tie him where the steeds are tied"), and then inserts the words which I feel are so open to a false construction.

As I have said in the Note (p. 104) to which Dr. Murray takes exception, my regret in connection with this passage is combined with a very great admiration for the brilliant scholarship and poetic genius which is everywhere apparent in his celebrated translations; but it is precisely because his work is so well known that I feel bound to protest against elements in this part of it which I think are to be deplored.—Yours, &c.,

G. NORWOOD.

Manchester, May 19th, 1908.

WHAT DOES "VOTES FOR WOMEN" MEAN?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Can you inform me, a Parliamentary voter, exactly what kind of vote it is that is meant when women attend meetings and cry out for "votes for women," and work day and night to try and keep out a Liberal candidate and replace him by a man pledged to support the brewer and the Protectionist?

If it is merely the right to vote at Parliamentary elections, as women already vote municipally and for County Councils, why is this not made as clear as their hostility to all Liberal candidates, and their approval of those of the Opposition? If they claim a right for all women to vote at Parliamentary elections, why is this not made clear? It would be absurd to suppose that they make the claim for only two classes of women—those qualified as men under the Acts of 1878, 1888 and 1894, and married women. At present they claim that all women of age are wrongfully deprived of the right to vote, by which they mean that these persons should justly possess the right to vote for Parliamentary candidates. Consequently they claim what is, in effect, manhood suffrage for women, but leaves men qualified only to vote under a property qualification! I have failed to detect that they propose to join forces with those men at present not entitled to vote, to press for manhood suffrage, not the principle of the qualification to vote being a property qualification, they appear willing, in order to remedy a grievance that some women labour under, by asking Parliament to introduce an anomalous state of things not paralleled in any country, even though all adult women vote in New Zealand.

Had they their way—those who appear to speak as leaders—in a household contributing by taxation to the State exchequer, when a Parliamentary election is taking place, the wife, the mother, the sister, the governess, the housekeeper, cook, waitress, "tweenie," housemaid, and scullerymaid go to the poll, accompanied by the man who makes the income, but the butler, footmen, and general man are left behind, voteless. To put the matter in this bald way exposes its manifest injustice and impracticability, but it is fully justified by the stupid tactics pursued by these self-styled leaders who bring contempt on a cause which deserves and will command attention even by the present Government, because it is a matter of pure and simple justice—qualifying women when their responsibilities are those of men to vote at Parliamentary elections.

The question at issue is not manhood suffrage, but household suffrage, and when a man votes it is, in effect, the vote of the household, himself, his wife, family, servants, and all dwelling with him. The Suffragette, in effect, asks that the vote of the household shall be nullified at an elec-

tion as the desire to give a wife an independent vote distinct from her husband infers that as a body the wives will cancel the votes of the husbands, leaving elections to be determined not by the cause, but by the accident of favourable or hostile wives, a state of things which will bring more unhappiness and deception into households than any device that can be invented. I ask you, Sir, whether these considerations do not call for clear and explicit statements of what is meant by "Votes for Women"?—Yours, &c.,

A. Grimshaw Haywood.

May 19th, 1908.

THE BOMBS IN INDIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Perhaps there is no more urgent duty for all of us at this moment than to realise the present situation in India and how it has come about.

When the Indian National Congress was started it raised hope, and secret societies dwindled away, so I have been told. During the last few years, when hope has failed, confidence in British Government and officials has largely diminished, if not disappeared, and Indians and Anglo-Indians have been becoming more and more estranged, secret societies seem to have been springing up again, and now we have bombs.

Obviously more repression will not mend matters. The wise thing surely is to consider the causes and deal with them. Hope must be revived, confidence restored, and estrangement stopped.

It is just possible that this can yet be done, though it will want more faith, courage, and good sense than would appear to be easily found amongst our rulers and officials. The Indians who have the confidence of the Indians must be consulted, and Europeans and Indians must be joined together in a whole-hearted and sustained effort for the good of India, with the sincere aim of gradually enabling Indians to manage their own affairs.

But if we meet outrage with mere repression, as the blind leaders of the blind are now urging us to do, without recognising our own responsibility for the present most deplorable state of affairs, then we shall be courting further disaster, and things will go from bad to worse.

Let me repeat: India is suffering from loss of hope, want of confidence in, and estrangement from, her rulers. Her rulers are suffering from lack of faith, of courage, and of good sense, and perhaps of accurate information.

Truly a great task is before us calling for the co-operation of all Indian and British men and women who can recognise it.—Yours, &c.,

Arthur St. John.

7, Holly Village, Highgate, N.,
May 10th, 1908.

THE BRITISH SUNDAY AND THE EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Many of your readers will share with me sincere regret that The Nation should express itself in favour of the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition on Sundays, even though we are supporters of museums and picture galleries being available on that day. If the art collections of the Exhibition could be penned off and the public admitted *free of charge*, no one could reasonably object. But we know that would be impossible. The Exhibition would only be opened if a charge for admission were made. Hence money-making would enter into the question. Visitors would demand that all the sections should be open to them. The attendance of exhibitors and their helpers, of the great army engaged by the caterers, would be essential, and probably we should see the side-shows and the games in full swing on Sundays. If, as you state, the Committee have decided not to open the Exhibition, I unfeignedly rejoice, and in doing so they have expressed the general sense of the British community. Had it been otherwise I, for one, would have abstained from visiting the Exhibition at any time, and believe that hundreds of thousands of others who are concerned in the maintenance of our English Sabbath as far as possible would have taken the same stand. As a consequence, the Committee of Management will gain more than they lose by this desirable action.

Your correspondent, M. Yves Guyot, expresses French ideas, but having spent many Sundays in foreign countries, I hope we may never find the same state of things here. Much as we desire to support the *entente cordiale* and please our French friends, they cannot expect us to surrender what is a matter of principle. They know what our custom is, and I can hardly think that the bulk of French people would respect us much if we gave up what we look upon as one of our greatest blessings, however far we fall short of its fuller realisation.—Yours, &c., Edward Brown.

The Chestnuts, Theale,
May 18th, 1908.

[We never asked for the opening of the whole Exhibition, and we are not convinced of the impossibility of opening the grounds and the Art Galleries without charging a fee for admission.—Ed. Nation.]

THE PROBLEM OF MEDICAL RELIEF.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In my letter the other week (April 18th) I was more anxious to direct attention to what is substantially medical pauperism than to discuss in detail the machinery for its relief.

It is surely extraordinary that something like a million persons in London in one year come and practically say that they are unable to pay for the smallest amount of ordinary medical attendance. This we can hardly believe, and we understand that charity has gone wrong somehow, and that a blind faith in the efficacy of subscriptions to hospitals is out of place. The "Daily Telegraph" sobs over the girl coming to the London Hospital without a chemise, and in a borrowed blouse.

What, in many instances, happens is this. A young woman gives up her work for a whole afternoon, losing 2s. or 3s., pays 4d. or 6d. for tram fares, and 3d. for the medicine, with 1d. for the bottle. She does this once or twice a week, and must go, an invalid, in all weathers, on the fixed day. Surely in every way it would be better for this person to be attended to by a doctor of more experience close to the girl's home. The fees, elsewhere than in Harley Street, are very small; or, better still, if there were available a provident dispensary, by which, for 6d. or 8d. a month, she would be insured and adequately treated for all illnesses.

Voluntary effort is of small avail, as it cannot but be local, and limited in its operation. Of course, the work of the Guardians is actually voluntary, but it is systematised and uniform and authoritative. No other agency is in possession of this field. The scheme of uniting the Boards of Guardians under one authority, as well as associating them with the Borough Council in each borough, has been accepted by the London County Council. It is absolutely necessary for efficiency and economy that all matters relating to public health should be under one administration. Hospitals, being public institutions, will need to be under some supervision. It does not follow that they should be rate-supported.

The analogy of education was perhaps unfortunate, as it is still possible that a separate Education Council may be found for the Metropolis. A better one would be the Public Library Committee, whose members are elected partly from within the Council and partly from outsiders. Many of the defects of our Borough Councils are due to the too frequent exclusion of excellent men and women, owing to the very defective mode of election. For example, if in a ward there are five councillors to be elected, it cannot be said that more than three are really and truly the chosen of the ratepayers. If six hundred votes be cast, three hundred and ten votes may elect all; whereas, when Lord Courtney's Bill becomes law, the other two hundred and ninety, not being carried away by bombast, will get in two capable men. At present the error amounts to between 20 and 40 per cent. But this wanders from my original subject.—Yours, &c.,

May 9th, 1908. G. C. C.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

WE understand that Mr. William Watson is engaged on a poem of some length dealing with an English historical subject. The work is the most important on which Mr. Watson has been engaged for some time. It will be published by Mr. John Lane. Lovers of Mr. Watson's work will be glad to see him back again, after a rather long interval, in the sphere of epical, or semi-epical, poetry.

* * *

AN authoritative English life of Tolstoy is much wanted, and Mr. Aylmer Maude, who is writing it, has adequate equipment for a very difficult and very interesting task. He knows Russia and the Russian language well, for he has long resided in the country, and Tolstoy has always treated him as a friend and confidant. His translations of the essays and novels of Tolstoy are well known.

* * *

MAXIM GORKY'S new book is said to be by far the most uncompromising indictment of Russian society that he has yet written. It is called "Ispowjed" ("The Confession"), and is practically the author's autobiography. The hero is a foundling abandoned on the steps of a little Russian church in the depths of the country. A gardener adopts him, and, at the age of eighteen, he marries the daughter of a land steward. His wife dies in child-birth, and a few years later the child poisons himself by swallowing arsenic in mistake for sugar. The father thinks of suicide, but enters a monastery. Gorky's picture of conventual life, and his portraits of the cruelty, cynicism, and excesses of the monks lack nothing in vigour. The condition of the people is also treated with great frankness, and, in tone, "The Confession" is more revolutionary than any of Gorky's previous works.

* * *

IF the project for a National Theatre proceeds, as it seems likely to do, and if the Prime Minister dignifies his term of office by forwarding so great a project, we may in the next year or so be considering the appointment of a Director. Happily the country possesses a man whose special character, knowledge, and services to the English and to modern European drama furnish an ideal qualification for such a position. We need not say that we refer to Mr. William Archer.

* * *

MR. EDWIN PUGH is diverging from the novelist's path, and will publish in the autumn a study of Charles Dickens as a social reformer. He has surveyed the whole of Dickens's novels, and concludes that had he lived to-day Dickens would have been a Socialist. The book will be called "Dickens as a Socialist." It will be interesting to read Mr. Pugh's argument, but Dickens was a strong anti-bureaucrat, and the ways of the State (in his days) were rather distasteful to him. We should have called him purely humanitarian, without any conscious tendencies to theory about the State.

* * *

MRS. BEARNE has already given us a number of readable books dealing with the inner history of those European sovereigns the facts of whose lives were unfamiliar to most English readers. Another book from her active pen, which is announced by Mr. Fisher Unwin, seems to have been written on similar lines. Its title is "A Royal Quartette," and the four heroines of the book are Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, Marie Adelaide, Duchess of Burgundy, Marie Amélie of Naples, the exiled Queen of the French, and Maria Luisa, Infanta of Spain. All four were women who lived in stirring times, and associated with persons of world-wide reputation, so that the story of their lives should give rise to a volume of lively and entertaining gossip, if not of great historical value.

* * *

AT one time it was usual for Eton boys of distinction to present their portraits to the Headmaster when they left the school. This practice originated in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and continued for nearly a hundred years. As during this period English portrait-painting reached a very high level, the Provost's Lodge at Eton contains a fine series of portraits, including examples by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, West, Hoppner, Lawrence, and others. Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, has prepared a book dealing with these Leaving Portraits, which will be shortly published by subscription by Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co. It will contain a large number of reproductions, and is certain to prove of great interest to old Etonians, as well as to students of English portrait painting.

* * *

A HISTORY of the Jews in one volume, very much on the lines of Green's "Short History of the English People," is being prepared by Dr. M. Epstein, who has been gathering material for such a book for the last six years. Dr. Epstein is a graduate of the History School of the University of Manchester, and has also worked at history and economics at Breslau and Berlin. The book will deal with the vicissitudes of the Jewish people, from the time of the destruction of the first temple to the present day, and it is expected that it will have a large number of maps, plans, and tables.

* * *

MESSRS. MAUNSEL, of Dublin, announce a book that has long been looked for by readers of Irish verse—Miss Alice Milligan's collected poems. So far the only poems of Miss Milligan accessible were the few given in "New Songs," A.E.'s anthology of the younger Irish poets. Miss Milligan is a keen worker in the Irish movement, and has written much stirring and spontaneous verse in the patriotic national journals. The coming collection will bear the title "Hero Lays."

* * *

A POPULAR "History of Engraving," from its inception to the time of Bewick, is to be published in a few weeks by Mr. Werner Laurie. The author, Mr. Stanley E. Austin, deals fully with the block books and the work of the early masters. Attention is also given to the progress of the art in England, the early British mezzotinters being treated in detail. There is besides a full account of Bartolozzi, and the book ends with a description of the revival of wood-engraving by Thomas Bewick. Another contribution to the subject promised by Messrs. Constable is Mr. A. M. Hind's "A Short History of Engraving and Etching." It will contain a classified bibliography and an index of engravers, with concise notes to each entry, and should thus prove a useful book of reference for collectors and students.

* * *

THE next addition to Messrs. Williams & Norgate's "Crown Theological Library"—a series which has provided English theologians with many of the best products of foreign scholarship—will be "Fundamental Truths of the Christian Religion," by Professor R. Seeberg, of Berlin. It consists of sixteen lectures given to the students of all faculties in Berlin University during the winter of 1901-2. Among the topics treated are "The Origin and Nature of Religion," "Religions of Humanity and Absolute Religions," "Ecclesiastical Dogma," "The Nature of Human Sin," and "The Person of Jesus Christ." The Berlin lectures have already produced works of the greatest value, including Professor Harnack's famous "What is Christianity?" Professor Seeberg's volume is sure to be a worthy contribution to the series.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Land's End: A Naturalist's Impressions in West Cornwall." By W. H. Hudson. (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Life of Sir Halliday Macartney, K.C.M.G." By Demetrius C. Boulger. With a foreword by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

"Modern England: A Record of Opinion and Action, from the Time of the French Revolution to the Present Day." By Alfred William Benn. 2 vols. (Watts & Co. 7s. net.)

"The Old English Bible and other Essays," By Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D. (George Bell & Son. 6s. net.)

"The Romance of Northumberland." By A. G. Bradley. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Colonel Saunderson, M.P.: A Memoir." By Reginald Lucas. (John Murray, 12s. net.)

"Life and Letters of George Jacob Holyoake." By Joseph McCabe. (Watts & Co. 16s. net.)

"The Child of Chance." By Maxime Formont. (John Lane. 6s. net.)

"Mémoires d'une Vieille Fille." Par René Bazin. (Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

"La Crète Ancienne." Par R. P. Lagrange. (Williams & Norgate. 6s.)

Reviews.

HERBERT SPENCER.*

Upon the death of Herbert Spencer, in December, 1903, the task devolved upon Dr. David Duncan of carrying out Spencer's instruction to write his biography "in one volume of moderate size." The work now before us is the fulfilment of that instruction. It seems at first somewhat strange that Spencer, who scarcely ever read a biography himself, and who rarely lost an opportunity of condemning those who did read them, should yet have displayed so much anxiety about his own history, as to write two large volumes of autobiography, besides collecting material from which a biography might be compiled. But the explanation is not far to seek. At all times anxious—almost morbidly so—lest he or his views should be in any way misrepresented, he knew that his life was certain to be written whether he wished it or not, and, recognising that necessity, he was determined that it should be done with complete fidelity.

Dr. Duncan has carried out his task with a large measure of success. When we affirm that, in our opinion, his delineation of Spencer's character is less accurate and detailed than that set forth in the autobiography, we are merely naming a fact, the inevitableness of which was obvious. For not only would it be out of the question to produce a portrait of Spencer that should rival the unique effort of self-analysis which the autobiography affords, but it is also the case that a great part of the material from which the life could be compiled, having been already used in the autobiography, was not available for Dr. Duncan. But regarding the biography in its true light, namely, as a supplement to the autobiography, it is deserving of all praise. It brings out strongly the extreme simplicity of Spencer's mind, his entire unworldliness and sincerity, his distaste for honors and ceremonial. Having been in earlier life undistinguished by any university degree or other hallmark, and having experienced the difficulties of a thinker who lacks the impress of any learned body, the tardy honors showered upon him in later life had little attraction for him. He could not be induced to become a Fellow of the Royal Society, nor would he accept the honorary degrees pressed upon him by the universities. His dislike of ceremonial was well exemplified by his reply to an invitation to an "At Home" at the Foreign Office, to meet the Emperor of Russia. He regretted that he could not avail himself of the invitation. "The necessity of wearing a levee dress, to which Mr. Spencer has an insuperable objection, compels him to decline the offered pleasure."

Spencer's life was peculiarly uneventful. His difficulties were all due to financial embarrassments, and to ill-health. Breaking down when writing "The Principles of Psychology," he never afterwards fully recovered. His hours of work were limited to three a day; and, outside this time, he did not dare to read even a novel, still less a book on serious subjects. It seems, indeed, strange that so confirmed an invalid should have succeeded in producing over twenty volumes, most of them large, and all of them abstruse. The devotion of the whole of his working time to writing the "Philosophy," which at the beginning was quite unremunerative, rendered it impossible for him to turn his energies towards earning a livelihood, and sheer want of pence at one time very nearly stopped the publication of the "Philosophy." Spencer's persistent refusal to accept financial aid was based on stern independence of character. Brought up in Nonconformist surroundings, he was by nature, as well as by education, radical-minded—wholly indifferent to authority and custom, and relying in all matters upon reason and his own judgment. He was by turns a teacher, an engineer, a journalist, and a philosopher, and in this variety of occupation gained an experience of widely different sides of life.

The permanent value of the Synthetic Philosophy is hard to estimate. Doubtless the advance of science will disclose much in it that is erroneous, while confirming many other of its multitudinous doctrines. Spencer himself has observed that the ultimate state of opinion regarding an author may be more or less gauged by noting the extreme points between which his reputation oscillates at different periods, and taking the mean between them. Acting upon this principle, there is some reason to think that the extreme depression under which his philosophy now rests will be mitigated in the future. But there can be no doubt that the influence which it has exercised is far larger than is commonly imagined. Spencer's thoughts and doctrines have in many cases already become part of the settled body of scientific truth, and have sunk deeply into the minds and modes of thought of many who have never read a line of his works. So large a portion of the doctrines which were originally propounded by Spencer has become a part of universal knowledge, that the dissent from many of his views brings into sharper relief the general acceptance of his other opinions.

What conclusions from the Synthetic Philosophy stand out as of fundamental importance to the human race? With regard to the earlier volumes, it is difficult to estimate with any certainty the value which the future will set upon them. But we may fitly make a few observations on the conclusions arrived at in the five later volumes, dealing with the principles underlying the evolution of society, and the rules to be observed in the regulation of social affairs. Spencer's bold individualism, his vehement insistence on the necessity for reducing the functions of the State, his law of equal freedom, which he used as a touchstone for every form of new legislative action, are all well known. Few now follow these doctrines to the extreme point to which he carried them, and the subject remains one of active discussion among social reformers, and of very wide divergence of opinion. But we may well recur to the main conclusion forced upon us with irresistible superfluity of proof in the course of these social treatises, which Spencer himself held to be the most important—the conclusion that war is the main cause of social retrogression. If all the other results of Spencer's writings were ultimately to be overthrown, his hatred of militarism and his antagonism to war would be remembered as the fundamental basis of his social philosophy. Throughout the "Principles of Sociology" there is established, by a series of the most stringent inductions, the fact that war and a military state of society are accompanied by every form of social degradation; while long-continued peace and the spread of industrialism are unvarying conditions of social progress. The status of women, the degree of social liberty, the average honesty, sense of justice, chastity, and other virtues prevailing among citizens are all shown to be directly proportionate to the exemption from war and from "militancy." To Spencer belongs the credit of showing that the dislike of war which has in all ages prevailed among humanitarians rested not merely upon sentiment, but on a firm foundation of reason.

The "Life and Letters" show us how strongly Spencer felt this, and how much the last years of his life were embittered by the rise of Imperialism, and the aggressive policy adopted by England towards weaker nations. In a letter to Dr. Cazelles, who translated his works into French, he writes:—

> "Of all the feelings I entertain concerning social affairs, my detestation of the barbarous conduct of strong peoples to weak peoples is the most intense. . . . To my thinking the nations which call themselves civilised are no better than white savages, who, with their cannons and rifles, conquer tribes of dark savages, armed with javelins and arrows, as easily as a giant thrashes a child, and who, having glorified themselves in their victories, take possession of the conquered lands, and tyrannise over the subject peoples. . . . All further advance depends on the decline of militancy and rise of industrialism. . . . But what the great mass of the civilised peoples in their dealings with the uncivilised regard as glory, I regard as shame."

The South African War, as may well be imagined, was the occasion of bitter sorrow to him. Many will remember the passionate letter of protest which he wrote to "The Speaker" of January 13th, 1900, and the essay on "Imperialism and Slavery" which appeared in his last book, "Facts and Comments." The aged philosopher, who had all his life been the unceasing advocate of peace and justice among nations, died at the moment when the reaction against his views had reached its farthest. The South African War had, indeed, been concluded; but the proposal to revert to Protection had been sprung upon the people, and the course of bye-elections served to give some justifica-

* "The Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer." By David Duncan, LL.D. Methuen & Co. 15s. net.

tion to the belief that the period of aggression would be indefinitely extended. However we may admire Spencer's amazing intellectual force, whatever value we attach to the philosophical system which he propounded, the strongest claim to our respect and to the gratitude of posterity is grounded upon the vast and fertile labours which he bestowed on the cause of humanity.

THE POETS' IRISH QUESTION.*

The fortunes of legend among the civilised European literatures would make a most interesting investigation. Greek, Indian, German, Norse, and Welsh legends are all treasurable possessions for the poets of Europe; how comes it that similar currency has not befallen the ancient Irish legends, which assuredly do not fall below those others in grandeur and tragic human appeal? It is true that interpretation of the Irish tongue is a quite modern discovery; but those who have understood Welsh outside Wales and Brittany would not come to a large reckoning. And yet Welsh legends, the stories of Arthur and the Grail, and offspring from both, have gone through almost the whole of modern European poetry. And Irish legend all the time has been a fountain sealed, a garden enclosed. Ireland's peculiar political situation has no doubt had a deal to do with it. Trinity College, Dublin, must also be held to account for our long deprivation of its country's richest product; like a kind of Cerberus, it has stood at the doors of Ireland, always on the watch to prevent any manifestation of Irish literature from escaping into the world.

There is Macpherson's Ossian, certainly; to which, says Matthew Arnold, "we owe a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us!" To the eighteenth century it was "an apparition of newness and power," exercising an incalculable effect on poetic opinion, wholly for good. But, whatever Ossianic *influence* has done, the *matter* which Macpherson revealed has not become current among poets, as, say, Greek and Norse tales have been and are. What is the matter with Irish legend?

The truth seems to be that legend must be digested again and again by generation after generation of unimportant poets before the important poets will take it in hand and fashion it into immortal art. It must be divested, by long process of trituration, of all the obscure notions with which the folk to whom the legend chiefly belongs impregnated it—the dark shadows of forgotten religions, the totemisms and animisms, cosmologies and eschatologies, and singular customs; it must be reduced completely to the common terms of humanity, nothing left but the tale and the passions. Then it is ready for immortal handling. Now Welsh legend passed through such treatments as the Mabinogion—that amazing piece of literary art—and the Welsh odes; out of Armorica went traversing such brains as Chrestien de Troyes and Wolfram von Eschebach; and so came to the immortal handling of a Malory, a Swinburne, or a Wagner. Although a hideous iron public-house forbids "Yr Awen," the spirit of Welsh poesy, to haunt Y Wyddfa any more, her eagle wings have been felt by singers of every European nation. But those portions of Irish legend which have no analogue in the Welsh, have not so entered into the texture of European thought, for they have gone through no such continued levigation; they are still raw material.

The old Irish poets seem to have been mainly lyrists; anyone who has read Mr. Kuno Meyer's translations of Irish lyrics—translations which are themselves exquisite English poems—will be convinced that there are very few literatures to compare in this respect with the Irish. But, apparently, they made no epics which the world can accept. The legend, the ore of epic, is there, and modern Irish poets—who are said to be in Dublin numberless as the sands that lack number—have an opportunity just now the like of which does not often come to mortals—an opportunity of presenting Europe with a legendary cycle completely new to most minds, and of a vast grandeur. The tale of Fergus, Conor, and Cucullin, of Devidre and Maer, is essentially one of the most tragically noble tales that ever worked in man's brain; the fatal madness of Cucullin makes the death of Ajax seem almost trivial in comparison. There is every reason to suppose, moreover, that these events did actually occur, in much the same way as they have been handed down—that is Mr. Kuno Meyer's opinion, which will not lightly be disputed.

We fear the process which we have been requiring is not furthered in the first serious attempt to give the whole Cucullin legend epical form in a modern tongue. Mrs. Hutton's "The Táin" has many virtues, but it has not the great virtue of presenting the Cucullin cycle freed from the encumbrances of notions which are unintelligible now—singular taboos and prohibitions, and the like. Moreover, her writing is gratuitously overlaid with Gaelicisms, half anglicised Irish words that have in English no poetical value, and hinder, instead of helping, our comprehension of those heroic times. Not thus cheaply is an "Irish atmosphere" achieved. But, indeed, Mrs. Hutton seems to have deliberately aimed away from making a great English poem, for she writes as if archaeological exactitude were of the same importance as poetry. However, as a continuous and fairly interesting presentation of the cycle, "The Táin" deserves praise; though poetry is little the richer for its appearance, and though it leaves the huge mass of Irish story practically where it was before, still awaiting the formative grasp that will surely one day handle it. Putting aside that the verse is weak and tedious, and that poetry is a rare visitant to the book, it yet can be recommended as a straightforward account of the great cattle-spoil, the Tain-Bo-Cuailgne, to those who are unacquainted with that noble story, and wish to enrich their imaginations with it. And, then, if they wish to see how portions of it can be given genuine poetical treatment, let them discover the neglected work of that excellent poet, Samuel Fergusson.

* "The Táin: An Irish Epic told in English Verse." By Mary A. Hutton. Maunsel & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

THE ANTI-INDIAN ENGLISHMAN.*

Misrepresentation is the outstanding characteristic of Mr. Rees's book. He knows a good deal about some parts of India, especially the South. He has passed through various stages of official life. In many ways he stands as the type of the Anglo-Indian bureaucrat in retirement. To some sides of Hindoo life he shows a certain kindliness, and there are passages in his chapter on "Social Reform" that could not have been written without the penetration that comes of sympathy. But whenever he encounters any serious criticism of the bureaucracy to which he belonged, whenever he hears of any serious proposal for reform, or approaches within speaking distance of an educated Indian, a sudden frenzy seizes him, and he loses, not only his judgment, but his power of seeing or saying things straight. In chapter after chapter he pours out abuse and contumely upon all persons, ideas, and principles that do not succeed in pleasing him. That is all very well; it is the sort of thing we are accustomed to from peppery old colonels and pensioned civil servants who miss their "boy" when they dress for dinner. But far worse than rage is subtle and pervasive misrepresentation.

Take one instance of the simplest kind. Everyone now knows the cry "Bande Mataram," the watchword of the reform party in India, and the beginning of the Sanscrit national song. It is an invocation to India, expressing deep devotion to her service. Probably no one in the world, certainly no Indian, had ever given it any other interpretation. Yet this is what Mr. Rees says:—

> "The words, however, mean not: 'Hail, motherland!' but 'Hail, Mother!' 'I reverence the mother'—that is to say, Mother Kali, the goddess of death and destruction. The word *mataram* is never used in the sense of the mother country. . . . The expression, in fact, is on all fours with the cry: 'Victory to Mother Kali!' which is associated with many scenes of riot and bloodshed. It is an appeal to the lower instincts and ideals of Hinduism in its most demoralising aspects."

We believe Mr. Rees is a good linguist; indeed, he is rather fond of telling us so himself. Yet he can hardly know more about the language of "Bande Mataram" than a highly educated Bengali who has thus translated the opening lines:—

* "The Real India." By J. D. Rees, C.I.E., M.P. Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d. net.
"The Causes of Present Discontents in India." By C. J. O'Donnell, M.P. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.

"Hail to thee, Mother! To her I bow,
Who with sweetest water overflows,
With dainty fruits is rich endowed,
And cooling whom the south wind blows,
Who is green with crops that on her grow;
To such a mother down I bow!

With silver moonbeams smile her nights,
And trees that in their bloom abound
Adorn her."

And so on. The English is bad, as verse in a foreign language usually is; but we suppose no sane man ever before doubted that in those words the land of India was described. Lest, however, some reader should suspect the translation of being the deep-laid plot of a wily Bengalee, let us take the well-known version by Mr. Lee, late of the Indian Civil Service. It is rather more beautiful, though not so close:—

"My Motherland I sing,
Her splendid streams, her glorious trees,
The zephyr from the far-off Vindyan heights,
Her fields of waving corn,
The rapturous radiance of her moonlit nights,
The trees in flower that flame afar,
The smiling days that sweetly vocal are,
The happy, blessed Motherland."

If there is still anyone who believes that the word "Mataram" is addressed to the goddess Kali or to anything but the land of India, let us next go to the origin of the song. It was written by Bankim Chandra Chatterji, the Bengali novelist and poet, and appeared in his historic novel called "Anandamath." In a scene two of the characters are walking at night across an Indian plain. One of them "felt his heart fill with joy at the sight of the land lulled in peace under the silver moon," and he began to sing the lines now so famous. The other asked, "Who is the mother?" but the poet only sang on. "It is our country, and no mortal mother!" cried his friend, and then the poet answered:—

"We have no other mother but our country. There is a saying, 'One's mother and the land of birth are high as heaven.' We regard the land of our birth as nothing else than our mother herself. We have no mother, no father, no brother, no wife, no child, no hearth or home; we have only the mother,

Who with sweetest water overflows,
With dainty fruits is rich endowed."

So it goes on, the relation between the motherland and the children being elaborated in a long discussion.

Now, Mr. Rees is perfectly aware of the song's origin. He tells his readers, quite rightly, that it comes in the "Anandamath." To a good linguist, as he justly and rather frequently says he is, it would have been little trouble to have consulted this original passage. As we cannot believe his misrepresentation was deliberate, we can only suppose that, rather than take that little trouble, he has jumped at the conclusion that the "Mataram" of the poem is "Mother Kali, the goddess of death and destruction," and he uses this careless perversion of the truth to lash the religious feelings of English readers into hatred of the song and of the peoples of India who regard it as their national poem.

Such misrepresentation works like a venom on both the races concerned, poisoning English and Indian natures alike. Speaking at Arbroath, Mr. Morley rightly said that "India is the only country where bad and overbearing manners—disagreeable in all countries—are a political crime." Of that political crime only too much may be seen in the behaviour of many Anglo-Indians towards the people of the country. But what description can be too strong for misrepresentations that can only have the effect of increasing suspicion and scorn among our own people and of rousing Indians, educated and uneducated alike, against the injustice of calumnies which they are powerless to contradict?

We have been at the pains to track down one of these misrepresentations, simply as an instance; but they are scattered through the chapters. Indeed, the whole book misrepresents the educated classes in India and the reforms at which they have been aiming during the last quarter of a century. When Mr. Rees does not openly attack a man of Mr. Gokhale's unimpeachable character, he lurks behind a "suggestion of the false." He writes, "Certainly in England his utterances have been such, &c.," implying that Mr. Gokhale keeps one voice for England and another for India. He further remarks that it would do Mr. Gokhale good to come under Russian methods.

Indeed, Mr. Rees's belief in Russian methods is very remarkable in a mind so confident of the justice and perfection of the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy. Quoting a characteristic phrase of Gortchakoff's that "Asiatics respect only visible and palpable force," he maintains that "this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." In praise of the Russian massacres of Tekke Turcomans, he airily remarks, "Nothing is so humane as severity leading to fear and peace." He sees no method of dealing with the present reform movement in India but by suppression and continually more suppression. We think his only proposal of actual reform is to increase the number of Indians on the judiciary side of the Service—the side that is least popular and least respected. For the rest, his advice, in brief, is to suppress English education, to suppress Western literature, to suppress freedom of speech and newspapers, and to "control the Congress," which he regards as a pernicious assembly of "Babu agitators and their dupes."

It is with profound regret and apprehension that we see the appearance of such a volume at the present crisis. The danger to India and to our rule arises, not from the demands of the educated classes who are developing a fitness for political responsibility, not from the wild utterances or deeds of a few men. The danger arises from the blindness of such as Mr. Rees, who cannot read the signs of change, and will admit no adequate reforms into the system in which they have become petrified. We are glad to believe that Mr. Rees is an exaggerated specimen of his class, and that few even among the most hardened Anglo-Indians would support his position without reserve. If we wish for a complete contradiction to that position, we have, in fact, only to study the brief and clear statement of Indian discontents set forth by Mr. O'Donnell, a Civil Servant of equal service with Mr. Rees, and one who spent his life in the Bengal provinces themselves. But whilst we deplore and marvel at many things in Mr. Rees's book, we more than all deplore and marvel at the reasons which induced the author to describe himself, even temporarily, as a Liberal.

A STUDY IN SCOTTISH CHARACTER.*

The literature of Scotland is full of ecclesiastical biographies. Indeed, so much has been written in this department that perhaps the best idea of Scottish ecclesiastical history is to be had from the biographies of the leading men of the various periods. But official biographies valuable as dealing with public activities rarely reveal the deeper elements of personality. In this sphere Scottish nature is peculiarly reticent. The more devout a Scotsman is, the more jealously he guards his utterances, as if in process of expression the religious emotions lose their sacredness. Now and again, by the publication of diaries and exceptionally well written memoirs, the reader is taken behind the veil of ecclesiastical life and brought face to face with the Scottish character, with its strange combination of deep tenderness and intense stoicism, its genuine humility and undoubted self-reliance, its capacity for enthusiasm and its equally marked self-control.

It is well that we should get behind the public estimates of men to the innermost chambers of their personalities. Few biographers are competent to reveal the inner working of the soul. Frequently the task is best done by the man himself. How vividly, for instance, we get to know the famous Scottish divine, Thomas Boston, from the soul-piercing passages of his diary. In the absence of diaries we have to fall back upon the tribute paid by members of the family. In such a case the task is as difficult as it is delicate, and to discharge it successfully demands a kind of talent which is akin to genius. We can give no higher praise to Dr. Robertson Nicoll's portraiture of his father than to place it in the same rank with Dr. John Brown's famous sketch of his

* "My Father: An Aberdeenshire Minister. 1812-1891." By W. Robertson Nicoll. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net.

father in the biography written by Dr. Cairns; both studies are unique in Scottish ecclesiastical biography. Dr. Nicoll, like Dr. John Brown, possesses the true literary art of seizing the essentials of a personality, freeing it, so to speak, from irrelevances, and making it stand out in clear outline with a background of reverential sentiment which is never allowed to degenerate into sentimentality. As a piece of literary art Dr. Nicoll's work is perfect.

At first sight, what could seem more commonplace than the outward circumstances of the life of Dr. Nicoll's father? Consumed by no popular ambitions, haunted by no desire for fame, content faithfully to discharge his duties as a rural minister, the elder Nicoll lived his life undisturbed by the din and confusion of the great world. What, then, gives Dr. Nicoll's portrait of his father its indescribable charm? Is it not the fact that in the book we have the revelations of a type, the existence of which is known to those who know Scottish character intimately. How true, for instance, to Scottish character is the description given by Dr. Nicoll of the effect of his mother's death upon his father. There was no outpouring of grief, no outburst of distracted passion; a simple bending of the head in calm resignation, and a reticence more eloquent than words. In reading the description we were reminded of the description by Dr. John Brown of his mother's death. With great strength of will and mastery of his emotions, the bereaved father, turning to his motherless children, simply said, "Let us give thanks." And how tremendously Scottish, too, the fact noted by Dr. John Brown that his father preached the funeral sermon—everyone in church in tears, himself outwardly unmoved. It was, remarks Dr. John Brown, "part of the old Scottish character—calm to coldness outside, burning to fierceness, tender to agony, within." It was this stoical side of the Scottish clergy, this almost superhuman self-command, this ability to submit with sublime resignation to the decrees of Providence in the domestic sphere which in days of great upheaval like the Covenanting and Disruption periods transformed stoicism into heroism.

Much has been written about the fanaticism of the Scottish clergy; it is time attention was drawn to the heroic element in their nature. We do not refer to the heroism of the Covenanting type, but rather to the heroism displayed amid the humdrum commonplaces of life, the heroism that shows itself not in dramatic display with the whole world as audience, but the native heroism of soul which faces and conquers in silence difficulties which would baffle ordinary mortals. Dr. Nicoll's father made no pretensions to the heroic, but no one but a youth of heroic fibre could have passed through triumphantly the ordeal so vividly described as follows:—

> "My father never complained of his hardships at college, and, indeed, never referred to them. But from these letters I find that he had a bursary of about £12 a year, of which £8 had to be paid in fees. This left £4 for a session of twenty weeks. The young student rented a garret for a shilling a week, furnished it somehow, and for the rest subsisted mainly upon provisions sent in from the country by his brothers. As he had to pay for books and for clothes, he was reduced to almost desperate poverty, and was unable for long periods in the cold winters to have any fire at all. He writes to his brothers: 'The coals I got last have lasted well, as it is nearly six weeks since I got them, and they are not yet done. I have been more in proportion for coals than for peats, especially at the beginning, as I was so ignorant how to use coals. I then required about two pennyworth weekly, but a pennyworth is now sufficient, and if the weather continues as it has been for some days past, I intend to use very little fire. I will kindle my fire but once or twice in the week for boiling my eggs.' In another letter, evidently in response to affectionate inquiries, he says: 'With regard to my being without fire sometimes, it is a matter of no importance, as when the weather is warm I can do well enough without it, and when it is cold I always kindle it. I have not bought either milk or ale since I came in. I take treacle and water instead of them. I did not like it well for some time, but I like it well now, and take it once or twice daily. I could not do without something of that kind, bread and cheese making me so thirsty.' In another letter he explains that his stock of money was reduced to twopence. It would appear, then, that he contrived to exist for five months of the Aberdeen winter for about £4."

In his love of knowledge for its own sake Dr. Nicoll's father was a typical Scot. Certainly in the matter of book collecting he broke the record, and his passion for knowledge, undiluted by purely personal motives, in its intensity could not be surpassed. But in earlier times, when knowledge was difficult to acquire, the passion for it was keen in Scotland among all classes of the community. The present writer has known working men with a knowledge of history and literature which would put to the blush Oxford and Cambridge dons. He recalls to mind one man, a quarryman, who spent his leisure hours in grappling with the deepest problems in metaphysics, and another, a laboring man whose eldest son taught him writing, and who, unaided, pursued arithmetic as a hobby to the extent of mastering the cube root. In these cases knowledge was not pursued with a desire for advancement in life; it was valued and studied purely for its own sake.

In his religious attitude the elder Nicoll was a typical Scot. With him, says his son, religion was all in all, first and last, but to his children he never spoke directly about religion. Here, too, the element of reticence bulks largely. Even to his nearest and dearest the religious Scotsman cannot unbosom himself. To what is this reticence due? Largely a matter of temperament, it is also in great measure due to the Calvinistic form of Scottish religion. In Calvinism the dominating conception is the sovereignty of God—a conception which, when it sinks into an earnest mind, tends to produce a peculiar feeling of awe, a solemnity too sacred for utterance. It was not in conversation but in his private devotions that the religious Scot found expression for his intense interest in the everlasting welfare of his household. The diaries of saintly Scotsmen of olden times indicate that it needed contact with the eternal to dispel the frigidity which prevented the heart from expanding in the ordinary circumstances of daily life. Even the presence of death could not dispel the temperamental reticence. When he knew that he was dying the old man, says Dr. Nicoll, merely remarked, "It is a solemn thing." With calm, steady outlook he had long since taken the measure of life. He had kept the faith, he had ended his pilgrimage, and was ready to depart into the Unseen. How typically Scottish it all is!

Perhaps the chief merit of Dr. Nicoll's book is to call attention to an aspect of life which in these days of hustle and bustle is apt to be overlooked. The world in a deeper sense than in Wordsworth's time is too much with us. Everything is pressed into the service of publicity. Life has so many demands that the pursuit of ideals for their own sakes is well nigh impossible. What we learn from Dr. Nicoll's book is the vast amount of calm happiness that goes along with diligent discharge of daily duties and energetic pursuit of the intellectual ideal, unmixed with feverish craving for popularity or any form of personal ambition. Reading the record which Dr. Nicoll has given of his father, after perusing much of modern biographical literature, is like a saunter through a cool sequestered rural scene after a day's heated turmoil in the City.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

A VETERAN REVIEWER.*

THE interest of Mr. Church's book is contained in the fact that its author claims to have written some forty thousand reviews. One's curiosity is excited as to the kind of literary deity who has thus sat in judgment on multitudes of books and bookmen—some, at least, with a heart and a pulse behind them. Writers who have devoted years to saying something to the world in prose or in poetry have been brought to the bar of this critic's judgment. Mr. Church is a clergyman of the Church of England. He has himself written some seventy books, three, at least, of which are known to a considerable audience. His "Tacitus," which he translated in conjunction with his cousin, Mr. Brodribb, is a standard work; his "Stories from Homer" make very pleasant reading for children, although they are hardly to be compared with Lamb's "Adventures of Ulysses," which Mr. Church calls "Tales from the Odyssey"; his little book on "Ovid" again, for "Blackwood's Ancient Classics," is quite competent. Neither in these, however, nor in any of Mr. Church's works that we have seen, do we find any special qualification for the reviewing of all kinds of literature; nor does this book, with its small inaccuracies of name and title, incline one to accept him as thus qualified.

* "Memories of Men and Books." By the Rev. Alfred John Church. Smith, Elder & Co. 8s. 6d. net.

IMPORTANT NEW BOOK.

THE NEW WORD.

By * * * *

Demy 8vo, 311 pages. 5/- (by post 5/4, abroad 5/6).

CONTENTS.

THE RIDDLE.—PSYCHOLOGY: The Personal Equation.—ETYMOLOGY: The Castle in the Air.—LEXICOGRAPHY: The Play upon Words.—METAPHYSICS: The House of Cards.—ALTRUISM: The Face in the Looking-Glass.—MATERIALISM: The Shape.—PHYSICS: The Knot.—DYNAMICS: The Demon in the Stone.—CHEMISTRY: The Man in the Crumb.—MATHEMATICS: The Conjuring Trick.—LOGIC: The Cipher.—ONTOLOGY: The End.—METASTROPHE: The Magic Crystal.—BIOLOGY: The Elf.—THEOLOGY: The Painted Window.—EXEGETICS: The Forbidden Fruit.—PATHOLOGY: The Pyramid.—ASTROLOGY: The Eclipse.—ETHICS: The Book of Etiquette.—THE HEIR.

"It is one of the most stimulating books we have come across for a long time. The insight and wit with which this inquiry is carried out are remarkable as a deep-going criticism of modern science and philosophy. This is so delightful a writer that we could go on quoting him with pleasure for pages."—*The Theosophical Review.*

"I utterly despair of conveying within my appointed limits any inkling of the author's fertility of thought and illustration."—William Archer in *The Morning Leader.*

Published by A. OWEN & CO., 28, Regent-street, London, S.W., a few doors south of Piccadilly Circus. *Please ask for Catalogue 7.*

MODERN EGYPT. By the EARL OF CROMER.

With Portrait and Map. Two Vols. 24s. net.

1908 ISSUE NOW READY.

The Statesman's Year-Book.

Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

African Nature Notes and Reminiscences.

By F. C. SELOUS, F.Z.S. With Illustrations by E. CALDWELL. 8vo. 10s. net.

The Eversley Tennyson.

Annotated by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON. In 9 Vols. Globe 8vo, 4s. net each. **Vol. VI.—BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.**

The Story of the Guides.

By Col. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B., Queen's Own Corps of Guides. With Illustrations, 2nd Impression. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

National and Social Problems.

By FREDERIC HARRISON. Extra crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A volume of great and varied interest. These collected papers deal with European political problems of the highest moment and with questions of Labour, Unionism, and Socialism.

The Problems and Perils of Socialism.

Letters to a Working Man.

By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY Sewed, 6d.

*** Copies for purposes of distribution may be obtained in quantities of not less than 100 from the Publishers at the rate of 25s. a hundred, carriage to be paid by the purchaser.

Autobiography of Montagu Burrows

Captain R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Edited by His Son, STEPHEN M. BURROWS. With Portraits. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

Poems of T. E. Brown.

Selected and Arranged with an Introduction and Notes by H.F.B. and H.G.D. 2s. 6d. net. [*Golden Treasury Series.*

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEW NOVEL.

MR. CREWE'S CAREER.

Extra Crown 8vo, 6s.

The TIMES.—"Abounds in clever sketches . . . which show Mr Churchill at his best. The flavour of his humour is of that stimulating kind which asserts itself just the moment, as it were, after it has passed the palate."

The DAILY NEWS.—"Into this novel Mr. Churchill has concentrated his reading of an epoch, and he has done it with sympathy, power, and fine insight. The book is worthy to stand by the side of its brilliant predecessors 'The Crisis' and 'Coniston.'"

JUNE No. READY NEXT TUESDAY.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d. Annual Subscription, 16s.

The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill.

VII. Visits to Berlin and Paris. By MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

Proofs of Life on Mars. (Conclusion.)

By PERCIVAL LOWELL.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of general interest.

MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., LONDON.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE.

JUST READY. Crown 8vo, cloth, **5s.**

ANGLICAN LIBERALISM.

By Twelve Churchmen: Rev. HUBERT HANDLEY, Prof. F. C. BURKITT, Rev. J. R. WILKINSON, Rev. C. R. SHAW STEWART, Dr. HASTINGS RASHDALL, Prof. PERCY GARDNER, Sir C. T. DYKE ACLAND, Rev. A. J. CARLYLE, Dr. H. G. WOODS, Dr. A. CALDECOTT, Dr. W. D. MORRISON, and Rev. A. L. LILLEY.

"All these writers realise the urgent need of the time; they appeal strongly and wisely for reform, and their book deserves to be read by every person who is concerned about the future of religion in England."—*Daily News.*

Dr. HARNACK'S NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES.

Volume II. just ready. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.** **THE SAYINGS OF JESUS.**

Volume I. ready. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.** **LUKE THE PHYSICIAN.**

Ready. Crown 8vo, cloth, **5s.**

THE HISTORICAL EVIDENCE FOR THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST.

By KIRSOPP LAKE, M.A. (Oxon.), Professor of N.T. Exegesis in University of Leiden.

In the Press.

FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELICION.

By R. SEEBERG, Professor of Systematic Theology in Berlin.

Sixteen Lectures delivered before the Students of all Faculties in the University of Berlin.

ALMOST READY. Order at once. 350 pages, **5s.** net; 5s. 4d. post free.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI, AND OTHER SERMONS.

By JOHN HUNTER, D.D. The best results of Dr. Hunter's recent studies will be incorporated in this volume.

WORKS BY HERBERT SPENCER.

In two volumes. Demy 8vo. Buckram, gilt tops, with a number of Illustrations, some in Photogravure, **28s.** net, 29s. post free.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A System of Synthetic Philosophy.

		s.	d.
FIRST PRINCIPLES.	Thoroughly Revised. Popular re-issue now ready	7	6
PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY.	2 Vols. (Revised & Enlarged)	36	0
PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY.	2 Vols.	36	0
PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY.	Vol. I.	21	0
Ditto	Vol. II.	18	0
Ditto	Vol. III	16	0
PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS.	Vol. I.	15	0
Ditto	Vol. II	12	6
JUSTICE (Separately)		6	0

JUST READY.

Uniform with New Edition of "First Principles." Entirely re-set. Cloth **3s.** net.

THE DATA OF ETHICS.

OTHER WORKS.

		s.	d.
THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY		10	6
EDUCATION (Cheap Edition)		2	6
ESSAYS. 3 Vols.	30s. (or each Vol. 10s.)		
FACTS AND COMMENTS		6	0
VARIOUS FRAGMENTS. Enlarged Edition		6	0
SOCIAL STATICS and MAN *v.* STATE		10	0
MAN *v.* STATE (Separately)		1	0
AGAINST THE METRIC SYSTEM. Third Edition, with Additions		0	3

DESCRIPTIVE SOCIOLOGY.

Compiled and Abstracted by Dr. DUNCAN, Dr. SCHEPPIG, and Mr. COLLIER. Folio, boards.

1. English. 18s.
2. Ancient American Races. 16s.
3. Lowest Races, Negritos, Polynesians. 18s.
4. African Races. 16s.
5. Asiatic Races. 18s.
6. American Races. 18s.
7. Hebrews and Phœnicians. 21s.
8. French. 30s.

A Complete List of Works, with Contents, post free upon application.

Digest of **Mr. HERBERT SPENCER'S** Works. Fifth and Enlarged Edition. The Philosophy completed, now ready. 8vo, cloth, price **21s.**

EPITOME OF THE SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER.

By F. HOWARD COLLINS. With a Preface by HERBERT SPENCER.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Mr. Church seems to have been for many years an active preacher. For a time he was curate to Frederick Denison Maurice at St. Peter's, Vere Street. We fail to find any clear vision of that interesting man, but it is some token of merit in Mr. Church that he can make a joke at his own expense:—

> "Have you been to St. Peter's lately?" his cousin asked of a friend who admired Maurice.
>
> "No," was the reply; "the last time I heard the curate, and that was very discouraging."

The fate of the forty thousand writers of books who have had to wait upon the verdicts of Mr. Church happened in this wise. Mr. Church met Mr. Hutton, the great editor of "The Spectator." Mr. Hutton, caught by the name, assumed that he was meeting Richard William Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, the brilliant biographer of St. Anselm who declined the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The subject of this volume was actually no relation to Dean Church, and did not, of course, approach him in literary knowledge, in general learning, in grace of style. But Mr. Hutton took him to his bosom, and the appraisements of contemporary authors went on apace Mr. Church devotes a chapter to the art of reviewing. We cannot honestly describe his survey as witty or wise. He is not even accurate, for Louisa Alcott did not write "Four Little Women," nor was her name "Louise"; Lewis Carroll's name was not "Henry"; and E. A. Freeman's "Life and Letters" by Dean Stephens is certainly not "one of the most admirable biographies extant." Mr. Church writes of reviewing novels by the process of "skipping." That method is surely inexcusable in a critic. What Sir Walter Scott called "the laudable practice of skipping" is less permissible to the reviewer than to the reader. The reviewer should read thoroughly. If he bring a well-furnished mind and a sympathetic spirit, his work will be the better done. Even a novelist has a right to demand this degree of care. Of course, nine-tenths of the novels of the day are not worth reading or reviewing, but these should not be reviewed.

We do not feel any happier in estimating the personal aspect of the book. Mr. Church met many interesting men. We have noted his connection with F. D. Maurice. He went on a fishing tour with Mark Pattison; he knew Calverley and Jowett. Yet we have no illumination with regard to any one of these men. Contrast, for example, Lionel Tollemache's "Reminiscences of Mark Pattison" with these trivial notes. Mr. Church has his association with scholarship, but for the reviewer of thousands of books his equipment of insight and of inspiration seems to have been slight.

A NOVEL OF PROPAGANDA.*

"Mr. Crewe's Career," though somewhat elementary as a work of art, will no doubt have a marked effect as a piece of social propaganda for purer politics in America. The subject is the struggle of the people of a State against the political tyranny of the railroads. In the words of the hero, Austin Vane, "the North-Eastern Railroads have seized the Government of this State for three reasons: to throttle competition, to control the railroad commission, and so increase dividends, and to make laws which enable them to bribe, to pay less taxes, and to manipulate political machinery. It is a natural evolution: the railroads, before being consolidated, had to square the political "bosses"; and when they gained the seat of power they naturally "substituted their own political army to avoid being blackmailed." Being the most powerful corporation, with an enormous revenue, the railroads soon manufactured a political machine which destroyed the people's government. Such is the indictment brought in "Mr. Crewe's Career" against the tyranny of the great corporations, which, by the author's simile, are a feudal system, mobilising a well-trained army of vassal office-holders, and sending round word to the holders of fiefs whenever the people threaten to rise in rebellion. It is a picturesque subject, and Mr. Winston Churchill has treated it broadly and attractively, so that the English reader readily grasps the plan of battle and the disposition of forces without getting doubtful or confused.

"The preacher of righteousness," says an American writer, with unconscious irony, "is a not unfamiliar or negligible figure in America's political activity. He thrills a people whose deepest instinct is an ineradicable sense of moral values." We are relieved to hear it, and now that the Railroads seem to be losing their grip on the Legislatures, it is natural to find that in certain States "the politicians are beginning to believe that they must sympathise with every act of hostility to the Railroads *as a condition of success.*" But the particular State in which Mr. Winston Churchill has pitched the conflict in his novel is not a Western State, such as Minnesota, the Governor of which, we hear, has lately ratified a revolutionary freight rates and passenger rates Act. It is, we gather, one of those eastern States in which the populist movement has scarcely got under weigh.

The naïveté of the author's artistic method is shown in the idyllic contrast he draws between the two men who control the fortunes of the North-Eastern Railroad, Mr. Flint, the President, and his legal adviser, the Hon. Hilary Vane, and their pure and upright children, Victoria Flint and Austen Vane, who, of course, fall in love and run counter to their parents' crooked policy. We do not believe in the candid innocence of the fascinating Victoria. She is a stock tradition of the Anglo-Saxon theatre, this pure and trusting heroine who, lapped in luxury, never dreams of questioning her hard father's methods and business code of ethics, till the moment comes when, enlightened by her lover, she is "satisfied with nothing less than the truth," and her "life-long faith" in him is broken thereby. We fear that in real life Victoria would have been quite prepared to speculate for the fall in North-Eastern securities. Nor can we accept the high-souled Austen Vane as a figure representative in any sense. He has the moral tone of an Emerson, the brains of a Lincoln, and the purity of a Sir Galahad. He is is obviously constructed to flatter the idealism always strong in the great community of hard-headed business citizens of the United States. His career is improbable: after a wild youth, he has gone West and shot his man, and then returned to the home of his fathers, where by turns he patronises, and is filled with a dumb sorrow and compassion for the erring ways of the Hon. Hilary. He takes up and wins a suit for a suffering farmer against the tyrannical North-Eastern Railroads, but he is too magnanimous in his filial affection to accept a nomination for the Governorship of the State, when all the honest citizens come thronging round, entreating him to be the "people's man."

It is a very touching conception, but we may say candidly that we distrust the *bona fides* of these idealised figures. There is an unpleasant flavour of moral bunkum, moreover, in some of the situations, as in the scene where the Hon. Hilary, bowed and broken by his uneasy sense of a life mis-spent, defies his old friend the President of the North-Eastern Railroads, and says, "I'm glad to have found out what my life has been worth before I die." The radiant and unselfish Victoria, who, by the by, is wearing "a simple but exquisite gown, the creation of which aroused the artist in a celebrated Parisian dressmaker," with an "illuminating smile" pierces "the hard layers of the Hon. Hilary's outer shell, and hears the imprisoned spirit crying with a small, persistent voice—a spirit stifled for many years and starved." Then the Hon. Hilary has a stroke. It is a little simple, this "triumph of the right," as is also the ethical flavouring of the love-making between the spotless Austen and his bride, who has a "fierce faith that it was his destiny to make the world better and hers to help him."

When, however, we leave the sentimental trimmings on one side, and get to the real "business politics," we may congratulate Mr. Winston Churchill on having got his knife well into the Corporations. The picture of the wire-pulling "Chiefs," the Hon. Brush Bascom and the Hon. Jacob Botcher, and the bribed Speaker, General Doby, and the bribed Governor, the Hon. Asa P. Gray, whose suite of rooms in the State House communicates through sliding doors with the Railroad Room, the famous Number Seven, where all the prominent politicians, who have the Legislature in their pockets, foregather, is admirable. American politics may change on the surface, but the atmosphere in which the Botchers and Bascans have their being is seem

* "Mr. Crewe's Career." By Winston Churchill. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

Electoral Reform.

The only handbook on the question covering the whole ground is ELECTORAL REFORM.

By JOSEPH KING.

2s. 6d. net.

The Yorkshire Post (Conservative) says:—"It examines the whole question fairly without party bias."

The Liberal Magazine says it is "an excellent book, thorough in execution."

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

Gospels of Anarchy

AND OTHER CONTEMPORARY STUDIES.

By VERNON LEE.

Price 10s. 6d. net.

Deterioration of Soul. Tolstoy as a Prophet, Nietzsche and the 'Will to Power.' Professor James and the 'Will to Believe.' The Economic Parasitism of Women. On Modern Utopias; an open letter to Mr. H. G. Wells, etc., etc.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and of the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, 14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S LIST.

NOW READY.—With a Coloured Frontispiece, 40 pages of Half-tone Illustrations, and 4 Sketch Maps, small royal 8vo, **12s. net.**

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

An Account of a Voyage to the West Indies.

By Sir FREDERICK TREVES, Bart.

The *STANDARD* says:—"The best book that has been written about the West Indies since Kingsley and Froude laid down their brilliant pens."

THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS

VOLUME II. By J. B. ATLAY, Author of "Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bart.: a Memoir," &c. With Portrait Illustrations, demy 8vo, **14s. net.** [*May 29th.*

*** This Volume completes the Work.

ONE CITY AND MANY MEN.

By Sir ALGERNON WEST, G.C.B., Author of "Recollections, 1832-1886," &c. With a Frontispiece, **6s. net.** [*May 29th.*

ANIMAL LIFE. By F. W. GAMBLE, D.Sc., F.R.S.

Lecturer in Zoology Victoria University, Manchester; Editor of "Marshall and Hurst's Junior Course of Practical Zoology." With a Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Line and Half-Tone Illustrations, crown 8vo, **6s. net.** [*May 26th.*

ESSAYS ON SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORKS.

Edited from the MSS. and Notes of a Deceased Relative by Sir SPENSER ST. JOHN, G.C.M.G., of H.M.'s Diplomatic Service (retired) **9s. net.** [*May 26th.*

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LIBRARY EDITION. By SIDNEY LEE, Profusely Illustrated with Photogravures, Facsimiles, Topographical Views, &c. NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. Medium 8vo, **10s. 6d. net.** [*May 26th.*

MEMORIES OF MEN AND BOOKS.

By Rev. Professor ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A. With a Portrait, **8s. 6d. net.**

GUARDIAN.—". . . When we put Professor Church's book down, it is with a sense of parting from a friend whom it is well to have known."

NEW SIX SHILLING NOVELS.

THE GREY KNIGHT:

An Autumn Love Story.

By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

SECOND EDITION IN THE PRESS.

MORNING POST.—"A characteristic book of its author's; a graceful comedy of sentiment, with clearly-realised actors, a humour that tells, and a pathos that moves; in fact, another 'Peter's Mother.'"

THE ALIEN SISTERS.

By MRS. PERCY DEARMER.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

YORKSHIRE POST.—"A book of moving and dramatic interest, unfolded with a freshness and power and altruism which hold the reader's attention to its end."

CROSSRIGGS. By MARY and JANE FINDLATER.

SECOND IMPRESSION IN THE PRESS.

TRUTH.—"'Crossriggs' fascinates you with the perfect delightfulness of its scenes, characters and descriptions."

THE FLEMINGS. By JESSIE and CHARLES FIELDING MARSH.

TIMES.—"Its agreeable style, its pleasant setting, its unsophisticated domesticities and amiability of its characters mingle in a quiet flow which will make hours spent over it well repaid."

THE FOREFRONT OF THE BATTLE

By ANDREW LORING.

Author of "The Rhymer's Lexicon," &c.

CHATEAU ROYAL. By J. H. YOXALL, M.P.,

Author of "Alain Tanger's Wife," "Beyond the Wall," &c. [*May 26th.*

THE FOREWARNERS. BY GIOVANNI OENA.

Translated from the Italian by OLIVIA AGRESTI ROSSETTI. With an Introduction by **Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.** [*May 29th.*

THE HONOUR OF "X." By GRAHAM HOPE,

Author of "A Cardinal and his Conscience," "Amalia," &c. [*May 29th.*

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

ingly the same as in the 'Sixties, when Dickens roused the resentment of a continent with his "American Notes." The nominal hero of the tale, the millionaire, Mr. Crewe, whose ambition is to make his mark in the State Legislature, and who in pursuance of this ambition leads the rising rebellion against the North-Eastern Railroads, is a mere *deus ex machina*, evolved by the author for the purpose of exposing the innumerable corrupt little games of the enemy. Perhaps the best figure in the story is Mr. Hamilton Tooting, the young man who is retained by the Corporation to write the "noble parts" of the Governor's inaugural addresses, but is so badly recompensed that he carries his services, and many copies of confidential reports, over to the other side. The meanness and trickery of the political atmosphere would depress the reader's spirits if it were not for a strong sense of humour infused between the lines of the exposure of this "monumental farce" of "The People's Government, made for the People, and answerable to the People." The social propaganda for "purer politics" is sound enough, but our only doubt, after reading the novel, is where the reformers are to come from. And as it is as well to hear both sides of the case, we will quote the defence for the Corporation put into the mouth of the hard-headed president, Mr. Flint:—

> "'I don't say the service is what it should be,' he went on, 'but give me time—give me time. With all this prosperity in the country we can't handle the freight. We haven't got cars enough, tracks enough, engines enough. I won't go into that with you. But I do expect you to understand this: that politicians are politicians; they have always been corrupt as long as I have known them, and in my opinion they always will be. The North-Eastern is the largest property holder in the State, pays the biggest tax, and has the most at stake. The politicians could ruin us in a single session of the Legislature—and what's more, they *would* do it. We'd have to be paying blackmail all the time, to prevent measures that would compel us to go out of business. This is a fact, and not a theory. What little influence I exert politically I have to maintain in order to protect the property of my stockholders from annihilation. It isn't to be supposed,' he concluded, 'that I'm going to see the State turned over to a man like Humphrey Crewe. I wish to Heaven that this and every other State had a George Washington for governor, and a majority of Robert Morrises in the Legislature. If they exist, in these days, the people won't elect 'em—that's all. The kind of man the people will elect, if you let 'em alone, is a man who brings in a bill, and comes to you privately and wants you to buy him off.'
>
> "'Oh, father,' Victoria cried, 'I can't believe that of the people I see about here! They seem so kind, and honest, and high-principled.'
>
> "Mr. Flint gave a short laugh.
>
> "'They're dupes, I tell you. They're at the mercy of any political schemer who thinks it worth his while to fool 'em. Take Leith, for instance. There's a man over there who has controlled every office in that town for twenty-five years or more. He buys and sells votes and credentials like cattle. His name is Job Braden.'
>
> "'Why,' said Victoria, 'I saw him at Humphrey Crewe's garden-party.'
>
> "'I guess you did,' said Mr. Flint, 'and I guess Humphrey Crewe saw him before he went.'"

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

In "The Search for the Western Sea," published by Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd., at 16s., Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee has made a bulky anthology of North-Western exploration. His book may be divided into two parts, for the seekers of the Western Sea were of two schools, impelled by different motives. The early explorers were seekers after a North-West passage to China and the East Indies; they sought by sea, and sailed from Europe prepared for the East Indian trade. Those who came later sought by land from the stations of the two great rival fur companies, in whose interests they generally travelled. The sailors, besides being, as a rule, more ancient than the land travellers, are the more entertaining of the two kinds. The accounts of their voyages are full of a dreamy, pleasant leisure; the very style of them tells us that they are comfortably over long ago. Written so prettily, even the tragedy of Hudson sounds charming. In the land-travellers we miss this leisurely and peaceful manner. The deeds they did are restlessly told; they cannot pause, as the Elizabethan paused, to say what the carpenter said when the tragedy of Hudson was in hand. We do not get from them (or, at any rate, Mr. Burpee does not extract from them) the significant, intimate personal details which give interest to so many humble early travellers, who passed the world footsore and with their eyes open, and left evidence of it. We do not come very near to these later travellers. These captains courageous, whom death could not daunt, are without much charm. They are not so interesting as Lewis and Clark, probably because they travelled quicker. Henry, who lingered, like a wise man, among the extraordinary Mandan Indians, with whom the delightful Catlin lived long afterwards, is about the best of them. MacKenzie, who looks a little like Blake, is also interesting; he is a modest man, who takes an affliction in the Elizabethan style. Fraser, who did more than any of them, is treated of less modestly. His adventures as told here "do something smack; they have a kind of taste." Yet more moving than the account of his adventures is the fact that he failed. Like all failures, he belongs to the world of the heroes. The book is beautifully illustrated with maps and photographs, and there are several good reproductions from old, rare prints.

* * *

There is plenty of evidence in Mr. F. A. McKenzie's "The Tragedy of Korea" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) that Japan's recent military successes have not been an unmixed gain. She now feels bound to maintain the military supremacy with which Western nations credit her, and as a consequence "she is struggling and staggering under a load that even yet may be too much for her. . . . Dear labor and high taxation threaten Japan more nearly and more seriously than any armada from foreign lands." One result of this economic pressure is the exploitation of Korea in a manner that Mr. McKenzie describes in the darkest colours. The old Court party, with its system of intrigue and equivocation, has done much to irritate Japanese feeling, but Mr. McKenzie's account of the brutalities of the Japanese soldiery and officials, of the burning of villages and the wholesale murders committed in the work of "pacifying" Korea, is a full explanation of the change of feeling towards Japan which European residents in Korea have expressed. Mr. McKenzie's book puts the Korean case with great force and his strictures on Japan are severe, but he has been an eyewitness of what he writes about, and, considering the evidence he brings forward, he cannot be charged with overstating his case. The main fact that emerges from a perusal of the volume is that Japan, despite the admirable way in which she conducted the war with Russia, is quite unfitted to deal with a weaker Power in a lower stage of civilisation, and that she has completely failed when confronted by the Korean problem. The book is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the present state of affairs in the Far East.

* * *

Colonel Hugh Pearse, who has already written several volumes on Anglo-Indian subjects, is the author of a "Memoir of the Life and Military Services of Viscount Lake, 1744-1808" (Blackwood, 15s. net). Lake has already been written upon by soldiers who recognised his straightforward character and his skill and bravery in the field. Colonel Pearse points out that the oblivion into which Lake's career has fallen is due in part to the fact that at the time of his death the slow transmission of news made it difficult for those at home to keep in touch with the achievements of their countrymen in India. This, together with the greater fame of Wellington, who dwarfed all his contemporaries, is the cause of the neglect. It is certainly undeserved, for Lake rendered great services to his country. He first showed his soldier-like qualities in the battle of Wihelmsthal, when, by waving the colours which he carried, he stayed a panic, and rallied his men around him. Later, he served in the Duke of York's expedition to Flanders, the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and in India under Lord Wellesley in 1801 He showed the same reckless bravery and skill in generalship in the Maratha War of 1803-6, when he captured the cities of Aligarh, Agra, and Delhi, and later pursued Holkar and compelled him to come to terms. Colonel Pearse's account of these campaigns is full of interest, and his criticisms and explanations of Lake's strategy and tactics make the book a useful one for students of military history.

* * *

We fear that to most English readers the long series of wars between chieftains and kings that make up most early Irish history are of little more interest than conflicts between kites and crows. The store of legend and romance enshrined in Irish traditions has, however, engaged many

FROM

THE DE LA MORE PRESS LIST.

ESSAYS ON MEREJKOWSKI.
Translated from the Russian by G. A. MOUNSEY.
F'cap. 8vo, boards, 1s. 6d. net each.
NEW VOLUME: **THE LIFE-WORK OF CALDERON.**
Previous Issues in the Series:
The Life-Work of Hendrik Ibsen.
The Life-Work of Pliny the Younger.
The Life-Work of Montaigne.

NIGHTS AT THE OPERA.
A series of Handbooks for the Music Lover, the object of which is to reproduce in an attractive form an Analysis of the Music, together with a running Commentary on the Dramatic Element in the Opera to which it is devoted. 1s. net. each.
By WAKELING DRY.
1. LOHENGRIN.
2. TANNHAEUSER.
3. TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.
4. MEISTERSINGER.
5. RHEINGOLD and WALKURE } RING DES
6. SIEGFRIED and GOETTER-DAEMMERUNG. } NIBELUNGEN
12. THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.
By FRANCIS BURGESS, F.S.A.Scot.
7. BIZET'S CARMEN.
8. GOUNOD'S FAUST.
9. MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI.
10. VERDI'S IL TROVATORE.
11. VERDI'S RIGOLETTO.

NATIONAL WIT AND HUMOUR SERIES.
32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d. each net. NEW VOLUME.
WIT AND HUMOUR OF THE PHYSICIAN.
A Classified Collection from Various Sources.
Previous Issues in the Series.
1 and 2. American Wit and Humour.
3. French Wit and Humour.
4. German Wit and Humour.

HYPNOTISM: ITS HISTORY, PRACTICE, AND THEORY. By J. MILNE BRAMWELL, M.B., C.M. Demy 8vo, cloth. New Edition, 18s. net.
A MANUAL OF COSTUME, AS ILLUSTRATED BY MONUMENTAL BRASSES. By HERBERT DRUITT. Profusely Illustrated. Demy 8vo, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

A Complete Catalogue will be forwarded on application.
ALEXANDER MORING, Ltd.,
32, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF "PUBLIC OPINION."

Here is an Australian estimate of PUBLIC OPINION, from the *Sydney Stock and Station Journal*, published in Sydney, N.S. Wales:—

"This week there came to hand the very sort of paper that a busy man wants, and that is PUBLIC OPINION. I remember having seen it years ago in England, but somehow amid the multitude of things I saw at home, it failed to grasp my imagination. But it's an all right paper. You would think it was the idea on which Stead modelled his *Review of Reviews*.

"It is simply what it professes to be, public opinion. It gives you the opinions of leading men and leading papers in regard to the current events of the day. No man out here has either the time or the inclination to read all that is going on in the great British world, and this paper boils it all down, and gives it as purely as possible. What I like about it is the fact that the editor does not appear to have an axe to grind or fad to illuminate. That is what we need. We all have fads of our own here, because I think we are more intelligent than the stay-at-home people. If we're not, we probably think we are, so it's all the same. '*Cogito ergo sum.*'"

PUBLIC OPINION A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.

Every Friday Twopence

EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION, 30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

SPECIMENS FREE ON APPLICATION.

A LIBRARY OF PEACE AND WAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

F. W. HIRST.

1/- NET.

THE

NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,

14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(*One Penny Weekly.*)

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS.
Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C.,
and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

scholars of eminence such as Keating, Whitley Stokes, Todd, Bury, Zimmer, and Windisch, while Mr. W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory have done much to introduce English as well as Irish readers to Celtic legend and poetry. The latest worker in the field of early Irish history is Mr. Arthur Ua Clerigh (better known, perhaps, as Mr. O'Clery) whose "History of Ireland to the Coming of Henry II." has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin (10s. 6d. net). It is an historical work of great value. Mr. O'Clery has a thorough knowledge of the abundant materials that are a cause of satisfaction and despair to the student of early Irish history. Unfortunately, he does not make clear to the reader the critical principles on which he has gone in weighing evidence. Episodes are occasionally rejected as unhistorical and others admitted without any solid reason being given. Another fault from the English reader's point of view is that Celtic spellings are used for proper names throughout. Thus it is difficult to recognise Rury in Ruidhraigh, or Malachy of "collar of gold" fame in Maeloeachlaim. Mr. O'Clery is to be congratulated on a clear, scholarly, and impartial contribution to an intricate and highly controversial subject.

* * *

A USEFUL introduction to the study of Leonardo da Vinci is the brief volume on that famous artist and all-round genius which Mr. H. H. Cust contributes to the "Miniature Series of Painters" (George Bell. 1s. net). Mr. Cust contents himself with a succinct "life," and dwells mainly on the never completed, and long since vanished, equestrian statue of Francesca Sforza, and on the two versions of "The Virgin of the Rocks." The better authenticated of the latter is, of course, in the Louvre, and the other in the National Gallery. He also gives a general indication of Leonardo's many-sided activity; while the value of the work is augmented by indices which, if necessarily curtailed, should be of great value to the student who is beginning. This gracefully written essay is gracefully dedicated to Mr. Edward McCurdy, whose researches in the field of Leonardo literature have recently done so much to increase our knowledge of a wonderful personality.

The Week in the City.

DURING the past week there has been a remarkable development on the Stock Exchange. What might almost be called a boom had been taking place in Wall Street, London, and Paris. American stocks had been lifted in many instances to about the point at which they stood when the panic occurred. On Monday and Tuesday the movement culminated, or seemed to culminate for a time, and profit-taking began. The curious thing is that, during the whole of the long and irregular rise which had been going on since February, railway traffics in the States had been getting worse and worse. Far more cars are laid up now than at any time in the railway history of America. A friend who has just returned tells me that he saw three or four miles of empty and disused trucks at a single railway centre. This is a sufficient indication of the downward tendency of manufactures and trade. During the last week or two I hear of some slight revival, especially in the textile industries. A number of woollen mills in Connecticut which had been closed are restarting. But, generally speaking, the depression is at its lowest ebb since the crisis, and no one pretends to expect much betterment until the crops begin to move. Both in the United States and Canada, however, there has been a sharp outburst of speculation, and those who have returned speak with wonder of the contrast between the abounding optimism of the financiers, and the low condition of all kinds of genuine business. All the available money and credit is being used by the incurable speculators of North America to forestall what they believe will be the effects of the bumper harvest which they confidently predict. At present, certainly, everything points to fine crops; but suppose Nature were to change her mind? Suppose, after all, the crops failed? There would be a terrible downfall, and prices would tumble disastrously. The situation therefore is very perplexing, and the genuine investor, who could hardly go wrong a couple of months ago, may well pause now and look on for a while. Other markets have moved up in sympathy, and, of course, there are still two elements that make for a rise; first, the continued and increasing cheapness of money; secondly, the continued and possibly increasing depression in trade.

THE TRADE DEPRESSION.

As to this last, the statistics of pauperism and unemployment show that Great Britain has followed the United States and Germany, though fortunately our working classes still have great advantages in respect both of employment and of the cheapness of the necessaries of life. The new tariff is bearing harder and harder upon the German workman, and in the last few weeks his favourite meat—pork—has again risen in price. The German financiers are still cudgelling their brains for new taxes, the balance of opinion among the more enlightened being that higher duties should be imposed upon tobacco and spirits. From South-Eastern Europe the harvest reports are not encouraging. The economic situation is still very bad in Russia, and even worse in Turkey. It is surprising that the Turkish investor does not take alarm and give some backing to the British Foreign Office, whose Macedonian policy would lift a heavy financial load from the back of the Turkish Empire. The report of our Consul at Adrianople makes melancholy reading, and should be put side by side with the Macedonian Blue-books. Another notable report issued during the last week is that on Poland, which draws a truly extraordinary picture of commercial and industrial conditions in Warsaw, Lodz, and the other great towns of Russian Poland.

LUCELLUM.

SUMMER CRUISES.

By P. & O. Cruising Yacht VECTIS 6000 Tons. 6000 H.P.

(Passenger List limited to seating accommodation of the Dining Saloon.)

WHITSUNTIDE.

Cruise No. 6. 4 June, 15 days. From 14 Guineas.

London to Portugal, Morocco & Spain.

Fourteen-Day Cruises to Norway.

No. 7. 23 June to 7 July
No. 9. 12 Aug. to 26 Aug.
No. 10. 29 Aug. to 12 Sept.
} Fares from 12 Guineas.

To Spitzbergen, North Cape and the Fjords.

Cruise No. 8. 10 July to 7 August.
Fares from 30 Guineas.

Proposed Cruises
by the P. & O. Company's New Twin Screw
Express Steamer SALSETTE 6000 Tons. 10000 H.P.

Cruise A. 8 August to 31 August.
The Northern Capitals, Finland & Russia.

Cruise B. 9 September to 9 October.
Algiers, Corfu, the Adriatic & Sicily.

PROGRAMME, ILLUSTRATED, ON APPLICATION.

P. & O. Offices Northumberland Avenue or 122 Leadenhall Street London

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's
Navy Cut
Tobacco and
Cigarettes

Sold only in the original Packets and Tins, and may be obtained from all Stores and Tobacconists of repute

0487.

TANGYE
OIL ENGINE
AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.
NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING.
TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE
RED WHITE & BLUE
Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

MAPLE & CO
ARE SPECIALISTS
FOR COMFORTABLE
CLUB & LOUNGE
CHAIRS & SETTEES
Inspection invited, or Illustrated
Catalogue of Chairs sent free
LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD
LONDON PARIS BUENOS AIRES

BIRKBECK BANK
ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

Liver troubles
are speedily and effectually cured by LIVERETS. The great disadvantage of most liver medicines is that they have a distinctly debilitating effect on the health.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) Liverets
STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE

Are especially compounded to overcome this evil. Prepared, as prescribed by an eminent physician, from purely vegetable ingredients, they thoroughly cleanse the liver of all impurities and leave it perfectly healthy. And the valuable tonic properties they possess, stimulate the liver while they relieve it, and, finally, make it sound and strong enough to enable it to perform its functions in a healthy, natural way. Of all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free, 1/1½, from

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. Beware of spurious imitations.

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD
(Viâ NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. / OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. / TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the
GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,
London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE (TRAINING DEPARTMENT).

A LECTURER (Woman) in ENGLISH, will shortly be required in the above Department.

She must have devoted special attention to VOICE PRODUCTION and READING, and may have to give a great part of her time to these.

Initial salary, £150 to £200, according to experience and attainments.

Applications must be received not later than Tuesday, June 2nd.

Full particulars may be obtained from the Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK.

(Under the Management of the Society of Friends.)

Twenty-six boys passed University Entrance Examinations in 1906 and 1907.

A new feature for post-Matriculation students is a CITIZENSHIP COURSE, including Economics and Modern History with special reference to existing political institutions and social problems.

The School continues to hold a strong position in Leisure-Hour work:—Natural History, Archaeology, Carpentry, etc.

For copies of prospectus and full particulars with regard to scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

Head Master: Arthur Rowntree, Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN JULY.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

Scholarship Examination, June 2nd, 3rd & 4th.

One of **£87**, five or more of **£50**, five or more of **£30** (£21 for Day Scholars) per annum. Faber Exhibition of £12 awarded to boy who does best in examination. Council nominations, value **£12** per annum, may be awarded to boys who do well, but fail to obtain a scholarship. For particulars, apply to the Head Master or Secretary.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

EDUCATIONAL.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL.

Examination for Scholarships (£60-£20) begins on June 10th at Giggleswick, in London, or under conditions, at Preparatory Schools. Apply Head Master, Giggleswick School, Settle, Yorks.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

An Examination will be held on June 24th, 25th, and 26th to fill up not less than 5 residential and 3 non-residential Scholarships and also some Exhibitions. For particulars apply by letter to the Bursar, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

MILL HILL SCHOOL,

LONDON, N.W.

The Next Examination for Entrance Scholarships (value 15 guineas to 60 guineas) will be held on Thursday, July 2nd, and two following days. For further particulars apply to the Bursar.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION, July 1st and 2nd.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON **BIBLE** WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from **6d. to £10.**

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

Rare and curious Books for the collector. First Editions. Court Memoirs Medical, Occult, &c. Out of Print Books and everything that's a book supplied. No matter when published. State wants. 100,000 books on sale. Catalogues free.

HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED. First editions of all kinds. Sporting, Naval, Military Coloured Plates by Alken, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others. Special list of 3,000 wanted. LIBRARIES PURCHASED.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description, high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words, prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Meat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, *Near the British Museum.*
Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

THACKERAY HOTEL,
Opposite the British Museum.
Great Russell Street, London.

These well-appointed and commodious **Temperance Hotels** will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (*including attendance*) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, From **8/6** to **10/6** per day.

Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.

Telegraphic Addresses—
Kingsley Hotel, "Bookcraft, London." Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), **DORSET.**

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS HOTEL. Tel.: 0199. Mrs. F. Sara.

BARON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Magnificent Moor Views.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.

DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.

GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGANDINE.

BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.

WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager.

JOHN LANE'S LATEST PUBLICATIONS

BIOGRAPHY—CRITICISM.

I.

THE SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM RESTATED. By GEORGE GREENWOOD, M.P. Demy 8vo, price 21s. net.

*** Scholars admit that a large portion of the dramas contained in the First Folio of 1623 did not emanate from the pen of Shakespeare. Was the author of these plays really William Shakespeare? In the present work the author restates the arguments for the negative case, viz., that the Stratford player was not the real Shakespeare. No attempt is made to uphold the Baconian, or any other theory of authorship, or to arrive at any positive solution of "The Shakespeare Problem." [*Immediately.*

II.

FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TO-DAY. By WINIFRED STEPHENS. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Daily Chronicle:—"A felicitous and graceful little volume presenting very adequately the eight French novelists of to-day who are read, criticised, and sold . . . . should be read alone with a volume of essays on French writers, by MR. EDMUND GOSSE."

III.

THE PEACOCK'S PLEASAUNCE. By E. V. B., Author of "Seven Gardens and a Palace." Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Times:—"The writer has much to say about gardens, and scarcely ever does she lose her hold on our interest; she is lavish of all sorts of mysterious and pretty facts and hearsays about plants; the book might well be called a drama of the garden."

IV.

THE KING'S GENERAL IN THE WEST: A Life of "Skellum" Grenville (1600–1659). By ROGER GRANVILLE, Sub-Dean of Exeter. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Morning Post;—"The book was well worth writing."

V.

THE DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XVI: Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte of France, Duchesse d'Angoulême By G. LENOTRE. Demy 8vo, with 13 full page Illustrations, 10s. 6d. net. [*Immediately.*

VI.

THE LIFE OF SIR HALLIDAY MACARTNEY, K.C.M.G., Commander of Li Hung Chang's trained force in the Taeping Rebellion, founder of the first Chinese Arsenal, Secretary and Councillor to the Chinese Legation in London for thirty years. By DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER, Author of "Life of Gordon," "History of China," &c., with a Foreword by Sir James Crichton-Browne, and Numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 21s. net.

VII.

THE CREED OF BUDDHA. By the Author of "The Creed of Christ." Crown 8vo, 5s. net

The Author of "The Creed of Christ" here makes an attempt to ascertain the inner faith of the Founder of Buddhism, and reaches conclusions diametrically opposed to the views about "Buddha" which have long been current in the West. He believes that Buddhism, as taught by its founder, was identical, in the last resort, with the teaching of Christ, and that the source of both these creeds was the Spiritual Idealism of Ancient India.

VIII.

PLEASURE AND PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA. By CECIL HARMSWORTH, M.P. Crown 8vo, 5s. net. With 24 Illustrations.

*** It contains a singularly well-informed and illuminating dissertation on the Indian Invasion. Undoubtedly the emigration of Asiatics into the temperate zones of the Empire constitutes the most urgent Imperial problem of our time. The period of time covered by this narrative is from the middle of September, 1907, to the end of the first week in this year. The writer considers this book will not have been written in vain if it serves to emphasize in any degree the never-failing attractions from the tourist's point of view of an exceedingly interesting group of British dependencies. [*Tuesday.*

NOVELS.

THE DOOR OF DARKNESS	By MAUDE ANNESLEY
A MAN OF GENIUS	By M. P. WILLCOCKS
THE BISHOP'S SCAPEGOAT	By T. B. CLEGG
THE CHILD OF CHANCE	By MAXIME FORMONT
ABSOLUTION	By CLARA VIEBIG
ASHES	By GRAZIA DELEDDA
THE MASTER KNOT	By ALICE BIRKHEAD
THE WINE OF LIFE	By MAUD ANNESLEY
THE ISLE OF MAIDS	By M. T. HAINSSELIN
LOVE AND THE IRONMONGER	By F. J. RANDALL
THE CHICHESTER INTRIGUE	By THOMAS COBB
THE FINANCES OF SIR JOHN KYNNERSLEY	By A. C. FOX-DAVIES
THE GATES THAT SHALL NOT PREVAIL	By H. M. FARRINGTON

Crown Octavo Six Shillings Each

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LONDON, AND NEW YORK.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 9.] SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

The Diary of the Week ... 293

Politics and Affairs:—
A New Triple Alliance? ... 296
The Mood of Empire ... 297
The Wealth of England ... 298
The Problem of the West ... 299
Portuguese Slavery 301

Life and Letters:—
Life and the Poet 303
The Churches and the Social Soul 304
The Tyranny of London ... 305

Short Story:—
Maelshaughlinn at the Fair. By Padraic Colum 306

Open Questions:—
Free Trade Betrayed. By Ernest Villiers, M.P. ... 307

Present Day Problems:—
The Reform of Liberal Organisation. By John Griffiths 308

The Drama:—
A Revival of Poetic Tragedy. By H.W.M. 309

Communications:—
The Sum of British Wealth. By a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society 312

Letters to the Editor:—
The Justice of the Licensing Bill. By Sir Thomas P. Whittaker, M.P., Country Brewer and J. A. Swanwick 312

PAGE

"Remitted to the Churches." By Austin Taylor, M.P. ... 313
"Simple Bible Teaching." By the Rev. Th. Hill 313
'The Riddle of the Bacchae.' By Professor A. W. Verrall 313
Experiments on Animals. By Dr. Greville MacDonald ... 314
What does "Votes for Women" mean? By Nancy Lightman 315
The Russian Visit. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham ... 315
The Tolstoy Celebration. An Appeal. By Edmund Gosse and Dr. C. Hagberg Wright 315
The Referendum. By A. J. Marriott 315

Poetry:—
At Nightfall. By R. C. K. Ensor 315

The World of Books ... 316

Books to be Read 316

Reviews:—
James Thomson 317
Opera and the English ... 318
A Monument 318

Books in Brief:—
History of the German People 322
Colonel Saunderson, M.P. ... 322
The Dawn of the Constitution 322
A Novel Reader's Guide ... 324

The Week in the City ... 324

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The State visit of M. Fallières, President of the French Republic, to London, has been favored with brilliant weather, and the result has been a striking combination of gorgeous ceremony and popular demonstration. The crowds have been enormous, even London sight-seers, always a little apathetic, were very cordial, and the King's tact and suavity have given singular *élan* to the reception. The most significant of the speeches have been those delivered at the banquet at Buckingham Palace, the King expressing the hope that "this *entente* will also be a permanent *entente*," and the President responding with the suggestion that the future would render the combination closer (*reserrer*). Both speeches contained phrases emphasising the peaceful side of the understanding. To these declarations a point which is far beyond their legitimate meaning, has been given by a most unfortunate article in the "Temps," now rather more closely associated with the Quai d'Orsay, and less Liberal in tone than in the days when M. de Pressensé directed its foreign policy. The "Temps," in its Tuesday issue, takes the Buckingham Palace speeches to foreshadow the development of the *entente* into a "formal treaty," a necessary condition of which will be the enlargement of the British Army by conscription. This suggestion, which shows remarkable ignorance of British politics, is repudiated by the Liberal Press, and even by the "Times," and is supported only by a small section of the Jingo Press. More guarded suggestions in favor of an alliance, based on military Conventions, appear in other French papers.

* * *

The King's visit to the Tsar at Reval was challenged by Mr. O'Grady on behalf of the Labor Party in the House of Commons on Tuesday. Mr. Asquith's reply was directed to minimising the significance of the State visit. It was, he suggested, the return of the Tsar's official visit on his succession, and also a personal compliment to the King's nephew and niece, whom he had not seen for seven years. It was warranted by the external relations of the two countries, and it could have no effect on the internal affairs of either. The Labor members endeavored to raise the matter on a motion for the Adjournment of the House, but the Speaker, taking rather strong ground, declined the motion. As Sir Robert Cecil had placed a blocking resolution on the paper, the subject seemed barred; but the Government has removed this obstacle, and Sir Edward Grey will now make the explanatory speech which he desires. Probably the Liberal objections would have been removed had not the Tsar personally identified himself with the organisation of the Black Hundreds. This act makes him personally responsible for a state of cruel terrorism inconsistent with civilised rule. On the other hand, it is fair to record the fact that Russian Liberal journals are using the King's visit as a welcome to Parliamentary and liberal England, the "Slovo" and other papers recalling Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's phrase, "La Douma est morte, vive la Douma!" The "Retch" insists that friendship with constitutional England is one of the most "precious traditions" of Russian Liberalism. On Thursday Sir Edward Grey stated that the visit to Reval would be "official," but that no new Treaty or Convention was under discussion between the two Governments, or would be initiated during the visit.

* * *

The week in London has been one of international hospitality. The visit of the German burgomasters, in whose entertainment both the King and the Government wisely took a share, has been followed by that of the deputation of German ministers, Catholic and Protestant, and others associated with the life and work of the German churches. On Thursday this deputation was entertained at luncheon at the Mansion House. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present, and spoke generously, if a little narrowly, of the great services of German scholarship—the re-creative work, it might truly be called—to modern theology. Meanwhile, Mr. Lloyd George has well decided to adopt Mr. Stead's suggestion of Government aid to the rapidly growing movement for organising international hospitality. Mr. George stipulates that the object of such aid must be the promotion of international peace, and that the State grant should be controlled by the Government, so that it should not be spent either foolishly or as a "provocation." This represents a real advance in the cause of peace, on which the Chancellor also spoke firmly during Monday's debate on the Budget. In twenty years, he said, the expenditure on armaments had grown by thirty millions, in a "mad competition" for which we had our full share of responsibility.

The series of Scottish elections ended triumphantly on Friday week, with the return of Mr. Ponsonby by a Liberal majority larger than any which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman received since 1886. The Liberal strength was not tested at the General Election, but it has grown by over 1,000 votes since 1900. Mr. Ponsonby proved an extremely able and very advanced candidate, and he had the advantage of a powerful Liberal paper at his back. The election was largely fought on the Land Bill and the House of Lords, which is now shown conclusively to have acted in the teeth of Scottish opinion.

* * *

The Indian Frontier expedition is practically over. By sending General Barrett from the base at Nahakki north to Mulla Killi, and himself marching west as far as Laharai and then bending east, General Willcocks has made a circuit through Mohmand country. On Sunday at Kargha, on the return journey, he came into contact with 3,000 tribesmen, and, refusing an offer of mediation, inflicted one of the most crushing defeats in the history of frontier fighting; the tribesmen lost 300 killed and wounded. All the Mohmand clans have made their submission, and the troops, who have suffered much from heat, dust, lack of water, and ceaseless sniping, are looking forward gladly to retirement. Mr. Buchanan on Tuesday gave the usual explanation of the trouble—theology; the "Times," however, refers it to the pushing forward of the Loi-Shilman railway, notes with thankfulness that work on the railway has been stopped, and deprecates "stirring up nests of hornets on the frontier, while so many grave internal troubles are awaiting settlement in India."

* * *

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Gladstone introduced an important Bill, intended, as he said, to make better provision for the prevention of crime. In this department of social legislation Mr. Gladstone has in the past rendered admirable services to the community. He possesses a much more intimate knowledge of this subject than any other occupant of the Treasury Bench, and his substantial services in the cause of prison and penal law reform will be remembered when more showy legislation is perhaps forgotten. The first part of the Bill deals with the reformation of juvenile offenders. It is intended to extend and develop what is known as the Borstal system. This system proceeds upon the idea that the young offender has not contracted permanent criminal habits. If properly dealt with when under detention it is possible to transform him into a law-abiding member of society. This part of Mr. Gladstone's measure is wisely constructed, and will meet with no opposition.

* * *

The second part of his Bill is intended to meet the case of habitual criminals. He proposes, in cases where the jury is satisfied that a man is an habitual criminal, that such a man, in addition to a sentence of penal servitude, shall be kept in detention during his Majesty's pleasure. He will only be liberated when the Home Secretary for the time being considers that he is fit for liberty. In coming to a decision, the Home Secretary will be assisted by a Committee of Visitors, who must hold meetings for the purpose of reporting cases to him at least every six months. Prisoners under preventive detention, or in other words under an indeterminate sentence, will be transferred from ordinary penal servitude prisons at the expiration of their sentence, or in some cases before it expires, to a special preventive establishment. This establishment, Mr. Gladstone proposes to found in the Isle of Wight. Here the convict will enjoy many more privileges, and be subjected to fewer restraints than in an ordinary penal servitude prison. The Bill is undoubtedly humane in intention, and is attacking an admitted evil. But the question of principle which it involves is a far-reaching and fundamental one. Is the liberty of the subject to be taken out of the hands of the judge, and to some extent of the jury, and placed in the hands of the administration? The words of the Act are that these offenders are to be "detained during his Majesty's pleasure." These are the words which commit a criminal lunatic to what may be and often is lifelong imprisonment.

* * *

The Finland debate in the Duma has ended, bringing with it the downfall of the moderate Constitutionalist executive in the Grand Duchy. M. Stolypin was in a difficult position; he did not want to give way to the extreme reactionaries and reintroduce the Bobrikof repression, and on the other hand he did not want to grant the Finnish claim for almost complete autonomy. His theoretical solution was to declare Finland a province of the Empire, with special privileges, his practical solution to claim for the Duma the right to legislate on all questions of an Imperial character, and to promise to lay Bills before it to settle the outstanding Imperial differences with Finland, though he left it doubtful whether Finland also would have a voice in settling these matters. Whether or not this will mean introducing the Russian police system into Finland, only the Bills themselves will show; but it is an ominous prelude that the government of the Grand Duchy has been transferred to the party which supplied Bobrikof with his henchmen, and that the extreme Right are talking of impeaching M. Gerard, the former Liberal Governor.

* * *

The shrinkage in the numbers of the Territorial Army, as compared with the strength of the forces it is to replace, has been a matter of serious comment. Mr. Haldane fixed the non-commissioned officers and men at 300,000, though he talked vaguely of aiming ultimately at 900,000 men. Lord Lucas stated on Wednesday that up to May 1, only 106,000 had transferred. The quality of this reduced force is, of course, not yet ascertainable. The criticism of the old Volunteers was that they were too many and too inefficient. It remains to be seen whether the new levies represent the cream of the old bodies. If so, a smaller and better disciplined force is to be preferred. But there is some reason to suppose that in digging up the plant to see how it was growing, Mr. Haldane has injured its roots. The conditions of a voluntary service in the auxiliary forces have been stiffened in phrasing, and to some extent in purpose. The result has been a certain shyness of joining the newly named, newly fashioned, and over-advertised force.

* * *

The Spanish Government has done a very ill-advised thing. Senhor Franco laid before King Carlos the fatal decree of February 1st, with the words "this is practically identical with the Bill just introduced in the Spanish Senate." Since then this Bill has been forced through the Senate, and is now before the Chamber. It is nominally levelled against Terrorism. One clause makes any "threatening" of associations, classes, and corporations, and their property and privileges, an offence punishable with penal servitude; in other words, it puts anti-clerical, Republican or Socialist or any Liberal propaganda beyond the pale of the law. Another clause makes it penal to publish "maliciously false" news about any trial for offences under the first clause, or even to publish any news about them that is not official. A third clause authorises the Cabinet to suspend

the Constitutional guarantees in any "terroristic" district, and to establish a military court with power to suppress newspapers, dissolve societies, proclaim meetings and exile suspects.

* * *

A PRIVATE meeting of Liberal members was held at the House of Commons on Tuesday, and it was decided to offer a vigorous resistance to the policy of maintaining the Sugar Convention. Mr. Villiers, who was in the chair, and who has much of the credit of winning Brighton to Liberalism and Free Trade, contributes to another column a vigorous article under the title "Free Trade Betrayed." The Government cannot, we think, be surprised at this movement. The maintenance of the Convention has had a considerable effect on the flow of cheap sugar to this country. It offers, indeed, what Mr. Churchill called "a working model of Protection," in that it raises prices, stops imports, and sacrifices the consumer to special groups of producers acting through Governments. It is open, no doubt, to argue that it counteracts a Protectionist device, but this was not the ground upon which the Liberal Party fought the Convention when the late Government initiated it.

* * *

WE direct attention to a notable letter by Mr. Austin Taylor in another column, in support of his amendment to the Education Bill, which proposes a prior solution of the problem of the single school districts. We imagine that this important proposal would dovetail with the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill, by extending facilities for denominational teaching to the 1,700 Council schools, out of a total of 7,000 institutions in single school parishes. This would mean a mutual concession by the Churchmen and Nonconformists. If one would surrender control of the ex-voluntary schools, the others would open State schools to special teaching wherever it was asked for. The grand question is whether such an accommodation is possible, and whether both parties would consider it a fair compromise.

* * *

MR. MCKENNA'S secondary school policy, which was so violently attacked last year, is very clearly vindicated in the new volume of regulations lately issued. It may be remembered that Mr. McKenna revised the scale of grants, giving a maximum of £5 per year per pupil to those schools which accepted his conditions, and £2 10s. to those schools which were unable or unwilling to accept them. The conditions were that a majority of the governors should be representative, that there should be no religious tests for teachers, and no denominational teaching at the public expense. A great outcry was raised, and we were told that such fundamental changes ought not to be made by administration but by legislation, and that trustees could not break their trusts. Well, either the scruples of the trustees were mythical, or the new grants have proved large enough to overcome them, for we are informed, in the Prefatory Memorandum to this year's regulations, that the "great majority" of the schools either already complied with the new conditions or are preparing to comply with them. In some cases the conditions were waived at the request of the local authority, but now the whole problem has been reduced within such slight dimensions that a time limit is fixed for the outstanding cases, and no new "waivers" will be granted after July 31st, 1909. What will Lord Robert Cecil say to this?

* * *

THE Belgian elections took place on Sunday over half the country, and resulted in an unexpected blow to the Government. The Catholic majority dropped from twelve to eight, the Socialists won four seats, and the Liberals lost two—radical changes under a proportional system cleverly designed to avert electoral cataclysms. The Opposition fought against Clericalism, educational obscurantism, and a conscription and franchise which favor the rich at the expense of the poor, but the peculiar triumph of the Socialists is due to their fierce attack upon the whole policy of Congo annexation. The Catholic Government will find it hard to carry on with so slight a majority, for its ranks are divided, and its Congo schemes have long been condemned by the nation before they could be executed.

* * *

A SINGULAR instance of the way in which the crowd, illustrating M. Le Bon's theories, yields to trivial influences and displays unbounded excitement and violence in gratifying them, has been afforded by the riots at Winchester. The provocation was of the smallest. A gun taken from the Russians in the Crimea had for some years been fixed on a conspicuous site in the town, and fenced in with railings. The other day these railings were removed, and the Winchester folk were firmly convinced that the gun was going, too, as indeed its resting place has been changed a generation ago. An indignation meeting grew into furious rioting. The mob paraded the town, a thousand strong, broke the Mayor's windows and a hundred more, smashed the street lamps, and burned a Roman chariot to be used in a pageant. The soldiers were called out, and wisely called back by the Chief Constable of the county. The Council were terrorised, and decided to put back the railings. If revolution had broken out over half Europe, the people of Winchester would probably have read about it contentedly in the evening papers. Tampering with a local treasure was a serious matter.

* * *

AN interesting link with the past has been severed by the death of Mr. Chadwick, the veteran Chartist. In 1848, Mr. Chadwick, then a lad of eighteen, was sentenced by Baron Alderson, Lord Hugh Cecil's grandfather, to six months' imprisonment for seditious speech and for inciting assemblies to "arm themselves, to wit, with pikes, swords, firearms, and other weapons of offence," in order to resist the laws. The evidence against him was doubtful. He later settled down as a lecturer on politics and temperance, and he took a considerable part in the Free Trade campaign, where his florid, dramatic oratory helped the people to realise the conditions of life that prevailed in the "hungry forties."

* * *

ON Monday the New English Art Club opened its fortieth exhibition at the Dering Yard Gallery. The collection is chiefly notable for Mr. Wilson Steer's portrait study, "The Morning Room," triumphant in the beautiful quality of its paint; for Mr. Orpen's group at a breakfast table, "A Bloomsbury Family," subtly lighted, and, despite the figures, which are as stilted and rigid as those of a Zoffany, possessed of a kind of intellectual beauty; and for Mr. A. E. John's large "Infant Pyramus." The restful color and the general design of the last-named work compensate one for the disturbing element provided by strained attitudes and by no means beautiful expressions, and the whole suggests a serious aim. Serious, too, we must assume, is the frank, primitive German ugliness of "Olilai," with the bulging eyes. But the "Three Little Things" of a drawing contributed by the same artist cannot, surely, be reckoned among the little things that matter, even by the ladies and gentlemen pictured in the background of Max's caricature "Homage à John."

Politics and Affairs.

A NEW TRIPLE ALLIANCE?

It is barely a decade since Lord Salisbury's colleagues were boasting of our "splendid isolation" in Europe. To-day, on the morning of President Fallières' visit to London and the eve of the King's journey to Reval, the world is talking gravely of our possible entry into a new Triple Alliance. The suggestion is denied by Sir Edward Grey, in words which we hope are intended to cover any extension of the Anglo-Russian agreement. Still, the new reign has made us, as we have not been since Palmerston's day, a European Power. Of the three cardinal points of the Manchester doctrine—Free Trade, non-intervention in the affairs of Europe, and *laisser faire* in internal politics—only the first remains. It is an evolution which the modern Liberal welcomes in principle. Non-intervention was a sterile and an impracticable ideal. It broke down whenever some abomination, like a massacre in Turkey, reminded us that the sympathies of our common humanity went beyond our Channel. Under its influence we witnessed with little concern the ruin and spoliation of France in 1870; a generation of hard experience has taught us since that disaster that any change in Europe has its reflex in our own life. We could not escape the general competition in armaments; we had all the burden of separate nationality, and none of the gains of friendship and co-operation. At last we have learned that the progress towards peace must be a concerted movement. It is the development of the conception of European solidarity which alone can bring about the formation of a Concert. To exert an influence we must quit our insularity, and take our place loyally and unreservedly among the Liberal Powers. There were many reasons why Liberals welcomed the understanding with France, and join to-day in hailing it as a permanent factor in the making of a new Europe. It meant with our nearest neighbour a lasting peace, and with our closest kinsman in the world of thought a brisker interchange of ideas. We reckoned also on finding in the humane democracy of France our best and most natural ally in such causes as the reduction of armaments, the pacification of Macedonia, and the rescue of the Congo from King Leopold's exploitation.

Public opinion was satisfied that this new relationship should take the elastic form of an "entente cordiale." What we desired was not the old type of military and dynastic alliance, but rather a species of co-operation within the Concert, comparable to the harmonious partnerships of two like-minded groups within a Parliament. The development of this delicate relationship shows how difficult it is, in a world where half the Powers move in the moral atmosphere of Bismarckian conceptions, to avoid the drift towards a mere alliance of material forces. M. Delcassé was working deliberately to organise an anti-German league. The *entente* itself, based in form upon a bargain about Morocco and Egypt, encouraged the Imperialists on both sides of the Channel to emphasise their territorial ambitions. It added to our difficulties that both France and England had already an ally, and neither Russia nor Japan can be described as a Liberal Power. The idealists in both countries insist that the *entente* is a league between two Liberal democracies. The diplomatists are working steadily for the inclusion in it of the most reactionary form of despotism. When we look to the future that peril confronts us. When we look to the past we are forced to admit that France has done little, if anything, to aid our purposes in regard to armaments, Macedonia, and the Congo. The popular sympathy survives, as cordial and as liberal as ever, but in the concrete the relationship stands in some danger of the vulgarisation of its purpose. It is essential, we think, that a definite and positive, if courteous, answer should be given to the proposals which the "Temps" has made on the occasion of President Fallières' visit. It asks us to expand the *entente* into a naval and military Triple Alliance, in which Russia will have a place, and incidentally we are invited to provide a "modern" army capable of sending six army corps to represent us in a Continental war. To conclude an alliance with Russia would be to stultify our whole aim of grouping the Liberal Powers for common action. To accept conscription would be to step ourselves into the vortex of militarism at a moment when we had hoped to conclude "a league of peace." The "Temps" has, indeed, done an ill-service to the *entente* in proposing, with what precise measure of inspiration we do not know, such a depravation of its spirit and purpose. To such a proposal no Liberal Ministry could listen for a moment, for their acquiescence would be the hour of their downfall, and not even a Conservative successor would dare to take the first steps towards accomplishing it. Far different would be the Liberal attitude to a new Commercial Treaty with France, which would be cordially welcomed by all parties but the fanatics of Protection.

Stripped of all extravagances, the idea of a formal, defensive alliance with France alone would still be open to grave objections. It would aggravate the present division of Europe into two armed camps, and delay the formation of a genuine Concert. So far from facilitating disarmament, it would almost certainly give a fresh impetus to present rivalries. It would check the tendency which Italy has shown to act with the two other Liberal Powers. It would encourage the Imperialists of both countries to pursue in Egypt and Morocco purposes of permanent occupation which may endanger peace. A people which seeks no aggrandisement, and is conscious of the duty of "good Europeans," needs no formal alliance. It need never make an enemy; it will never lack a friend. The world will not be freed from the menace of neo-Bismarckianism if the Liberal Powers attempt to meet it by adopting its methods.

The comments of the French Press make it impossible to take an easy view of the King's approaching visit to Russia. Whatever Sir Edward Grey may mean by it, it will be interpreted in Paris, in St. Petersburg, and, of course, in Berlin, as a step towards the expansion of the *entente* into a firm triple understanding. If King Edward merely wished to meet his nephew and niece, "whom he has not seen for seven years," the family

gathering need not wear the character of a visit of State, and might have taken place on neutral ground, in Copenhagen, for example. If it were necessary for Sir Charles Hardinge to meet M. Isvolsky in order to discuss Macedonian reforms, there is no reason why they should be attended by their sovereigns. No one imagines that the Tsar is intellectually capable of delicate diplomatic work; and it betrays a total ignorance of our Constitution to suggest that King Edward is his own Foreign Minister. The visit timed to take place between the journeys of M. Fallières to London and St. Petersburg invites the interpretation which the French Press has put upon it. Liberal opinion is puzzled and divided at present, but let it once be understood that a new *entente cordiale* is being forged, and this hesitation must vanish. There can be no mental honesty in politics if we throw up our hats to-day because we have made a Liberal Republic our friend, and rejoice to-morrow because we have included an unpitying despotism in our embrace. We must rob the *entente* of its character in order to gain this new adherent, now engaged, as the French Monarchy was once engaged, in the task of withdrawing every liberty which fear forced from it in the earlier days of the revolution.

On the ground of sentiment and principle the case against the visit is clear. We all joined in denouncing the Kaiser when he went to Constantinople after the Armenian massacres. We most of us applauded when Lord Lansdowne boycotted Servia, because regicide went unpunished. Unless we choose to say that it is only the spilling of royal blood which deserves our indignation, we certainly ought not to go out of our way to salute the Tsar. He is personally the embodiment of the reaction. He has publicly joined the "Union of Russian Men," and decorated his baby heir with the insignia of the Black Hundreds. The last *coup d'état* involved a breach of his plighted oath. The Baltic coast which King Edward will visit is a place of bloody memories. In these ports took place the prison tortures which recalled the Spanish Inquisition. Here in the dragonnades of 1906 some 1,200 peasants were slaughtered by the troops which will salute our flag. Nothing has changed since then, save for the worse. Over 100 members of the first Duma, over 50 members of the second, are under sentence of exile or imprisonment. In the prison of Moscow is the venerable Speaker of the first Duma, M. Mouromtseff, to whom our House of Commons sent its greetings. In the prison of St. Petersburg is M. Tchaykowsky, for whose trial his English friends are pleading in vain. All Russia is under martial law. The daily average of hangings under the courts martial is eight. The total of exiles to Siberia reached in the last year some 27,000. As for the packed and impotent Duma, it has to listen to the insults of a Minister who "thanks God" that "there is no Parliament in Russia." We cannot salute the Tsar who presides over this chaos without declaring that the spectacle of his despotism leaves us unmoved. If it be said that our duty is to "mind our own business," then the conclusion surely is that our flag ought not to go to Reval. This premature desire for a *rapprochement* with Russia is the perversion of a sound but insufficiently analysed instinct. It is well even now to make an end of the Imperial rivalries which ruined our relations with Russia during the latter half of the past century. But it is possible to do business in a spirit of mutual forbearance with the Russian Foreign Office; it is possible even to combine with it for common action in such a question as that of Macedonia, without committing ourselves to an emotional attitude of cordiality and approval which, in its turn, might well harden into material support.

THE MOOD OF EMPIRE.

Empire Day has come and gone. The Imperial Press has revelled in that peculiar mixture of large numbers with still larger words which exerts such a fascination over the modern reader. The "Daily Mail" "drops into poetry," and compresses its whole activities into the absorbing emotion expressed by the Flag which occupies its entire contents-bill. As an appropriate pendant, one of its pages is a picture of sun and earth with "Lipton's" written large across them. There has been a falling on the necks of Frenchmen, those falling most heavily who the other day were bidding them mend their manners. The virtues of a "self-contained Empire" have been expatiated on in terms that do not glow the less because niggardly figures, supplied by a Board of Trade that refuses to think Imperially, show that more than two-thirds of our trade is done with foreign countries. General Botha, we observe, joins the general celebrations by sending a personal message to the Jewish school children of Sheffield. This is a pleasant reminder of what Liberal policy has done for Imperial unity. But Botha knows well that much the same mood of Empire, assidiously cultivated by journalistic rhetoric and by commercial shrewdness, is the temper in which his home was burned to the ground, and women and children calmly consigned to the horrors of the Concentration Camps. It is all play now, because common sense and good feeling have for the time got the upper hand. But it is the play of sheathed claws, and the turn of events may easily bring to the top once more the passions that devastated a sub-continent.

It is impossible to discuss the "Empire movement" without bearing these passions in mind. On the surface it looks pretty and patriotic enough, and we have no doubt that schoolboys enjoy it. The movement has even produced a catechism for children in which the most blameless moral sentiments are quaintly intermingled with statistical information and the wearing of "ox-eyed daisies and bachelor's buttons." To obtain a full-sized flagstaff and Union Jack, a large "Navy-League" or "Howard-Vincent" wall map of the Empire, and systematic instruction in good citizenship is to be the ideal of every school. To know the King's full title, occupying four lines, and the area and population of the British Empire, to admit the lamentable truth that the Chinese Empire approximately equals it in population, but to insist firmly on its superiority in area, to know the names of the Continents and that the British flag flies in all of them, and to remember that the British Empire owns half the shipping of the world—these are the foundations of a

civic education. The King is to be honored and obeyed because "the Powers that be are ordained of God"; but also, by a judicious after-thought, "because King Edward represents the Majesty and Honor of the Empire, and because, as a constitutional Sovereign, he has sworn to uphold the laws and to govern his subjects with justice and equity." The little fact that it is not his business to govern them at all is perhaps omitted as too advanced. The watchwords of the movement are "Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, and Self-sacrifice," and the practical conclusion of the whole matter is that the Union Jack ought certainly to be flown on May 24th from all public buildings and church and chapel towers and steeples and from private houses.

It seems almost profane to summarise, we would not say to smile at, this blend of copy-book headings, primitive political philosophy, pretty button-holes, large statistics, and gay display of bunting. But the whole thing has two sides. To some of its promoters it is an innocent attempt to cultivate the wider patriotism in a somewhat childlike, but quite single-minded, spirit. For them the question of Empire presents no more problems than it does to the healthy schoolboy bred in the traditional patriotic history books. The British Empire is the biggest thing in the world, the greatest creation of man. Everything about it is in millions, most of it in hundreds of millions. It impresses by its size, and to know its figures is a lesson in arithmetic for good school-children. As it is the greatest of man's works, so it is by far the best. It is free, tolerant, and unaggressive. The wars by which it reached its present extent were all forced on it by the unreasonableness of its neighbours, or undertaken by special request on behalf of the inhabitants themselves. It never sought goldfields nor territory. It is the land of liberty, not for white men alone but equally for Hindu or for Zulu, and for more than a century it has rid itself of the bad traditions to which other Empires cling. It may be said that by putting this conception of the Empire before school children we are at least implanting in their minds a certain ideal, and training them to a sense of their own responsibility in relation to that ideal. But the question is whether we are not rather confirming the tendency, which is so natural as to require little artificial support, to believe their own country to be everything that it should be, especially in relation to foreigners and dependencies, and to close their minds resolutely to all criticism. Are they not, in point of fact, being unconsciously trained in that form of patriotism which is more closely allied to self-glorification than to self-sacrifice? Suppose that instead of speaking so much of Empire, the catechism said a little more of commonwealth, of liberty, and of mutual help. Suppose that, instead of sycophantic words about royalty, it began by explaining that the King owed his present position in the minds of the people to the fact that though nominally Ruler, he is really the Hereditary President of a free Commonwealth; and instead of laying so much stress on the size of Empire, it pointed out that the imperishable fame of England is to have led the way to personal liberty and free institutions, and that her titles to glory were only tarnished when she gave herself up to militarism and conquest. Suppose it concluded with the lesson that the great struggle of our time is against the materialism which uses cheap splendor to cover its nakedness, and that the main social duty of each nation within the Empire is to make the conditions of life lighter for the masses of its own people. The catechism would then, we think, have taught a deeper, though less exciting, lesson. If it had rounded off its teaching with the remark that the union of so large a portion of the world under one head made for peace, and, given due forbearance, facilitates the exchange of ideas, and even of services—that it is, in a word, desirable in so far as it marks a stage towards the union of humanity—it would have added the conception of a "sane Imperialism" to that of a living patriotism.

But in truth we have looked at one side only of the whole movement. The mood of Empire expressing itself in figures and copy-book headings and ox-eyed daisies is one thing, the awakened passions of Empire are quite another. All the interests, commercial, journalistic, and professional, all the factors of feeling and suggestion, all the ignorant and misinformed idealisations which combined to lead us into a dozen years of reaction and blunder and misery, are alive to-day and at work. The waving of the flag is their fair-weather shape. But they only wait the opportunity to raise the storm again. Meanwhile, as the opportunities of practical Imperialism are lessened, they will fall back on the school and train the young. It will be the easier ultimately to persuade the people to acquiesce in conscription, Protection, and all the burdens that the greatness of Empire will thrust upon them. We do not think that Lord Meath contemplates these consequences, nor that he fully realises the nature of the forces which he helps to set to work. But there are plenty of astute men who do understand them, and are not merely waving the flag as a pleasing exercise. As one also of their own prophets has said, the British flag is a great commercial asset.

THE WEALTH OF ENGLAND.

We need not discuss with much seriousness the merely partisan aspect of Monday night's debate on the Budget. Mr. Austen Chamberlain may, if he pleases, regard the process under which with one hand he made provision for the extinction of the National Debt, and with the other added largely to the total indebtedness of the country, as a contribution to the cause of economy. The fact remains that under the very moderate rule of thrift set up by the Government, the bulk of our liabilities is assuming manageable proportions, and that in three years, thanks in some degree to the accidents of trade, Mr. Asquith has done as much in the way of debt reduction as his predecessors achieved in ten. It is not necessary to swell our praise of these useful economies into a pæan of exultation. The Debt is still higher by 70 millions than the figure at which it stood before the South African War. And we may say at once that when Mr. Chamberlain, in estimating the Chancellor's engagements for 1909, calls for an addition of four millions to the Naval Estimates, he

calls, so far as the Liberal Party is concerned, in vain. No such addition is necessary or possible. Mr. Chamberlain was good enough to fix next year's fresh liabilities at ten millions, nearly a third of which are to be devoted to countering the new German naval programme. This is a mere reversion to the excesses, now universally deplored, which provoked the new international start in shipbuilding. It would effectually destroy the general tendencies of Liberal finance. They have been directed both to checking the flow of mere extravagance, and to diverting the national expenditure to productive activities. If trade is to go on declining, both these methods must be rigorously maintained.

We cannot say, however, that we believe in the old long depressions. There is, it is true, some rebound from the last tremendous leap forward of the national wealth. But both productive and consuming power continually increases, and it is the business of a wise Government to minister to both, and to see that the latter is spread over a continually broadening surface of the general population. It is precisely at this point that we touch the true impediment to a widely spread prosperity. At one end of the scale the wealth of this country is enormous. We hardly need to measure its abundance by statistics. The eyes of the average Londoner furnish evidence enough. The existence of miles of streets of houses, every dweller in which must possess an income of at least £4,000 a year, the appearance of dozens of new restaurants and hotels, where few guests dine at a cost of less than a sovereign a head, the unheard-of extravagance in women's dress, the rapid substitution of costly motor cars for horses, the spread of the custom of dividing fashionable life between town and country, the increasing luxury of travel and of every kind of social pleasure and appurtenance, tell their own tale of the toll that England takes of the world's treasure. But there is more exact testimony than this. As Mr. George McCrae showed in detail in these columns, that part of the national income which is subject to income tax amounted in 1896 to 704 millions. Mr. Asquith stated the other day that the assessments amounted to 980 millions, and there is no reasonable doubt that, if the process of full disclosure were applied, as it ought to be applied, to possessors of incomes exceeding £2,000, the assessments would rise to over a thousand millions. As things stand, there has in five years been an increase of well over 100 millions. The same moral applies to expert calculations of the capital wealth of the country. The Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, whose letter we publish elsewhere, points out that we have added an average of 225 millions to our capital every year for a third of a century. At this moment this represents a national capital of 16,000 millions, to be raised, in another ten years at the same ratio of increase, to 20,000 millions!

All this is consoling enough to a Free Trade Chancellor of resource and firmness of temper, confronted with the not overwhelming task of finding six millions a year to secure a tiny measure of comfort and peace for half a million citizens who must have given over 50 years of labor to this splendidly endowed community. For it shows the baselessness of the current Protectionist idea of our having reached the limits of just and safe direct taxation, an idea which is at once pessimistic and profoundly menacing to the mass of the people. Great as are the accumulations which these figures represent, they are not the real sum of the wealth of our well-to-do and our rich. That is still hidden, and the Government is bound, sooner or later, to discover it. At present, for example, there is no machinery for requiring companies to disclose the names and holdings of their shareholders, though there seems no reason why such information should be withheld when it is necessary to find out the taxable capacity of the whole people. But the point on which we would insist is that the wonderful advance in national wealth that we have specially described applies to less than an eighth of the population. Five millions of our people certainly enjoy a thousand millions of income. The remaining 38 millions of people receive less than 900 millions of money. Yet as between these two classes, which united to bear the burden of the South African War, the 38 millions have, even counting the remission of half the sugar duty, received a smaller relief from the special taxes imposed than the favored five millions, who have all along been paying on a far lower scale in proportion to their incomes.

Still more serious is this state of things when we remember that, as Mr. Snowden's impressive speech showed, the mass of the workmen have not shared conspicuously in the enormous increase of the national wealth which we have summarised. Workmen sell labor and buy commodities. The price of commodities rose during the boom in trade, while wages have fallen in some industries, and in others have done little more than cover the rise in prices. At the bottom of this great aggregate of human beings stands a mass whose family income does not usually reach £1 a week, and never receives any large benefits from a rise of the national wealth, even at its flood tides. In other words, we have, at one end of the scale, a body of taxpayers growing every year more wealthy, and at an increasing rate of progression, exhibiting this well-being in an unparalleled ease or even profusion of living, but still so lightly taxed that only a small proportion pays even a shilling in the £ of its income; and at the other end a greater body, whose income, or consuming power, is far less elastic, or shrinks in place of expanding, while its contribution to the joint revenue is as heavy as our Free Trade system will allow. Mr. Snowden's speech was in some points extreme and in others bitter. But it did accept the old Adam Smith canon of proportioning taxation to ability to pay. By this test the justice of our present taxing system is entirely shaken. Mr. Lloyd George spoke with sympathy of this situation. Next year, we are convinced, he will deal with it in the spirit of democratic statesmanship.

THE PROBLEM OF THE WEST.

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago a Parliament was returned at a General Election in which the name of Ireland was scarcely mentioned. For the five years of its stormy career

Ireland practically excluded the mention of any other topic. To-day we are preparing plans for an Autumn Session, in which English domestic affairs occupy the first place. It is quite possible that in this same Session English domestic affairs will be brushed aside, in the insistent demand from the West for immediate agrarian legislation. Such a demand never arises unless it has been long justified. A revolution never breaks out (it has been said) until a generation after a revolution has been overdue. And agrarian revolt in the congested districts of Ireland is always a revelation of a disease which has developed for so long in neglect that it is almost past the healing. Last winter there were gloomy suggestions of disturbance, and even of violence. By the exercise of influence which jeopardised their popularity, the wiser heads of the Church and the Parliamentary Party managed to keep that agitation within reasonable bounds. The verdict was accepted that Mr. Birrell was to be given his chance. The Dudley Commission was on the eve of reporting. Legislation was promised as a result of that report. Before the demand of the peasant people for the offering of means of frugal subsistence in its own land, all other demands were to surrender. Effort, money, special powers of adjustment, division, and migration, were to result in the raising of all the uneconomic holdings of the West to a minimum economic standard. Such was the hope of immediate reform which enabled the serious statesmen to arrest, for a time, the forces of discontent and violence. "Cattle-driving" remained sporadic, instead of becoming universal. Crimes against person and property were happily rare. Ireland has been accustomed in the past only to obtain redress at the cost of revolt and fury. Each solitary reform has only been bought at the price of blood, the blood of the innocent and the guilty. The accustomed dolorous method of procedure was to be reversed. The Chief Secretary announced that reform was only possible if tranquillity were assured. Cattle-driving must cease, the agitation must be preserved within legitimate channels, if a new Land Act was desired. The one half of an implied agreement was fulfilled. To-day the field is open for the Government to realise the other half of the agreement.

The Dudley Commission report has been issued this week. The report and main recommendations are unanimous. There are various reservations and dissenting minutes, of which the most important is that of Sir Antony MacDonnell. These refer, at their highest, to points of detail; such as the constitution of the Board which is to carry on the campaign against congestion, and the nature and amount of compensation which is to be paid to the landlords as the price of their land. These details, indeed, are of great importance in the framing of a Bill and its actual working. But beyond these, however decided, remain certain large and far-reaching recommendations. The Commission, as one body, demand the treatment of congestion as a large disease requiring large remedy: with an effort, immediate and drastic, brooking no delay, to raise practically all the small holdings in Ireland to an economic level. For such a purpose they all demand the creation of a Board with compulsory powers of purchase and readjustment. They face and accept the full consequences of the cutting up of large grazing farms among small holders. They all demand the raising of present holdings to an economic level before any land is given to make new holdings for the sons of present holders or for landless men outside. In area, the main difference between the Under Secretary and his colleagues is that the former is ill-content with the West alone. The Commission cannot see migration east of the Shannon as a practical remedy for congestion: Sir Antony MacDonnell can see no other.

"In the congested districts there are two classes mainly, the poor and the destitute." "The people are very helpful to one another. The poor mainly support the destitute." Once more there arises the oft-exhibited vision of the realities of a whole population sunk, through no fault of their own, into a condition below any tolerable standard of existence. "The outstanding feature" of the greater part of Ireland's nine western counties—a bitter legacy from political upheavals and invasions, the work of man, not of nature—is "not an excessive population, but first a fairly dense population in certain areas mostly along the sea coast, where the land is hardly capable of supporting any population at all; and secondly, excessive population in districts mainly consisting of poor land but adjacent to extremely thinly populated districts of better land." Since 1879 four millions have been spent on "measures of relief"—the amelioration of a poverty which is not fluctuating but permanent. "Even yet bad harvests render further relief measures inevitable every second or third year in certain districts, and although distress is not now as acute and widespread as it was twenty years ago, this seems to be more due to the decline in population and the change of diet to food other than the potato, than to permanent amelioration in the condition of life." How is this to be temporarily or finally assuaged? Ultimately there can be but one answer, the answer of the Commissioners. There is only one commodity which can be offered to the people if they are to be preserved in their own country—the land. The work of Government is to construct some machinery by which, as smoothly and rapidly as possible, as much of the untenanted and unresidential land as is possible may be divided and let to as many of the small holders as it will supply, for the raising of these holdings from a starvation to an economic unit.

For this work the main report proposes a Board which will have practically autocratic and absolute powers over one-third of the land of Ireland. The whole of Connaught, Donegal, Clare, Kerry, and half Cork are to be handed over to its jurisdiction. The county councils of each of these nine counties is to elect a member of this Board; the remainder of twenty members should be nominated by the Crown, ex-officio members, or paid members appointed by the Crown. Exclusive control over land purchase within this vast area should be handed over to the Board. It would deliberately set itself to acquire for re-division practically all the untenanted and non-residential lands within these areas, and divide them up amongst the holders below a £10 valuation. Every acre of this available

land would not be sufficient to enable them to raise all the present holdings to the £10 standard. Compulsion is absolutely necessary to supplement agreement, and compulsion should extend, not only to "free" and to grazing lands, but also to the excess of any holding over £100 valuation. The price to be paid should be based on the "average net profit income" to the landlord, allowance being made for the effect of existing economic or natural causes on the probable receipts of the next four years. Parliament should vote money for the costs of this great transference of land from landlord to peasant. The Board should be equipped to buy and resell land to the value of a million pounds each year, reckoning that it will be necessary to hold an estate on the average for two years before reselling. For this an income of three hundred thousand a year will be necessary. With such an equipment and income, congestion might be removed from Western Ireland within a generation. Sir Antony MacDonnell sees in the whole operation an expenditure of forty or fifty millions of money, involving an irrecoverable loss of some seven millions. He does not believe that so gigantic a transaction can be performed by an independent, semi-elective board. "Wherever history records a peaceful transfer of land on a large scale from owner to occupier, financed by State funds, that transfer has been invariably effected by State agency." He demands, despite the recognised and glaring difficulties, that the area of possible migration shall be extended to the whole of Ireland. He desires to acquire, if necessary, all ranches and grazing farms which are not "fattening" land, but he is opposed to "fining down" the holdings of actual occupying tenants. In the purchase price he dissents from the "net income to the landlord" standard, demanding as a substitute the actual valuation of the holding. Both report and minute of dissent deal boldly with the most difficult problem of all—the growing divergence of interest between the landless men and the men with insufficient land, each desiring the same limited commodity. Both assert that the latter of these makes the primary demand. "If the grass lands of Connaught," says Sir Antony, "are not saved from passing to local landless men, and are not primarily used for the enlargement of local uneconomic holdings and the provision of new holdings for congests, all hope of permanently relieving congestion may be abandoned." "The total land available," is the report's conclusion, "is not quite adequate for the relief of small landholders, and consequently every holding given to the son of a tenant, or to any other person not at present a landholder, will, to that extent, perpetuate congestion in the West." They have faced fairly, and can answer, the objections of those who deplore interference, by such redistribution of land, with Ireland's great cattle trade. They believe that there is danger in having so many eggs in this one basket, and that the economic as well as the social outlook demands interior cultivation, small mixed farms, an increase of tillage at the expense of grass land. "We firmly believe," they declare, "that the substitution of mixed farming on the small holdings of the West, when they have been raised to an economic standard, will conduce in a very marked degree to the well-being of the people."

The report is an historical document, advocating a comprehensive, courageous, social reform. Legislation upon its main lines is imperative. If the difficulties are enormous, so are the needs. The main lines of action are assured. Development must take place upon these lines, or upon no lines. There are none of the perplexities of divergent cries, or the choice of divergent paths, as in the social reforms of our own cities. The enterprise is colossal, but the end is worth the winning—the saving and restoration of the "small landholders of the ultimate West"; a race of men who represent "the wrecks of famine, catastrophes, and of past racial, religious, agrarian, and social storms in Ireland."

PORTUGUESE SLAVERY.

In the second year of Queen Victoria's reign she was advised by Lord Melbourne to write a letter to the King of Portugal with regard to the suppression of the slave trade. The draft of the letter is published in the recent volumes of the Queen's correspondence, and it contains the following sentences:—

> "That there is every disposition to make allowance for the difficulties of Portugal, but allowance must also be made for the feelings of England. That those feelings are as strong as they are just. That England has made great sacrifices for the suppression of that crime; that she has made sacrifices to Portugal, and that she has been extremely indignant at finding that traffic so obstinately continued to be sheltered and protected under the flag of Portugal. That Portugal must not expect that England will much longer refrain from taking effectual measures for preventing these practices."

In "the sacrifices that England had made to Portugal," Lord Melbourne probably alluded to the treaty of 1815, when we remitted in favour of Portugal a debt of £480,000 on condition she undertook by a subsequent treaty to fix the period at which the Portuguese slave trade should cease universally.

That letter was drafted just seventy years ago last 17th of May. The subsequent treaty was concluded in 1858, and in 1878 slavery was declared to be universally abolished in Portuguese dominions. We cannot say what influence Queen Victoria's action had upon this result, but to all outward appearance both England and Portugal had a right to be satisfied with their efforts to terminate the atrocious system of selling men and women as laborers upon the West African coast. Something, indeed, had been done. By the co-operation of our navy with the United States and with Portugal herself, the appalling traffic between the West Coast and Brazil was made too risky to be lucrative. Our warships were kept continually watching off the Angola ports of Benguella and Loanda, from which the slaves were chiefly shipped, and against such odds the slavers ran a poor chance of profit.

Something was done, but the mainland of Angola still remains a land of slavery, and from those two ports the natives are still shipped as slaves to labor in distant plantations from which they never return. Certainly the names in the system have been changed. The laborers are still called slaves in the country itself, but

their legal title is now "serviçaes," or "contracted laborers." The slavers are now mail-boats running to Lisbon, and calling at the plantation islands of San Thomé and Principe on their way. The supply of slaves is in the hands of authorised agents, and the whole thing is nominally conducted under Government regulations. But we need not deceive ourselves with words. By slavery we mean a system under which men and women are sold for money, and compelled to labor either without their consent or against their will. That both these conditions still pervade the labor supply upon the mainland of Angola and in the Portuguese islands above mentioned is, unhappily, established by incontestable evidence. We know the current prices for men and women: they are £10, £16, or £20 upon the mainland; £25, £30, or lately even £35 upon the islands, according to quality. We know the average number of slaves exported to the islands, where, in spite of all the care taken to keep them alive, they die very rapidly; it is about 4,000 a year, and is increasing. We know the methods by which the slaves are obtained; it is by raids in the far interior, by exchange for firearms, by payment for debt or litigation, by purchase with rum or cotton cloth, by breeding on farms, and by open bargaining with former masters.

The evidence, we say, is incontestable, and the Aborigines Protection Society has taken the opportunity of the present international Conference in Brussels to lay it before the public in a careful summary by their Secretary, Mr. Fox Bourne ("Slave Traffic in Portuguese Africa," 1s.). He there collects the history and present conditions of the whole system, quoting from the statements of various travellers who have visited Angola or the islands from the time of Livingstone and Commander Cameron up to the time of Mr. Arnot, the missionary explorer, still living in Angola, of Colonel Colin Harding, our present administrator in Barotseland, and Mr. Henry Nevinson, who published a book on the subject less than two years ago. He also refers to a report by Mr. Joseph Burtt and Dr. Claude Horton, who were sent out as special investigators by three of the great English cocoa firms and a German firm in their praiseworthy desire to discover the truth and to remedy, as far as was in their power, the evils of the labor system; because these islands produce about one-fifth of the world's cocoa supply. That report, which only confirms the evidence of other travellers, has been laid before our Foreign Office and the Portuguese Government; it has also been widely circulated privately in this country.

Strictly official evidence on the same subject has also been supplied by Mr. Roger Casement, formerly Consul in Angola and at Boma, where he was among the first to draw attention also to the abominations of the Congo; by Mr. Nightingale, who has occupied the same two positions as Consul; and by Mr. Beak, who, as Acting Vice-Consul in the Congo last year, visited the district of Katanga and the Upper Kasai, from which large quantities of the Angola slaves are still obtained, chiefly in exchange for firearms. It is on this account that, by the assistance of the Foreign Office, the question is now being brought before the International Conference in Brussels, convened to strengthen the clauses of the Brussels General Act of 1892 with regard to the supply of arms and ammunitions to natives. We may hope something from the Conference; we may hope much from the public spirit and sense of humanity displayed by our chief cocoa manufacturers. But, ultimately, the remedy lies in Portugal's own hands, and it is to her strenuous and immediate action that we must look.

Owing to the representations of the Foreign Office, supporting the cocoa manufacturers, who sent a deputation to Lisbon in the early part of last winter, the Portuguese Government then pledged itself to certain definite lines of reform. It undertook to establish a genuine repatriation fund, to return the natives to their homes at the end of their contracted time, and to carry out a thorough investigation of the whole subject in Angola with a view to replacing the present recruiting agents by a proper Government system. These promises were made before the recent changes and disasters in Lisbon, and the new Ministry does not now go further than promising to send a former Governor of Benguella and the islands to make prolonged investigations that may last a year or two. The Portuguese Government will then consider whether further regulations are required. But we must point out that all these promises have been repeated several times since they were first made in 1878, and, as far as regulations go, the Code of 1903 secured every point now proposed. Repatriation and a Government system and responsible recruiting agents have all along existed on paper. The laws have been repeated or amended by royal decree about six times in the last thirty years. Their fault is that they have had no effect. The slavery continues unchecked and almost unchanged. Those unhealthy but enormously rich islands upon the equator, and that great colony of Angola, stretching from the bare mountain tract of the coast far into the interior along the high forest watershed that divides the Congo and its tributaries from the Zambesi, are still tainted by the deadly atmosphere of slavery. To land on that coast is to feel the depression and horror of it, and unless it is checked now the evil will increase. An English passenger by one of the Angola mail-ships only eight weeks ago found nearly 500 natives on board being shipped to the plantations of San Thomé. This number is considerably above the average of former years, and the increase has been continual.

It is now for Portugal, as we said, to act. We have been waiting for a fair and reasonable time. We are willing, in the words suggested by Lord Melbourne to Queen Victoria, to make allowances for the difficulties of Portugal. But, to continue those words, "allowance must also be made for the feelings of England, and those feelings are as strong as they are just." England has made sacrifices to Portugal for the suppression of this crime, and she is "extremely indignant" at finding the traffic so obstinately continued. In urging the abolition of the slave system, neither our Foreign Office nor our cocoa manufacturers have the smallest territorial or commercial interest to serve. They are influenced only by the common motive of humanity and by the international agreements to which both Portugal and ourselves are parties.

Life and Letters.

LIFE AND THE POET.

At the end of most lives there is a sense of incompleteness. How many possibilities unrealised, how many capacities unused! Whether we believe that the duration of the soul is infinite or not, we then feel that its powers were beyond calculation—its powers of pleasure and pain, experience and action. And when the end comes, how little has been done or suffered, how few the opportunities for the use of all that incalculable force! These are the commonplaces of life and death, but it may seem strange that the thought should be suggested by the final volume of Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe" (Putnam).

For the attribute commonly given to Goethe's life is completeness. If ever there was a man who developed all his powers, received a full measure of opportunities and took them, experienced every human good and evil, and lived from first to last with a certain roundness of activity and thought, it was Goethe. He lived as a poet, an artist, a statesman, an administrator, and a man of science. He knew war and danger and travel. He was intimate with every grade of society, rich, poor, royal, and disreputable. He was on terms of friendship with most of the greatest men of his day, and in his maturity those who were afterwards to fill Europe with their fame turned their eyes to him as their greatest master. He suffered or enjoyed all the common fortunes of mankind—marriage, fatherhood, the loss of friends and wife and children, the hatred of enemies, the tempest and decline of emotions. To women he was singularly attractive, and there was hardly a week of his life in which he was not in love. He was endowed with a personal greatness and an indomitable vitality. The illness of which he died at eighty-three was only his fourth, and into the chinks and corners of a life so full and active he had contrived to stuff some fifty volumes of his works, all of them significant, many of new influence upon thought and science, and a few of that high and unquestioned rank which is called immortal—works that have passed into the common heritage of mankind, which not to know argues a man uneducated.

Yet even in Goethe's case, when the end comes and we hear the old man asking his servant to open the other shutter, we are conscious of incompleteness. We know that, like Solomon, "he spoke of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that springs out of the wall; he spoke also of beast and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes; also he spoke three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five." But what he accomplished seems trifling compared to the wonders due from such a mind. Here is the man who created Faust, Gretchen, and Mephisto, Werther, Mignon, Philine, and some lyrics that Heine declared to be the best ever sung by man. And yet how sketchy and uncertain most of his creations are! Those sixty years of tinkering over "Faust"—how obscure and confusing they have left the greater part of it in the end! In "Meister" there is no unity of intention, the treatment is frequently changed, anything that comes handy is thrown in, and the last part has no more connection than a cart-load of shot bricks. Even in "Werther," the most artistic of his longer works, the character of the heroine changes in the middle, because, though the book was only a few weeks in writing, Goethe had meantime fallen in love with a different kind of girl. We need not speak of all the other works—of "Egmont," "Iphigenie," "Tasso," "Hermann and Dorothea," "The Elective Affinities," and the many more, in which there is no live fire of imaginative inspiration, nothing of the flame that mortality cannot quench. It seems as though the great critic of his age could never criticise himself—as though this man who wrote and thought so much about art was rather unusually incapable as an artist.

Many interests and faculties were fighting in that one soul, as for the possession of a fair country. There was the will of the man of action, the delight in mixing with mankind, in guiding their counsels, undertaking their service, and getting something accomplished for the obvious good of the world or the village. During his first years in Weimar we see him directing the mines at Ilmenau, relieving the destitute weavers of Apolda, converting the University of Jena from a proverb of barbarity into the true home of German thought, prescribing for the cattle-plague, drilling a troop of hussars, repairing roads, riding out night after night to save the wooden huts of the peasants from fire. To confront this spirit of human action, of politics, and philanthropy, stood the cold and eager spirit of natural science, always urging him forward to peer more and more deeply into the secret of nature, to clasp her breasts, to unveil her infinitely varied unity. Here was a pursuit that for many years might well seem to him worth all the rest of his endeavours. We remember the 78th Venetian Epigram, and how he answers the common lamentation of his friends over the loss of the poet in him:—

"Always at botany? Always at optics? What does it bring you?
Touching some tender heart, is not that higher reward?"
Ah, yes, the tender hearts! Any bungler is able to touch them.
My one prayer is to touch, Nature, the hem of thy robe!

"People talk a lot about my poems," he used to say, "but the thing I am proud of, the thing I shall be remembered by, is my treatise on color." Even for him, it was a strangely false estimate of his true power; but it shows the devotion of his mind to the realities of external nature.

And between these great forces and attractions fluttered the shy poetic spirit, half angel and half bird, so frail and evanescent, so easily driven from the field where it was born to live. It is a talent, as he said, like virtue—of no avail unless it is practised unseen like a dangerous secret. At first sight it may seem as if he would have done better to sacrifice all his other thronging interests and pursuits to the practice of just that one mysterious and incalculable power. We might have had more immortal poems then. He was distracted, torn asunder, and diffused by all that variety of knowledge and performance. It is exactly his much-boasted many-sidedness which gives the sense of incompleteness to his life. We do not feel it in Darwin or Beethoven or in the wreck of Heine. It seems as though the true completeness of life had, after all, little to do with wealth of experience or variety of achievement, but rather with the passionate intensity of the soul's concentration. Is this, perhaps, what Paul Bourget meant when he spoke of Goethe as "the sublime Philistine"?

And, yet, torn between knowledge, action, and art, as Goethe was, it is impossible to think of failure in connection with a life so sincere and wakeful, so regardless of tradition and other people's advice. We must remember the contempt into which the name of poet had then fallen and is always likely to fall. In all the Newgate Calendar of letters there is no chapter more dreary and depressing than German literature for a hundred years before Goethe's appearance. If, by his wide activity and unrestrained interest in the world, he closed that page down for ever, all Europe owes him something. The dangers of a poet's or writer's life are well known, and there are some who would willingly go without a few excellent poems in order to enjoy the difference between Goethe's serene composure, his disregard of popularity, his frankness and sunny tolerance, contrasted with familiar literary moods—the ravenous vanity, the absorption in self, the diseased sensitiveness:—

"As peevish, cross, and splenetic,
As dog distract or monkey sick."

"Thrust your hands deep into the fulness of life," he used to say; and by his strong grip upon reality he did more than any writer of last century to restore a dignity and influence to the poet and man of letters. Even when his work is at its dullest, most diffuse, and ill-constructed, there is generally about it that note of sincerity which is one of the rarest qualities that compose genius, and it is a sincerity derived from contact with hard reality on many sides. The same sincere

reality gives to his work, when it is at its very best, a "severe delight" spoken of by Wordsworth.

It is common to compare Goethe's life with the Faust to whose dubious and long-drawn story he kept returning for so many years, and the significance of the last scene cannot be mistaken. In search of the one moment to which he might cry, "O stay! thou art so fair," Faust has been led through scenes of every pleasure, both gross and beautiful; he has entered the great world and stood at the Emperor's side; he has followed the perfect beauty of Helena through classic lands; he has witnessed revolutions, wars, and the shock of armies. In extreme old age, and blinded by care, he sets to cultivating a patch of sand and wave. He calls for his labourers, and at the sound of their spades and picks his heart is full of joy. He pictures to himself the happy race that shall dwell upon these fields and daily conquer freedom. That would be a moment to which he could cry, "O stay! thou art so fair." In anticipation, he already enjoys the highest point of life, and suddenly falls back dead, not among labourers, as he had supposed, but among the Lemurs, who were digging his grave. They cram him into the trench, and Mephisto clutches him fast. But descending spirits bear him away, regardless of contracts with the Evil One. "Delivered from evil is the noble spirit," so they sing: "who without ceasing onward strives, him we have power to redeem." And if one wanted a summary of the whole of Goethe's life, we could not find a better.

THE CHURCHES AND THE SOCIAL SOUL.

Thousands of ministers of religion, realising how intimately spiritual life is dependent on material conditions, have come to cherish a profound sympathy with the endeavours of the common people, by means of co-operative action in politics and industry, to secure a larger share of wealth, leisure, and other essentials of civilisation. Many of them, holding that "Government and co-operation are the laws of life, anarchy and competition the laws of death," are anxious to do all that in them lies towards the furtherance of an industrial order which shall realise this great moral truth. No body of men understand so well the material and spiritual havoc wrought upon vast numbers of our working population who are the helpless prey of economic forces which they can neither gauge nor control, and whose dawning intelligence is confused and mutilated by the apparent unreason of the world in which they find themselves.

It is no wonder that men of light and leading in the Churches now devote themselves to causes, movements, and policies which aim at redressing these conditions, and that their enthusiasm often leads them to demand liberty for their Church to throw itself into this work of social redemption. But this attitude involves them in grave doubts and difficulties. What are the limits of pulpit propaganda in mundane matters? How far is it legitimate for "parsons" to "meddle with politics," or to take a hand in conflicts between capital and labor? In a very eloquent and interesting manner the well-known Congregationalist preacher, Dr. Forsyth, opens out this whole issue in a booklet entitled "Socialism, the Church, and the Poor" (Hodder & Stoughton), adopting what must, we think, be regarded as a conservative position. While granting the fullest liberty to ministers in their capacity of good citizens to take an active part in the detailed work of social and political reform, he claims that a right understanding of the functions of the Churches precludes them from contributing directly, and in concrete ways, to the solution of the social problem. "The Church has not to solve the social problem, but to provide the men, the principles, and the public that can." This doctrine is not bred of timidity, but proceeds from a definite, though, we venture to think, not entirely satisfactory, exposition of the social function of religion. To conceive Socialism, or, indeed, any other purely social ideal, as the spirit or the content of religion, demanding the supreme devotion of the energy of the Churches, is, we agree with Dr. Forsyth, to mistake profoundly the meaning of the religious life. It is, in fact, the great heresy, for which Positivism stands, in its insistence that humanity upon this earth, or, indeed, in any other supra-mundane sphere, is the sole and final object of the reverence and devotion of man. It is quite true that in one sense the reform spirit in all modern Churches has moved in the direction of a decline of other-worldliness as the absorbing object of spiritual solicitude, a stronger insistence upon the practical religion of daily life as expressed in the fulfilment of duties towards our neighbour, and a growing tendency to break down the barrier of sacred and secular in the pulpit and the week-day activities of Churches.

But though Social ethics thus come to play a large and an increasing part in the life of the Churches, they cannot claim, either now or in the future, to absorb, or even to dominate, religion. For the sphere of religion, like that of philosophy, must be primarily concerned with the relation of man to the unity and power of the universe, whether regarded as an object of contemplation for the philosopher, or of reverent emotion for the devotee. His relation to "society," his fellow-man, is secondary and derivative both for the understanding and the feelings. This fundamental position Dr. Forsyth lays down in his asseveration that the Fatherhood of God precedes the Brotherhood of Man as a principle of religion, the latter flowing from the former as a necessary implication. And it is certainly the case that he who can truthfully assert that his religion is Socialism or any other actual scheme of human relations, is spiritually defective. Such pure concentration on material human ends is no more religion than it is philosophy. The spirit of religion must transcend humanity, seeking a One which is higher and holier. But Dr. Forsyth would be the last to admit that the conception of the spirit transfusing the Churches should be allowed to settle into a barren mysticism, a quietism which should, in effect, ignore all duty of realising "the Kingdom of God on earth." Yet he would seem to desire to keep the Churches out of politics, and out of the concrete acts of struggle by which social betterment is achieved. The Churches should work out the principles, should prepare the souls of men, should equip them with sound social motives, but should hold aloof from the actions in which these souls express themselves, the motives actualise themselves. Is it possible to defend this abstinence? We doubt it. "It is a question," we are told, "not of the Kingdom of God as a social programme, but of the rule of God in our will, in our spiritual, personal allegiance." Religion is thus put back into the traditional Protestant groove of personal piety, with the proviso that such piety will no longer be entirely self-absorbed, or be confined to a purely charitable interpretation of neighbourly duty, but will yield principles of practical guidance for the worker and the citizen. "It is not a programme, but a spirit, a moral habit, that the Church has, above all things, to bring to pass. It has to bring to pass the faith and the rule of Christ. Its first object is not the social state, but the social soul, meaning by that the godly soul, with its social love and serviceable feeling. For the Church to identify itself wholly, as a Church, with a social programme which is the order of the day is contrary to its genius and commission."

But we do not feel sure that this sharp distinction between a spirit of personal service and a programme or policy of concrete conduct will serve to solve the dilemma of the modern minister. For it is this very demand of personal piety to realise itself through social service, that impels many a minister to attach himself to political and social movements which claim to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land," and to use all the spiritual forces of his Church to help in bringing about material and spiritual changes favorable to a finer type of personality. Can a Church assist in making principles and men capable of social service without taking a direct part in testing, determining, and moulding the very forms of that social service? If a minister of Christ's Church is living among rack-rented slum dwellings, sees all around the ruin wrought by drink, gambling, prostitution, and the organic connection be-

tween all these shapes of personal vice and misery and the abuses of property and of bargaining which his personal experience discloses, must he not, as a duty of his sacred office, denounce these evils in their political as well as their personal bearings, and ally himself and his Church with whatever organisation seems to him effective for their remedy? Yet such a course, if it be pursued, may carry him far into policies, and even programmes of political and social reform. How far? Must he endanger the quieter, deeper, more abiding influences of his office by partisanship in the heated struggles between rival interests and classes, breaking heads with his mace, even if he may not hew limbs with his sword?

We venture to think that Dr. Forsyth's solution fails because of its inadequate realisation of the meaning of his term, "the social soul." The tradition of the Protestant Churches has ever disposed us overmuch to spiritual individualism, so that we fail adequately to grasp the sort of spiritual personality which ought to be conveyed in such a term. In other words, it is not the only social duty of a Church to form individual personalities of such sort that they respond freely to the material and spiritual needs of one another, each acting from some separate centre of enlightened piety. The social soul implies a closer, a more real, organic unity than that. Is it not rather the supreme moral task of a Church to aid in creating for society, for a city, a nation, a conscious social personality, that rationalisation of the "general will" which is something different from the mere aggregation of the goodwill of its individual members? Call it what you like, enlightened public spirit, national conscience, social personality, it is surely the clear-sighted devotion to this object that will rightly serve to differentiate the propagandism of a Church or its minister from the coarser and more opportunist methods of the politician or the labor leader, and will be an antiseptic to the poisonous vapours of party controversy. For those who recognise this, the greatest spiritual need of our time, perhaps of every time, it will become increasingly difficult to refuse the active cooperation of Churches in the reconstruction of social institutions, so as to furnish a worthy tenement for the social soul. Faithful ministers will have more and more to concern themselves with, though not to absorb themselves in, the details of policy, and even of programme, which belong to this portion of their gospel. Their answer to the charge of meddling with politics must lie, not in a craven withdrawal, but in a persistent endeavour to purge the controversies which they enter from mere heat and violence, from the bitterness of sectarian or class passions, by infusing into them that calm spirit of the whole which comes with healing on its wings.

THE TYRANNY OF LONDON.

London is never so overpowering as when the opening of the "season" turns the provinces into a mere suburb of the sprawling Metropolis. She is not only too big for herself—so big, indeed, that she has no civic consciousness—but she is too big for England. She drains, impoverishes, debauches it. "Sick of prey yet howling on for more," she fastens upon the national life like a vampire. She is more than the capital of the country; she is its incubus, its tyrant, its leech. Her lure is the more deadly for being irresistible, and her sway at once more despotic and more devitalising for its very benignity. To one great department of thought and activity, indeed, her absolutism does not extend. She is no politician. The Stuarts who dreaded and tried to limit her physical growth, seeing in the Lord Mayor a not impossible rival of the future, would be amazed to learn that a London, swollen a hundredfold beyond the village of their days, was so far from being a political peril as to be indifferent to and incapable of the first qualities of political leadership. She is too vast and diffuse, too languid, accommodating, and callous, to be an English Paris. London takes most things for granted, discounts the rest, and originates nothing. A city like Birmingham partially atones for its unembellished existence by being compact, manageable, uniform, capable of gathering itself into a single thunderbolt. But to London politics are a social diversion, and "movements" a bore. She is the last city to set the Thames on fire. Local self-government is perhaps too highly developed to admit of her reaching and holding a real political ascendency. But even if that were not so, her size and easy-goingness, her equable tolerance, her concentration upon society, would be a fatal handicap; as well as the subtle influences of differentiation that tend to make her less a condensation of England than an amorphous by-product. She becomes, if anything, less representative of the political thought of the nation with every year that passes. It is perhaps only in times of war or of some great emergency that London is even partially synonymous with England, and epitomises and focusses its militant, mafficking spirit. But in normal times she gossips of politics but does not influence them. It is on quite other foundations that her overshadowing, absorbent, and permanent supremacy rests. She virtually monopolises the social, literary, artistic, dramatic, and musical life of the country. As the centre of finance, the home of Royalty, the seat of the Legislature, and the headquarters of Government, all the distinction of the country is drawn towards her, and nearly all its creative and critical faculty.

Is a capital of such magnetic and exhausting authority an advantage or otherwise? Is it better for a nation that it should possess one dominating centre like London, or a collection of more or less equal cities such as exist in the United States? If England supplies the supreme instance of the one type of capital, America furnishes its precise opposite. Washington is the law-making and administrative centre of the United States, but except officially, one hardly thinks of it as a capital. It did not grow; it was made. It must always to some extent lie, as it were, in a backwater, apart from the central stream of national life and beyond the possibilities of such leadership as one associates with Paris and London. It radiates next to nothing. It has no commerce and no manufactures, and no influence over the arts and letters of the American people. Neither in politics nor in finance nor in social prestige can it ever become to America what Rome is to Italy or Berlin to Germany. The day is infinitely distant, and in all probability will never come at all, when every American artist, author, dramatist, and musician will turn instinctively towards Washington. So far as one can see, its fate is to remain for ever what it is now, the chief administrative and legislative foundry of the country, with a small but attractive social fringe.

Do the Americans gain or lose more by the possession of a Washington instead of a London? Is a nation better or worse off for escaping the toll which such huge agglomerations exact upon the social health, the intellectual alertness, and the political virility of the people? The Australians seem to think that whatever the advantages of a real capital they are not worth a political struggle. The jealousies of the States, and particularly of the big cities like Melbourne and Sydney, have accordingly cast the Australian capital of the future into the outer solitudes, where it can never be anything but the technical capital, a mere factitious collection of Government buildings, of less moment to Australia than is even Berne to Switzerland or Madrid to Spain. Mr. Bryce has declared that one of the most interesting experiments in the United States is the unconscious effort that is being made to offset the absence of a single predominant capital by the multiplication all over the country of small centres of light and leading. Which dispensation will produce the best intellectual results he think it too early to determine. In politics, he argues, America has lost something in having no city of undisputed primacy to look to, even while she has gained much in escaping thereby the pernicious influence of society on the national legislature. But he hesitates to prophesy whether the "dispersed geniuses" of the United States will be able to accomplish more or less

than the concentrated geniuses of cities like London and Paris.

It is probable that the ideal relations between a capital and its hinterland can only be evolved under the Federal system. Such a system generates a healthy local rivalry and pride; it lessens the chances of any one city coming to be regarded as the final authority on every point of politics, art, literature, and social customs; and it encourages each town and State to equip itself with all the accessories that might fit it for the vacant leadership. The competition of the small German States, and the opportunities they opened to composers, have probably been very real influences in the development of German music; and nobody can doubt that much of the mental alertness and curiosity that one encounters all over America has some at least of its roots in local patriotism—a patriotism that fructifies in universities, art galleries, museums, technical schools, and in a pervasive determination on the part of the citizens to make their own town and their own State better than their neighbours'. Patriotism of this kind has little chance of flourishing in the shade and propinquity of umbrageous London. There are, indeed, not more than two or three cities in the provinces that take the trouble to be proud of themselves. England pays for the delights and the exaggeration of London by the comparative barrenness and stagnation of life outside the County Council's radius. It pays in the dearth of cities that are self-sufficing, that have stately public institutions and a dignified and ardent public life, and that labor to become in all things complete in themselves. Goethe, on the other hand, preferred a single first-rate city to half a dozen inferior ones. He wrote envyingly of Paris, "where the highest talents of a great kingdom are all assembled in a single spot, and by daily intercourse, strife, and emulation mutually instruct and advance each other." Something of the same idea was at the bottom of Pericles' tribute to Athens, and as much might truthfully be said of London. The intimate clash of mind with mind, and the sympathetic environment produced by such a concentration of intellect and interests as obtains in London, cannot but do something towards stimulating productivity and bringing it to a higher finish. But the Italian cities of the Middle Ages generated at least as much artistic and intellectual power with a much smaller expenditure of energy. No capital ought to be so big as to beggar the rest of the country and make metropolitan life compulsory.

Short Story.

MAELSHAUGHLINN AT THE FAIR.

It was about horses, women, and music, and, in the mouth of Maelshaughlinn, the narrative had the exuberance of the fair and the colour of a unique exploit. I found Maelshaughlinn alone in his house in the grey dawn succeeding his adventure. "This morning," he said, "I'm the lonesome poor fellow without father or mother, a girl's promise, nor my own little horse." He closed the door against a reproachful sunrise, and, sitting on a little three-legged stool, he told me the story.

Penitentially he began it, but he expanded with the swelling narrative. "This time last week," said Maelshaughlinn, "I had no thought of parting with my own little horse. The English wanted beasts for a war, and the farmers about here were coining money out of horseflesh. It seemed that the buyers were under a pledge not to refuse anything in the shape of a horse, and so the farmers made horses out of the sweepings of the knackers' yards, and took horses out of ha'penny lucky-bags and sold them to the English. Yesterday morning I took out my own little beast and faced for Arvach fair. I met the dealer on the road. He was an Englishman, and, above all nations on the face of the earth, the English are the easiest to deal with in regard of horses. I tendered him the price—it was an honest price, but none of our own people would have taken the offer in any reasonable way. An Irishman would have cursed into his hat, so that he might shake the curses out over my head. The Englishman took on to consider it, and my heart went threshing my ribs. Then he gave me my price, paid me in hard, weighty, golden sovereigns, and went away taking the little horse with him.

"I sat down on the side of a ditch to take a breath. Now you'll say that I ought to have gone back to the work, and I'll say that I agree with you. But no man can be wise at all times. Anyway, I was sitting on a ditch, with a lark singing over every foot of ground, and nothing before me but the glory of the day. A girl came along the road, and, on my soul, I never saw a girl walking so finely. 'She'll be a head above every girl in the fair,' said I, 'and may God keep the brightness on her head.' 'God save you, Maelshaughlinn,' said the girl. 'God save you, my jewel,' said I. I stood up to look after her, for a fine woman walking finely is above all the sights that man ever saw. Then a few lads passed, whistling and swinging their sticks. 'God give you a good day,' said the lads. 'God give you luck, boys,' said I. And there was I, swinging my stick after the lads, and heading for the fair.

"'Never go into a fair where you've no business.' That's an oul' saying and a wise saying, but never forget that neither man nor immortal can be wise at all times. Satan fell from Heaven, Adam was cast out of Paradise, and even your uncle broke his pledge.

"When I came into the fair there was a fiddler playing behind a tinker's cart. I had a shilling to spend in the town, and so I went into Flynn's and asked for a cordial. A few most respectable men came in then, and I asked them to take a treat from me. Well, one drank and another drank, and then Rose Heffernan came into the shop with her brother. Young Heffernan sent the glasses round, and then I asked Rose to take a glass of wine, and I put down a sovereign on the counter. The fiddler was coming down the street, and I sent a young lad out to him with silver. I stood for a while talking with Rose, and I heard the word go round the shop concerning myself. It was soon settled that I had got a legacy. The people there never heard of any legacies except American legacies, and so they put my fortune down to an uncle who had died, they thought, in the States. Now I didn't want Rose to think that my money was a common legacy out of the States, so by half-words I gave them to understand that I had got my fortune out of Mexico. Mind you, I wasn't far out when I spoke of Mexico, for I had a grand-uncle who went out there, and his picture is in the house this present minute.

"Well, after the talk of a Mexican legacy went round, I couldn't take any treats from the people, and I asked everyone to drink again. I think the crowds of the world stood before Flynn's counter. A big Connachtman held up a Mexican dollar, and I took it out of his hand and gave it to Rose Heffernan. I paid him for it, too, and it comes into my mind now that I paid him for it twice.

"There's not, on the track of the sun, a place to come near Arvach on the day of a fair. A man came along leading a black horse, and the size of the horse and the eyes of the horse would terrify you. There was a drift of sheep going by, and the fleece of each was worth gold. There were tinkers with their carts of shining tins, as ugly and quarrelsome fellows as ever beat each other to death in a ditch, and there were the powerful men, with the tight mouths, and the eyes that could judge a beast, and the dark handsome women from the mountains. To crown all, a piper came into the town by the other end, and his music was enough to put the blood like a mill-race through your heart. The music of the piper, I think, would have made the beasts walk out of the fair on their hind legs, if the music of the fiddler didn't charm them to be still. Grace Kennedy and Sheela Molloy were on the road, and Rose Heffernan was talking to them. Grace Kennedy has the best wit and the best discourse of any woman within the four

seas, and she said to the other girls as I came up, 'Faith, girls, the good of the mission will be gone from us since Maelshaughlinn came into the fair, for the young women must be talking about him coming home from the sermon.' Sheela Molloy has the softest hair and the softest eyes of anything you ever saw. She's a growing girl with a spice of the devil in her. 'It's not the best manners,' said I, 'to treat girls to a glass across the counter, but come into a shop,' said I, 'and let me pay for your fancy.' Well, I persuaded them to come into a shop, and I got the girls to make Sheela ask for a net for her hair. They don't sell these nets less than by the dozen, so I bought a dozen nets for Sheela's hair. I bought ear-rings and brooches, dream-books and fortune-books, buckles and combs, and I thought I had spent no more money than I'd thank you for picking up off the floor. A tinker woman came in and offered to tell the girls their fortunes, and I had to cross her hand with silver.

"I came out on the street after that, and took a few turns through the fair. The noise and the crowd were getting on my mind, and I couldn't think with any satisfaction, so I went into Mrs. Molloy's, and sat for a while in the snug. I had peace and quiet there, and I began to plan out what I would do with my money. I had a notion of going into Clooney on Tuesday, and buying a few sheep to put on my little fields, and of taking a good craftsman home from the fair, a man who could put the fine thatch on my little house. I made up my mind to have the doors and windows shining with paint, to plant a few trees before the door, and to have a growing calf going before the house. In a while, I thought, I could have another little horse to be my comfort and my consolation. I wasn't drinking anything heavier than ginger ale, so I thought the whole thing out quietly. After a while I got up, bid good-bye to Mrs. Molloy, and stood at the door to watch the fair.

"There was a man just before me with the pea and thimble, and I never saw a trick-of-the-loop with less sense of the game. He was winning money right and left, but that was because the young fellows were before him like motherless calves. Just to expose the man I put down a few pence on the board. In a short time I had fleeced my show-man. He took up his board and went away, leaving me shillings the winner.

"I stood on the edge of the pavement wondering what I could do that would be the beating of the things I had done already. By this time the fiddler and the piper were drawing nigh to each other, and there was a musician to the right of me, and a musician to the left of me. I sent silver to each, and told them to cease playing as I had something to say. I got up on a cart and shook my hat to get silence. I said, 'I'm going to bid the musicians play in the market square, and the man who gets the best worth out of his instrument will get a prize from me.' The words were no sooner out of my mouth than men, women, and children made for the market square like two-year-olds let loose.

"You'd like the looks of the fiddler, but the piper was a dark fellow that kept a troop of tinkers about him. It was the piper who said, 'Master, what's the prize to be?' Before I had time to think the fiddler was up and talking. 'He's of the old race,' said the fiddler, 'and he'll give the prize that the Irish nobility gave to the musicians—a calf, the finest calf in the fair, a white calf, with skin as soft as the fine mist on the ground, a calf that gentle that the smoothest field under him would look as rough as a bog.' And the fiddler was that lifted out of himself that he nearly leapt over a cart. Somebody pushed in a young calf, and then I sat down on a stone, for there was no use in saying anything or trying to hear anything after that. The fiddler played first, and I was nearly taken out of my trouble when I heard him, for he was a real man of art, and he played as if he were playing before a king, with the light of Heaven on his face. The piper was spending his silver on the tinkers, and they were all deep in drink when he began to play. At the first sound of the pipes an old tinker-woman fell into a trance. It was powerful, but the men had to tie him up with a straw rope, else the horses would have kicked the slates off the market-house roof. Nobody was quiet after that. There was a thousand men before me offering to sell me ten thousand calves, each calf whiter than the one before. There was one party round the fiddler and another party round the piper. I think it was the fiddler that won; anyway, he had the strongest backing, for they hoisted the calf on to a cart, and they put the fiddler beside it, and the two of them would have got out of the crowd, only the tinkers cut the traces of the yoke. I was saved by a few hardy men, who carried me through the market-house and into Flynn's by a back way, and there I paid for the calf.

"When I came out of Flynn's the people were going home quiet enough. I got a lift on Fardorrougha's yoke, and everybody, I think, wanted me to come to Clooney on Tuesday next. I think I'd have got out of Arvach with safety, only a dead-drunk tinker wakened up and knew me, and he gave a yell that brought the piper hot-foot after me. First of all the piper cursed me. He had a bad tongue, and he put on me the blackest, bitterest curses you ever heard in your life. Then he lifted up the pipes, and he gave a blast that went through me like a spear of ice.

"The man that sold me the calf gave me a luck-penny back, and that's all the money I brought out of Arvach fair.

"Never go into the fair where you have no business."

PADRAIC COLUM.

Open Questions.

FREE TRADE BETRAYED.

By ERNEST VILLIERS, M.P.

IT is with much reluctance and great regret that I feel constrained to use the medium of the public Press to draw attention to the above subject; but nowadays a private Member has little, or no liberty of expressing his views in the House of Commons, especially if it is on a subject which the Cabinet of the day do not wish discussed. He may ask a question and receive an "official" answer; this, however, if the question be inconvenient, is given in the spirit of the French cynic, who said, "La conversation c'est l'art de cacher la pensée." The science of obfuscation is brought, in departmental offices, to a fine art. He may ask a second and a third question, but then the Speaker naturally and rightly intervenes on the ground that the whole of Question Time cannot be devoted to one subject.

The action of Ministers can, of course, be impugned on a motion to adjourn the House, but that must be on a matter of urgent public importance, and with reference to impending or future action, and not by way of criticism of past events.

It may be said that any subject can be discussed on the adjournment for the holidays, or on the Appropriation Bill at the end of the Session; but on these occasions it is hardly ever open to a private Member to choose the subject for debate, the course of which is generally determined by the Opposition Front Bench. Attempts might be made to raise this question on the Budget or Finance Bill, but there again, in both instances, the chance of escaping the guillotine is very remote.

With this explanation as to why I draw attention to the action of the Cabinet through the Press, and gratefully acknowledging the kindness of the Editor in allowing me to do so, I will state briefly some facts which, when known, will, I believe, deeply concern all who really care for Free Trade.

It will be remembered that the Conservative Government, in 1903, passed an Act of Parliament assenting to the Sugar Convention of 1902. The Bill, in the House of Commons, both on its second reading and in Committee, was strenuously opposed by the present Government, who were then in opposition, on the ground

that by it we, a nation of consumers, were asked to enter into an agreement with several sugar-producing States which would have the effect of limiting the supply of sugar to Great Britain, and thereby raising the price of sugar in this country. I cannot do better than give their objections in the words of Liberal leaders themselves.

Mr. Emmott said, "If the House of Commons was going to pass a Bill like this it was unworthy of the confidence of the nation."

Sir William Robson said, "This Convention is expressly founded upon Protection. The Convention is a Protective document."

Lord Loreburn said, "I am sorry to say that I think this Convention is humiliating because it subjects the legislation of this country to the dictation of foreign delegates."

Mr. Winston Churchill said, "The object of the Bill is, in fact, to increase the price of sugar, and therefore the measure would be much more accurately described as 'The Dear Sugar Convention Bill.'" And, again, "I have heard it said that this Convention will confer great benefit on the foreigner and injury to our own people. I believe that is perfectly true."

These forebodings and prophecies have been most fully justified in the five years which have elapsed since the Convention was signed. The price of sugar in Great Britain has risen nearly 50 per cent., while, by the way, I may mention sugar is cheaper in the other contracting States than it was in those States before the Convention.

The supervision of sugar factories has cost the country a large annual sum, besides entailing expenses and restrictions on the trade itself, which are so vexatious as to have discouraged all small manufacturers, and tended to give a monopoly to the larger firms.

Owing to the prohibition of Russian sugar imposed upon us by the Convention, 500,000 tons of sugar have in those five years accumulated in Russia, showing the extent to which we have been robbed of our natural supply. All this was the result of Tory rule.

In January, 1906, a Liberal Free Trade Government came into power.

On 28th August, 1907, this same Liberal Free Trade Government renewed the Sugar Convention *for five years*, promising to ratify the renewal by 1st February, 1908. They practically agreed to the old conditions, with this modification, that whereas the importation of Russian sugar was prohibited in 1902, it was now to be only limited. True, *we* are not bound to limit the importation of Russian sugar, but the Convention to which we have subscribed, by imposing on Russia a limit to her export to Great Britain, *ipso facto*, as the simplest intelligence can see, limits the amount of Russian sugar which we can receive. John is allowed to take as much as he likes from Nicholas, but Nicholas is forbidden to give more than a certain amount to John. When we think of the accumulated store of sugar in Russia, and when we know that the Russian peasant is growing more sugar every year, is not the loss to the community brought home to us? And this with a Liberal Free Trade Party!

But the Party was not informed of this action; the renewal was signed when the House was not sitting, and when it met, four months ago, it was not asked to ratify the Renewal, as the former House had been asked to ratify the original Convention, and as the Parliaments of the other contracting Powers have been asked to agree to the Renewal. The Liberal Cabinet acted independently of Parliament. Perhaps, however, that is not to be wondered at. The Conservative Government, on the question of the Sugar Convention Act, had its party at its back. Would the present Liberal Government, if it came to the House to ratify the renewal of the Convention, have *its* Party at *its* back? Would it get more than the support of the Front Bench?

What can be their object in renewing the Sugar Convention? What were the objects of the Contracting Parties to the first Sugar Convention? Was it not to obtain and keep control of the British market? Was it not to encourage producers even at the expense of consumers? Was it not to benefit capitalists and monopolists?

But surely the Liberal Government should rise superior to such considerations? Their boast has been principle not privilege, measures not men, character not circumstance. Can it be that office doth make cowards of us all? The Party, however, must remain true to its colors. Liberals in 1902 prophesied untold evils; like Prometheus, they called down fire from heaven, but also Prometheus-like, when the Convention was once law they never looked back and traced results as they showed themselves; they never watched how the price of the second staple food of the people grew and rose till it has attained its present figure; they never noted how a Free Trade country, by a Free Trade Government, was being stealthily and surely filched of the advantages it should enjoy. They slept in peaceful ignorance of facts as soundly as any fairy prince under the spell of a magician. Now they make no protest while the Government renews the contract with States who will not permit sugar to be dumped into Great Britain because they are afraid that it would interfere with their market. Free Traders have always said "Let them dump; better for us if the foreigner gave his goods away to us, but by all means let him dump. It will, in the long run, be to our advantage." But since the renewal of the Sugar Convention our position as Free Traders has changed. The foreigner may dump steel rails which we make at home, and thus undersell us in our home market, but the foreigner must not dump sugar, which we do not grow, and which is one of the principal foods of the people, and the raw material of some of our largest manufactures. How can we defend Free Trade on such lines? Free Trade, as we all know, does not give us a Utopia, and sometimes it acts harshly on individuals. But if we are to sacrifice in altruistic fashion, the advantages due to untramelled trade which would drop naturally into our lap, how can we hope to defend that system?

Mr. Lloyd George, on August 5th, 1903, said with regard to the first Sugar Convention: "The position of the Government is that they have accepted the Convention and can therefore do nothing. I suggest that they should allow the House of Commons to impose its will upon them; they would then be relieved of responsibility, and no blame could be placed upon them by the other contracting parties." Is that not good and high advice for us to follow now? And shall we not by so doing save to our people thousands of tons of cheap sugar, and restore to her lost position in the Liberal Party that goddess of Free Trade whom it once so highly honored?

ERNEST VILLIERS.

Present-Day Problems.

THE REFORM OF LIBERAL ORGANISATION.

THE time has come when the Liberal Party must pay more attention to its organisation as a party. There are whispers that the Chief Whip has been convinced of this for some time and is anxious that some scheme should be considered. In order that this question, which is really one of supreme importance, should be discussed and considered, the following scheme is outlined, in the hope that the chief organisers of the party may have the advantage of the views of the rank and file. In this scheme it must be remembered that only England is thought of, and London must be looked upon as a county.

1. *County Federations:*—

Each County to have a County Federation with President, Secretary, and Treasurer. This Federation to be composed of elected representatives from each Constituency in the County. The Federation to meet for business purposes at least twice in a year, in the spring and autumn. Verbal or written reports to be presented from each Constituency of

the work being done, and any local and registration difficulties discussed. These meetings should be arranged, as far as possible, in conjunction with headquarters so that some responsible representative of the Central office could attend.

A County Demonstration might be held annually to be attended by all the Liberal members of the Constituencies, and one leading Liberal Member of the House of Commons, or as local circumstances determined.

The object of this suggestion is to bring surrounding Constituencies into closer touch for mutual help and encouragement, and must not depend on a mere financial affiliation.

These Federations would, of course, as at present, where they exist, with the local Associations send representatives to the Meetings of the National Liberal Federation. No suggestion is made about this, at present, somewhat useless gathering, as, apart from passing a series of carefully prepared formal resolutions, it does little or nothing actively to help the actual work of the party. It might, and probably will, if the constituent elements are converted into live co-operating forces become a powerful factor in the organisation of the party.

2. *Headquarters:*—

The Central office should be in much more vital touch with the constituencies than at present. A quarterly report might be obtained from each constituency if a printed Schedule of questions were sent every three months to the Secretary of each Liberal Association in the country. Some such form as the following might be adopted:—

1. Name of Association.
2. Number of Members.
3. Minimum Subscription.
4. Balance at the end of last Financial year. When does year end? Cr. £ s. d. Dr. £ s. d.
5. Number of Executive Council?

	Association.	Executive.
6. How many times during the Quarter have Meetings been held of		
7. How many public meetings have been held during the Quarter in the Constituency?		
8. Approximate total attendances at these Meetings.		
9. Has any literature been systematically distributed during the Quarter?		
10. Do you circulate the "Liberal Monthly?"		
11. How many times during the Quarter has the Member addressed political meetings in the Constituency?		
12. Have you an appointed Registration Agent?		
13. Is there a Women's Liberal Association in the Constituency? If so, what is the membership?		
14. Is there a branch of the League of Young Liberals in the Constituency? If so, what is the membership?		
15. Have the Conservatives held any, and, if so, how many public meetings during the Quarter in the Constituency?		
16. Is the Conservative Organisation in the Constituency active, and, if so, in what direction?		
17. What proposed Legislation arouses most interest in the Constituency?		
18. Remarks.		

Signature of Secretary,
Address,
Date,

These enquiries could easily be added to.

These Schedules should be sent out regularly and every means taken to get them returned promptly, properly filled in. The information should then be carefully transferred to a book or filed for reference.

The country might be divided into some six divisions by the Central office, and one division given to a responsible and intelligent clerk whose business it would be to keep in touch in this way with the various constituencies in his division, tabulate the information obtained for the use of Sir Robert Hudson, and deal with any matters arising in any of the constituencies under his charge.

As previously suggested, at least one of the business meetings of each of the County Federations, each year, should be attended by Sir Robert Hudson or some influential official of the Central office, and further, the governing body in each constituency, such for instance as the three hundred in most places, should be visited from time to time by Sir Robert Hudson or some other qualified and responsible official of the Central office who might take counsel with the local workers and offer advice on methods of organisation and then keep them up to the mark by showing interest in their work.

The Central office ought, also, to see that there is an efficient Registration Agent in every constituency, and if the local organisation is lax should use every means to get them to attend to this supremely important matter, and if it is shown that there are sufficient reasons for their inability to maintain one, should supply one for the necessary period.

The Central office might also maintain one or two expert organisers, whose sole work it should be to visit constituencies from time to time, meet the local organisations, and offer advice and guidance, look round to see what is being done, and assist in keeping the local organisations in good working condition. They should report to Headquarters the result of these visits.

Co-ordination, co-operation, and stimulus are what are required, and these can only be secured by Headquarters coming into more intimate touch with local conditions all over the country.

It may be desirable to anticipate one or two objections that may be raised. The first is the financial one, but as the extra outlay involved in these suggestions would be at Headquarters there ought not to be any difficulty about that. The second is the suggested interference with local organisations. It is not anticipated that any objection would, in fact, be raised, as the vast majority of Liberals all over the country would only too readily welcome and assist any genuine effort to put the party on a surer and more efficient fighting basis.

JOHN GRIFFITHS.

The Drama.

A REVIVAL OF POETIC TRAGEDY.

IF the student of the English drama desires to know what is wrong with it, he has only to compare the kind of play which is produced for the whole theatre-going public with that proceeding from the co-operative work of private societies, whose members consist of intellectual or serious people, driven, in sheer weariness, from resort to the conventional stage. From these societies proceed most of the renewing, reforming forces of the theatre. They find the new playwrights, the new managers, and the new artists; the new ideas and the new

methods. They have grown so strong as to give irresistible force to the demand for the setting up of a central standard of dramatic literature. Most of their dramas exhibit the richness and variety of the fresh material of which the Director of a National Theatre might dispose. Take, for example, the work of Mr. John Masefield, who has only just begun to write for the theatre, but already shows two great qualities—a sense of beauty and a sense of the true power and aim of tragedy. Such a gift would at once be seized on by the manager of a repertory theatre; he would see that these special adornments of the art of writing were grievously wanting to our stage, and that the author who possessed them should be drawn into the centre, and should by no means feel the stamp of eccentricity or perverseness upon his genius. I should imagine that Mr. Masefield's faculty would be the better for such treatment. He has, as I have said, the sense of beauty. But it is rather wild beauty: full of a certain fierceness, as of a man who has sailed perilous seas, and watched the ungoverned forces of man and of nature at their play.

"Nan," which has just been produced, under Mr. Granville Barker's sure direction, by the Pioneers at the New Royalty Theatre, has a touch of this primitive quality which took fashionable playgoers by storm when they descried it in the simple, impulsive naturalism of the Sicilian players. It is curiously exciting and disturbing both to the conscience and to the dramatic instinct. But it represents a higher form of art than "Malia," more thoughtful and more moral. Mr. Masefield takes a significant theme, which is both tragic in the highest degree, and woven, with more or less closeness, into the common fabric of human experience. Most of us know something, either as tyrants or as victims, of the oppressive side of family life, the suffering of the gentle at the hands of the petty, the exacting, and the mean, the jealousy or hatred felt for some unpopular or unwelcome member of the household—above all, the strain on the noble, unworldly character exposed to the tender mercies of the calculating and the hard. This kind of cruelty is most piteous to read or to think of when it is aimed at a child like David Copperfield or Cosette, in "Les Misérables." But it is most poignant when it involves the entire fate of a man or a woman, and it is this tragedy of common life, heightened and colored as the dramatic poet heightens and colors the working of human passions, which is the subject of Mr. Masefield's play. Let me briefly describe it.

The scene is in Gloucestershire, on the Severn, the period 1810, the time of the reign of the old savage penal law. The characters are mostly small farmers or peasants. They talk dialect, a burden which only Miss Lillah McCarthy could sustain consistently or powerfully enough to satisfy the ear. The action takes place in the living room of the Pargetter family, father, mother, and daughter, all in their way mean, hard-fisted, cunning, and cruel when the path of their interests is crossed. The unwelcome newcomer is Pargetter's niece, Nan Hardwick, whose father was hanged, a few months earlier, for stealing a sheep. On her shoulders descends the whole weight of the unfriendly world and its law, interpreted and enforced through the malign Mrs. Pargetter, a type of the bad stepmother of the fairy story, and a set of smaller persecutors. The girl, whose character and charm are painted with touches of singular beauty, has the qualities that in such a society tend to her destruction. She has candour, affectionateness, honesty, a passion for man's love and woman's sympathy, and withal the fatal force of despair, the uncalculating power that wrecks all when life no longer offers any work, or happiness, or hope. Everybody and everything conspires to drive her to this pass. The aunt, in pursuit of the *rôle* of bad woman and "good" wife and mother, sets husband, daughter, and lover against her. Each fine feeling in the girl's nature is in turn flouted and betrayed. The daughter's fault is laid to her account; her lover, weak and unreal, incited to a base betrayal; her love of her father made the instrument of her loss of personal happiness, and at each issue of her life turned against her gentle bosom. In such a world, Mr. Masefield concludes, such a creature cannot live. She is fated. She must die, and drag down with her some one of her tormentors.

It is the author's power of illustrating and developing this tragedy that constitutes the interest of his drama. How will "Nan" perish—for live she cannot, any more than "Tess" or Beatrice Cenci can live? All the characters and incidents in the play, the circumstances of the time and their bearing on the girl's character, co-operate to this end; Dick Gurvil, who tears her heart from her breast; her cousin Jenny, who betrays her sisterly affection; the man of the law, who, when her father's innocence is proved, counts out to her fifty pounds in compensation for the blood his masters have shed; the mad old fiddler, to whom, since his young bride's death, fifty years ago, the world has become a grave, to which he must lure this beautiful, much-deceived creature. I am not able to say that Mr. Masefield blends all these elements of tragedy at all times with success. Now and then the play seemed to tremble a little, as if on the edge of a catastrophe. But what he is able to do is to preserve its poetic feeling and intention.

This he achieves chiefly through the picture of pure and passionate womanhood, touched deeply with the life of the soil and its rude and simple verities, which he presents in "Nan." If it errs, it errs on the side of violence, to which Mr. Masefield's genius inclines him. But the speech and spiritual vesture of the girl, the love scene, broadly but not coarsely painted, the power, conciseness, and sensuous charm of the dialogue, the mystical element suggested by such devices as Ibsen employs in half-human characters like the Ice-girl or the Rat-Wife, but fitting less easily into the main stuff of this special drama, and, above all, the human feeling, the power to excite pity and fear in the audience, reveal, not indeed a master of the theatre, but a bold, vivid, and enterprising talent for it. Mr. Masefield's powers are not yet fully disciplined; here and there they seem to reflect Elizabethan rather than modern models and tastes; but it is remarkable to see how well he controls the human elements of his play, and avoids obvious and morally inferior devices, as, for example, would have been the killing of Mrs. Pargetter by her niece. He writes freshly when others write wearily or pedantically, or merely imitatively, and he has the living spirit which is needed to revive the long-lost associations between the English stage and literature. And as he writes, so he is served. "Nan" is a very beautiful figure, and she was very finely played by Miss Lillah McCarthy. Nature has given this artist the attractions of face and voice and bearing through which poetry finds expression on the stage. These qualities fix the eye, but they did not alone sustain the interest in her "Nan Hardwick." That depended on clear conception of what the character meant, and, as in the "mesmeric" scene, on sustained and deeply impressive dramatic power.

H. W. M.

Communications.

THE SUM OF BRITISH WEALTH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One of the Budget statements is worth more than a passing notice. It was that the income of the part of the British nation assessed for income tax had reached nearly one thousand millions sterling per annum—980 millions, to be exact. The most extraordinary aspect of it is that, in one single decade, during which it has been alleged by statesmen that we were going to pieces in a financial sense, the income of a section only of the people had increased one-third more. That is to say, from 734 millions in 1898, to 980 in 1908. At the same rate of progression (including the increment) the relative amount will be over 1,300 millions in 1918.

In considering this matter we must not mix up the

rate of the tax with the amount of the assessment of the income. The former is a variable quantity—the latter is fixed so far as its basis or principle of rating is concerned. That is to say, the tax may be a shilling per £, or ninepence, as at present. In other years it has been rated differently. But the amount of the income is not altered by the Chancellor as he may do with the tax. It remains at the same level irrespective of the tax, excepting when it advances or recedes according to the success or non-success of the possessor of it. Another point to hold in view is this: The tax is levied only upon those who have an income of £160 per annum or upwards. Certain deductions are made up to £700, but that has nothing to do with the total assessment. The Budget quotation is the total sum, without deductions, declared to in some cases by the owners or assessed by the officials. The number of people who are concerned directly by this form of taxation is about five millions out of a total population of forty-four millions. Mr. Asquith stated that 750,000 persons had declared their incomes were *earned* incomes between the minimum of £160 and the maximum of £2,000 per annum. That leaves about 250,000 who have fixed salaries, dividends, &c., below, or the same and earned incomes above the line of £2,000. It means a total of about a million of income tax payers, and, taking the average family at five, we get five millions out of the total population.

Now, it has been the practice with statisticians like Dudley Baxter, Leone Levi, and Sir Robert Giffen, in assessing the total National Capital, to found their calculations upon the income tax returns. In doing so, practically, they usually arrive at a little over double that total for the income of the whole population. It is a rough way for us now to get at the result, but it will serve as a fairly close approximation. Taking this view, it is obvious that our total national income is now somewhere about 2,000 millions per annum.

Proceeding to consider the amount of capital involved, let me point out that, in 1875, Giffen assessed the matter thus:—

Capital sum	8,548 millions sterling
Total Income (based on Income Tax returns)	1,164 millions sterling

In the capital sum he went into details—giving each amount separately—for lands, stocks, personal property, trades, railways, iron-works, fisheries, mines, &c.

It will be seen that the total income comes out to about one-eighth of the capital sum. Hence, if we multiply our 2,000 per annum at the same rate, we get 16,000 millions, as the capital of the British nation, as a commercial asset, at the present day. It is probably more than that, for, in 1903, at the meeting of the British Association at Southport, Sir Robert Giffen read a paper on the subject, and he then placed the capital at 15,000 millions and the income at 1,750 millions. In the discussion that followed, one of his learned critics considered the amount was too low. In another decade and at the same ratio of increase the capital would be over 20,000 millions. Be that as it may, the sum we have already attained to is unprecedented for a small country like ours to absorb. In thirty-three years we have gone far on the road to double our income and capital. There seems no slackening in our industries, trades, or commerce. This globe consists of about forty-eight million square miles of cultivable lands, and we possess, in one form or another, about a quarter of it. Our ships carry half the whole maritime trade of the commercial world. And yet we are not progressing, in the opinion of some of us, simply because we are importing more than we export, and must, thereby, be impoverished. If so, how does it happen that we have added an average of 225 millions sterling to our capital per annum for the past thirty-three years? Or, is it all empty talk? like that of Gratiano who "speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search."

But let us go a little further back still so as to see the steady, continued working of two fiscal systems, as revealed from this point of view. It is obvious that the income tax returns, without a thoroughly inquisitorial system, must be only an approximation. But they are the best and nearest basis we can get for a period of over fifty years. If we take earlier estimates with a greater margin of doubt still, the following statement of the capital value of the United Kingdom takes us back for over a century:—

Year.	Authority.	Capital Value.
1800	Beck and Pultney.	1,800 millions sterling.
1840	Porter.	4,000 ,, ,,
1860	Leone Levi.	6,000 ,, ,,
1875	Giffen.	8,548 ,, ,,
1903	Giffen.	15,000 ,, ,,

Reducing this statement to so much per head of the population it comes to this:—

In 1800, £114; 1840, £150; 1860, £207; 1875, £267; 1903, £357.

It will be seen that in the first forty years we only gained £36 per head. The policy of Protection was then nearly coming to an end. In seven years it was partially slain, and in ten was practically out of the possibility of doing any more mischief. In the next stage of twenty years, when Free Trade was fairly under way, the gain was £57 per head, although little more than half the period had been under the influence of freedom. In the next fifteen years we increased £60 per head; and, in the latest period of twenty-eight years we advanced no less than £90 per head. Or, curiously enough, in the final forty-three years we *gain* £150 under Free Trade, and that increase is exactly the same amount as the total capital per head in 1840, when Protection prevailed with us. Not only so, but the purchasing power of money is much more now than seventy years ago, because the price of the "staff of life" was greater in those days than at the present time. Moreover, unemployment was more rife. Pauperism was about ten per cent. in England as against one-quarter of it this year. Carlyle makes that point clear in his "Past and Present," by quoting the official returns of the day. He, also, shows that the pauperism of the "hungry forties" was mainly an able-bodied and unwilling one.

Surely these are convincing proofs of our steady advancement in material wealth—if that merely is to be the criterion upon which we are to be judged. It is an open question, but Tariff Reform advocates have chosen that ground; therefore they must abide by it.

A singular coincidence is this: In the year 1903, when the Prophet of the New Cult started his "tearing and raging propaganda," as his brother called it, Sir Robert Giffen prepared his striking statistics for the British Association without reference to the fiscal question at all, or having a thought of the arguments involved. Now, in face of the statement that we were retrograding, it is curious to observe, in that very year of 1903, the income tax was assessed upon 879 millions sterling. According to this year's Budget the figure is 980 millions—a round 100 millions increase in five years; and that only for the benfit of one-ninth of the total population. By our rough formula it means, however, an increase of 1,600 millions, added to the capital estate of the United Kingdom; and still "We are not happy!"

If we compare with other countries—how do we stand? Prussia—the Major-domo of Germany—has a population very nearly equal to ours. The income tax there begins at £45 per annum. If we, however, strike a line at our minimum of £160, we get a total in that country, above that limit, of 200 millions a year, whereas ours is practically five times that sum.

In the past ten years we have *gained* more on this basis than Prussia has accumulated altogether. No wonder the Germans are borrowing money whilst we are paying off debt; which latter course makes more for defence than battleships, even of the "Dreadnought" class.

If we turn to France what do we find? A few months ago Dr. Bertillon—the well-known statistician—was wringing his hands over the decadence of "La Belle." He had been calculating the total assets of his beloved land. The result was 9,000 millions. Considering that Monsieur Fournier de Flaix—another eminent economist—had, in the year 1882, brought the amount out at 9,070 millions, the present result is not encouraging. The basis of the calculations of each was that of the Succession Duties. They have been levied since 1790 upon every description of wealth in

France, and have usually formed the basis of all calculations having this object in view—the value of the nation as a going concern. The population of France in number, like that of Prussia, is close upon the heels of ours. Each of these great nations is hopelessly behind this country as a wealth producer, and both have "scientific tariffs" after the Tariff Reformer's own heart. Is it still with him a case of an invisible grain per bushel? Or, shall we describe it in the rough but forcible words of the Scotch proverb—"Muckle gab, little gumption"?—Yours, &c.,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

May 26th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

THE JUSTICE OF THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of the 16th inst., "Country Brewer" complains of the statement that the Licensing Bill will leave two out of three houses, because, as he tells us, it will close a much larger proportion of houses in many villages. Of course, the statement that the Bill will close one-third of the houses refers to the country as a whole, and not to its effect in every locality. What would have been the scoffs and jeers in which "Country Brewer" and others would have indulged if the proposal had been to close one house out of every three in each locality no matter how many there were there to begin with! In some towns there are from five to twenty times as many public-houses in proportion to population as there are in others. To close the same proportion in those places would be absurd. There is almost universal agreement that redundant houses should be got rid of, and it is in the villages and small towns of such counties as "Country Brewer" mentions—Hertfordshire and Cambridgeshire—that public-houses abound to greater excess than anywhere else. There the redundancy is greatest. There there will be the most reduction.

"Country Brewer" thinks that closing beer-houses will increase the consumption of spirits. This is an old fallacy. The Beer-house Act of 1830—which was admittedly a great blunder—was based on it, and so in principle was the disastrous legislation of the early 'sixties which established grocers' licences and aimed at encouraging the consumption of light wines in preference to spirits. Both policies increased the consumption of spirits.

Your correspondent contends that under the Bill the compensation will be inadequate. Mr. Montgomery has already dealt with that point. The Act of 1904 limited the compensation to the owner to the value of the premises, and provided that it should be the difference in their value with and without a licence. The assessment under Schedule A should give the annual value of the premises with the licence, and, after refusal of renewal, without the licence. If the difference between those values does not represent the added annual value which the licence gives it can only be because the assessment is wrong. If the assessment of the premises with the licence be proper and adequate the compensation under the Bill will be proper and adequate also, but not otherwise.

Hitherto, licensed premises have had one value for rating and taxation, and an altogether different one for compensation. They have, and can only have, *one* real market value. The Bill provides that the same value—the real and only value—shall be the value for both purposes. "Country Brewer" says that the owner should receive compensation for loss of trade. The Act of 1904 does not provide for that further than the value of the trade is included in the market value of the premises. The Bill does not propose to alter the basis of compensation in so far as it is to be the difference in the value of the premises with and without a licence. All that is claimed is that the assessment should show this difference quite accurately, and, consequently, the Bill provides that the difference so shown shall be the difference on which the compensation shall be calculated. Let owners get their licensed houses properly assessed, and all will be well with them in the matter of compensation; and, incidentally, substantial will be the gain to the ratepayer and taxpayer.

Yours, &c.,

THOS. P. WHITTAKER.

House of Commons.

May 27th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Montgomery in his reply to my letter assumes that the re-assessment of licensed property on a new principle is contained in the Bill. It is not in the Bill and as now explained opens up a wide question of considerable interest.

Mr. Montgomery accepts my illustration as a typical case. It is a real one. It is too often suggested in this controversy that brewers are dishonest in their desire to evade taxation on tied houses without any truth. The surveyors of taxes are responsible for Schedule A assessments, and I desire to know how the new assessments illustrated by Mr. Montgomery are to be obtained.

Are we to accept as a new principle that Schedule A shall include trading profits in addition to the annual letting value, for this is what Mr. Montgomery's suggestion amounts to? Are other trades to be treated on the same basis, especially those trades in which the tied house system exists—the tobacco trade, the flour trade, the tea and grocery trade, and several others? Mr. Montgomery claims the whole profit on the wholesale price of beer as the value of the tie and allows no free trade profit in his calculation. The value of the tie would more fairly be taken at 4s. or 5s. a barrel on the trade of houses like "The Black Horse," and on this basis the present assessment at £48 is fair. No brewer and no free tenant could, in my opinion, pay more rent than this. Mr. Montgomery assumes that the Surveyor of Taxes has neglected his duty and gives the assessment consequent on the passing of this Bill at £100, an increase of £52. If this were correct the results would be as follows:—

No additional tax will be received by the Surveyor of Taxes under Schedule A as the assessment of the brewery profit will fall by the exact amount of the rise of the assessment of "The Black Horse," the brewery now paying the income tax on the £52.

The tenant's licence will rise £5, compensation charge £5, inhabited house duty £1 14s., poor rate at 7s. in the pound will rise £15 14s.

The tenant's position becomes impossible. Out of a gross retail profit on the sale of two hundred barrels, say £100, he must under the new conditions pay licence £25, rates £30, inhabited house duty £2 10s., in addition to fire and lighting £15, wear and tear of trade utensils £5, and interest on his capital, estimated at £50, say £5. This leaves him £17 10s. balance for living expenses out of the sale of beer, in this case almost the entire business of the house. No tenant can live in the house on these terms. One of two things must follow. Either the brewer must reduce the price of his beer 3s. a barrel to meet the extra charges put on the tenant, and thus reduce the gross profit to £70 a year less £15 compensation charge and other outgoings consequent on the repairs and management of a tied house, or he will decide to let the house as a free house at an actual rent of £50, if he can get as much. The latter may be the better and sounder course, as the assessment demanded by Mr. Montgomery will then revert to the present amount, and, with reduced charges, a tenant may get a living. This seems to me to be conclusive proof that the present assessment is the correct one.

A general re-assessent which will carry with it an additional licence, additional compensation levy, additional poor rates, additional house duty, and a transfer of income tax is in itself so complex that I cannot think it to be the intention of the Government to offer it as a solution of the new compensation basis in the Bill without any clauses in the Bill dealing with assessment, or any explanation of this point in introducing the Bill before Parliament.

It is easy for Mr. Montgomery to double an assessment on paper without any regard to the five consequent additional charges imposed thereby on tenant and owner, but can anyone accept it as an argument of the justice of the compensation clauses as they stand in this Bill?

The ingenious proposal to put five new charges on this property, a typical case, as a means of securing a fair compensation for the loss of capital seems to me another way of destroying the capital and evading compensation.—Yours, &c.,

COUNTRY BREWER.

May 25th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"A Country Brewer," in your last issue, takes me to task for saying (in the letter you were so good as to publish on the 9th inst.) that two out of every three public-houses will be left untouched by the Bill. Doubtless there will be certain local variations, but, speaking of the country at large, the Bill, if carried into law, will leave untouched two-thirds of the public-houses now existing in England. That is one of the salient points which ought to be made known to every Parliamentary voter. Large numbers of them voted lately in Manchester and Wolverhampton in ignorance of the fact.

Again, as to compensation. If "A Country Brewer" will read Sir Thomas Whittaker's speech in the second reading debate in the House of Commons, he will find that the Bill under a time limit of fourteen years will secure full compensation for every just claimant in respect of houses closed.

The principle by which the trade itself provides the compensation was introduced and carried through both Houses of Parliament by Mr. Balfour's Government in 1904. In the opinion of the majority of impartial persons outside the trade, the principle is essentially fair and just in its application to a business carried on under the licensing conditions which have so long prevailed in this country. In any case, however, the present Bill merely continues the system of compensation accepted by the brewers.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. SWANWICK.

34, Croxteth Road, Liverpool,
May 18th, 1908.

"REMITTED TO THE CHURCHES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In last week's issue you headed your article on the Education Bill debate as above. Let us hope that ecclesiastical leaders will agree, where political leaders are at fault. If the former can achieve a national settlement of the religious difficulty, it is impossible to imagine politicians of responsibility attempting to frustrate it.

But failure to agree on a national solution is not unthinkable even with the best intentions on the part of those who confer. What then?

Surely failure to achieve immediate settlement of the whole question need not imply abandonment by the present Government of all attempts to redeem its pledges.

The Bill which has just been read a second time admits very readily of amendment in Committee, which will altogether confine its scope to the single school areas.

I have illustrated this by putting down one or two amendments which serve to indicate the ease with which its scope could be thus restricted.

If a conference covering the whole field fails to produce a concordat, the Government must seriously consider the desirability of immediately concentrating upon, and dealing with, the single school areas.

From many points of view it would be an immense gain if the difficulties in these areas were fairly faced in complete detachment from the entirely different problem which confronts us in urban areas.—Yours, &c.,

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

House of Commons,
May 25th, 1908.

"SIMPLE BIBLE TEACHING."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article on "Remitted to the Churches" you say that "Christianity . . . is certainly founded on the Bible."

How can that be, when it was a powerful and widespread missionary force many years before the earliest and most important books of the New Testament were written, and 150 years before they were all recognised as authoritative?

This is no quibble, because on it the whole view of the nature of Christianity depends. The Christian teaching which as a historic fact has had force in the world is not the teaching of a text-book; but is the telling about and the leading to a living person, and to life in his organic society. And this plainly cannot be done save by those who have some personal faith in that Person, and some experience in the life of that Society.

It is open to you, of course, to depreciate that teaching. But it is strange for a Liberal review to countenance popular and thoughtless Bibliolatry.—Yours, &c.,

TH. HILL.

The Vicarage,
North Somercotes, Lincolnshire,
May 27th, 1908.

[The article in question expressly repudiated what Mr. Hill calls "thoughtless Bibliolatry." But the fact remains that in a broad sense Christianity, as it exists to-day, founds itself on the Bible.—ED. NATION.]

"THE RIDDLE OF THE BACCHAE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of May 16th my friend Prof. Murray, reviewing Mr. Norwood's book, "The Riddle of the Bacchae," gives the following description of the theory laid down by Dr. Verrall in "Euripides the Rationalist":—

> "Euripides was a sceptic; therefore he cannot have seriously introduced gods or miracles into his plays. Therefore those parts of his plays . . . in which gods and miracles do occur, must either bear a secret meaning, . . . or they must not be parts of the play at all, but merely additions intended to save the writer from persecution by the orthodox."

On reading this, I was disposed to ask myself, not whether I understand Euripides, but whether it is possible for anyone ever to be understood. This is my argument, as it appears to a critic eminently competent and friendly! I can only say that to no one can it seem more unsound in the premisses, or more extravagant in the conclusion, than it does to me. But really it is not mine. I cannot acknowledge or subscribe to it. It is not the fact that my expositions of certain plays of Euripides are based, all or any of them, upon deduction from the real or supposed opinions of the dramatist. They are based upon the construction of the plays themselves, or rather of each separate play, regarded as a work presumably intended to bear some consistent meaning as a whole. Whatever validity my conclusions may have, they would still have, if the plays were anonymous.

I say that the *Heracles* is designed to exhibit the Greek "demi-god" as a mere man, an ordinary man, and (to some extent) permanently insane. I say that on any other supposition the play is inexplicable. The starting-point of my exposition is not any assumption about the author, but the fact that the hero is exhibited, in the plainest manner, both as an unbeliever in the popular religion, and also as a believer. The play is, on the face of it, perplexed and enigmatical. I seek from it, and from it only, an answer to the questions, what did the author intend to convey, and why does he convey it in such a form and manner as he does. And the same is true, *mutatis mutandis*, for the other plays which I have treated.

The result of these enquiries, no doubt, is to confirm the ample extant evidence respecting the opinions of Euripides, the use which he made of the theatre for the propagation of his opinions, and the reputation for insincerity and duplicity which he incurred. But these are the sequel, not the source, of the investigation.

As to the *Bacchae*, Euripides, I have little doubt, would have found it easy to write letters of encouragement, and honest letters too, both to Prof. Murray and to Mr. Norwood; and I shall hope to deserve one myself, if I should expound the play in my turn. Here, if ever, whatever Euripides meant or expected, it was not to produce agreement. I think he would be very well pleased with our situation, far better pleased than at any other time since he died.—Yours, &c.,

A. W. VERRALL.

Cambridge. May 22nd, 1908.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I beg room to reply to Mr. Stephen Paget's letter in your issue of May 23rd, more especially because "The Times" has refused me the opportunity of answering a similar letter of Mr. Paget's that appeared in its columns?

1. The general principles which, I claimed, should make the public hesitate to subscribe to the Research Defence Society Mr. Paget ignores, hoping by the quotation of statistics, &c., to confuse the issue. Such tactics remind one of those adopted so dishonestly by the Anti-Vivisectionists, and justify the thoughtful man's reliance upon principles rather than figures. To tell us that 94 per cent. of experiments upon animals are inoculations, and thus to suggest that but a small actual number of animals is sacrificed to experiment, is beside the mark. Indeed, the argument recalls the methods of Mr. Stephen Coleridge (one whom I revere for his integrity of purpose and love of the helpless), who would have us believe that an increasing mortality from diphtheria proves the uselessness of its anti-toxin, though he should know that the death rate per hundred of cases attacked has been reduced enormously wherever it is used.

2. Mr. Paget writes as though I were wholly ignorant of my subject, and that, in speaking of "the physiologist's unassailable secrecies," I am ignorant that my visiting card would admit me to any classes of physiology. He forgets, perhaps, that I am a colleague of Lister, Ferrier, and Halliburton, and know something of my subject. He forgets that I know that the sort of experiment which the public have just reason for fearing is done in secrecy and never in class.

3. Mr. Paget makes a poor show in defending the physiologist's devotion to humanity, especially when, as in his letter to "The Times," he declares that the discoverer of anti-toxin does a thousand times more for humanity than the mere doctor who uses the discovery. Neither Mr. Paget nor myself can claim to be of the profession's very backbone, for we are not general practitioners; and for that very reason we should know more of what devotion means than those who practise it. The general practitioner is terribly overworked, and has, on the average, wretched pay; he is hardly able to provide for family and old age, and he dies young; he often has no intercourse with his equals, and may be ruined by a word from a coroner's jury or by an ignorant layman's criticism. Yet he does not prate of his devotion. He has, moreover, his own Medical Defence Union, and makes no advertisement to the public of his virtues and needs. Against these truly heroic servants of humanity Mr. Paget sets the physiologist, who, however hard he may work, is blessed with the comforts and honor of a scientific post, the pleasures of teaching and co-operation with men of like culture. Nor are the personal risks of his calling in any way comparable to the practitioner's. Yet these physiologists appeal to the public for encouragement and moral support against their enemies whose only sin is glorying in what, more than any other property, makes mankind different from beasts, namely, their *humanity*.

4. Theoretically, I admit, the law does its best to prevent that free hand which I have said is accorded to the physiologist. Practically, however, there is no check upon him. The inefficiency of factory inspection is notorious, especially where factories of unblemished reputation are concerned.

5 and 6. Nor do I doubt Mr. Paget's assertion that curare is but seldom used, nor that the physiologist takes means for preventing pain wherever possible. But I repeat that familiarity with the quite horrible procedures in the laboratories, with the machines for compelling an outraged life to remain in a disorganised body, with the inevitable contrivances for preventing the animal from moving or giving evidence whether or no it is properly anæsthetised, completely justifies my fears that less care is taken than in a surgical operation to ensure perfect anæsthesia.

The remainder of Mr. Paget's letter is concerned with details and statistics which have nothing to do with the purpose of my former letter, which, perhaps, I may repeat, was not to attack the claims of the physiologists, but to assert that (1) it is not in the interests of the public sanity and health that they should be familiarised with pathological science, and (2) that if we had more thorough inspection the public would discover no sort of use for the Research Defence Society.

But, Sir, if only for the sake of forestalling future claim upon your space, pray allow me another word. My opponents stand to right and left of me. The physiologists, because I plead for the virtue of humanity, call me sentimental and ignorant of what science has done for medicine. The anti-vivisectionists assail me because I bid them be true to fact and not distort statistics. To the mere scientist, the higher attributes of man, his hopes that can never be justified by evidences, his ancient faiths not countenanced by experiment, his honoring of life for life's sake despite its cheapness, its failures, its disasters, all these which, more than the physical laws of his nature, make man peculiarly what he is, are but side issues. On the other hand, to the man of feeling and faith, science, because it worships material welfare, and spares men the very labor of living; because it multiplies the comforts of the rich and cripples the poor, chaining them to machines in prisons called cities, instead of inspiring them to work like men; because of this latter day's cringing before the wonders of science, asking of it miracles in healing and absolution for sins against the eternal laws; because of such misuse of the gifts of knowledge, I say, the man of feeling and faith comes to look upon science itself as an enemy of life. The truth is that the whole of our modern system is run on false lines. And because science invents machines to circumvent labor, organises laws to disorganise freedom, and generates disease to forestall its destructions; because, moreover, all who would live justly and simply and lovingly must conform to the tyrant ways or submit to starvation, we too readily acquiesce in the authority of the men who hold the reins of this power. Just as the question of the unemployed will never be settled by robbing the worthier of their work and wage, but only when the righter way of mutual service is refound, so the rational cure of disease will be discovered, not by experimental pathology but by living the saner life. The people must learn the way to live rather than tricks to hoodwink death.

Sir, Mr. Paget's letter is practically an invitation to the public to trust the physiologist and ask no questions. But many of us have learned through bitter experience a distrust of Authority whatever her credentials, and however sincere her supporters. Time was when those who claimed a special prerogative from on high to preach the gospel of love, and were accredited by the people with power direct from the Originator of that gospel, were yet guilty of the Spanish Inquisition. Not even centuries can change the nature of man; and we who doubt must not be blamed if we ask for assurance that those who now preach a gospel of science are not tainted with a penalty of power that blunts their sympathy with suffering.—Yours, &c.,

GREVILLE MACDONALD.

Harley Street, W.
May 26th, 1908.

P.S.—By this morning's post I receive a most shocking confirmation of the danger to the public in familiarising them with physiological horrors. In an advertisement of a certain meat juice, I find two colored portraits of distinguished medical men in Paris. One is represented as turning a huge press. From its sides pours the blood of a live ox whose body is crushed flat, but whose head protrudes with an expression of agonised suffering. The other is holding up by the tail a live rabbit, with a huge thermometer projecting from its body, and the upturned eyes suggesting futile appeal. These are jokes, I presume; but not the less do they symbolise the appalling degradation to which familiarity with physiological detail has brought their perpetrators. I enclose these for your inspection.

WHAT DOES VOTES FOR WOMEN MEAN?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A. Grimshaw Haywood," in your issue of the 23rd inst. asks for information as to the exact terms on which women are asking for the vote. Suffragists demand the vote on the same terms as it is or may be granted to men. That is to say, they demand that every woman who would be entitled to vote if she were a

man, shall be placed on the Parliamentary register. They are not asking that *all* women should be admitted to the franchise, since *all* men are not; they simply ask that duly qualified women should be entitled to vote at Parliamentary elections.

As to the anti-Government policy which your correspondent objects to, the Suffragettes oppose the Liberal candidate at bye-elections because he is the nominee of a Government which refuses to give votes to women. So long as the Government remains obdurate, it is impossible for a Women's Enfranchisement Bill to become law. This is clearly shown in the fate that has befallen Mr. Stanger's and the twenty-eight previous Women's Enfranchisement Bills.

One of the most effective methods of bringing pressure to bear upon any Government is by fighting against them at bye-elections.

The Suffragettes are determined to oppose every nominee of the Government until such time as they receive a definite pledge stating that the Government intends to adopt and carry into law a Women's Suffrage Bill.

Trusting you will find space for this somewhat lengthy letter.—Yours, &c., NANCY LIGHTMAN.

40, Hatherley Road, Walthamstow,
May 23rd, 1908.

THE RUSSIAN VISIT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was glad to see your firm and dignified protest in last week's NATION against the King's visit to the Russian Emperor.

This is the second time that our tactful King has declined from grace; the first being when he was unfortunately absent during the interregnum consequent on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's death.

However, the country seems fairly roused now, and Mr. O'Grady's spirited protest in Parliament last night will do much to restore the confidence of democrats in the Labor Party, which, I believe, it was losing owing to its too conciliatory attitude.

One cannot help wishing that on such an occasion the whole Party had protested, for surely there never was a more fitting time for men elected by the Labor vote to raise their voices.

It is remarkable that it was left to an Irishman to do the work of the British democracy.

Can it be that all classes of our population are too parochial and narrow in their interests to see anything outside their immediate affairs?

Anyhow, we may hope that the strong feeling that has been roused in the country against the visit of our humanitarian and good-humoured King to the representative of the most blood-stained and tyrannical government of modern times may be abandoned.

Surely, if our King wishes to meet his relation, the Emperor, in a friendly way the natural place for them to meet is in some neutral State.

Yours faithfully,
R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

14, Washington House, Basil Street, S.W.
May 27th, 1908.

THE TOLSTOY CELEBRATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It appears to be certain that Count Tolstoy, while desiring to hold completely aloof from all responsibility for the celebration of his eightieth birthday on August 28th, is yet not displeased at the idea of an appreciative and sympathetic recognition of his labors by those who have been consistently his friends in England.

This Committee, therefore, will now proceed to carry out the scheme which has already been laid before the public. They propose:—

1. To prepare an address of congratulation to be signed by all persons who are in sympathy with Count Tolstoy; and
2. To publish and distribute as widely as possible a cheap edition of his writings in English (since this, it is understood, would please him more than anything else).

The latter involves the translating of a number of his works still untranslated, buying the copyright of certain translations which do not belong to him, and securing a publisher against loss involved in publishing a popular edition. The edition should be worthy of Tolstoy and his English admirers.

We feel sure that Tolstoy's English readers and disciples recognise his unique position, and will join us in carrying out these objects in a manner suitable to so exceptional an occasion.

The address will lie for signature on or after June 15th at 14, St. James's Square, S.W.; Messrs. Williams & Norgate's, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; Mr. A. C. Fifield, 44, Fleet Street, E.C.

Cheques or postal orders may be sent to Messrs. Barclay & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, payable to "Tolstoy Fund," or to the Hon. Secretary, 14, St. James's Square, S.W.

EDMUND GOSSE (*Chairman*).
C. HAGBERG WRIGHT (*Hon. Sec.*).

14, St. James's Square, London, S.W.,
May 28th, 1908.

THE REFERENDUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems very unfortunate that because Catholics dislike the Education Bill of the Government, and others dislike the Licensing Bill, and so on, that we stand a chance of having our Free Trade system set on one side, not on its merits, but on side issues. Oh, for the Referendum which would prevent such serious misrepresentation.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MARRIOTT.

249, Ladbrooke Grove, Notting Hill.

Poetry.

AT NIGHTFALL.

(*Words for a Cadence of Chopin*).

WHILE he rides the spectral avenues,
Night's black caldron spills its raven hues.

Stars forsake him: shadows cover him:
Deadly trees drip poison over him.

In the fields his steed went cantering;
Through the thorns it stumbles sauntering.

In the sun his horn rang merrily;
Weary now, he winds it wearily.

Ghosts of men, that once were friends to him,
Whisper through the gloom like fiends to him.

Bones of heroes bleach and blacken there,
Whom the dusk has overtaken there.

Sure he knows the night must come on him,
That shall bring the same dark doom on him.

He, too, drop, where others dropped before;
Though he hope not all they hoped before.

Still he smiles serenely, candidly,
Facing night and doom undauntedly:

Still, though every hope be stinted him,
Rides towards the place appointed him.

R. C. K. ENSOR.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish towards the end of next month a new volume of "Miscellanies" by Lord Morley of Blackburn. It will contain reprints of his essays on Machiavelli, Guicciardini, and several other literary topics.

* * *

THE number of British subjects who have risen to eminence in the service of foreign Governments is very considerable, as a book which is shortly to be published by the Marquis de Ruvigny shows. It attempts to enumerate and account for those English, Irish, and Scottish families who, leaving their own countries, became naturalised and ennobled abroad. The "wild geese" who flew away from Ireland are, of course, known to fame, and the 'fifteen and 'forty-five drove a host of Scottish families into exile. A great number of these entered the military service of the land of their adoption, and the Order of St. Louis was won by over two hundred Scottish and Irish officers for valour on the field. The roll of the Spanish Order of St. James of the Sword, also, between the years 1600 and 1860, gives the names of fifty-four Irish soldiers besides Scottish and English. Even higher honours were won by some of the descendants of these exiles, and we find a MacMahon, President of the French Republic, a Clarke, Minister of War to Napoleon I., a Stuart-FitzJames, Duke of Alva, and a Count Hamilton, President of the Swedish Diet. It is surprising that so little has been written upon these famous exiles, or upon the foreign legions in which they usually served. The Marquis de Ruvigny's book upon the subject can hardly fail to be of romantic interest as well as of great historical value.

* * *

PROFESSOR MASPERO has written an introduction to a book on "The Queens of Egypt," by Miss Janet Buttles, which Messrs. Constable will publish within the next few weeks. Although the queens of ancient Egypt held a position unique in the world's history, and the legal standing of women in general was a remarkable one, this is the first book that has been written on the subject. Only of late years has enough material for such a work been brought to light, but modern Egyptology has collected details sufficient for Miss Buttles's purpose. Her book extends over a period of thirty-five centuries, from 4000 B.C., when we have the first record of a queen upon the throne of Egypt, down to 525 B.C., the date of the death of the Queen of Thebes. Miss Buttles has aimed at reconstructing the environment, political, social, and domestic, of these ancient Egyptian queens—an interesting though difficult task which is at least sure of the credit that belongs to pioneer work.

* * *

A BOOK on "Chaucer and His England," by Mr. G. G. Coulton, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Methuen. It deals not only with the poet, but with the whole society of his day, and may be expected to throw much fresh light on our knowledge of the period. Mr. Coulton's former works on medieval history, "From St. Francis to Dante," and "Medieval Studies," gave rise to a storm of controversy, but Mr. Coulton brought forward a heavy weight of evidence in support of his account of medieval monastic life.

* * *

READERS whose taste lies in the direction of adventure will welcome two books which Mr. Murray announces. "Gentlemen Errant" relates the travels and adventures of four noblemen in Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They wandered about in search of wives, wealth, and battles, somewhat after the style in which d'Artagnan set out into the world to seek his fortune. The book has been compiled by Mrs. Henry Cust from authoritative sources. The other book, "A Mariner of England," is the autobiography of a seaman named William Richardson, who lived in the moving times from 1780 to 1817, and, starting as a cabin-boy in the merchant service, became a warrant officer in the Royal Navy. Richardson served in a slaver on the Guiana coast, took part in Abercromby's expedition to St. Lucia, in Strachan's action after Trafalgar, and was employed in rigging up the fireships for the attack in the Basque Roads, of which he gives a vivid description. A seaman's account of the slave trade and of life in the Navy of Nelson's days can hardly fail to be fresh and full of interest.

* * *

AN important work on "Indian Sculpture and Painting," by Mr. E. B. Havell, Principal of the Government School of Art and Keeper of the Art Gallery at Calcutta, will shortly be published by Mr. Murray. The book is written from the artistic, not the archæological, standpoint, tracing the evolution of the Indian ideal and explaining the fundamental differences between it and the standards of Greece and Rome. Mr. Havell, who has given many years to the study of Indian fine art, holds that the painters and sculptors of India are not, as is commonly believed, inferior to her poets and dramatists. The concluding chapter of the book deals with modern Indian painting, special attention being given to the work of Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore, a painter whose genius has been recognised by many European artists. The work will contain a number of colour reproductions of typical masterpieces both in painting and sculpture.

* * *

ONLY two more volumes are required to complete the twenty of which Messrs. Jack's fine series "The Makers of Canada" will consist. These, which are "Lord Sydenham," by Professor Adam Shortt, and "Sir James Douglas," by Mr. R. E. Gosnell, will be issued during the coming autumn. Lord Sydenham's career is of great political interest since it was while he was Governor-General that the union of the different provinces was accomplished. Sir James Douglas had a varied and adventurous life. He was a member of the court-martial that condemned Admiral Byng and later served at the reduction of Quebec and commanded at the capture of Dominica. His work in British Columbia coincided with the development of the country by the early fur-traders, so that in dealing with him Mr. Gosnell has plenty of romantic episodes on which to draw.

* * *

THE next volume in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "South American Series" is on "Peru," and has been written by Mr. C. Reginal Enock, whose excellent book of travel "The Andes and the Amazon" will be remembered by those interested in South American exploration. The coming work gives a detailed history of Peru, with its romantic episodes of the Incas and Pizarro, but a full description of the present political and commercial condition of the country is also included. Peru has long stood in the minds of men as a symbol of unbounded wealth, and Mr. Enock shows that there are great mineral resources in the country yet undeveloped, while cotton and cane plantations, and the indiarubber forests which are abundant in Peru make it a fine field for colonists. The country certainly seems destined to have a magnificent future, and Mr. Enock has done useful work in directing attention to its possibilities. Major Martin Hume has written an introduction to the volume.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Victorian Chancellors." Vol. II. By J. B. Atlay. (Smith, Elder. 14s. net.)

"Gospels of Anarchy and Other Contemporary Studies." By Vernon Lee. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Service of the State: Four Lectures on the Political Teaching of T. H. Green." By J. H. Muirhead, M.A., LL.D. (Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Michael Davitt, Revolutionary, Agitator, and Labour Leader." By F. Sheehy-Skeffington. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"One City and Many Men." By the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, G.C.B. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

"The Influence of Letters on the Scottish Reformation." By George Christie, B.D. (Blackwood. 6s. net.)

"A History of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England." By G. R. Balleine, M.A. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

"The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves." (Maunsel. 2s. net.)

"Absolution." By Clara Viebig. (Lane. 6s.)

"Waldeck-Rousseau et la Troisième République (1869-1889)." Par Henry Leyret. (Paris: Fasquelle. 7 fr.)

"Un Grand Marin: Tourville (1642-1701)." Par le Prince Emmanuel de Broglie. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)

"Jean-Christophe à Paris: Antoinette." Roman. Par Romain Rolland. (Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

JAMES THOMSON.*

How charming Kew must have been in the days before it was a suburb, before even George III. had discovered it! How charming it is even now that it forms a fraction of London's frayed edge, especially when the azaleas and rhododendrons are in bloom, despite the vast swarms of cockneys that pour across its bridge and patronise its shilling teas! The area of its tea gardens is ever enlarging; the quaint high-pitched bridge had to be reconstructed a year or two ago, when the contractors played the good joke, now rendered a trifle stale by excess, of postponing the completion of the structure until a month after the formal opening. The bridge was put up to auction in 1819 and sold for £22,000. It is probably worth more now, but it is far less picturesque than the old toll-bridge, and nothing like so steep. Passing by the green, and the Herbarium where the blind King of Hanover used to play as a boy, and the long, grudging park wall, and Queen Charlotte's Pagoda, the smooth turf round which it was William Cobbett's youthful task to keep neat, and the prim round targets of the Toxophilite Club (indomitably suggestive of Gwendolen in "Daniel Deronda"), be sure to look out as you enter Richmond for a modest turning on the right named Evelyn Road. It will take you into Kew Foot-lane, where the poet Thomson lived for many years, first in a small cottage higher up, later in a larger cottage, now absorbed into the Royal Richmond Hospital, where the Foot-lane is fed by Evelyn Road. We always make this detour to avoid the noise and the ugliness of suburban shops, to get a glimpse of the Old Deer Park, and to meditate on "The Druid," as Collins called him. One likes to remember him, if not to read him. One likes to think of him returning along the foot-lane after midnight from a visit to Twickenham, fumbling about with his cottage door, or walking back from the river after a city jaunt with Mallet at any hour of the night. Was he really so fond of a "wee drappie" too much? Did he really cut his books with the snuffers? When Quin frightened the hairdresser's apprentice by stating that he kept barbers' ears in his parlour as a boy did birds' eggs upon a string, did Jemmy Thomson soothe the sensitive actor by interjecting, "Never fear, mon, Wull shaves vera weel"? Until about forty years ago there was a pretty little summer-house in the lane with this inscription:—

> "Within this pleasing retirement, allured by the music of the nightingales, which warbled in sweet unison to the melody of his soul, in unaffected cheerfulness and genial, though simple elegance, lived James Thomson. Sensibly alive to all the beauties of nature, he painted their images as they rose in review, and poured the whole profusion of them into his inimitable 'Seasons'! Warmed with intense devotion to the Sovereign of the Universe, its flame glowing through all his compositions, animated with unbounded benevolence, with the tenderest social sensibility, he never gave one moment's pain to any of his fellow creatures, save by his death, which happened at this place on the 22nd August, 1748."

Was this really so, apart from the date of the poet's death, which is here put forward by just one week?

Mr. Macaulay appears to regard these little traits as of very secondary importance; but to us they seem to make all the difference. So long as Jemmy Thomson was a quiet, honest-hearted soul who lived in a "foot-lane," stumped among his books and composed Miltonics during the night, got drunk once a week with Parson Cromer and other cronies, and was extravagant only in wigs—so long we were content to regard him as a picturesque and rather engaging minor poet, who, having had his day, had become, perhaps, just a little unduly obscured and forgotten. Like a dissenting conventicle or a Roman Catholic Chapel in the days when such temples were hidden away in some very modest bye-lane of the city, the reputation of Thomson made no claim to popularity, but it had something about it that was endearing to people of a meditative or retrospective cast of mind.

Down to 1800 Thomson was Scotia's national bard, and to Lamb and Coleridge he was what Eliza Cook or Martin Tupper were to Matthew Arnold, a bye-word for the poetry known to the inn parlour. And Thomson stood in somewhat the same relation to Cowper that Gray stood in to Tennyson, a kind of rude forefather of Nature Poetry. But now that Thomson emerges from the shady side of the road, now that he parades with some fanfaronade as a *Grand Poète*, and occupies a choir-stall in the choral service of English verse—now that, in other words, he pretends to a monograph in the English Men of Letter series, we cannot but fear that his modest and unpretentious popularity is in some degree of refrigeration. In due historical priority and place Thomson was undoubtedly a very real poet; he saw everything poetically—as Johnson admits—and well he might in such an age, when people of rank and fashion thought themselves highly honored in extending to nature poets the privileges which belonged by prescription to the junior members of the first aristocracy, commencing with comfortable sinecures ranging from £300 a year upwards. The guineas, by the score and the fifty, which the booksellers of those days paid to untried young poets are the astonishment of subsequent generations. Our poet, it is true, wrote sonorous blank verse; he contrived poetical compounds not unworthy of Keats, such as "the faint-gleaming dawn," and he first told of a "bickering" stream; but it must be admitted that Thomson had little originality, and for that lack he pays now in the general indifference. To gossip about Thomson a little, to encounter an occasional (very rare) excerpt in an anthology, or even to hear of a colossal French monograph on the European influence of "The Seasons" breaks no bones; but to have him treated with such conscientious rigour and frankly academic thoroughness by Professor Macaulay in this series, can hardly fail to prove an ordeal as to the ultimate effect of which upon the delicate equilibrium of the Thomsonian Legend we cannot but tremble.

The whole point of this highly organised and educative book, though it seems as if Professor Macaulay were hardly aware of it, is to show how very little claim Thomson has to that outstanding power of initiation and artistic direction which alone, in our opinion, should be allowed to constitute a claim to a place of such prominence as that implied by a volume in this series. The claim that Thomson (and not Homer) was the pioneer of nature-poets was always about as absurd as the pretension that Capability Brown, rather than Adam, was the first of landscape gardeners. The fact is simply that the urbanised folk of Queen Anne's day were the first who needed set pieces in this particular kind. They demanded them of Pope, but Pope was otherwise employed, and Thomson, a praiseworthy apprentice, having obtained his master's gracious permission and goodwill, made a specialty of them. Pope taught him to study old English poetry, and to develop Miltonic diction. Since Addison's papers, Milton had, indeed, been adopted by the blue-water school of English poetry as a model worthy of all national imitation, and when later, in the "Castle of Indolence," he went further back still, Thomson was not endeavouring to revolutionise English poetry, but merely following a fashion of Spenserianism which had by that time (1747) set in with considerable violence.

His set-pieces, for all their narrowness of convention, show that Thomson was a true poet, if rather a grandiloquent one. Moreover, they set Pope free to follow the bent of his own genius, which that poet did to an extent far beyond Thomson's reach. Thomson could never entirely emancipate himself from the studio tricks and mannerisms acquired from Twickenham. Occasionally it may be that he caught a gleam of Pope's vivacity, as where he wrote of his friend Murdoch as—

> "A little, round, fat, oily man of God,"

but this was seldom. Mr. Macaulay's general criticism is admirably sound, scholarly, and sagacious, and we are quite sorry when biography and criticism determine, having fully expended themselves, in 105 pages. One hundred and fifty pages still remaining to be filled, these are occupied with a minute analysis with numerous quotations not only of "The Seasons" and "The Castle of Indolence," but also of "Liberty" and "The Dramas." This is too much! One rubs one's eyes, one is obsessed by the idea that this is not a volume of English Men of Letters at all but a Thesis for the French Doctorat. But it is all in vain. Mr. Macaulay is pitiless, remorseless! he goes on analysing the dregs and codifying the results like a Poetical Bentham. No literary laboratory in future can be complete without his monograph. It is all

* "James Thomson." By G. C. Macaulay. English Men of Letters. Macmillan. 2s. net.

very sympathetic, discreet, and dormitive; but it won't lead to a single dog's ear of the right sort for the soft, kind-hearted, well-nourished Thomson. For our part, let us retrace our steps, and, as we recross the new bridge, linger affectionately on the right parapet over the still charming profile of Strand-on-the-Green. Hither the bard would summon a waterman to row him to his friends on Hammersmith Mall. Here it was that he caught a chill on that fatal day in August, 1748. The Gentle Shepherd who depicted the seasons fits quaintly into the scene of this "many twinkling" waterside hamlet. As a nature poet he was not greatly accomplished like Keats or Tennyson; but let it be remembered that he drew Nature for its own sake, not with the delicacy or minuteness of Cowper or Crabbe, but broadly and well. There are many mansions in the Paradise of Poetry, and Thomson made no claim to one facing "the Park." Friendly and discreet, with three or four hundred books and a compact cellar of claret, and a head humming with poetry, especially in the small hours, he dwelt amid the nightingales and facing the old Deer Park in Kew Foot Lane.

OPERA AND THE ENGLISH.*

We English are probably the most extraordinary people under the sun; instead of listening to music for ourselves and enjoying it, we prefer to read what someone else has to say about it. How otherwise can we explain the fact that so many books are published—apparently with enough success to induce publishers and authors to continue in the business—upon all kinds of composers of whom the average Englishman knows nothing, and can never know anything so long as the present conditions continue? Within the last three or four years, for example, there have been quite a dozen books issued the sole object of which is to tell people the stories of the Wagnerian operas. Yet in the English provinces the public is still, some twenty-five years after Wagner's death, almost wholly ignorant of his work. It hears the "Tannhäuser" overture pretty often, and half-a-dozen other excerpts make their way into concert programmes now and then. It has an occasional chance of hearing "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" given in a second-rate style. The "Rheingold," "Götterdämmerung," and, of course, "Parsifal," it has never seen; of "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," the "Valkyrie," and "Siegfried," it has had at most a performance or two. Even this applies only to the larger towns. Yet for some strange reason or other this same public will buy book after book on the subject of Wagner's music-dramas. Nor is this passion for the literary side of opera confined to Wagner's works. At least four books dealing with the "plots" of all the chief operas, from Gluck's "Orfeo" to Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," have quite recently been published in England; one of these volumes claims to be the twenty-fourth edition of a book first issued a good many years ago. And here is the third edition of Mr. Streatfeild's excellent book on "The Opera" to show that the public appetite for verbal descriptions of musical works is inexhaustible. If the English public were not so inveterately sluggish, so slow to bestir itself for anything that has no recommendation beyond the fact that it is artistic, it would see to it that it had some opportunities of hearing operas as well as reading about them. As it is, not one Englishman in fifty thousand has any chance of hearing more than ten or twelve of what may be called the standard operas, to say nothing of new or old works that run for a few weeks without becoming permanently fixed in the repertory. In 1905 there were two hundred operatic performances in this country, as against 7,600 in Germany. On the other hand, we have probably had at least 10,000 performances of "The Messiah" and "Elijah." Yet we wonder why foreigners regard us as an unmusical race!

For those who want to read about operas even if they cannot hear them, Mr. Streatfeild's book is much the best that can be had in English. He is not a mere story-teller; he is a critic and historian as well. Sandwiched in between the stories of all the operas in the modern repertory are swift and reliable sketches of the development of opera in each country; while the musical characteristics of each composer—almost, indeed, of each work—are discussed briefly but illuminatively. One cannot, it is true, agree with all his judgments, and one could wish that he had given a little more space to some topics and a little less to others. He talks unusually well about Méhul, Weber, Berlioz, Bruneau, and other composers, and about unduly neglected works like Schumann's "Genoveva"; but he skims rather too hastily operas like "Carmen" and Gluck's "Paris and Helen"; gives us a little too much Massenet, overrates an intrinsically poor musician like Boïto, and hardly does full justice to Cherubini and Cornelius. He has not much palate for Oriental humour, or he would not call the plot of "The Barber of Bagdad" "puerile," or speak of it as a "silly story." Nor does the rather sniffing allusion to Tchaikovski's "Eugen Onegin"—he merely tells us that "much of the music is interesting"—suggest that he has caught the essential charm of the work. Like most people, he overestimates "Aïda"; as a matter of fact, Verdi's last period does not begin with "Aïda," but with the Manzoni Requiem three years later; the psychological gulf between "Aïda" and "Otello" is really greater than that between "Trovatore" and "Aïda." And one would have expected a critic of Mr. Streatfeild's discernment and independence to have broken away from the old-fashioned exaggerated adulation of Mozart. He complacently accepts the conventional view—most fatuously expressed in Gounod's hysterical book on "Don Giovanni"—that Mozart was a musical god who could do no wrong, especially in opera. Even Hazlitt, many years ago, expressed his surprise at the pother that was made about "Don Giovanni"—which, like "Figaro," is a delightful work with some moments of unusual power, but by no means the series of profound and unerring character-studies that we have always been told it is. Mr. Streatfeild echoes too readily the sacrosanct theorem that in "Figaro" "the all-embracing genius of Mozart made an artificial comedy of intrigue, which is trivial when it is not squalid, into one of the great music dramas of the world." Beaumarchais's comedy is not artificial, not trivial, and not squalid; on the contrary, it is full of an insight into character, a justness of observation, and a spice of expression, to which Mozart never attained in opera. To go from Beaumarchais's "Figaro" to that of Mozart is at times like going from the big world into the nursery; Figaro himself is, in Mozart's opera, the merest child in comparison with the subtle, alert, quick-witted Figaro of the dramatist. If any other musician had missed the whole point and essence of the play as Mozart has done, he would be condemned for it; when Mozart does it the critics turn up the whites of their eyes in admiration, and talk of him as having "lifted the drama into a diviner world." Modern musical criticism should get away from these legends of the 'thirties and 'forties.

Upon one other point we are compelled to disagree strongly with Mr. Streatfeild. He pleads for a "national school of opera"—which he rather fantastically thinks could be founded on Sullivan—suggests that "if ever we are to have a school of opera in England" we must begin like Weber, and "turn to the melodies of our native land," and opines that "if we are ever to have a national English opera we shall get it by writing English music." Some of us think, on the contrary, that to aim consciously at a "national" or "English" style is to prevent English music from ever becoming first-rate. Great art is not national but universal. Gluck and Wagner did very well without "the melodies of their native land," and Weber could have done without them. Sullivan is enjoyable not because he was English, but because he was Sullivan. We do not, in fact, need a "school" of opera or a school of anything else. All we need is composers who shall have something to say and know how to say it. "Gerontius," for example, is a great work, but it is not "English" in any sense; it is no more English than human nature is English. Great art does not speak in dialect.

* "The Opera." By R. A. Streatfeild. With an Introduction by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. Routledge. 6s.

A MONUMENT.*

At a complimentary dinner given by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford (Dr. Magrath), at Queen's College, in 1897, Dr.

* "The Oxford English Dictionary."
"Monopoly-Movement." By Dr. H. Bradley. (Part of Vol. VI.) Double Section, Price 5s.
"Polygenous-Premious." By Dr. J. A. H. Murray. (Part of Vol. VII.) Treble Section, Price 7s. 6d.

BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY READING.

A GOOD NOVEL.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS; OR, THE WYE VALLEY MYSTERY.
By THOMAS WALTON.
Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**
"This is a story which should be welcomed in every house, for it is unspoiled by wild sensation and full of human interest."—*Daily Telegraph.*

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

SIGN POSTS FOR CHILDREN.
With a Preface by the Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway. Illustrated by Miss E. A. Ibbs.
By a GRANDMOTHER.
Crown 8vo, cloth, illustrated. **5s.**
"The value of such an admirably written book cannot be exaggerated. Its teaching is lofty and definite."—*Scottish Chronicle.*

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.
By ADA T. BROWNING.
Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**
"A strong and fascinating story in verse."—*Baptist Times.*

THE SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.
By E. MARY DIXON.
Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**
"Admirable suited for young people."—*Perthshire Courier.*

Write for List of New Books free by post.

London: ROBERT SCOTT, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

MODERN EGYPT.

BY THE

EARL OF CROMER.

With Portrait and Map. Two Vols. 24s. net.

1908 ISSUE NOW READY.

The Statesman's Year-Book.

Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

African Nature Notes and Reminiscences.

By F. C. SELOUS, F.Z.S. With Illustrations by E. CALDWELL. 8vo. 10s. net.

The Eversley Tennyson.

Annotated by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON. In 9 Vols. Globe 8vo, 4s. net each. **Vol. VI.—BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.**

MOHMAND FIGHTING.

The Story of the Guides.

By Col. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B., Queen's Own Corps of Guides. With Illustrations, 2nd Impression. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A special interest at the moment attaches to this brilliant record of the regiment which in almost every notable fight in defence of India during sixty years, has won undying fame by its gallantry, and is now once more engaged in the present expedition.

National and Social Problems.

By FREDERIC HARRISON. Extra crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A volume of great and varied interest. These collected papers deal with European political problems of the highest moment and with questions of Labour, Unionism, and Socialism.

Poems of T. E. Brown.

Selected and Arranged with an Introduction and Notes by H.F.B. and H.G.D. 2s. 6d. net. [*Golden Treasury Series.*

The Problems and Perils of Socialism.

Letters to a Working Man.

By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY Sewed, 6d.

Socialists at Work.

By ROBERT HUNTER, Author of "Poverty," &c. Illustrated. 6s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., LONDON.

Messrs. CONSTABLE'S LIST.

READY IMMEDIATELY.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship "Gjöa," 1903-1907. By

ROALD AMUNDSEN.

With a Supplement by First Lieutenant GODFRED HANSON, Vice-Commander of the Expedition. 2 vols., nearly 800 pages. With about 139 Illustrations and 3 Maps. 31s. 6d. net.

READY TO-DAY.

A NEW LONG NOVEL BY **W. E NORRIS,** ENTITLED

PAULINE. Price 6s.

A CHARMING NEW ENGLAND STORY BY **ALICE BROWN,** ENTITLED

ROSE MACLEOD. Price 6s.

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GREAT AMERICAN EDUCATIONALIST BY **GEORGE HERBERT PALMER.** Illustrated. 6s. net.

NEW BOOKS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

THE SOUL OF SPAIN. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Havelock Ellis is to be congratulated on a living picture, rich in strong lights and shadows, and written with knowledge and quiet with sympathy concerning a people with an illustrious past, who may yet play a great part in the fortunes of Europe."—*Standard.*

MY SCHOOL AND MY GOSPEL. By Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER. Fully Illustrated. 4to, 21s. net.

"It is written with perfect ease and self-confidence; his writing is as readable as his painting is attractive. It is a piece of psychological demonstration that is extraordinarily refreshing and alluring by reason of the simplicity of its candour."—*Graphic.*

ROMANTIC TALES FROM THE PANJAB, with INDIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT. Collected and Edited from original sources. By Rev. CHARLES SWYNNERTON, F.S.A. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo, 6s. net.

"Any one who peruses Mr. Swynnerton's book will gain a far better idea of the tendencies, aspirations, and mental atmosphere of the inhabitants of these far-away regions than can be derived from tomes of philosophical disquisitions and anthropological or topographical reports. They are instinct with life and narrated with a dramatic force worthy of all praise."—*Daily Telegraph.*

LETTERS FROM INDIA. By ALFRED WILLIAM STRATTON. With Memoir by his Wife, ANNA BOOTH STRATTON, and an Introductory Note by Professor BLOOMFIELD. Illustrated, Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"Dr. Stratton was a fine Oriental scholar, a man of sterling worth, with a strong sense of duty and no little sweetness of character. His letters are bright and intelligent, and reflect a gracious and lovable personality."—*Guardian.*

NEW POEMS. By ST. JOHN LUCAS, Author of "The Vintage of Dreams," "The Absurd Repentance," &c. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"The poems comprised in this inspiriting volume are both versatile and vigorous. They are well felt, and expressed with a heartsome rhythm, like that of a marching tune, which is always well handled to answer the nimble movement of the verses' thought."—*Scotsman.*

A GREAT NOVEL.

MAROTZ.

By **JOHN AYSCOUGH,** Author of "Admonition."

6s.

"One of the most striking novels of the year. A book worth reading, and to be read."—*British Weekly.*

"It is a literary masterpiece—not indeed as a novel, but as a series of vividly-printed pictures of Sicilian life."—*Observer.*

Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS' New Volume.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN.

By the Author of "The Younger Set," "The Fighting Chance," &c.

"Those who followed the fortunes of Philip Selwyn and Eileen in 'The Younger Set,' will gladly meet their compeers in 'The Tree of Heaven.'"
—*Literary World.*

THE COUNTRY HOME for June is ready now at all Bookstalls. Enlarged to 70 pages, with 80 Illustrations. 6d. net.

LONDON:
ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co. LTD. 10 Orange St. W.C.

Murray was rash enough to express a hope that the great "Oxford Dictionary" would be finished by the year 1908. The year 1908 has come, but, alas, not yet the tenth and last volume of the world's greatest lexicon. To some of us the slow advance may be disappointing: to those who have watched with wonder Dr. Murray's unremitting toil and unquenchable ardour, it fosters an eager hope that the master-builder may be spared to see his great task accomplished: but every studious lover of the English language must have a sense of thankfulness that this splendid monument of English scholarship and Oxford munificence is not being spoiled by the arts of the "hustler" and the "jerry-builder." The value of the Dictionary lies mainly in its historic accuracy and research, and to prepare it more rapidly would be little wiser than for a merchant to throw his most precious cargo overboard in order to gain a few knots of speed or to save a few tons of coal.

The portion of the letter "M" before us gives a fairly equal number of technical and scientific terms and of venerable English words with a long and interesting history. Our political readers may find some appropriateness in the publication of the "*Monopoly-Movement*" section simultaneously with the introduction of Mr. Asquith's Licensing Bill! The earlier pages of the section deal with *Mono-* compounds, and will chiefly appeal to the student who is taking a casual dip into a treatise on some unfamiliar scientific or philosophical subject. But here and there may be found some long-drawn-out verbal horror which can plead utilitarian justification for its existence. The terrible term *Monopolylogue*, with all its length, is a convenient name for an entertainment in which one reciter sustains the parts of many speakers, but we venture to think that the Editor might have characterised the *adj. Monoptical* (one-eyed) as something worse than "humorously pedantic." One of the gravest perils of the "Oxford Dictionary" is that its excellence may give it a misunderstood authority. The fact that a word is recorded there without condemnation will too often be taken to give a patent of respectability to a verbal vagabond. May not the point of this remark be seen in the inclusion of the *adj. Monstre* (marked, indeed, as a foreign word) and its description merely as "a frequent journalistic substitute for *Monster*"? Oddly enough the illustrative quotations are not from journalists.

The group of medieval Romance words includes *Mortgage* and *Mortmain*. The article on the latter has considerable historic interest, whilst the quaint etymological explanation of the former, quoted from Coke's great "Commentary on Littleton" (A.D. 1628), is not unworthy of one of our twentieth century judicial humourists:—

> "It seemeth that the cause why it is called mortgage is, for that it is doubtful whether the Feoffor will pay at the day limited such summe or not, and if he doth not pay, then the Land which is put in pledge vpon condition for the payment of the money, is taken from him for euer, and so dead to him vpon condition, &c. And if he doth pay the money, then the pledge is dead as to the Tenant, &c."

Speaking of humour, we must not overlook the delightful quotation under *Monosyllabic, adj.* 2, from Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby":—

> "The same gentleman . . . again made a monosyllabic demonstration, by growling out 'Resign'!"

To many readers the treatment of the words *More* and *Most* may appear needlessly elaborate; they occupy thirteen columns. But it is precisely here that the student of language will find the greatest satisfaction, as it is here, certainly, that the compiler has done some of his best work. The contrast, for example, between the comparative forms "truer," "oftener," and the combinations, "more true," "more often," is admirably brought out. The articles on *Month* and *Moon* are almost encyclopædic in treatment; yet it is difficult to suggest any part which could have been omitted without serious detriment to the clearness of the historic presentment; indeed, the condensation by which hundreds of compounds and phrases are dealt with in the six columns devoted to the substantive *Moon* is most commendable. The words, *Moor sb.*[1] and *Moss sb.*, show a similar treatment of a wealth of compounds.

The group of words connected with the *O.E morgen—Morn, Morning, Morrow*, gives scope for much philological exposition, and is profoundly interesting. If we venture a criticism, it is that perhaps the inchoative or inceptive idea implied in the final *-ing* of *Morning* is insufficiently illustrated. It would, we think, have been well to follow the treatment of *Evening*, and to attempt a distinction between the older and narrower sense (the twilight hours that introduce the "morn") and the later and more general one in which it gradually became merged. We think, too, that it is undesirable to leave a main word without other explanation than a parenthetical cross-reference, as in the compound *Morning-gift*, the bridegroom's dower to his bride. Perhaps, also similar "counsels of perfection" might be given in regard to the Papal title *Monsignor, --signore*, which is not marked as a foreign word, although the Italian plural, *-signori*, is added, and to *Mote v.*[1] (to be obliged), which is merely marked as archaic, whereas it is clearly obsolete, the only example since the eighteenth century being quoted from Byron's "Childe Harold." No scanty praise is, however, implied in the fact that a critic can only find tiny flaws in a mass of admirable work.

The section of P (*Polygenous-Premious*) before us is the work of Dr. Murray, and is prefaced by a few pathetic words of gratitude for the help and sympathy of honorary fellow-workers recently removed by death. Whenever the story of the New English Dictionary is written it will contain a wonderful record of splendid services gratuitously rendered to this great work by many of England's busiest and most learned men and most cultured women. Few have rendered better service or shown greater sympathy than Miss J. E. A. Brown of Cirencester, Lord Aldenham (formerly Mr. Henry Hucks-Gibbs), and Dr. E. L. Brandreth, who all passed away in the year 1907. Such helpers deserve a nation's gratitude.

For the most part the letter P introduces words ultimately derived from Greek and Latin, and these have usually a shorter history in English than those of Saxon ancestry. For this reason we shall look for the editor's best work rather in the tracing of the sense-development than in etymological investigation. One special feature of interest is the comparatively large number of words (*e.g., Pope, Port, Post, sb.*[1], &c.) borrowed from Latin at the earliest period of Teutonic contact with Roman civilisation, whilst another group, dating from the earliest French contact (*e.g., Poor, Pose, Pouch, Pray, Preach*, &c.), is scarcely less interesting. It must not, however, be supposed that the etymologist will find no problems to solve. There are many difficulties yet to overcome and many obscurities on which, so far, even twentieth century philology has thrown no adequate light. It is suggested, for instance, that the word *Pond*, a pool of water, may be a variant of *Pound*, an enclosure, but beyond this nothing is yet known of the ultimate derivation of either.

A curious, but common, freak of our language is shown in the insertion of an alien *n* in the words *Porringer* and *Pottinger*, derived from *Porridge* and *Pottage*, and a similar eccentricity in the altering of the fifteenth and sixteenth century word *Poulter*, a dealer in pullets, into our later unreasonable *Poulterer*.

It is, however, especially in the exemplification of the methods by which language changes and specialises the meaning of words that we find unusual interest in this section. The word *Post sb.*[2] first meant a relay of messengers or horses placed or "posted" at a particular spot to carry forward important despatches; then the messenger who rode "through the posts," and so any bearer of urgent despatches; then the vehicle carrying the despatches; then the removal or "clearance" of a quantity of letters from any one place of collection; then the official system of letter-carrying, and so all the modern uses of the word connected with the *Postal Service:* now the system is "*the Post*," the office or pillar-box is "*the post*," the clearance of letters is "*the post*," and even the official who delivers the letters is also called "*the post*," much as the word *Mail*, which meant a trunk or wallet, has acquired an equally extended meaning. But a more remarkable fact is the appearance of no less than nine substantives *Post*, all ultimately derived from the Latin verb *pono*, to place. The earliest of these, *Post sb*[1], meaning a stake or pillar fixed in the ground, appears in *O.E.*; in the sixteenth century we get *sb.*[2] (from the French), a relay of men or horses to hasten transit; *sb.*[3] (also from French), the place or duty appointed for a soldier (whence the naval terms *Post-captain, Post-ship*); *sb.*[4] (from Italian), a term, now obsolete, used in card-

THE ALBANY REVIEW.

For June. CONTENTS. Price Half-a-Crown.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. By Harold Spender.
OLD-AGE PENSIONS AND THE BUDGET. By W. Sutherland.
THE GOVERNMENT AND THREE-CORNERED CONTESTS. By J. H. Humphreys.
OLYMPIC GAMES, OLD AND NEW. By W. H. Draper.
THE "RING" IN ENGLISH. By L. W. Haward.
STATISTICS OF THE CHURCHES. By Charles Bateman.
MR. MALLOCK ON SOCIALISM. By Edward Jenks.
VERSE ASCRIBED TO SHAKESPEARE. By J. H. Ingram.
THE SECRET OF JAPANESE ART. By J. Ingram Bryan.
OLD HUMPHREY'S WALKS IN LONDON. By E. S. P. Haynes.
WOMEN'S PROGRESS—A REPLY. By A. Beatrice Wallis-Chapman.
THE IRONY OF SAMUEL BUTLER. By Desmond MacCarthy.
CURRENT EVENTS: Etc.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London, W.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(*One Penny Weekly.*)

SECOND IMPRESSION

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and of the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

THE CASE FOR FREE TRADE

is being pithily put
from day to day in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

by

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.,

under the title

100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE.

EVERY DAY ONE POINT.

All who wish to have ready to hand an apt reply for the Tariff Reformer should watch this series in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

daily.

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF "PUBLIC OPINION."

Here is an Australian estimate of PUBLIC OPINION, from the *Sydney Stock and Station Journal*, published in Sydney, N.S. Wales:—

"This week there came to hand the very sort of paper that a busy man wants, and that is PUBLIC OPINION. I remember having seen it years ago in England, but somehow amid the multitude of things I saw at home, it failed to grasp my imagination. But it's an all right paper. You would think it was the idea on which Stead modelled his *Review of Reviews*.

"It is simply what it professes to be, public opinion. It gives you the opinions of leading men and leading papers in regard to the current events of the day. No man out here has either the time or the inclination to read all that is going on in the great British world, and this paper boils it all down, and gives it as purely as possible. What I like about it is the fact that the editor does not appear to have an axe to grind or fad to illuminate. That is what we need. We all have fads of our own here, because I think we are more intelligent than the stay-at-home people. If we're not, we probably think we are, so it's all the same. '*Cogito ergo sum.*'"

PUBLIC OPINION

A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.

Every Friday Twopence

EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION, 30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

SPECIMENS FREE ON APPLICATION.

playing; in the eighteenth century, *sb.*[5] (apparently from Italian through German), a technical term in certain trades; in the sixteenth century again, *sb.* [6] (directly from the Latin), a technical term in law; in the eighteenth century, *sb.*[7] (a late formation from the English verb), an entry "posted" in a ledger; in the nineteenth century, *sb.*[8] (formed from the earlier *sb.*[3]), a military bugle-call; and, lastly, *sb.*[10] a modern abbreviation for "Post-captain"; whilst there is still *sb.*[9] (not of Latin origin), an Indian plant name. The casual reader is tempted to think that *substantives* [2], [3], [8], and [10], might appropriately be treated as one word; but doubtless it is historically more accurate to mark [2] or [3] as distinct borrowings from French, and [8] as a new English formation; and we suppose that the plea for *sb.*[10] would be that as a mere ellipsis it may stand for any compound form of any of the earlier substantives. We cannot but think that the reprinting of a few such articles as those on *Post, sb.* and *vb., Poor, adj.*, and *Pre-, prefix*, in school-book form would furnish capable teachers of English with an invaluable implement for developing that appreciation of words which, whilst essential to good speaking and writing, is comparatively rare. The Dictionary is impossible as a school-book, but a judicious selection of some of its best historical articles would be of immense educational value.

Amongst articles of special historic and general interest we must mention those on *Polynesia, Pomegranate, Potato, Pragmatic*, and *Pray*. Concerning the introduction of the Potato we read:—

> "In 1693 its introduction into Ireland was attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh 'after his return from Virginia' (where he never was); but no contemporary statement associating Raleigh's name with the Potato has been found."

We began our examination of this section expecting to find somewhat less than the average degree of interest in the words it contains; but the expectation has not been fulfilled. The features of attraction vary, but the excellence of the treatment and the wealth of illustrative quotation maintain the charm of this unique treasure-store of words.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The Catholic historian, Johannes Janssen, in volumes IX. to XII. of his "History of the German People" (translated into English by A. M. Christie, and published by Kegan Paul, 25s. per two vols.), has performed with great skill for his own country the task which Father Gasquet has partially attempted for England. He has challenged the theories of the standard Protestant writers, and has accumulated a mass of evidence which will to some extent necessitate a revision of older views. Janssen's proposition is that the fount and origin of German decadence in the seventeenth century is nothing else than the Protestant Reformation. According to his interpretation of the past, the Thirty Years' War was but the inevitable climax to the century of demoralisation that followed the nailing up of the theses on the church door at Wittenberg. During the hundred years that elapsed between that event and the outbreak of the great war, Germany underwent "an almost entire change, both in inward character and outward aspect, in every part of its existence; and the reason of this lay in its separation from its own past, in the violent breach which had taken place with all the traditions of former times. . . . The fiercest fire of religious hatred blazed abroad, and Germany became gradually filled with a spirit of theologising savageness and barbarity which had the effect of undermining all strongholds of faith among the people, of obscuring the moral judgments of the nation, and of bringing learning and art into contempt and ruin." This history is thus frankly apologetic in character. Its method illustrates the advance that has been made in the manners and tactics of religious polemics during the last 300 years. In the sixteenth century Luther had urged that "without doubt those who have the Spirit of Christ know well that they can bring no higher or more acceptable praise-offering to God than all that they can say or write against this bloodthirsty, unclean, blaspheming whore of the Devil." Thus gracefully did Luther refer to the Papacy. His followers with zest accepted his advice. They and their opponents—both Calvinist and Catholic—vied with each other in enriching the theological vocabulary of abuse with expressions gathered from the stable and the gutter; and summaries of these noisome controversies fill more than 400 pages of the present translation. Janssen himself studiously refrains from abuse. His own method is to collect evidence—the evidence which tells against the Protestants, all the bad deeds and thoughts that emanated from them in this miserable age; and since his work professes to be scientific history, he does not altogether ignore the shortcomings of the Catholics themselves. In the two volumes which narrate (more fully than in any previous English work) the confused political history of the German States from 1582-1617, the religious bias of the author is less disastrous than in the volumes which deal with the art and literature of the Reformation age. Janssen is too good a Catholic to be a critic. To him Holbein is the painter of Henry VIII.'s "concubines"; Lucas Cranach is the producer of "dogmatic denominational pictures"; Dürer is the inventor of "a new art under the influence of a false naturalism." An historian with whom the nude is synonymous with the indecent cannot be a safe guide to the merits of Renaissance art. Like an unsympathetic inquisitor, Janssen condemns the productions of this unbelieving age to wholesome condemnation. Odd bits of interesting information may be dug out of this history—for instance, about Paracelsus and demonology. To read through the four volumes from cover to cover might be recommended as a form of Lenten penance.

* * *

The reader of Mr. Reginald Lucas's biography, "Colonel Saunderson, M.P." (Murray, 12s. net), will gain from its pages a pleasant impression of the witty, brilliant, and generally good-tempered leader of the Orange Party in the House of Commons. Colonel Saunderson was sometimes a vitriolic speaker, but he made few or no personal enemies, chiefly because his opponents felt that he was sincere, and because his career had no taint of self-seeking. He gave and received vehement and even brutal abuse, but when the long battle was over he and his adversaries retired with mutual respect and even good-will. Without the highest gifts of oratory, he was a fine declamatory speaker, and he carried on the struggle against Home Rule with a fierce kind of insight which occasionally produced notable effects. In private life Saunderson was a *raconteur* brimming over with humorous irresponsibility. He was a great yachtsman, building and sailing his own boats. He was also a keen golfer, and some of the illustrations in this volume show that he had skill with brush and with pencil. To complete the curious range of his activities, he was something of a preacher, and a small collection of his sermons has been published. Some of the Colonel's judgments on the great Parliamentary figures of his time deserve mention. He described Palmerston as "the Chamberlain of his day, the embodiment of the John Bull spirit and national feeling." Disraeli was the most interesting speaker, Gladstone the most powerful, but Bright far excelled them both. He gave utterance to the finest English the Colonel had ever heard in the House. The keynote of Colonel Saunderson's character was his sincerity and his power of speaking and acting as he thought. It was this quality which made him a power both in Ulster and in the House of Commons, and it is this quality on which Mr. Lucas rightly lays stress in this interesting memoir. Saunderson was in no sense a great man, but he did much to discredit the policy which one of the greatest of English statesmen attempted.

* * *

Sir James H. Ramsay's latest contribution to English medieval history, "The Dawn of the Constitution" (Sonnenschein, 12s.), like his former works on the same subject, is based on an independent and scholarly examination of the original authorities. It covers the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., the latter sovereign's Scottish policy receiving special attention. Sir James Ramsay rates Edward I. rather lower than do most historians, though he is by no means blind to the patriotism and love of justice which did much to redeem Edward's uncompromising autocracy and the equivocation into which his high ideas of the royal prerogative sometimes led him. The period is an interesting one, and the narrative gives the general reader a good idea of the gradual process by which the need of money for the French and Scottish wars forced the kings and nobles to

APPOINTMENT WANTED.

GENTLEMAN, age 29, well educated, with ten years' banking experience and keenly interested in politics (has done public speaking in connection with well-known political organisation), desires secretaryship to Liberal candidate or Member of Parliament. Satisfactory references and character, &c.—Apply Box 3876, NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

A LIBRARY OF PEACE AND WAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

F. W. HIRST.

1/- NET.

THE

NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,

14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

BANKS.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK LTD.

Notice is hereby given that the RATE of INTEREST allowed at the Head Office and Town Branches of this Bank, on Deposits subject to seven days' notice of withdrawal, is this day reduced to One per Cent. per annum.

CHARLES GOW, General Manager.

5, Prince's-street, Mansion House,
May 28th, 1908.

PARR'S BANK, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Rate of Interest allowed by this Bank at the Head Office and Metropolitan Branches, on Deposit at seven days' call, is One per cent. per annum until further notice.

R. W. WHALLEY, General Manager.

Bartholomew Lane, E.C., 28th May, 1908.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Moat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

SOCIALIST REVIEW

JUNE No. JUST OUT.

CONTENTS.

SOCIALISM AND POLITICS . . . . . By H. G. WELLS
(A further explanation of the North-West-Manchester By-Election Letter)
THE UNEMPLOYED PROBLEM (First Instalment) . . By Dr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE
THE CURSE OF CASUAL LABOUR . By W. H. BEVERIDGE
THE ELECTIONS IN CAPE COLONY . . . . . By A CAPE COLONY OFFICIAL
SOCIALISM AND EUGENICS . . . . . By S. HERBERT
FRENCH TRADE UNIONS & SOCIALISM. By Mrs. MINTERN SCOTT
LIVE IN THE LIGHT . . . . . By ROBERT PEARCE, M.P.
SOCIALIST REVIEW OUTLOOK . . . . By THE EDITOR

The Review may be obtained from all Booksellers and Newsagents, or direct from the I.L.P. Publication Department, 23, Bride Lane, Fleet-street, E.C.

Subscription Terms, 8s. per year, or 2s. per quarter, post free.

SOCIALIST REVIEW

6d. net. **6d. net.**

THE INQUIRER

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL RELIGION

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:

6/6 per year, to all parts of the World.

Published every Friday at

3, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Books as wedding presents—this is the subject of an interesting article in the May "BOOK MONTHLY," 6d. net. Another article is on "What Glasgow reads," and the number contains all the news of bookland, with many illustrations.

Order from your bookseller, or write for a specimen copy to the publishers, Simpkin Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

add to their councils those representatives of counties and towns who in later years attained so powerful a position. The full way in which the revenues of the two sovereigns are dealt with is a valuable feature of a book which should prove of great service to students of our early political and constitutional history. The attribution of the lines beginning "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King," to Gray's "Elegy" is obviously a slip of the pen. The book is well furnished with references to original authorities and there is an excellent index.

* * *

A Novel-Reader's Guide:—"Prisoners of Chance." By Randall Parrish (Putnam's Sons, 6s.). An excellent series of tales of adventure. The scene is the America of the later eighteenth century and a strange tribe of sun-worshippers is introduced.—"The Pedestal, or Son and Mother." By Desmond Coke (Chapman & Hall, 6s.). A story of a boy baronet and his widowed mother, showing observation and written in a pleasant style.—"The Splendid Coward." By Houghton Townley (Greening, 6s.). A melodramatic story of a forgery for which a son assumes responsibility to shield his mother.—"The Wheel o' Fortune." By Louis Tracy (Ward, Lock, 6s.). An exciting story of hidden treasure.—"A Prophet's Reward." By E. H. Strain (Blackwood, 6s.). A good historical romance of the French Revolution.—"The Shadow Between." By Silas K. Hocking (Warne, 3s. 6d.). Card-sharpers, silver caskets, wrecks, mines, and missing documents follow thick upon each other, but, despite them all, the tale is unconvincing.

The Week in the City.

The steady decline of money rates is a cause of rejoicing both to the Stock Exchange (which always gets business from the short loan market when money is cheap) and also to commerce and business. The reduction of the Bank Rate to 2½ per cent., which came on Thursday, had been anticipated for some time. Yet there is no decided upward movement in securities. The growth of speculation in the United States and Canada is not liked here, and the American market has been in a nervous condition, with a good deal of genuine selling from the other side. The crop reports are less satisfactory, and it is felt that we might see another ugly crisis if the bumper crops (which have been so much discounted by greedy Yankee speculators) should prove a disappointment. I am afraid the list of commercial failures is still far from complete. In Chili, indeed, the situation is mending a little, and the same may be said of Peru. But Brazil is beginning to pay the penalty for its coffee valorisation scheme, as, indeed, it deserved to do; for the attempt to prop up prices by Government buying was wholly artificial. The news from Japan is also rather serious. A great number of failures are occurring, and among foreign merchants there have been considerable losses. The debt charge is beginning to prove a heavy burden, and the only relief is heavy reduction in army and navy, which is just what the Government has been trying to avoid.

The Credit of Russia.

A Paris financial house has just issued a paper about the Russian debt, obtained from official sources. According to this, on January 1st of this year Russia's debt was 929 millions sterling, and the annual charge for payment forty-one millions. More than ten millions had been added to the debt during 1907, yet a writer in the "Westminster Gazette" says, "it should be noted that Russia's financial position is perfectly sound." I sincerely hope that British investors will note the exact contrary. The position, indeed, is radically unsound. Last year was a comparatively good year, yet it added ten millions to the capital, and at least half a million to the debt charge. This year the Government talks of a much larger loan, and although the French investor may again come forward, every new addition to the debt decreases the security, which is the taxable capacity and patience of a very poor, discontented, and heterogeneous population. The idea that the King's visit to St. Petersburg will make Russian investments popular in England is surely mistaken. The only reason why the French bankers go on supporting Russia is that they dare not allow her to default, but that consideration will not affect London, and investors here will not put much money into Russian securities until they see signs of returning sanity in the Government and returning prosperity in the country. Recent consular reports from Russia are most depressing. The industrial situation is almost as bad as it can be. On the other hand, there are fewer big disturbances and outrages, and the continued existence of the Duma must be counted a favourable factor, especially as it has put a stop to the projected naval programme. The secret of the Russian loan has been very well kept, and the best-informed people in the City are quite uncertain about the date when it may be expected. Probably it will not be for some time, and, meanwhile, the Foreign Bond market has been enjoying quite a boom.

Central America.

Although Central America is still one of the most distracted and disagreeable parts of the earth, there seems to be more hope now that the United States and Mexico are exerting themselves on behalf of peace and order than at any previous time. The Panama Canal is now making rapid progress, and that will certainly give an impetus to the adjoining countries. The foundation and establishment this month of a Court of Appeal where the Central American States can settle their innumerable feuds by peaceful litigation is a great step in advance, and Mr. Root deserves great credit for his skill in carrying through the idea. Investments in Central America are still speculative, but there is more hope for them than there used to be.

Lucellum.

SUMMER CRUISES.

By P. & O. Cruising Yacht VECTIS 6000 Tons. 6000 H.P.

(Passenger List limited to seating accommodation of the Dining Saloon.)

WHITSUNTIDE.

Cruise No. 6. 4 June, 15 days. From 14 Guineas.

London to Portugal, Morocco & Spain.

Fourteen-Day Cruises to Norway.

No. 7. 23 June to 7 July
No. 9. 12 Aug. to 26 Aug.
No. 10. 29 Aug. to 12 Sept.
} Fares from 12 Guineas.

To Spitzbergen, North Cape and the Fjords.

Cruise No. 8. 10 July to 7 August.
Fares from 30 Guineas.

Proposed Cruises
by the P. & O. Company's New Twin Screw
Express Steamer SALSETTE 6000 Tons. 10000 H.P.

Cruise A. 8 August to 31 August.
The Northern Capitals, Finland & Russia.

Cruise B. 9 September to 9 October.
Algiers, Corfu, the Adriatic & Sicily.

PROGRAMME, ILLUSTRATED, ON APPLICATION.

P. & O. Offices Northumberland Avenue or 122 Leadenhall Street London

MAPLE & CO

ARE SPECIALISTS
FOR COMFORTABLE

CLUB & LOUNGE CHAIRS & SETTEES

Inspection invited, or Illustrated
Catalogue of Chairs sent free

LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

LONDON PARIS BUENOS AIRES

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

HIGHEST QUALITY

TURKISH TOWELS

AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it

WILL BE REPLACED.

TANGYE OIL ENGINE

AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.

NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING

TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from 6d. to £10.

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]
MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.
NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

Rare and curious Books for the collector. First Editions. Court Memoirs Medical, Occult, &c. Out of Print Books and everything that's a book supplied. No matter when published. State wants. 100,000 books on sale. Catalogues free.

HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED. First editions of all kinds. Sporting, Naval, Military Coloured Plates by Alken, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others. Special list of 3,000 wanted. LIBRARIES PURCHASED.

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD

(Via NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the
GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,
London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE (TRAINING DEPARTMENT).

A LECTURER (Woman) in ENGLISH, will shortly be required in the above Department.

She must have devoted special attention to VOICE PRODUCTION and READING, and may have to give a great part of her time to these.

Initial salary, £150 to £200, according to experience and attainments.

Applications must be received not later than Tuesday, June 2nd.

Full particulars may be obtained from the Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities, Citizenship Course, Leisure Hour Work (Natural History, Archæology, Carpentry, etc.).

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

SCHOLARSHIP ENTRIES DUE JULY 1ST.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

Scholarship Examination, June 2nd, 3rd & 4th.

One of **£87**, five or more of **£50**, five or more of **£30** (£21 for Day Scholars) per annum. Faber Exhibition of £12 awarded to boy who does best in examination. Council nominations, value **£12** per annum, may be awarded to boys who do well, but fail to obtain a scholarship. For particulars, apply to the Head Master or Secretary.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE
UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

EDUCATIONAL.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL.

Examination for Scholarships (£60-£20) begins on June 10th at Giggleswick, in London, or under conditions, at Preparatory Schools. Apply Head Master, Giggleswick School, Settle, Yorks.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

An Examination will be held on June 24th, 25th, and 26th to fill up not less than 5 residential and 3 non-residential Scholarships and also some Exhibitions. For particulars apply by letter to the Bursar, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.
A limited number of boarders received.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION, July 1st and 2nd.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS.
Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Christiania—The Cammermeyer Boghandel, Car Johans Gade, 41 and 43.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.
WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.
THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.
BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.
ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.
THE TORS HOTEL. Tel.: 0199. Mrs. F. Sara.

BARON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Magnificent Moor Views.

DEAL.
BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.
CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.
ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.
DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.
THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.
COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.
HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.
COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.
CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.
HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.
SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).
SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.
PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.
GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

PORTSMOUTH.
SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647,

SOUTHSEA.
STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.
"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.
REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.
WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.
WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager.

The Male Complexion.

Men are supposed to be somewhat indifferent regarding their complexions. But why should they be indifferent? Complexion ought to be a serious matter to a man as well as to a woman.

The better a man's complexion the more youthful he looks, and youthful looks are a passport to many desirable things. Moreover, the purer a complexion a man has the more healthy is his skin—and he himself feels more bright, more active, more alert. Indeed, it would be possible to prove by strictly logical argument that a man's complexion is an important factor in his success. And that is one of the reasons why he should

ALWAYS USE
PEARS' SOAP

"Matchless for the Complexion."

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 10.] SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Diary of the Week	329
Politics and Affairs:—	
The Peril of the Government	332
The Blot on the Pensions Bill	333
The 'Broad" Road to Protection	334
The Speculative Revival	335
The Lost Liberty of the Road	337
Life and Letters:—	
Englishman Born	338
The Tongues of Pentecost	339
The Unnecessary Brock	340
Letters from Abroad:—	
The Prussian "Urwahlen." By Ed. Bernstein	341
Open Questions:-	
The Problem of Rural Housing. By Philip Morrell, M.P.	343
The Drama:—	
The Stage and Modern Life. By H. W. M.	344
Communications:—	
The Crisis in the Publishing Trade. By a Literary Agent	345
Letters to the Editor:—	
The Justice of the Licensing Bill. By R. Mortimer Montgomery	346
Does the Sugar Convention Betray Free Trade? By a Free Trader	346
The Basis of Educational Peace. By Cheshire Incumbent and the Rev. Arthur W. Hutton	347
The Pole Trap. By Frank E. Lemon	347
Experiments on Animals. By Stephen Paget	347
Dr. Verrall's Euripidean Theory. By Professor Gilbert Murray	347
The Foundation of Christianity. By the Rev. Th. Hill	348
The 'Crux" in the "Tempest." By Pfarrer E. W. Lummis	348
The Russian and Servian Cases. By Sir Edmund Verney	348
To Restore Confidence. By Edwin Hill	348
The Landless Men in the West. By Captain Bryan Cooper	348
Simple Bible Teaching. By X.	348
The Problem of Indian Self-Government. By G. F. Abbott	349
What does "Votes for Women" Mean? By Florence Travers	349
Human or Divine? By Ellen Tighe Hopkins	350
Poetry:—	
The Pauper. By Dora Sigerson Shorter	350
The World of Books	351
Books to be Read	351
Reviews:—	
Anglican Liberalism. By Canon H. Hensley Henson	352
The Gorgeous Islands	354
The Short Story of Convention	354
Books in Brief:—	
The Beaux of the Regency	356
Stained Glass Tours in France	358
Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy, LL.D.	358
From Edinburgh to India and Burmah	358
The Current Monthlies	358
A Novel-Reader's Guide	360
The Week in the City	360

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

On Thursday, Mr. O'Grady, on behalf of the Labor Party, moved a reduction of the Foreign Office vote, as a protest against the State visit to Reval. He spoke strongly but moderately, and suggested that the King's humane character was alien to the horrors of persecutions in a country where in a short period 1,200 people had been executed for expressing Sir Edward Grey's political opinions. The Tsar's personal responsibility for these crimes was shown by his wearing of the badge of the anarchic association known as the Black Hundreds. The following speeches revealed divided opinions on the Liberal benches. Mr. McNeill took what seems to us to be clear constitutional doctrine when, following Sir William Anson, he insisted that if the Reval visit was official, the King should have been accompanied, not by Sir Charles Hardinge, but by Sir Edward Grey. Sir Ivor Herbert thought the refusal to go to Reval would be insulting to the Russian nation, which was the view of Mr. Belloc. Mr. Harwood, on the contrary, asked if British opinion would sanction a State visit to the Sultan, and thought that in a life and death struggle for freedom we should hold aloof from the oppressing force.

* * *

Sir Edward Grey showed the extreme nervousness which marks him out from all our Foreign Ministers, and conspicuously from Lord Lansdowne, as his indifference to liberty separates him sharply from the Liberal tradition in exterior policy maintained by Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone. His main argument was that the Russian policy of the Government, based on agreement and cordial understanding, though not on any new Treaty or Convention, led to peace, that of refusing a State visit to the Tsar to war. We think that some limits should be set to this type of argument. In the same spirit Sir Edward Grey argued on the Sugar Convention debate that we could not even announce our Free Trade policy in regard to sugar imports without provoking Continental unfriendliness, and declared that we could not cancel the shocking sentences at Denshawai without peril to our hold on Egypt. No British party opposes friendly relations with Russia; and we do not think that John Bull would have been stricken with the tremors of palsy if he had learned that they stopped short of a State visit to the Tsar.

* * *

Sir Edward held that there was distinct progress in the internal situation, and that liberty was slowly developing. Certainly the Duma was not elected democratically, but neither was the House of Commons within his own memory. Mr. Balfour and his Party cordially supported the Foreign Secretary, declaring characteristically that clear judgment on the rights and wrongs of the struggle in Russia was impossible for contemporaries, that liberty was not nowadays imperilled by meetings between monarchs, and that mere moral, or "barren" intervention in Russian affairs was an insolent claim of superiority. Mr. Keir Hardie was called to order by the Chairman of Committees, and risked suspension by saying that the visit was a condonation of "atrocities" for which the Tsar and his Government were responsible. This ruling seems to us greatly to narrow the ground of Parliamentary criticism of despotic acts of Governments. The Labor motion was rejected by 225 votes to 59.

* * *

The Russian Liberal papers, writes our St. Petersburg correspondent, reproduce, without comment, the not very enthusiastic remarks of the English Liberal papers on the approaching meeting at Reval, but confess that they are obliged (from motives of prudence) to omit some hard things which their London *confrères* say of the Russian Government. As for the Russian Liberals, their position is this: They are unwilling to see the bureaucratic *régime* strengthened by a *rapprochement* with England. They would like to see the Tsar without an ally in the world, isolated, contemned, until such time as he repents and governs his people properly—that is, allows them to govern themselves. But at the same time they see that if a *rapprochement* with Liberal England does not take place, a *rapprochement* with illiberal Germany is certain; and, as Russia generally thinks that the reactionary advice of Berlin is accountable for much of the Tsar's obstinacy in misgovernment, they desire a *rapprochement* with England. Rightly or wrongly, the Russians are convinced that if the Tsar's throne fell before the revolutionists, the Kaiser would immediately march on St. Petersburg in order to restore the autocracy, just as the Prussian armies tried to march on Paris when the first French

Republic was proclaimed. They think that he would do this not only because of the strong views he holds on the subject of Divine Right, but also because of his fear that the Russian example would speedily be imitated in Berlin. Any *rapprochement*, therefore, which would place this strong-minded man in close relations with the Tsar would be viewed with alarm by about 99 per cent. of the Russian people. On the other hand, an alliance with England would, in the opinion of the Liberals, be most desirable, inasmuch as it might lead to the Tsar falling under the influence of a sensible, democratic monarch without any medieval illusions on the subject of government.

* * *

The Opposition amendment to the second reading of the Finance Bill was rejected on Tuesday evening by 367 to 124. Nominally the amendment, which no member of the Front Opposition Bench cared to move, called for a broadening of the basis of taxation on the ground that existing finance offered no adequate provision for naval and military defence, old age pensions, education, and the relief of rates. No attempt was made to expound the meaning of this phrase, which Mr. Buxton called a "platformula," and no Conservative leader plumped either for retaliation or food taxation, or protective taxes on manufactured articles. Mr. Bonar Law, challenged by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to say whether he favored the taxation of bread and meat, answered, "Make me Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I will tell you." Mr. Balfour, similarly confronted, declared that he had once imposed a corn tax, and if the circumstances of the country required it he would do so again. Declining to indicate their own policy, and thus securing the vote of the tiny Free Trade section, the Opposition endeavored to force the Government to declare the lines of the Budget of 1909. The Prime Minister bluntly said that no one "out of a madhouse" would suppose that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would declare his Budget twelve months in advance. Generally, the Government opposed firmly the broadening process which, as Mr. Winston Churchill said, simply meant transferring taxation from the rich to the "thread-bare shoulders of the poor."

* * *

An important debate was raised by Mr. Villiers on Wednesday on the renewal of the Sugar Convention of 1902, which is now to be continued for five years. The principle changes are that instead of prohibiting the supply of bounty-bed sugar, we consent, in fact, to limit its import, and bind ourselves to guarantee that no exported sugar refined in the United Kingdom has been bounty-fed. Russia is to be allowed to send us a million tons within six years, the limitation of supply, of course, carrying with it the desired stiffening of prices. In defending this position Sir Edward Grey spoke to a silent and unsympathetic House. His chief arguments were that, whether we were agreeable or no, Germany would have forced Russia into the Convention, and that Russia's yearly export was so low that we suffered little or nothing by its prohibition. Sir Edward Grey further suggested that if we had denounced the Convention our Continental relations might have been imperilled, and the most vital clause in our commercial treaties violated or evaded. This seems to us super-timidity. What nation has hitherto penalised Great Britain for keeping her ports open? No Liberal members supported this contention. Three members, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Austin Taylor, and Mr. Lough, who spoke with great brilliancy and some feeling, all denounced the Convention. On the other hand, Conservative and Protectionist members like Lord Percy and Mr. Mitchell-Thomson, who desire what they call the "steadiness" of sugar prices, praised the Government for their change of policy, and the Protectionist Press strongly approves.

* * *

Mr. Sydney Buxton has achieved one of the most brilliant administrative successes of the Government by arranging that after October 1st postage from this country to the United States shall be at the rate of 1d. instead of 2½d. The loss to the revenue is estimated at £130,000. We imagine that this will be rapidly made up, inasmuch as the number of letters sent in ten years has more than doubled. This reform is a great stroke for national comity, and works indirectly for Free Trade, while it will act as a very special boon to the poor Irish in America. The new rate makes the 2½d. post from London to Paris look absurd, and it is a long step forward to universal penny postage. Mr. Henniker Heaton, the father of this fruitful social idea, is greatly to be congratulated.

* * *

There has been considerable disorder in Samos, an island which since 1832 has enjoyed autonomy under a Greek prince nominated by the Sultan, but ruling on the advice of a Senate of four chosen from a Parliament elected by universal suffrage. For some years the Porte has been endeavouring to curtail the privileges of the island, and a small pro-Turkish clique has done its utmost to thwart the reforming spirit of Karatheodori Pasha during his period of rule in the island. The efforts of the people to extend their banking facilities have also been checked. Prince Andrea Kopassie has come into conflict with his Parliament, and was imprisoned by them, and summoned Turkish troops from Salonika. They have "restored order": a dangerous phrase where Turkish troops are concerned. It will be very unwise of Turkey to light the flames of fresh discontent in Asia Minor, to which the trouble in Samos may well spread.

* * *

The illegality of the action of the Natal Ministry in the stoppage of Dinizulu's salary, with their defiance of Imperial remonstrances, received so much attention in last Thursday's debate upon Natal as to obscure the far graver issue of the general administration of martial law, and the obligation of the Imperial Government in respect of the Act of Indemnity. Colonel Seeley appeared to accept the important interpellation of Mr. Lyttelton to the effect that the Governor retained the responsibility of refusing assent to martial law if he held such a course unjustified. But later on he lapsed into the view that Sir M. Nathan could not refuse in a self-governing colony to follow the advice of his Ministers. Sir William Robson, professing to expound the legal aspect of martial law, distinguished between the earlier school of jurists who held that martial law ought only to be resorted to for the purpose of meeting armed force, and what he termed "another school of jurists" who held that the apprehension of armed force was a sufficient justification. This latter reference is to the Marais judgment. By this finding during the South African War, Lord Halsbury, contravening the universally accepted doctrine, established the dangerous precedent which now bears fruit in Natal. It is noteworthy that neither this debate nor the various questions put to the Colonial Office has yet extracted any statement as to whether the Imperial Government, without any sort of independent inquiry, intends to ratify the Act of Indemnity by which the Natal Legislature proposes to whitewash its illegal conduct.

There is not much evidence yet of a new epoch in Portuguese history. One of the most unpopular and ill-advised acts of King Carlos and Senhor Franco was to increase the Civil List, and now the Government is proposing an even larger addition. The fact that the method this time is constitutional and not despotic, makes the measure no more palatable, for Portuguese finances are already hopelessly involved, and the wine-growers and agriculturalists generally are passing through a crisis. This kind of statesmanship is not improved by organising "loyal" demonstrations of students, which lead to street disturbances, irritate the very general Republican sentiment, and provoke heated scenes in the Cortes. The old political parties have not learned much from recent events, and are as indisposed as ever to grapple with the serious work of reform so desperately needed.

* * *

The Irish Universities Bill has encountered a serious obstacle in Committee. This is due to Mr. Birrell's decision to affiliate Maynooth. English Nonconformists who accept the Bill, not unnaturally ask that there should be some regular academic association between Maynooth students and the new Dublin University, and Professor Butcher has moved a proviso requiring affiliated students to pass two years of study in a constituent college. There seems no reason why a hostel for Catholic students should not be built in Dublin. Probably a compromise may be arrived at by adopting Professor Butcher's proposal as soon as such an institution can be set up.

* * *

General Sir Redvers Buller died on Tuesday at Crediton in his sixty-ninth year. He and Sir Evelyn Wood were the two most notable members of the Wolseley school of warfare. Buller, with all his friend's bravery, had little of his brilliancy and insight. His most conspicuous and most gallant service was rendered during the Zulu War of 1878, and in the time of peace he made a good Adjutant-General and a good Quartermaster General, doing some small bits of organising well. But his brief period of chief command in the South African War was a failure. He fed his troops well during the Natal campaign, but his battles were ill-fought, showing lack of tenacity and resource. It is fair to say, however, that the Boers considered him the best of the British commanders during the war, and in spite of his reverses, and up to the moment when his own tactlessness brought about his withdrawal from his Aldershot command, he remained the soldiers' favorite general.

* * *

The elections to the Prussian Diet, whose general character Herr Bernstein describes elsewhere, have thus far yielded a considerable victory for the Socialists. In spite of all the barriers, five Socialist delegates are certain to enter the Diet, and they are involved in five second ballots. The Socialist victories are mostly in Berlin.

* * *

The removal of Zola's remains from the famous cemetery at Montmartre, to which there is now the usual pilgrimage, to the still more famous Panthéon, was marred by a revival of fanatical Nationalism. The ceremony was an act of solemn State restitution and honor. M. Fallières attended it, and personally saluted Madame Zola, and the Minister of Commerce delivered a panegyric on Zola's service to the cause of "justice, truth, and light." As the troops were defiling, a M. Grégory fired two shots at Major Dreyfus, one of them wounding him deeply in the arm. He proved to be a member of the staff of the fashionable French paper, the "Gaulois," the proprietor of which, M. Arthur Meyer, is himself a Jew by birth. The criminal was seized by Major Dreyfus's brother, M. Mathieu Dreyfus, and the wound is not dangerous. The Nationalist Press generally rebuke and disown his act.

* * *

The London Missionary Society have arranged a great spectacular pageant of missionary life and work under the name of "The Orient," which was opened by Mr. Winston Churchill at the Agricultural Hall, on Thursday afternoon. We shall deal with this interesting event fully next week. The Hall has been changed into what has been called a Palace of Missions, in which every form of Eastern and Western faith, other than Christianity, from the most enlightened to the most primitive, will be brilliantly illustrated. There have been great organising efforts to make the spectacle live, both as a picture and as an intellectual reality, and during the exhibition a constant succession of lectures and addresses will vary the material show.

* * *

The papal interdiction (writes our Paris correspondent) of clerical mutual aid societies in France is entirely consistent with the previous action of Pius X., and shows the same disregard for the interests of the French Church, as distinct from those of Rome. The Pope refuses to allow French priests to use their right as citizens, under the ordinary law of France, to provide for their old age by mutual insurance. The French Government will be not a penny the worse, either morally or materially, but, on the contrary, the richer by one or two hundred million francs, which the clergy lose. It will be remembered that in March the Archbishop of Rome obtained the Pope's sanction to a scheme for mutual aid societies in his province, and announced the fact in his official diocesan periodical. Thereupon Cardinal Mery del Val had the Archbishop's announcement contradicted first in the "Corrispondenza Romana," and then in the "Osservatore Romano," which is the official organ of the Vatican. Since then his Eminence has employed every method to obtain from the Pope a condemnation of the mutual aid societies.

* * *

Mr. Stead has drawn from Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager of the "Times," a statement as to the improved circulation of the paper. It would seem that the point to discover is not who buys the "Times," but who owns it. The identity of the successor, or successors, to the Walter family in the controlling ownership of the "Times" has hitherto been withheld from the public. Yet its disclosure seems to us to be vital to the character of that journal.

* * *

The collection of Illuminated Manuscripts, which is now being exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, is unquestionably the finest that has ever been brought together in a single gallery. Its range is from the ninth to the sixteenth century, and it includes examples of every civilised nationality in Europe. There are over eighty English MSS., the Winchester School of the tenth century being represented by the famous Benedictional of St. Aethelwold, and the later periods by many quaint and beautiful specimens of Bible, Breviary, Psalter, and Book of Hours. Of no less importance is the French Series, which begins with a Beauvais Sacramentary of the tenth century and includes examples of the schools of Pucelle and Jean Fouquet; while the technical achievement of the Renaissance may be studied in the Italian work of the fifteenth century, and Flanders and Spain are fully and admirably represented.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PERIL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The present Government is at times something of a puzzle to its friends. It does many good things; it contains men at once brilliant and able. But neither it nor its predecessor seems to live in the centre of politics—to set up with sufficient clearness and precision what are the conditions of its existence and how it means to fulfil them. It has a great store of energy in the laying down of ground plans, but it is occasionally embarrassed when it comes to the completion of the edifice. Take its sessional programme. About three full weeks of working time for the elaboration and completion of its measures remain to it before the session comes to an end. How is that time to be divided between the Licensing Bill, the Old Age Pensions Bill, the Education Bill, the Universities Bill, the Housing Bill, the Prevention of Crime Bill, the Children's Bill, and the Miners' Bill? Only two of these measures have entered the stage of Committee. Not all have been read a second time. The most important of all, the Licensing Bill, is practically remitted to the autumn session, and a violent and disturbing controversy, which upsets the normal balance of politics, must drag on through the year, and end perhaps, like the first Education Bill, in a fevered exchange of abortive communications with the Lords in the last days of December, 1908. But it is not only in the House of Commons that a Liberal Government lives. It must remain in vivid touch with popular sentiment. This contact seems to us to have been rather rudely shaken by the appearance of the Old Age Pensions Bill. It looks as if the Government had in this respect repeated the error of its predecessor in regard to the Trades' Disputes Act. Then the Ministry chose to take up a position which it could not defend before the House, and had to abandon at the instance of the Labor Party. The late Premier's adroitness saved the situation; but again we have the prospect that haste and a wrong choice of methods will force the Government to choose between abandoning or greatly modifying a faulty scheme, and sacrificing most of the social grace and usefulness of old age pensions. The disadvantages of this course, with which we deal in detail elsewhere, are clear. The Government will be represented by its foes on the extreme Left as having withdrawn from their Bill the most valuable feature of an Old Age Pensions scheme—namely, the lifting from the shoulders of the poor of a great weight of undeserved shame in old age and the establishment of a right, only granted at the extreme term of life, when bodily and mental failure is often complete, to an extremely modest subsistence. On the Right they will be held to have proved the demerits of a non-contributory scheme, and to have plunged without due calculation into the alternative. Now a third case of difficulty presents itself, the adherence, in a modified form it is true, to the Sugar Convention.

There, one would say, the course was plain. The Government came in as the trustees of Free Trade. The Sugar Convention was a Protectionist device. Adherence to it was pressed by Mr. Chamberlain, a Protectionist, as part of his preferential scheme. Its object was the Protectionist object of keeping up prices, and advantaging producers at the cost of consumers. In this case the consumers were the Free Trading British nation, the chief producers were Protectionist Germany and France. Germany, in particular, wanted to sell us as much sugar as she could, and at as a high a price as she could, and to find some means of steadying the downward tendencies of the market. All these policies and intentions were fully realised by the Liberal Party when they were in Opposition. Their leaders all agreed, with the single exception of Sir Edward Grey, that the Convention was a thoroughly bad instrument, and must be done away with. Their contention that it kept up prices has, as Mr. Lough shows in the "Contemporary Review," been thoroughly justified. We have had dear sugar, and the Convention is a powerful international instrument for keeping sugar dear. It was also declared that Great Britain could not join such a body with effect, because her single separate voice would be overborne by the commanding majority wielded by the producing Powers.

Well, we have become parties to the Convention, and engaged ourselves to consent to its renewal for a period of five years. The prophecies have been fulfilled. Sugar has remained dear. Our representative has usually been outvoted. The distinct pledges made by our own Government have not been kept. In August, 1907, Sir Edward Grey declared that the British policy was to be "free from any risk of having our markets restricted by the decision of the majority of Powers." We have now, in effect, submitted to such a restriction in the case of Russia, at the instance of Germany, her great rival in the British sugar market, and the effect of the announcement was a rise of a farthing in the pound in the price of sugar. We cannot say that we are impressed by Sir Edward Grey's argument, used in the House of Commons on Wednesday, first, that because Russia is to be allowed to import a

million tons of sugar to Great Britain within six years our consumers will not seriously suffer; and, secondly, that if we had not joined the Convention Germany would have forced Russia into it. What power had Germany of forcing Russia into the Convention? That of shutting out her sugar from German consumption. But in return Russia, if fenced out from Germany, would have had the free and splendid British market at her disposal, the prize for which, of course, Germany herself is contending. It seems to us that we cannot easily measure the loss we have incurred through our failure to keep our ports absolutely open, and our use of the absurd device of lending ourselves to the restriction of the Russian export of sugar, while in words we invite unlimited imports. Russia has rich and most rapidly developing resources of sugar production. She has already stored up 500,000 tons, most of which, if Great Britain had kept a perfectly free hand, might have been used to sustain our own people. Indirectly she has in the past been a large exporter to these shores. What business is it of ours to aid the very natural desire of Germany to retain two-thirds of British consumption for herself, while she graciously permits Russia to enjoy about one-tenth? And what, with our single and well-defined interest in cheap sugar, have we to do with all these shifty and elaborate devices of Protectionist countries to keep it dear? Sir Edward Grey seemed to fear that, if we had not consented to bolster up the Convention, the Continental Powers might have reverted to bounties. Well, let them revert. If they like to tax their people in order to give us cheaper sugar, they are at liberty to perform this altruistic act. That they could have broken up the "most favored nation clause" in revenge for a simple adherence to the policy of open ports through which the volume of their trade freely pours, or that they would have shown some serious kind of unfriendliness, seems to us a somewhat panic-stricken notion. It is, indeed, unfortunate that Sir Edward Grey is usually unable to look at a simple proposition of Liberalism without discovering in it some explosive bomb, designed to wreck the Empire.

These matters are not details of policy. They have to do with its broad conceptions, and we think the Party has a right to call for clearness of vision concerning them. The existence and success of the Government are of the utmost value to the nation—to peace, to Free Trade, to social reform conducted by a party free of revolutionary formulæ and thus able to retain the support of the enlightened sections of the middle classes. Never was a less trustworthy Opposition, less candid, and more likely to plunge into what, without party animus, we may fairly call great tragedies of national politics, such as Protection and a war with Germany. To both of these ends the set and tone of the prevailing forces in Toryism are manifestly directed. But the country must be convinced that firm, active hands are at the helm, and a calm, steady vision on the look-out, that problems are being carefully thought out and thoroughly worked out, their cost counted, their place in the general scheme of policy duly fixed. The Government are hardly beset; but great forces of justice and consideration arise to help men who mean well, and can present clear reasons of principle and popular need for all that they do.

THE BLOT ON THE PENSIONS BILL.

The text of the Pensions Bill was issued on Tuesday, and we are concerned to find it marked by two very grave and far-reaching defects. This is the most important piece of constructive social legislation which the Government can be certain of carrying, and it is therefore of the first importance that it should be well-conceived. No one has asked that a complete scheme should be produced all at once, but it is essential that the model produced this year should be sound. When we read Mr. Asquith's statement we thought that, with one exception, such defects had been avoided. The scheme was to be non-contributory. There was to be no general or inquisitorial test of character, and the receipt of poor relief in the past was not to act as a disqualification. We are sorry to find on reading the text of the Bill that on the two last points it does not fulfil Mr. Asquith's expressed intentions. The Bill does impose a character test of the loosest and most objectionable kind, and it disqualifies all who have received poor relief, other than medical relief, since the beginning of this year; that is to say, everyone who is now above 69 in receipt of ordinary outdoor relief.

On re-reading Mr. Asquith's speech we cannot plead guilty to misunderstanding him. Nor can we make his words square with the provisions of the Bill. Take first the character test. Mr. Asquith handled it vigorously. "The less you go into questions of character, short of actual convictions of crime, the better. All the suggested tests look well on paper; thrift, prudence, character, good repute, look well, but when you put them into concrete shape, they are difficult to apply, and the application is apt to produce cases of unwarrantable hardship. Subsequent misconduct is a totally different matter."

We fully agree. Now, turn to the Bill:—We read in Clause III. that a person shall be disqualified, not only "if before he becomes entitled to a pension, he has

habitually refused to work," but "if he has been brought into a position to apply for a pension through his own wilful act or misbehaviour." This is to hand over the whole of a man's record to the inspection of a Pension Committee. There is no time limit. The sins of omission of remotest youth may be the causes of the relative poverty of old age. There is no folly or mistake, not to speak of more serious faults, that might not be brought up against a man under this head. The result would be a wide divergence in the practice of different committees, reproducing the present variations in the granting of out-relief. There could be no pretence to a fair judicial enquiry. The investigation would simply resolve itself into a general inquisition into character, conducted by the local gentlefolk, clergy, and traders, or by members of the Charity Organisation Society. The test of habitual refusal to work is not, indeed, unreasonable, if it can be so distinctly defined so as to be capable of rigid proof. But even this point is not one to leave to the discretion of administrative bodies. Still less is it advisable to erect them into a General Inquisitory Board. There is an automatic test in the pension system which is worth all others put together—the test of living on the pension without asking for further help, or giving further trouble. Those who fail to do so may fairly be deprived. That, as Mr. Asquith said, is a "totally different matter" from the inquisitorial tests that go back over a man's past.

We pass to the disqualification of paupers. Here again Mr. Asquith's words, though not perfectly clear, are incompatible with the text of the Bill. Once again Mr. Asquith refused to go back upon the past. He rejected, amid cheers, the proposal of the Chaplin Committee, and refused to make the receipt of poor relief within twenty, ten, or even five years a ground of disqualification. He proposed "to exclude in the first year from the scheme actual paupers only." "Actual" might mean two things. It might mean those in receipt of relief at the time when he was speaking, or those in receipt of relief at the time when they apply for pensions. The Bill adopts neither meaning. It disqualifies for the present and for the future, "until Parliament otherwise determines," all who have received non-medical relief since January 1st, 1908. This is to rule out all old people above sixty-nine who are now on the rates. Members of the Society of Engineers who have been in receipt of good wages all their lives, and are already drawing pensions of ten shillings a week, are to have five shillings added. A rural laborer who has never earned more than fourteen shillings a week in his life, and has been forced to apply for help at 69 or 70, is to have nothing. A boilermaker whose union is indiscreet enough to give him 11s. a week gets nothing. A small capitalist who draws an income of £26 a year from safe investments gets £13 to add to it. But if he has £27 he gets nothing. A seamstress who has stitched shirts for 10s. a week till her eyesight failed, and was driven last January to the workhouse, gets nothing. A widow whose husband left her £20 a year gets £13. There is no end to the anomalies, the absurdities, the injustices. The clause practically wipes out of the scheme the poorer half of the working classes. For what percentage of this class are able to pass their 70th year without applying for relief? The effect of the Bill as it stands will be to pension the relatively well-to-do workman provided he is not just a little bit too well-to-do. He must not save too much, yet to avoid the inquisition he must show that it is through no fault of his own that his income is below 10s. a week. On the other hand, if he has never had the means of saving, and if his health fails him at 69, he must expect no mercy. He must go to the poor-law. As to the hope of simplifying the poor-law itself by removing the aged from its operation, that, of course, vanishes if the Bill passes in its present form. Indeed, we may well ask whether the six or seven millions that the scheme is to cost will bring the community as a whole any adequate return. To save the aged poor from destitution and dependence, to clear the poor-law of the burden and prepare the way for a still greater reform next year, were boons worth paying for. But the further endowment of the relatively prosperous artisan does not rank first among the objects which have a claim on the public purse.

We trust the Government does not intend to adhere to the Bill as it stands. A great mistake has been made in leaving it to departmental drafting. The result, as we have shown, is to defeat Mr. Asquith's expressed intentions, and to produce a Bill which at more than one vital spot is unsound. In addition to the defects already noted, the income limit is retained without a sliding scale. We have before pointed out the unwisdom of this arrangement, and need not here repeat our arguments. We can only trust that Mr. Lloyd George, who will now have the Bill in hand, will give serious and immediate attention to these points of seeming detail which are in reality threatening the whole scheme with shipwreck. Such a scheme as the Bill outlines can never pass the House of Commons, for it defeats the generous intentions of the party, and, we believe, of the Government, and takes away nearly all the grace and social efficacy of the gift of old age pensions.

THE "BROAD" ROAD TO PROTECTION.

The recent annals of Parliament nowhere record a more wanton waste of time than the debate on the amendment to the Finance Bill which the Opposition, abusing their rights of criticism, forced upon the House of Commons. The substance of this amendment was contained in the words that "this House regrets that no attempt is made to increase the resources of the Exchequer by broadening the basis of taxation." Now, neither in the speeches of the proposer and seconder, nor in those of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, or Mr. Bonar Law, was there any attempt to explain, much less to justify, this proposition. Their policy throughout was one of manifestly organised avoidance. Everyone in the House and in the country is aware that "broadening

the basis of taxation" is a euphemism for the protective proposals to which the Opposition is committed, and that, if it had been possible to secure a favorable vote for such an amendment, it would have been understood as a vote for Protection. Yet for two whole evenings this wearisome debate meandered from irrelevancy to irrelevancy, discussing now the economics of the Patents Act, now the Sinking Fund, now the relative financial strength of England and Germany, now the Naval Standard, brought up by sudden jerks whenever it strayed carelessly near to the brink of the fiscal proposals which alone gave point to the amendment. Once, and once only, did Mr. Balfour allow himself to be lured into a feigned declaration on the subject of taxing food, to the effect that he would be prepared to do again what he had done in 1901, "if the financial necessities of the country required it."

Nor was this all. Grave ex-Ministers committed the colossal impertinence of pretending that the amendment justified them in demanding from the Government an announcement of the steps which they intended to adopt for raising, not this year's income, but a hypothetical income to meet next year's expenditure. Well might the Prime Minister exclaim: "Does anyone out of a madhouse suppose that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was going to get up and tell you twelve months in advance how he was going to arrange his taxation in his next budget?" If "broadening the basis of taxation" as a synonym for Protection had been so clearly defined already as to require no explanation, the supporters of the amendment were still called upon to make good the substance of their demand. In point of fact, as everybody is aware, the sole merit of this phrase has lain in its ambiguity, and the sole fruits of this wasted debate has been to increase that ambiguity. For until recently the leading mystery in the protectionist proposals had reference to the taxation of raw materials. Every formal statement by leaders of Protectionism has contained an assertion of the exemption of raw materials from taxation, but never accompanied by any definition of that term, or any statement whether semi-manufactured articles were included in that category or not. Whenever the local game of politics brought some grievance relating to raw materials to the front, such as slate, cement, iron bars, and, quite lately, hops, Tariff Reformers, great and small, have expressed their eagerness to tax that particular raw material. Indeed, as Mr. Buxton usefully pointed out in the debate, if raw materials are not to be taxable, all possibility of a Colonial preference with any semblance of efficiency in it disappears, so many of the largest imports from the Colonies belonging to this class. Needless to say, no gleam of light was shed upon this mystery. But now, as Mr. Churchill observed, it has become doubtful whether the broadening basis of taxation includes foods, for Mr. Bonar Law, in his latest reference to fiscal reform, spoke only of taxes upon manufactured goods, and when expressly challenged, gave a purposely evasive answer.

Can it be, then, that agricultural protection is to disappear, and that henceforth Tariff Reform is a mere manufacturers' game, to be spurned by the agricultural interests when they realise how they have been sold? Not at all. This was not the meaning of the evasions and silences, or of the wasted evenings. From Mr. Balfour's standpoint, the evenings were not wasted. His sole object throughout has been to keep Tariff Reform fluid, and, above all, to prevent the crystallisation into definite proposals. If things are now more mixed than ever, that is so much to the good, as he sees the political game. This is not, however, because he is "at heart" a Free Trader, and wishes to save his party from perdition. No such thing. The Conservative Party is solidly Protectionist, and Mr. Balfour knows it. But his recent experience has more and more convinced him of the utility of ambiguous phrasing as a means of luring back to the fold strayed or straying sheep. And "broadening the basis" has proved a particularly profitable protest against the "profligate finance" of the Government. It has won Lord Curzon, once a stout Free Fooder, who has been persuaded that the "broad basis" means an innocent Indian tariff, and not the revolutionary weapon forged in Birmingham. Lord Avebury, the voluminous pamphleteer of Free Trade, has cajoled himself into the supposition that the "broad basis" of new taxes will be accompanied by corresponding excise duties, and that the integrity of Free Trade will be thus miraculously saved. But the greatest triumph of all is the apparent capture of Lord St. Aldwyn, whose matchless dissection of the follies of Colonial Preference in the House of Lords last week was accompanied by an intimation that the general wickedness of the Government finance obliged him to put a favourable interpretation upon Mr. Balfour's policy. Long live "the broader basis"—at least, until the general election has put in office a Protectionist Party, who shall then proceed to tax foods, manufactures, and as many raw materials as can make good their claim in the accepted manner! Two days spent at the expense of the Government in advertising the most profitable linguistic ambiguity which has yet been thrown up by the fiscal controversy furnish a sufficient explanation of the party tactics of this discreditable episode.

THE SPECULATIVE REVIVAL.

ARE we at the beginning of a Stock Exchange boom? is the question that brokers, dealers, speculators, and even steady-going investors, who have been waiting for a turn of the tide, began to ask themselves and one another last week, when the Bank-rate was reduced to 2½ per cent. In nine cases out of ten the answer seems to have been "Yes." As a matter of fact, there had already been a very important rise in many of the leading markets from the lowest point touched last winter, when the shrinkage of values had gone so far that most people began to lose heart, and abandoned the cheery optimism that usually makes the bull contingent predominate over the bears. But as usual cheapness worked its own cure. The foolish speculator who had gone in,

as usual, at the top, paved the way for the wise investor who recognises low prices, and likes to have good things cheap, whatever the mood of the moment. The tension of the money market had been, perhaps, the principal cause of the slump; and as that tension relaxed, money began to flow into the Stock Exchange. How the tension arose, and how the strain was relieved, is a question that deserves answering; for until it has been correctly answered we cannot hope to possess even the rudiments of a title to look into the future of the Stock Exchange, or to form even a guess at the prospects of the leading securities.

The general notion of your true City man—a notion entertained and fostered by the average City journalist—is that cheap money depends upon abundance of gold. Now cheap money notoriously tends to raise the prices of securities; therefore it is obvious that the Stock Exchange ought to pray for a large production of gold. Here we have in a nutshell the argument which threw the City man into such a passion over Chinese labor. He thought that if the Chinamen were withdrawn the output of gold from the Rand must be diminished, and that if the gold output were diminished the prices of Consols and all investments must fall. Every hypothesis and every step in this argument were false. In fact, the year of the American crisis, when money was abnormally dear, and when extreme depression reigned on the Stock Exchanges of the world, was also a record year for the output of gold from the Rand. The world's production of gold had doubled in ten years; yet at the beginning of the decade money was a drug in the market—our Bank-rate actually fell to 2 per cent. in 1897—and in the last of the series it was so scarce that many great firms and companies in all parts of the world, and all the banks of the United States, had to fail or suspend payment, simply for want of ordinary cash facilities, or owing to a quite unusual and unforeseen curtailment of credit.

Thus we are driven from a false theory to the true explanation. Gold, silver, and paper are all used as money, but the fact that at any given time these three commodities are dear or cheap has little or nothing to do with the question whether money is cheap or dear. The purchasing power of gold may be high or low, but that has no direct connection with the rate of interest. Indeed, when the purchasing power of gold is low the rate of interest may be high and money dear. Cheap money means that traders can obtain accommodation easily and cheaply, that they can borrow money temporarily at low rates and discount commercial bills on favorable terms. In the course of the last six months we have seen a complete revolution in the conditions of the Money Market. Six months ago our Bank-rate rose to 7 per cent.—a height which it had not touched for more than a generation. Now it stands at 2½ per cent., lower (with one exception) than it has been since the Boer war. The result of this, taken in connection with the great profits that have been earned during the trade boom of the last two years and the slackness that has supervened, is obvious. There are enormous sums of money on deposit at the banks, which have been earning good rates of interest, but are now earning very small rates of interest. Until the trade boom evaporated this money could be remuneratively employed in business, and, as prices were very high, far more cash and credit were required than usual to move the crops and to finance international trade. At the same time, there had been a long and feverish period of speculation on the world's bourses and exchanges. Speculation, whether in shares or "futures," means the distension of credit. At last the strain became too great. The balloon was pricked in Japan, in Italy, in Egypt, in Holland, and, finally, in America. The financial collapse of New York was followed by a general commercial collapse all over the States, and at the present moment the business depression in America is still most acute, while even in Europe trade is comparatively dull.

There is, therefore, a superabundance of loanable capital. Large sums are lying idle and seeking investment, and there is not much employment for money in the ordinary trade channels. Nor is it at all certain that the commerce of the world has yet reached the bottom of the declivity. At any rate, the recovery must be slow. No upward movement of importance can be expected until the crops begin to move, and the question whether the recovery will then be substantial will depend as much as anything upon the abundance of the crops. If nature is bountiful and food becomes cheap, we may look for a revival of trade, and a rise in the price of metals and the raw materials of industry. Then more and more money will go back into trade, more accommodation will be needed by merchants and manufacturers and shippers, increasing demand will raise the money and discount rates, and people will begin to sell stocks they bought during the period of cheap money.

Thus, apart from the chapter of accidents—supposing the world to remain at peace and no terrible losses to occur through earthquakes, famines, or other unforeseeable catastrophes—there is nothing artificial or surprising in the upward movement of stocks and shares. In which market it will be most conspicuous, how far it will go, whether it will be slow and sure, or rapid, feverish, and jerky, only the event can prove. The stock markets are almost as uncertain as the racecourses. All we really know is that, other things being equal, cheap money is a powerful factor in a Stock Exchange revival, and that the steady fall in the rates of money and discount has been giving a great impetus to the business of buying and selling securities. From this point of view London is in a much better position than Wall Street or Berlin or Paris, simply because our Government has been for three years pursuing a sound and marvellously successful financial policy. We have been reducing taxes and paying off debt at an unprecedented rate, and consequently, when the demand for investments expands, the way is led by Government stocks, of which the supply has been greatly curtailed during the last three years. Although the City as a whole detests Radicals, it has learned to appreciate the value of the Sinking Fund, and there are many hardened Tories in financial houses who would view with considerable apprehension the prospect of a spendthrift administration taking the place of the present Govern-

ment. The weakness of industrial shares in Germany reflects the inconvenience caused by the Government's borrowing and the unsatisfactory conditions consequently prevailing in the money market. Similarly French Rentes have been suffering by the new taxation which increasing expenditure and the war in Morocco have made necessary. The American revival is so far wholly speculative, and represents the efforts of Wall Street to discount a bumper crop. Neither manufactures nor business generally in the United States have made any real recovery from the autumn panic, and the deficit at the Treasury is likely to prove an extremely awkward factor, even if, as we hope, the crops should fulfil all expectations. Perhaps the most curious feature of what we may call the speculative revival is the increased popularity of South African mining shares, for which well-informed brokers state that they are receiving more inquiries than at any time since the South African War.

THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD.

The popular attack in the East End on a motor-'bus which had reduced a child to shapeless pulp is, of course, in every way reprehensible. But we cannot affect surprise at this outburst in Mile End. What astonishes us rather is the long-suffering patience with which people endure the hourly danger and annoyances to which the bad regulations of the new form of fast road traffic subject them. The death-roll, as the Registrar-General's return has lately shown, mounts rapidly. The dust nuisance is unabated. The horse vehicle, the cyclist, and the pedestrian are almost driven off some of the main roads, which as ratepayers they have still to maintain. Property is depreciated, the amenities of the country—the great source of refreshment to the jaded townsman—are more and more destroyed, and in large measure streets and some country roads have ceased to be safe for children or for the infirm. Some compunction has indeed been aroused among the better class of motorists, and it is less rare than it was to see a car driven with some consideration for the safety and comfort of others. But a large number of motorists continue to treat the roads as the exclusive property of the fastest vehicle. The attitude of mind is amusingly illustrated by Mr. W. Reynolds in a letter to which the "Daily News" gives a cruel prominence, which puts the blame for accidents to children on the mothers, who let the children run about unguarded. How a poor woman is to keep her family within doors all day long, or how she is to provide for their constant supervision outside, the writer does not explain. It is enough for the motorist that the street is his. The children must be shut up. The halt and maimed must stay in bed. The motorist must have his rush, and if he does not kill anyone he claims positive moral credit for life-saving. This is no jest. Lord Russell, writing to support Mr. Reynolds, declares that every time he goes out in his motor-car in London he saves some half-dozen people. Everyone that he or his chauffeur does not kill is a life to his credit. Lord Russell thinks it "actually criminal" for children to play in the streets, just as it is actually virtuous for a motorist to avoid running over them. The toddling child and the whistling errand-boy are justly condemned criminals to whom the noble motorist graciously extends mercy. Lord Russell argues that public highways are provided at great expense and by the ratepayers for purposes of traffic. They were certainly not provided for traffic moving at railway speed, but for the convenience of the whole public. Children have run about them freely and safely in the less frequented spots for generations before the motor-car was heard of. They were sometimes troublesome, as children will be, but in the most barbarous days of the criminal law the death penalty for running across the road would have seemed excessive. It was agreed that the road being made by the public as a whole for the public as a whole, there must be fair give and take among all who used it. People were not allowed to drive recklessly, and the butcher's boy who shaved corners at half the speed of an ordinary motor was punished for furious driving, and condemned by the public as a hooligan. We have changed all that. The public road is no longer regarded as a place where every vehicle is alike bound to consider the safety of the public. The children are to be kept off it by their parents. The pedestrian and cyclist venture on it at their peril.

This thing is a growing scandal which is not exposed because all means of expression are closed to the sufferers. The Press is in the hands of motorists. In many cases the magisterial bench and the county councils are filled by the motor-owning class. The Local Government Board is utterly indifferent, though in Mr. Burns's hands it ought to have stood for the common rights of the people. Yet nothing is clearer than the complete breakdown of the present law. The police traps are useless, and do not touch the principal offence, which is that of reckless driving in towns and villages. Yet the continued growth of motor traction is certain, and, if properly controlled, has its advantages. The complete supersession of the horse by the mechanical vehicle is within measurable distance for urban traffic. We cannot, if we would, stop the development of motor traction. But control it we must, unless we are to allow the roads to become the monopoly of the rich and of certain great corporations.

How is this to be done? The existing speed limit is worse than useless. Its practical effect has been to abolish prosecutions for furious driving as judged by the common sense of a policeman and bystanders, and to substitute a mechanical test, which can only be proved by the mechanism of stop watches and preconcerted "traps." If the police and the magistrates could be trusted, the bold course of abolishing the limit altogether and relying on ordinary evidence of furious driving might be best. The practical effect of a twenty-mile limit has been to make any speed within that limit appear permissible, though there are places and times when ten, eight, or even six miles an hour may be an improper speed. It is monstrous that the same limit should be applicable to London and to a country road, and that localities should have no power to act freely for the protection of their own inhabitants in crowded streets and at dangerous corners. But the new system has grown up

by favor of the authorities, and nothing but sharp and clear-cut legislation will now keep in order the guardians of order. How deliberately breaches of the law are permitted is to be seen in the statement that the police do not intend to prosecute in connection with their new system of long-distance timing, unless the average speed exceeds twenty-five miles an hour. The "Westminster Gazette" complains of the system as too hard, since over a long distance a motorist would often have to slow down to ten miles an hour, and should therefore be allowed to make it up by fast driving elsewhere. This is a neat exposition of the motorist's claim to take the legal maximum of speed as an indication of a fair average. But the police, it seems, accept this view, with something to the good. They allow an average breach of the law to the extent of five miles an hour, well knowing that to maintain this average the motor must often travel thirty or forty.

The matter, then, cannot be left to the discretion of magistrates and police. We have to work out a new code of highway regulations to deal with a new form of anti-social amusement. The first object of the legislation should be to save the towns and villages, and the first step should be a real speed limit of ten, or at most, twelve miles an hour in all populated districts. Such a speed can be approximately judged in relation to the speed of a hansom or a carriage, which is generally from eight to ten miles an hour, and a vehicle which is rapidly passing these is certainly going more than twelve. The independent opinion of two witnesses that a car is exceeding this speed is evidence of furious driving, which in the old days would have been thought ample for the condemnation of the butcher's boy; and, in point of fact, twelve miles an hour is the utmost limit of pace for a heavy vehicle in town or village that is consistent with the comfort and safety of the public. Another simple but most necessary change is to make the owner of the car when riding in it jointly responsible with the chauffeur for furious driving, and to substitute imprisonment for a fine at the third offence. The history of motoring has revealed that the class who dispose of the greater part of the national wealth are no more law-abiding, no more public-spirited, no more guided by a sense of courtesy and of what is due to the public than any other. Given a form of sport which involves breaches of the law and a nuisance to the public, they will for its sake habitually break the law and commit the nuisance. Motoring, if it has done nothing else, has dissipated the myth that we are governed by a natural aristocracy, who adorn with the graces of life the wealth which they deservedly enjoy, and scrupulously observe in their own conduct the laws which they pass and administer. It has familiarised us with the type of the hooligan "road-hog," flying about the country in a cloud of dust and stench, more objectionable as a neighbour than a dozen 'Arrys and 'Arriets of the kind which used to serve as the type of vulgarity. Considerations of seemliness are lost on such a man. Only the law can deal with him, and as the making and administration of the law is very largely in his hand, it will be a long and uphill fight to regain the liberty of the road.

Life and Letters.

ENGLISHMAN BORN.

The most significant scene in General Buller's career was that 29th of January, eight years ago, when his army was drawn up in hollow squares to hear him speak. Only three days before, a week of the hardest and most terrible fighting of the war had ended in complete failure. A series of checks and reverses had culminated in the bloody disaster of Spion Kop. Nor was this the General's first disaster. Colenso lay only some six weeks behind him, and there his men had for the first time learnt the bitter truth that a great and fully-organised British Army, with Irish, Scottish, and English infantry, the best of cavalry, batteries, naval guns, army service corps, ambulance, transport, kitchens, camps and all, could be defeated. Revived by sports, food, and rest, they had swung far westward, crossed the Tugela at two main drifts and stormed the heights from which their goal of Ladysmith was actually visible only twelve to fifteen miles away. There lay the starving and hard-pressed comrades, to whose rescue they had been sent—linked battalions, well-known officers and men, whose signals for assistance they could plainly see flashing from a little hill. They were almost within touch, the great exploit had been almost accomplished. And now the army was back again, across the river on the wrong side, the heights still held by the enemy, the task still to do, the goal as far off as ever, and nothing to show for all that labor but the loss of 1,700 men. It was "As You Were"—always an irritating order, and in wartime you never are as you were.

Into the hollow squares the General rode, heavy, impenetrable, his face revealing no sign of emotion or thought of any kind, his back like a mountain side. Certainly he had reputation to support him. China had known him, and Ashanti, the Red River, Egypt, and the Soudan. Within three days' ride of this very place he had won his V.C., warring against Zulu assegais, twenty years before. But it is not past exploits that men think of at such a moment. That very day he was preparing to move them against the enemy again; they did not know where or with what design. And there he sat, impassive and unstirred, with all his failures thick upon him, probably at the moment the most criticised man in the world, and the most decried.

He began to speak. The sentences came blundering out, abrupt, disconnected, ungrammatical. He said something about thanks, and then he said something about the discovery of a key. Yes, his men had helped him to the discovery of a key! Not a soul present knew what he meant. Not a soul since has interpreted his meaning. To the whole of his army his speech was unintelligible; he might as well have been speaking in Zulu. But, unintelligible or not, that made no difference to his men. They received those halting, meaningless words with an outburst of applause such as has rewarded no orator since the world's creation. Cheer succeeded cheer: it seemed as though the cheering could never stop, and inspired with an enthusiasm of devotion unreasoning as a lover's, off the army set to lay down their lives for their General in his next great failure, which began next day.

It is impossible to make light of so amazing an influence. It is the miracle of personality, not to be explained by any catalogue of qualities. The kind of spirit upon which it acted is almost as difficult to analyse as the power itself. What is there in the British nature which induced those men to retain a confidence and affection that only increased with each disaster? We cannot recall a similar instance in the history of other peoples, yet no one who was present in Natal thought it in the least peculiar. Certainly there was the British sympathy with the man who plays a losing game—the same feeling which greets a breakdown at a concert or in a speech with round after round of applause. Buller was also assisted by the mere sound of his name, unconsciously suggesting dogged tenacity and power to all who heard it. All great leaders of

men should bear characteristic and uncommon names, and most have borne them. "The Red Bull" the Boers called him, and if they pictured him moving backwards and forwards on the Tugela like a rat trying to get into a barn, it was always as "a big rat."

His mere size counted for something, and it is doubtful if an insignificant-looking man could have so well maintained the confidence of a British force under misfortune. As "Linesman" said of him, he conveyed to the imagination something of the comfort to be derived from the sight of a big gun or a strong entrenchment. A six-inch "cow-gun"—how slowly it moves, how impassive it looks! But what impression, what moral effect, especially on its own side! In Buller his soldiers appeared to have found the very type and ideal of their nation—the kind of man that every Englishman would wish to be if fortune allowed—large, powerful, and solid of form, brave above suspicion, silent and indifferent to eloquence, undemonstrative and unemotional, cold as ice in danger, unyielding in disaster, but under that imperturbable exterior bearing a kindly heart; always careful of his army's comfort; a model landlord, and treating his soldiers as he treated tenants; "a farmer by profession," as he used to say of himself, but converted into a general by the Providence which is always on the side of the good old English gentleman. He was a true sportsman, too, and, writing like a Master of Foxhounds, in his despatch to the War Office after the disaster at Colenso, he added the significant sentence: "My men are dispirited because they have not seen a dead Boer."

Such was the ideal that his men formed of Buller—an ideal of the Englishman in the highest. Such was the secret of his influence, and by common consent his career would have been called a triumph of character, if he had triumphed. What, then is the meaning of the dispassionate verdict in the German Staff's Official History of the South African War? Writing of Colenso, they say the defeat was caused by the lack of sufficient force of character in the General in Command. They go on to say that after the threatened loss of Long's batteries:

> "Buller was no longer a leader but merely a fellow-combatant; no longer the General but only a battery-commander. The physically brave man had succumbed morally to the impressions of the battlefield. It was the General and not his gallant force that was defeated."

One of Napoleon's Maxims of War bears precisely on a kindred point:—

> "The first qualification in a general-in-chief," he writes, "is a cool head—a head which receives just impressions and estimates things and objects at their real value. He must not allow himself to be elated by good news or depressed by bad."

That was exactly where Buller failed. The temporary or even permanent loss of two batteries should not have involved retirement and disaster. His impressions were not just; he did not estimate things at their real value; he allowed himself to be depressed by bad news; he was no longer a General, but became a fellow-combatant. He failed for want of sufficient force of character; and the fatal muddle of Spion Kop, when he refused to take over the command from Sir Charles Warren, was due to just the same two causes—to lack of character and lack of coolness. The same deficiencies were revealed in that helio message to Sir George White suggesting that he should fire away his ammunition in Ladysmith and makes the best terms he could—a message which might have involved the whole Empire in irretrievable disaster. Finally, the same deficiencies were seen in that unhappy speech in Westminster, which led to his removal from the army.

Was, then, Buller's reputation a myth? Was he only an imposing mask, built like a typical Englishman, but devoid of just those qualities of coolness and character which we delight to regard as typically English? The record of his previous career, the testimony of the Boers that no other General in the war had so tough a task as that which he ultimately performed, the assurance and success of his subsequent movement through Northern Natal and the Transvaal to Spitz Kop, forbid us to think so. Now that he is dead, and has left a name, we would only notice that many Englishmen suffer from similar weaknesses, seeming to thwart just those very qualities which we like to claim. We are perhaps rightly called the best captains in the world; but why is it that our generals so often fail? At the moment of crisis they break down; they have not enough character to grasp the splendid resolve called for by supreme command. May it be due to the worship of tradition and "good form" in our public schools, the horror with which all English boys and English society regard anything unusual or extraordinary, their contempt for intellect and work, their repugnance towards ideas? We all feel it. Our word "egregious" only means "distinguished from a flock of sheep"; but we love the sheep, and hate the distinction, and so we talk of an egregious fool, but never of an egregious hero. Yet it is exactly the egregious hero whom we want as general in a moment of stress.

So it is with coolness. We are naturally an emotional, a rather impressionable race, but we are trained to die rather than show our feelings. Joy, sorrow, pain, affection must never be expressed; they fade in atrophy or remain secretly boiling like underground geysers. We suffer from suppressed emotionalism, and so it happens that in many natures like Buller's we are deceived. We trust ourselves to that solid and chilly surface. The crisis comes, and where is solidity, where is coolness? Disconcerting as an earthquake, incalculable as a spout of molten lava, is the change.

THE TONGUES OF PENTECOST.

The event which we celebrate at Whitsuntide has rather gained than lost in credibility from modern research. Historically, the Day of Pentecost, on which the rushing mighty wind foreshadowed the tongues of fire and the gift of utterance, is doubtless the foundation day of the Christian Church as an organised body. But, viewed as a time of miracle, it has fallen greatly into forgetfulness, and into that quiet winter of neglect which changes finally into the spring-time of absolute unbelief. The idea that we have to do in the gift of tongues with the miraculous imparting of a knowledge of unknown languages, will not bear comparison with the description of the phenomenon given by St. Paul, who says that a stranger coming into the meeting would think that the speaker with tongues was mad, just as on the day of Pentecost those who were not impressed thought that the preachers were drunk. The speaker with tongues uttered nothing edifying. He was said to be the vehicle of "grace" to himself alone, unless either he or somebody else could expound his meaning. Such utterance is distinguished sharply from intelligent speech; it is like a trumpet call sounded without a meaning. It is even discouraged by Paul, to the extent of saying that five words spoken with understanding are better than ten thousand words spoken in a tongue. It is, in fact, clearly a manifestation of the speech which is called automatic, because it is not done under the will of the speaker. Students of the subject, unless they are spiritualists, now generally describe it as coming from a "subliminal" source.

In any case the supposed gift of languages was a slender one, for all the long list of districts from which the strangers came only represents two languages—Greek and Aramaic. The Jews and proselytes who were then in Jerusalem from the Euphrates Valley, or from Egypt, or from Asia Minor, or from the Greek colonies in North Africa, or from the Mediterranean islands, all spoke one, or more probably both, of these languages; and from the hundred and twenty disciples, some—or all—of whom spoke with tongues, it is to be expected that both Greek and Aramaic would be heard. When the author of the Acts is describing the conversion of the family of Cornelius and the giving of the Holy Spirit to the twelve men at Ephesus, he only speaks of tongues, not of "new" tongues, or "unknown" tongues, and yet he likens these phenomena to those of the Day of Pentecost. There

are also incidental narratives, such as the Apostles' ignorance of the speech of Lycaonia, which show that the early Apostles had no miraculous relief from the necessity of learning a foreign language, even though Paul himself was said to be a frequent speaker with tongues.

But we find a place for this strange involuntary ecstatic utterance in a well known family of phenomena, ranging from the delirious harangues and endless volubility of madness, to messages of authentic inspiration. In London in the early nineteenth century, the church of Edward Irving became, as is well known, the scene of congregational manifestations, which there is every reason to regard as sincere and spontaneous, reproducing, so far as we can tell at this distance of time the sensational, but meaningless, glossolaly of Corinth. One hears of similar phenomena occurring among humble revivalists since. Parallel to these utterances we may place the experiences of the literary friend of Professor William James, who prefers to go under the pseudonym of Albert le Baron. He was made to utter streams of vocables which make no words in any language, with interpretations claiming to be divine messages, but quite devoid of significance. These happened so recently as 1894, and were critically examined both by their subject and by Professor James. It would appear easier to account for them by the activity of the man's hidden mind, thus romancing, than to assume a quasi-divine origin for them. Then we have the large instalments of what purports to be the language of people on the planet Mars, given in trance through Mlle. Hélène Smith—a pseudonym of Professor Flournoy's medium, who is the head of a large drapery department at Geneva. But this Martian language is built like French, and so is a kind of adapted variety of the native language of the medium, much as Esperanto is built on the Latin languages, or as cunning children invent a little tongue of their own which nurse does not know. Here we have speaking with tongues and an interpreter present also; but, again, nothing very new or striking in the contents of the message.

Above these come phenomena containing excellent sense, the outpouring of a mind not certainly the ordinary mind of the speaker, and to be ascribed either to the underlying man below the threshold—the "subliminal" man—or to the influence of some outside entity. Such are the sermons that Rachel Baker delivered in her sleep; such are the prodigies of preaching children of three years old and upwards among the persecuted Camisards of the Cevennes. Trance addresses of varying quality are common features of modern spiritualist gatherings, and present more questions to the student than there are answers ready. This strange fact of "automatism" or "possession," if it has reality, should also be found in many ages and places, and not be confined to any one religion, and this is the case. The early "prophets" who prophesied in companies in the time of Samuel, and infected Saul with their excitement, might have told us something about it, as could their modern successors, the Dervishes. In the early honest days of the Greek oracles, the priestesses were mouthpieces only of dark sayings whose application left much to be explored; and Plato speaks in the Ion of soothsayers who need interpreters. In Christian times we have the Montanists, who are described as "the lyre on which God plays as with a plectron. The man sleeps and God wakes and imparts another soul." The same type of preaching occurred among the later Jansenists, and in the "preaching sickness" in Sweden in the 'forties.

In a higher class than these we must put the volumes of teaching—sometimes reasonable and beautiful, and, at least, never degrading—which have been given through such honest automatic writers as Mr. W. Stainton Moses, whose "Spirit Teachings" are fairly well known, or in less valuable books such as "The Perfect Way, or The Finding of Christ," by Dr. Anna Kingsford. Whether "Imperator," who purports to be the real author of "Spirit Teachings," exists or not is still matter for controversy: whether Mr. Edward Maitland and Dr. Anna Kingsford are right in considering themselves incarnations of St. John the Divine and the Virgin Mary, is, perhaps, more easily settled. At every point in such an inquiry we are stopped by out-and-out frauds like Madame Blavatsky's heaven-given volume "Isis Unveiled," and the other writings of the imaginary Koot Hoomi. Happily, however, this automatism or inspiration may produce also some of the most beautiful possessions of mankind. Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," than which no more perfect lyric exists in our language, was written in a quarter of an hour; that is, it was given to him straight off, finished, and without effort of his own. "It came in a moment," he said. The much longer poem, "Come into the garden, Maud," was similarly the result of forty minutes' writing. Tennyson has himself described in "In Memoriam" and in "The Ancient Sage" how the trance would come upon him in which he seemed to leave his body and move in a larger sphere, with the sense of freedom and exultation. But Tennyson's case is worthy of longer treatment than can be given to it as a passing illustration.

On the whole, then, we may celebrate our Pentecost, not perhaps in memory of a miracle erroneously imagined, but as an earnest of a far greater hope, of a hope that the race of man is open on the spiritual side, not only to meaningless rhetoric, but to an ecstasy which is in heavenly places, a power of beautiful production of which Pentecostal power and modern poetic genius are foretastes.

THE UNNECESSARY BROCK.

Let it be brock, because that was its undoubted name to our Celtic stock, and because of the great uncertainty as to the origin of the name badger—some seeing in it the badged or striped one, others the corn stealer, and others no more than the animal that is caught in a bag. Moreover, the brocks we speak of lived in the Doomsday parish of Brockawardynge, which thus proclaims itself their very ancient home. There are many other parishes in Badge and Brock within a ten-mile radius, though some of them have ceased to give doubtful sanctuary to the persecuted animal.

For a year or two past the brocks had held their sett in the brake above the first field from the house. There seemed to be no reason why they should not. It was a pleasure to catch very occasional glimpses of their shy forms stealing about bear-like in the summer dusk, and we never saw signs of their occupation of which we had much reason to disapprove. An occasional rabbit stop opened from above and emptied of its young did not matter much, for rabbits were still more than plenty when there was mowing grass to be nibbled and abundant enough when ferreting time came round. And when the "bears" found a wasp nest, as they often did before it had come to our notice, we had nothing but approval for the scientific way in which they cleaned it out with the minimum of damage to the fair rotundity of the cave that had held it. We never knew that they had taken a partridge's nest, and perhaps, if we had, we should not have allowed the glamour of the word "game" to make a few pounds of bird's flesh outweigh a badger's right to live. Honoring, for peace' sake, the convention that bids us preserve the far more destructive fox, we did not see why the less fashionable brock should not also have asylum.

In the spring of 1907 our badgers in the brake produced cubs, an event that added to the interest of their occupation, and only slightly hinted at the time when there might be too many of the species on the farm. When last winter's bedding had been thrown out and spring cleaning accomplished by removal with it of the whole floor of the den, a new way was trampled through the young bluebells, and the beginning made of a new sett about two hundred yards away. But soon the work was stopped, and, as all the badgers returned to the old sett, we knew that there would be no young this year. It seems, indeed, to be a rule with the badgers to have young every second year, and, in spite of some authorities to the contrary, until a new family is ex-

pected the yearling cubs frequently inhabit the parental cave. Four or five brocks, the farmer decided, were no great matter. Let them stay. When another litter should come, he would reconsider the question.

The farmer has not reckoned with the claims of "sport." He has not made allowance for those who like to kill badgers, in the words of Mr. W. T. Dymond, "for no earthly reason but the unreasoning love of destruction, which classes us as a race on a level of the worst type of negro." To-day a party of sportsmen, mainly hailing from the town, have come out to celebrate beautiful weather by killing badgers—not ours, but the inhabitants of a big sett at the edge of the wood on the neighboring farm. It is an ideal badgers' home—a sett that may have been occupied with few breaks since the time of the Conqueror, or longer. Under the oolitic brash of the district is a bed of soft sand, in which, as one of the hunters says, with slight exaggeration, the badgers can move as easily as a fish through water. Only a good terrier can hold them while the men with spades dig down. But the best of terriers are here. The foxhound officials take more than a sporting interest in the extermination of badgers, for, though Meles and Vulpes generally agree pretty well, when they do fall out there are apt to be some fox cubs the fewer. The huntsman likes to kill off the cleanly, industrious brocks, and give their habitations to some vixen that, after her kind, has fouled her own earth. So he joins the digging-out party with his terriers, the disreputable, smooth-haired one whose face is all scars and the dandified, long-coated one that does not look half so good a dog as he is.

The main entrance to the sett enters the lower part of a mound on the hillside that looks like an ancient barrow. The hole dips and the mound rises so that in a few steps the terrier is far below the surface, baying the invisible inmate. We listen with the ear pressed to the ground, and then the spademen drive a shaft straight at the noise of the barking. We find the hole, but the badger has moved further in. There are galleries one below the other, the lower at a most uncomfortable distance. As soon as the brash is pierced, digging is as easy for us as for the badger, who, moreover, cannot dig for fear of leaving his rear exposed to the dog. But the depth beats us, and we have to give the matter up. As we depart, the mound presents the appearance of a giant fist thrust from the hillside, clenched palm downwards, and guarding the aborigines of the district within its grasp. We have gashed its knuckles, deeply torn the hand, but it still shields its guests.

And now the clearest claims of country courtesy ordain that the badgers in the brake must be delivered up. Here are all these poor sportsmen gathered to celebrate a fine day by killing something. Here is the official of the sacred foxhounds out after the enemies of the fox, his terriers with bloody faces to avenge, spademen with cider to earn. Where is the true country gentleman who, having badgers, will fail to let us have at them? The badgers in the brake are sure prey. They have foolishly dug in hard clay wherein the spade is greatly superior to the claw. The sand they love is not there, only a sort of ironstone sand that is little softer than stone. If the farmer gives the invitation—and let anyone who knows the country dare to say that he will refuse it—the fate of his brocks is sealed.

The rough-haired terrier, his dandified look long since gone, runs excitedly into the hole. He wakes a badger scarcely a yard within, and bays him almost under a hazel stool. The place to dig is soon found, but the shaft not so quickly sunk. It is tremendously hard work, with the May sun streaming down on the diggers' necks. We have all, more or less, to take a hand, and even the watchers are beset with a prickly heat. Through the thin screen of hazel stems can be seen, a few fields away, the smooth gleam of a lake to tantalise us with its offer of a cool swim. Yet the men like this hard digging best, for it makes them certain that the badgers cannot have gone far. In four or five hours we catch sight of the tail of the terrier signalling every move of the fight that is engaging him. The musky smell of his angry antagonist fills the spinney, and everyone knows that blood is about to reward our exertions. Soon the tongs close on the victim and drag him forth. He is proclaimed to be "a nice little brock of twenty pounds." *Was*, no doubt, a nice little brock when, in tune with his surroundings, he gambolled through such an evening as is now coming on. But there is nothing very nice about the tumbled, shaggy pelt hanging on a limp, dead body. It begins to strike one or two of us that a live brock may be, after all, better than a dead one.

But "sport" drives us on. There are obviously more brocks in the hole. The terrier, disdaining a dead enemy, has gone back to earth, and is furiously engaged in a new fight. The digging is renewed with fresh vigour. Soon another of the cubs comes to light—dead. The narrowness of the clay sett and its own defensive effluvia have slain it, for no dog could harm it at bay in its native atrium. One of the grown brocks, weighing half as much again as the cubs, has also escaped the indignity of being caught alive. The sow and two other cubs come to light fighting. The last one breaks out and makes a bid for life, running off backwards almost as fast as the dogs can go forwards. But they catch him and pin him. He turns in his skin with consummate ease, and cleanly nips a piece from the rough-haired one's shoulder, marring his dandy beauty for life. But the last of our brocks is slain, leaving, now that we think of it too late, a sad gap in the fauna of the farm. The master of the brake says little, but perhaps thinks hard. The hunters think he should be consoled for any injured sentiment by the honor of having provided the record of five grown badgers drawn from one hole.

Letters from Abroad.

THE PRUSSIAN "URWAHLEN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—On Wednesday, June 3rd, the *Urwahlen*—the first elections—for the Prussian Diet will take place. This means to say that the voters of the three classes will on that day nominate their Wahlmaenner—electoral college—who thirteen days afterwards, on June 16th, will in separate divisions as a combined body elect the member or members allotted to these divisions. Since the nomination of the Wahlmaenner is generally done on party lines the first elections already will reveal the composition of the new Parliament.

It is not expected that the elections of Wednesday next will produce a notable change in the Parliamentary strength of the parties. As a matter of fact there is not much of a refreshing and genuine electoral fight at all. The three-class system, the indirect suffrage, and the open and registered voting takes the spirit away from the whole business. In a good many divisions most of the parties lead only a sham fight, and sometimes even this in a half-hearted manner. The seats are bartered away beforehand instead of being honestly competed for. This is particularly the case where a strong Socialist vote is expected. Where this happens the other parties who command the mass of the first and second class voters share the seats up between themselves in small committee. Freisinnige will go with Conservatives, Nationalliberale with Ultramontanes, just as the case may be. No wonder if, even amongst the workers, there is comparatively little of that fighting enthusiasm which prevails at the elections for the Reichstag. With the exception of a few divisions the defeat of the Socialists is a foregone conclusion, and it requires the whole sense of duty of the Socialist workers to take upon themselves under these circumstances the great amount of clerical and canvassing work which this artificially intricate system of voting involves.

Of the few divisions where a Socialist victory is not quite out of question Berlin has about four or five. The voters are divided into the three classes not by whole divisions but by comparatively small districts into which the

electoral divisions are partitioned. And since the districts differ in regard to the wealth of their inhabitants a man may in some district be a first-class voter though paying a tax ten times or even *several hundred times smaller* than the tax paid by another man who, in his district, is only a third-class voter. In some of the Berlin districts millionaires are third-class voters, in others engineers, bricklayers, &c., are first-class voters. The most contradictory differentiations have come to pass. Even in one and the same district it often happens that a man who pays a certain tax is a voter of a higher class than another man who pays as much as he. He is privileged because his name begins with, say, a B, and that of the other with a C, or a D, and so on. Of logic and principles there is nothing in this electoral system. But just for that reason it may occasionally turn out favorably for the working classes. In the north and the east of Berlin, where whole districts are inhabited by almost nobody but workers, minor clerks and small shopkeepers, Socialist victories are not impossible. In the fifth, the ninth, the eleventh, and the twelfth division of the capital a very close fight between the Freisinnige and the Socialists is a certainty. And yet the result even there is everywhere doubtful. A few of the bigger taxpayers in some of the better streets or thoroughfares can cause a shifting of the electoral classes which may reduce a Socialist majority into a minority.

It would be too tiresome for your readers to have these and other infamies of the system explained in detail. Sometimes privileged voters turn it themselves to ridicule. It has repeatedly happened that the following scene was being played before the electoral officer. After the third and the second-class voters have nominated their electors the officer calls up the first-class voters. But there is only one specimen of that class—let us call him Lehmann—and the officer puts him the prescribed question.

The Officer: Whom do you nominate, Herr Lehmann?

Herr Lehmann: I nominate myself, Friedrich Gottlieb Lehmann.

The Officer: As there are no more voters the nomination is closed. Herr Lehmann, you are nominated. You have now to declare whether you accept the nomination or not.

Herr Lehmann: I am not in the position to accept it.

The Officer: Then we must proceed to a new nomination.

The same thing is gone through again, Herr Lehmann nominates again Herr Lehmann, declines again to accept, and the officer has to proceed a third time to the nomination game. This time, however, with a different result. Herr Lehmann, asked whether he accepts, replies with dignity:

"After my fellow-citizens having three times honored me with their confidence, I have overcome my previous scruples and do now accept."

At another poll two or three first-class voters play the joke of nominating one another, refusing their nominations and then each turning to nominate himself, or whatever may amuse them. The jokes are always greatly relished by the audience, but they do not make the system more palatable. It falsifies popular opinion to such an extent that nobody but the extreme Conservatives dare defend it in public. Yet it is still rather doubtful whether the new Diet will agree on a new and better system.

Two events only could have altered this state of things: an extra Parliamentary action of the masses much more vigorous and imposing than any previous demonstration, or an electoral co-operation of all the Liberal and democratic elements of the country. Both things are to-day quite out of the question. The Socialist workers do not feel themselves strong enough to measure forces in the streets with the most centralised military power of the world, and the Liberal parties have at this election broken their record in doing henchmen's service to the reactionaries and repelling not only the Socialists but even their own more democratic adherents.

The most notorious of these actions has come to pass in the monster division "Ober-und Niederbarnim," which embraces in a wide circle the suburbs north and east of Berlin with together more than half-a-million of inhabitants. At the last election for the Diet, in 1903, 14,300 voters have voted there for the Socialists, 8,100 for the Conservatives, and 2,200 for the Freisinnige and other Liberals; but owing to the three-class system the Conservatives got 719 electoral men, the Socialists only 327, and the Freisinnige 316. Consequently the Conservatives have got for themselves all the three members the division is entitled to. This time it is already a certainty that the Socialist vote will be much stronger than the last time, so that even amongst the electoral men Socialists and Freisinnige together could have a clear majority over the Conservatives. But not for one moment did the wirepullers of the Freisinnige entertain the idea of an understanding with the Socialists—an understanding, to wit, by which three seats might have been taken from the party of reaction in every respect—political, fiscal, and clerical reaction—and won for Liberal and Progressive reform. They took the first opportunity of compromising with the Conservatives and have come to an agreement with them on the basis of two seats for the Conservatives and one for the Freisinnige, whose candidate is himself a man of an extremely doubtful Liberalism.

It is an encouraging fact that in the ranks and file of the Freisinnige at last some serious opposition is being offered to this degrading transaction. Protestation meetings have been held at which sharp criticisms of the present policy of the leaders have been uttered and resolutions to this effect have been accepted. But the opposition is not yet strong enough to counteract the policy. Things go very slowly in the land of "Marshall Vorwärts."

Anyhow, the discontent is there and seems to spread. The radical secessionists, led by Herren Dr. Theodore Barth, Dr. R. Breitscheid, and H. von Gerlach, have held surprisingly successful meetings. They have constituted themselves into a "Democratic Union," and adherents join them in great numbers, although—or, perhaps, just *because*—they have declared it their policy not to try to supersede social democracy but to agitate and act beside it and, wherever possible, in a friendly understanding with it. Too young to take up an electoral fight in many places, this new group has only put candidates in one division, and it is the privilege of your correspondent, as one of the Socialist candidates there, to be a sort of rival of these democrats. But the brunt of the fight goes in another direction. The division is almost as large as the aforementioned one, it embraces several hundred suburbs and villages south and west of Berlin, amongst others the town of Koepenick, which has come to such fame through the ingenious stroke of poor "captain" Voigt, and the strength of the parties is almost the same. The Socialists head the list of voters, the Conservatives will head that of the electoral men. And since, besides these parties and the democrats, the Freisinnige, allied to the Nationalliberale, are also in the field and will, at the second ballot, vote rather for the Conservatives than even for the democrats, the seats of the division will go to the open reactionists. Socialists and democrats alike fight only in order to exercise and muster their respective forces. Trifling as this may appear to the English reader, it is at the time the only practical work to be done, if the reactionaries and the present wirepullers of the Freisinnige are not to have it all their own way. And as things are, a demonstrative value of the counting of the forces is not to be denied.

Apart from Berlin, social democratic candidates have some chance in a few of the Westphalian divisions. The Catholics there are very irritated against the parties of the Bülow *bloc* and would rather see a Socialist elected than a Liberal. Transactions between the two parties are in the air and may lead to electoral compacts. The Catholic party of Prussia is, in the western provinces, tinged with democratic tendencies and politically more reliable than the Freisinnige.

As to the new candidates in the field some interest may be claimed for Karl Liebknecht, the condemned "traitor." The son of the late Wilhelm Liebknecht has, because of his oratorial parts and his great gifts as a lawyer, been very popular already before the Government choose to prosecute him. But for some reason or other he was not so unanimously looked upon as a practical politician. Now the Berlin Socialists have put him as the first upon their list of candidates, and if seats are won by them at all, Karl Liebknecht, the "traitor," will be one of the first Social Democrats—he may even be *the* first Social Democrat to enter the triple walled fortress of the Prussian Squirearchy.

—Yours, &c.,

Berlin, June 2nd, 1908. ED. BERNSTEIN.

Open Questions.

THE PROBLEM OF RURAL HOUSING.

By Philip Morrell, M.P.

In the Housing and Town Planning Bill which is now before Parliament, and was introduced, Mr. Burns tells us, "mainly to meet the rural difficulties," the Government had the opportunity of making a real advance in their policy of rural reform. It has been the main defect of previous legislation, so far as the villages are concerned, that the problem of housing has been treated as if it were really analogous to the housing problem in the towns. As a fact, the conditions are almost entirely different. Whereas the worker in the town has at least some choice as to the house he will occupy, the inhabitant of the village must take what he finds. If he does not like it, his only remedy is to give up his work and go away. In the towns there are thousands of empty houses. In most villages there is hardly a spare cottage to be found. The worker in the village is, therefore, far more dependent than his brother in the town on a really efficient administration of the public health and housing law. And yet, in this respect also, he is apt to be worse off. In the average rural district, with its strong local influences, discouraging always to the active official, with its poor but widely scattered area, the administration is certainly not likely to be more vigorous than the corresponding administration in the towns.

The problem of rural housing, indeed, so far from being analogous to the problem of the towns, is really another aspect of the general problem of rural depopulation and decay, as to which so many inquiries and reports have been made. To treat the administration of the law relating to the cottage, as distinct from that of the law relating to the allotment and small holding, and the administration of the Public Health Acts, comprising such subjects as drainage and water supply, as distinct from both, is to disregard all the experience of rural life. It is one of the merits of the Report of the Select Committee on Housing of 1906, on which the present Bill is presumably based, that this aspect of rural housing as part of a wider problem is there fully recognised, and it might have been expected that the Government, who appointed that Committee, and who in the Small Holdings Act of last year have already shown themselves in agreement with the main ideas of their report, would have dealt with the problem of housing in the same comprehensive way.

Unfortunately, these hopes have not been realised. Mr. Burns's Bill contains many excellent provisions. The simplification of the procedure of acquiring land on the model of last year's Act, the improvement of the terms upon which loans may be obtained for the building of cottages, the strengthening of the Local Government Board as the central housing authority—all these, no doubt, are considerable reforms. But of any fresh scheme of housing administration, of any recognition of the alterations in the other branches of the rural problem, as affected by last year's Act, there is hardly a trace. The Bill, which in form is extremely complicated, proceeds mainly by way of "reference," and follows almost exactly the lines of existing legislation. As far as the rural problem is concerned, it does not touch the real difficulty.

For the failure of rural housing, as has been often pointed out, and nowhere more strongly than in the Report of the Select Committee, is due not so much to the want of powers as to the want of proper administration. The fault has been the fault not of measures but of men, or rather, of the system which appointed them. For the last eighteen years the rural district councils have had wide powers; but except here and there, in a few isolated cases, they have hardly attempted to put them into force. Not only have new cottages not been built, or any attempt made in the vast majority of cases to get building schemes sanctioned, but the ordinary duties of inspection and administration placed upon local authorities by Part II. of the Act of 1890 have been almost wholly neglected. The result is only too well known. Except in a few "close" villages—which, perhaps, have other disadvantages of their own—the rural population is deplorably ill-housed: cottages have gone from bad to worse; the sanitary condition, especially as regards water supply, is in many parts utterly indefensible; and in spite of the enormous decline of the rural population, people are still driven from the villages into the town for lack of decent houses to live in.

How far the rural councils are solely responsible for this state of things it is not now necessary to inquire. Other causes have, no doubt, contributed. But it is important to consider whether these councils, even with the additional powers which this Bill gives them, are likely to assist in any effective way in that rehabilitation of the rural districts to which the Government have set their hands.

That the rural district councils should have failed in the past is, indeed, no matter for surprise. With their narrow experience, with their poorly-paid officials, with their system of "part time" medical officers—expected to make the main portion of their living by private practice, so that private interest and public duty must almost inevitably collide—it was not to be expected that they would do very much, even in the way of inspection, which, indeed, almost presupposes a stronger and more centralised body. Still less were they likely to embark on difficult schemes of building which even the great urban authorities are generally reluctant to undertake. But under the new Bill all these difficulties still remain. The system of part-time officers, which is probably most of all responsible for the present state of affairs, is not altered. A proper system of inspection, through the formation of a register of cottage property—one of the most important recommendations made by the Select Committee—is not secured. The small district councils, from whom powers were taken by last year's Act in the matter of allotments, are still to remain the authority for housing both under Parts II. and III.; while the great county councils, who are now responsible for small holdings and allotments, are left practically outside the scheme of the Bill.

The Local Government Board, with their increased powers, may indeed do much, and it is only fair to assume that the new Housing Department, promised by Mr. Burns, though at present there is no provision for it in the Bill, will speedily alter the somewhat unfortunate traditions of that office. But even a Housing Department cannot act alone. It is, after all, the daily and regular administration of the law in the locality that in the long run chiefly counts; and it will indeed be a matter for regret if the Government, in a Bill which in its other parts has been well received, should commit themselves once more to a system of rural administration which hitherto has worked so badly.

It is possible, of course, that the Government will consent to such alterations in Committee as will make this Bill on its rural side a simple and effective measure. Failing this, it would be better that they should withdraw all the rural clauses, which constitute only about one-third of the whole, with a view to introducing next year a larger and more comprehensive Bill. A wrong step taken now will set back all those hopes of rural amelioration to which the advent of a Liberal Government gave rise, and which the passing of the Small Holdings Act of last year has already done something to justify.

The Drama.

THE STAGE AND MODERN LIFE.

It is clear that a great change is coming over the British drama—a change of spirit and of form. That this change is as yet unappreciated by the amusement-loving crowd is of no consequence. What is of importance is that the men and women who study life, or have serious ideas about it, will no longer tolerate the kind of theatre which for many years has dominated the capital, and through it the provinces. When such a movement starts it is bound to succeed. Dramatic authors, even the authors of our time, seduced and pressed into the service of the commercial drama, begin to acknowledge it. And then the managers have to follow suit. The material depression of their business is in itself enough to convince them that something is wrong. They have tried to meet this depression by declining more and more to the music-hall entertainment, not on its strong side, where it really reflects the life of our times, but in its common appeal to feeble minds, unable to see anything in sequence, to go behind the show, and try to discover what it all means. But the drama, with its mighty traditions, its immortal purpose, can never become a mere beauty exhibition, or an idle embellishment of the vanities of fashionable existence. It cannot, with all the pressure from vulgarity or Philistinism, served as they are by weak men, with talent and without character, get rid of the incessant craving of society to see itself in the looking-glass that the sincere dramatist holds up to it. Sooner or later the conventions will yield here, as they have yielded in almost every centre of civilised activity but our own. The drama will find its true vocation, and able servants will press forward to do its work.

Moreover, this great business of looking within is one which the dramatist, if he is the right kind of thinker, is well able to perform, better, perhaps, than the organised churches. For the churches, which are always concerning themselves about organisation, are almost too well organised already. The Anglican Church has organised itself in the main on lines of artistic refinement and respectability; the Free Churches on lines of social and political activity; the deep search for reality seems to have been somewhat lost sight of. That, indeed, is open to perpetual question by the active, restless spirit that sees it in all its phases, reputable and disreputable, and yet is inspired by the Christian motive of pity, expressed in the way of indignation, irony, scorn, the sense of justice, as, for example, Voltaire expressed it. If such a man has the dramatic gift, it is clear that a wide field is open to him. He can express "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," with a suggestion of reality, a power of holding the conscience and awakening the imagination, to which the pulpit, limited in subject and in form, and unable to exhibit the speech, and acts, and thoughts of men as the stage exhibits them, cannot attain. Is not the Oberammergau play, for example, more powerful as a means of realising the Christian drama than most pulpit expositions of it?

It is clear that modern playwrights are beginning to wake up to the tremendous power that resides in the dramatic medium. First they are showing it, after the fashion of the modern masters of imaginative literature, in an extreme simplicity of style. If you are to impress your audience with the idea that the figures on your stage represent men and women, engaged in the actual business of living, you must make them use the forms of speech, or something like them, in which they clothe their thoughts and desires. Literary traditions must go where they conflict with this movement towards truth. I was struck with this effort to attain *vraisemblance* in the play "Links," by the Dutch dramatist, Herman Heijermans, represented by the Stage Society at the beautiful Scala Theatre. "Links" violates many of the accustomed dramatic forms and usages. Thus its author introduces more than one personage who seems to have very little relation to the development of the play. They pop in and out—a casual caller, an old friend—and no more is heard of them. This is, of course, a feature of life. Everything really matters, but thousands of streamlets of influence are lost, or seem to be lost, as the character is being formed, and only in looking back, when life is at the flood, do we see their importance. Then, again, no one talks in epigrams. The characters often seem to speak diffusely, or trivially. But as the best or the only art is that which conceals art, so the writer of "Links" shows all sorts of tragic issues involved in details that, in their simplicity, give a true impression of the stuff of which existence is made.

But if the setting of "Links" is purposely contrived so as to exhibit modern industrial and family life on its common, domestic, workaday side, it is also made to illustrate some deep-lying facts in it. The plot is not remarkable. It is the story of a man, rich, elderly, failing a little, but still vigorous and able enough, who desires a second marriage with a woman well fitted by character to give him what his first union failed to secure—mainly because life was then absorbed in a dreadful, embittered, seemingly hopeless, struggle for bread, in which the exhausted wife went down. The man looks for happiness—a companion at last after many years of solitude, a quiet end to the long-troubled voyage. He has built up a great business; clearly all the power and genius that have gone into it are his. But he has a brief illness. And when he recovers, all the influences that forbid this pleasant ending rise up against him. The business is modernised. From the personal director and superintendent of everything he has become a mere president of a company. The new generation knock imperiously at the door. And this generation is of coarser fibre and of narrower soul than he. Old ties are nothing. All is business with them—narrow, mechanical, soulless "efficiency." The competent son uses him, the incompetents sponge on him. They have, indeed, no longer any human interest in him. The idea of a second marriage unites the family in an opposition, purely mercenary, based on fraud, and divested of every touch of compunction. This ferocious family instinct is perhaps a little exaggerated, though it is largely the vital point to the drama. It is hard to imagine that a man, rough, and even a little cruel, but sincere and just, should rear a brood unredeemed by a single virtue or grace. But these exaggerations do enable you to realise the essential hardness of modern industrial life as it passes on from father to son; how material interest controls it, and how a more primitive type, more human, because closer to the elementary facts of existence, may excel the new generation in depth and fineness of perception and feeling. Many touches illustrate this satire, which is apparent in the brutal quarrels of the family schemers, united only against their father, but fiercely impatient and contemptuous of each other, and also in the more murderous subtlety of the "specialist" doctor, who makes himself the agent of the family plot to have their father declared a madman, and who mixes science and blackmailing in adroit proportions. This character was very ably played; its appearance was a notable feature of the play.

This conflict of sordid emotions is not without poetry. Pancras Duif, the old manufacturer, very finely played by Mr. Fisher White, is a tragic figure in the complete isolation that befalls him, and leaves him whelmed in even deeper gulfs than the miseries and struggles of his early years. These are revealed in a speech full of power and truthfulness. But for the average playgoer the revelation of "Links" is the complete abandonment of the old romantic drapery. Here is life, stark and grim. Here are its problems, the forces that actually move or restrain, even though they be crudely and hardly posed. It is easy to see how far this giant of the modern drama will go now that he is beginning to move his mighty limbs, and to realise what a world-shaking power resides in them.

H. W. M.

Communications.

THE CRISIS IN THE PUBLISHING TRADE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The spring publishing season is over, and there is hardly a publisher who is not dissatisfied. The very long winter might have been held to make for reading; but no one seems to have had any money. Now that money is more easily come by, the unhappy publisher and bookseller are faced by glorious sunshine. No one who can get on to a meadow or the open road cares to be bothered with a book. And, apart from general trade conditions, there is serious dissatisfaction in publishers' offices over certain aspects of their business. In the current "Fortnightly," Mr. Eveleigh Nash, one of the ablest and most successful of the younger generation, complains of the terms that certain authors are, through the competition of the different publishing houses, able to secure. He brings, too, charges of a grave kind against authors' agents—"certain individuals who are not in the least scrupulous." Mr. Nash is a competent man of business, and, in his next sentences, advocates a remedy, which, if things are really as bad as he maintains, should clearly have been adopted long since.

Mr. Nash writes, avowedly and naturally, from the publisher's standpoint; and, as might be expected, overlooks some considerations that authors may fairly urge. The six-shilling novel is the storm centre of the trade. Unquestionably, it has not brought so much grist to the publisher's mill as was anticipated at the time the old three-decker was abolished. But to the great majority of writers of fiction it has been a boon. The publisher is, broadly speaking, seen at his least useful when he publishes fiction. He originates nothing; the method of production is fixed, and, in the case of the established writer, his task is the easiest imaginable. The popular author is the Consols of the publishing market; and no one expects to get from Consols what he looks to receive from Kaffirs. The publisher bets on a certain sale; he knows exactly what that sale will bring in to him, and, within the four corners of his gross returns, he has to get cost of production, author's royalties, advertising, and the book's share of office charges. True, he has to find money in advance of sales for the author; but the greater proportion of his sales is made to the circulating libraries, who pay promptly; and thus he does not stand out of his money for long. It is the finding of the money for the advance, and the care that the sum advanced should not be too large, that are the difficulty. Not, one would imagine, an insuperable difficulty for an experienced man of affairs. Otherwise, the work is the easiest that falls to a publisher's share. It is consequently eagerly sought for, and no conceivable combination amongst the publishing houses will make this particularly easy branch of publishing as lucrative as others which demand greater care, skill, and judgment from the publisher. For, given an arrangement—which would have to be in essence a self-denying ordinance—among the half-dozen or so houses who are in the running for the big seller, there is nothing to prevent other firms from invading this side of publishing, or newer men from starting with the express object of competing for a class of business grown more lucrative than commercial conditions warrant.

At least one shrewd judge maintains that the six-shilling novel is too cheap. It is practically never bought outright; in most cases, it is not worth buying. It is borrowed, and is, in fact, only one of many competing forms of amusement. In the three hours or so after dinner and before bed-time, a man may read a full dress story—and for twopence. His theatre, his golf, his little dinner in town—all his other ways of passing his leisure—are costlier than they used to be; why should not his novel cost him threepence a reading, instead of twopence? The first issue of the novel should be in handsome, readable octavo form and be issued at about half-a-guinea. That would give more for division between author and publisher, and, when an author has found enough persons who are ready to buy and keep his books, they can well be re-issued in a smaller form, at, say, a shilling. But it may be taken as fixed that the average novel will not be bought; the few people who have the necessary money will buy, and, as they do now, throw away; the great majority have not the money or the space on their bookshelves.

But publishing is not entirely concerned with novels, and, while novels may be too cheap, the majority of other books are too dear. Here should be excepted books which, like novels, are simply amusement books—the light historical biographies that are, for the moment, so popular. Many of them are only worth one hurried reading; there is no intellectual difference between them and novels. Publishers have made money out of them; just because they have asked, and obtained, more money for them than for works of fiction. It is the better book, of more enduring value, that should be issued at a cheaper price. Take a case at random—Olivier's "White Capital and Colored Labor," which appeared, under the auspices of the Labor Party, at a shilling. Had that been published through the regular channels—and probably at seven-and-six, or thereabouts—at least one reader would have been unable to purchase and keep it. And another—Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops"—went through a limited edition at about twelve shillings. After re-issue, first at a shilling and afterwards at sixpence, its sales have reached thousands. There is a public demand for the interesting, thoughtful books at a popular price; too often the publisher buries it under a handsome half-guinea tombstone. An agent remarked recently to the writer that he had offered a small book, appealing to a large section of the public, to several members of the Publishers' Association. The best offer was an advance of twenty pounds on a small royalty. Finally, it was issued by one of the big newspaper firms, which disposed of about a hundred thousand copies—and earned for itself some hundreds of pounds profit.

One of Mr. Nash's suggestions is worth considering, though it deals with a point rather of internal economy than of general public interest. The Publishers' Association is inert, and, until it decides to employ an able permanent official, it will continue to be useless. Such sharp practices on the part of authors or their agents as Mr. Nash rightly reprehends, could best be combated if publishers had a central bureau of information in the charge of a competent highly paid secretary; and an official, deriving his salary proportionately from all the members of the association, should in a number of ways justify his existence. He would find ample scope for his energies in reorganising the retail side of the book trade. This is lamentably inefficient, and, it is inefficient just because it is too poorly remunerated. The present economic tendency is to eliminate the retail tradesman; goods are prepared in bulk, advertised under mark, and the demand created by the manufacturer requires, for its filling, but little intelligence on the part of the shopman. So far, and leaving out the shopman's intelligence, trade generally has only followed the precedent of the publishing industry. But the difference lies just with the shopman. The ordinarily comely young woman can, and does, sell cigarettes quite efficiently; when a man buys books, he wants something more than ordinary intelligence, and can dispense with comeliness. A halfpenny a packet is probably a sufficient remuneration for the vendor of cigarettes; the man who likes to browse round a bookseller's shop and looks to receive advice as to the book he buys must recognise the fact that the bookseller, who has sufficient capital to run the shop and at least a fair acquaintance with the books new and old, should receive a profit of a third of his turnover. He receives now about half that. Not all booksellers are ill-equipped; anyone who has dealt with men like Quaritch, Sotheran, Maggs, or Edwards, must have been struck by their knowledge of their work. These men will not sell new books; they prefer the second-hand book, which is not sold under mark, and on which a living profit is to be earned.

Mr. Nash and his fellows may well find for themselves a way past the nets that the agent spreads for their feet. They may be—it would seem they think they are—underpaid for the very useful work they do. The remedy lies in their own hands. The entertainment book, which no one will buy, is too cheap; the solider book, for which there is an unsatisfied demand, is too dear. And they have been guilty of short-sightedness in permitting the retail branch of their business to become as disorganised as at present it unquestionably is.—Yours, &c.,

A LITERARY AGENT.

June 3rd, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

THE JUSTICE OF THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"Country Brewer" says that I assume that "the re-assessment of licensed property on a new principle is contained in the Bill"; and, later, says that I give "the assessment consequent on the passing of the Bill" at £100. I made no such assumption, nor did I give an assessment that was consequent upon the passing of the Bill. What I said was that, assuming the accuracy of the figures given by "Country Brewer," the figure at which the "Black Horse" should be assessed at the present time is £100. "Country Brewer" now seeks to evade that conclusion by saying that I have mistaken the figures he gave, and that the 10s. a barrel profit which he had in mind is not merely the profit which the brewer obtains in his capacity of tied-house owner, but includes also the profit obtained by the brewer in his capacity of manufacturer of beer. He says that "the value of the tie would more fairly be taken at 4s. or 5s. a barrel on the trade of houses like the 'Black Horse'." He abstains from giving the actual figures, and the figures now suggested seem to me to be put forward after consideration of the fact that the figures as previously stated might attract the attention of the local assessment committee.

If, however, the suggested figure of 4s. or 5s. a barrel profit to the brewer in his capacity of tied-house owner be accepted, then not only does the case of the "Black Horse" cease to be a typical case, but the selling value of the licence before the introduction of the present Bill was certainly not £1,200. In a typical case, the figures would be something like the following: Price of a barrel of beer to tied-house tenant, 35s., less 5 per cent., = 33s. 3d.; price of a barrel of the same beer to tenant of a free house, 35s., less 33 per cent., = 23s. 6d.; profit to brewer in his capacity as tied-house owner, 9s. 9d. (being the difference between 23s. 6d. and 33s. 3d.). Beyond this profit, the brewer, of course, makes a manufacturing profit, as he does not supply beer to a free-house for philanthropic purposes.

But let us assume for a moment that "Country Brewer" is correct that (taking the middle figure between 4s. and 5s.), 4s. 6d. profit on a barrel is attributable to the licensed house, and 5s. 6d. (the remainder of the 10s. profit) is attributable as manufacturing profits to the brewery. What becomes of his contention that he will be worse off under the present Bill than he is under the Act of 1904? The amount of compensation under the Act of 1904 is "the difference between the value of the *licensed premises* and the value which those premises would bear if they were not licensed premises." Now, if a profit of only 4s. 6d. a barrel is to be attributed to the licensed premises, then, on the trade of 200 barrels a year, the total value attributable to the licensed premises is only £45, and the compensation under the Act of 1904 ought to be practically nothing at all, whereas under the present Bill the compensation would be £80 in the first year, together with additional compensation to the licence-holder (the tenant).

"Country Brewer" is, in fact, on the horns of a dilemma. Either the profits are attributable to the licensed premises or they are not. If they are, then they ought to be regarded in the assessment of the premises. If they are not, then they ought to be disregarded in arriving at the amount of compensation under the Act of 1904.

More than this, when a licence ceases the brewery manufacturing profits are not entirely lost. Some two-thirds, probably, of the trade of the house continues in some other direction. Therefore, in respect of two-thirds of the manufacturing profits there is no loss. As to the manufacturing profit on the remaining third of the trade (which is lost), a claim to be compensated for this is simply a claim to be compensated for any legislation which tends to reduce the amount of drink consumed in this country. Such a claim is really a claim by brewers to a vested interest in drunkenness.

As to the two-thirds of the trade which still remains, "Country Brewer" might possibly reply that he is not really asking for compensation, but is merely asking to be paid, under a mutual insurance scheme to which he contributes, for the trade which might be lost to him by going to some other brewer. But such a claim cannot be made with any show of reason or justice under the Act of 1904, because so far as manufacturing profits are concerned the contributors to a mutual insurance scheme should be brewers and no one except brewers. Whereas the contributors to the compensation fund are not brewers in their capacity of brewers at all, but are all persons interested in licensed premises, many being merely landowners. Why should a landowner contribute to a scheme of mutual insurance against loss of manufacturing profits at breweries? A landowner has no such profits to lose.

It is not, however, to be thought that because I have dealt with the case of the Black Horse on the assumption of a tied house profit of 4s. or 5s. a barrel, that I accept these figures as likely to be accurate.

Finally, let me say that if the probable effect of the present Bill will be, as "Country Brewer" argues, to make it more profitable to let licensed houses as free houses than as tied houses, "Country Brewer" is welcome, so far as I am concerned, to make the fact widely known throughout the country.—Yours, &c.,

R. MORTIMER MONTGOMERY.

5, Crown Office Row, Temple, E.C.,
June 3rd, 1908.

DOES THE SUGAR CONVENTION BETRAY FREE TRADE?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Villiers states with force the arguments against the Sugar Convention. He does not deal with the terms on which the Government has renewed it. The arguments in favor of such renewal I take to be two:—

(1) Our refusal to renew would not have modified the policy of the other contracting Powers; Germany could equally have put pressure on Russia.

(2) By the new clause we provide a simple machinery for the admission of our refined sugar goods into the territories of the other contracting Powers if those goods are not made from bounty-fed raw material.

Thus we lose nothing, and, by the new clause, we secure that no measures be taken by the signatories of the Convention to exclude one class of our refined sugar goods. Until this position is refuted, Free Trade cannot be held to have been betrayed.—Yours, &c.,

A FREE TRADER.

June 3rd, 1908.

THE BASIS OF EDUCATIONAL PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I agree with so much of your article of May 23rd that it may seem ungracious to cavil at one or two statements. But as it is important to remove misunderstanding if there is to be any settlement I venture to draw attention to a portion of your remarks. You say "The mass of English parents concern themselves very little about the niceties of dogmatic teaching. These are mysteries which the average man leaves to his spiritual guides when he has any." If large numbers of parents are content to trust their spiritual guides and accept the religious instruction for which the Church has been responsible, why should there be this determination to restrict Church teaching so that it can only be obtained under certain conditions, and then not from the regular teachers. The average man, as you suggest, is not at all dissatisfied. The outcry really proceeds from other spiritual guides who will welcome undenominationalism, or anything else, so long as Church teaching is removed or fenced round with difficulties. But with regard to the recognition of undenominationalism as the standard form of instruction you add, "It is the new Anglican theology . . . . that has largely caused the set against 'simple Bible teaching.'" You forget that new theology has stiffened the opponents of undenominationalism more than anything else. It is one of the errors of Liberal reckoning that it ascribes too much of the opposition to the high Anglicans. On the contrary, the high Anglican party is stronger in the South than in the North. In the North Ritualism is not very pronounced, but the resistance to any imposition of undenominationalism

will be found both resolute and unyielding. In the "Manchester Guardian" "Quarters" (whose genuine and faithful Liberalism is unquestioned) warns the Government of the resentment that will be inflamed by any proposals of this nature.

If the suggested compromise is to be based on the principles of the Government Bill, and it must be remembered that it takes the buildings, curbs the teacher's liberty out of school hours, establishes an undenominational basis of religious instruction, then there is, I fear, little hope of settlement by consent.—Yours, &c.,

CHESHIRE INCUMBENT.

May 26th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Would not the most practical step towards a settlement of the Education controversy be for the Government, after the autumn recess, so to remodel the present Bill as to make it practically Mr. Birrell's Bill in the form in which it only just failed to pass the House of Lords? That Bill was sent up from the Commons backed by very large majorities, and presumably it would be sent up again with the same backing. It is an open secret that the Archbishop deeply regretted its failure to become law in 1906; and presumably it would now receive his firm support. So that its passage would be practically secure, if only by next autumn Mr. Balfour has been persuaded that the next General Election, if it is to give the Unionists a permanent majority, must not be fought on a confused issue.

May I say a word on another point? The cry of "no tests for teachers" needs safeguarding. What is meant, of course, is that no teacher, when he applies for an appointment, is to be questioned as to whether he belongs to any particular religious denomination or to none. But the opponents of this most necessary freedom sometimes take it, or profess to take it, to mean, that there is to be no enquiry into their fitness to give the simple religious teaching which the Government policy in either Bill has in view. This position is not tenable. Some test of competence there must be; and perhaps the simplest way to secure it would be, after assuming the competence of the present teachers who have been accustomed to give that teaching, to grant to new teachers a certificate during the college training, after an examination in the conduct of which a Board appointed by the Universities should be the ultimate authority.

And the mention of college training reminds me of the Dean of Lincoln's earnest appeal to the Government to revert to Mr. Birrell's proposals in this matter also, and so to preserve the religious tone that has hitherto prevailed in the colleges. I trust the Government will give heed to this appeal, and so do much to conciliate those many Churchmen who have every claim to be fairly treated.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR W. HUTTON.

Bow Church, Cheapside,
June 1st, 1908.

THE POLE TRAP.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Evidence received from different parts of the kingdom shows that, in spite of the Act of 1904, the Pole Trap continues to be used in many districts. Consequently, a personal appeal, signed by the President, Chairman, and Hon. Secretary of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, has been addressed to over two thousand landowners and tenants of shootings, asking for their assistance in suppressing the use of this illegal and brutal instrument, and for the issue of *explicit* orders on the subject to keepers. With this letter, a copy of which I beg to enclose, was sent a copy of the Act.

We venture to ask the aid of your readers, both those who own or rent shootings and those who may have knowledge of the existence of Pole Traps, in the effort that the Society has determined to undertake—to be supported where necessary by legal action—for the total suppression of this peculiarly useless form of cruelty, the chief victims of which are owls, kestrels, and other useful birds.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK E. LEMON,
Hon. Sec., Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

3, Hanover Square, W.,
June 2nd, 1908.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Dr. Greville Macdonald, in his second letter, has raised many questions which lie outside the work of the Research Defence Society. I will not take up room with a long letter. I will only call the attention of your readers to three of Dr. Macdonald's statements:—

1. He says that the "Anti-vivisectionists" adopt dishonest tactics.

2. He bids them "be true to fact, and not distort statistics."

3. He speaks with contempt of the "methods of Mr. Stephen Coleridge, who would have us believe that an increasing mortality from diphtheria proves the uselessness of its antitoxin, though he should know that the death rate per 100 cases attacked has decreased enormously wherever it is used."

These three statements give, in half a dozen lines, a sufficient reason why the public ought to support the Research Defence Society. For thirty years, the whole country has been flooded with leaflets and pamphlets by the Anti-vivisection Societies. I think that very few of your readers have any idea of the falseness and brutality of many of these leaflets. Or we may take one instance only, the use which is made of the confusion between general mortality and case mortality. I am told that, a few Sundays ago, they were distributing leaflets outside the Queen's Hall, which asserted that diphtheria antitoxin is useless. I have read also, that one of the doctors of the "National Anti-vivisection Hospital," at a recent mass-meeting in Battersea, told an ignorant audience that the antitoxin was "animal filth." I have before me a huge volume of press cuttings, with accounts of all Anti-vivisectionist lectures, meetings, &c. Nearly all of them contain some approval of this gross and mischievous nonsense. It is impossible to estimate the harm which it has already done. Nothing could be more opportune, for the advancement of the Research Defence Society, than this open declaration, by Mr. Macdonald, that the Anti-vivisectionist Societies are dishonest and untruthful.

It will be a great pleasure to me to supply to any of your readers, who will take the trouble to make application, a supply of sound literature, giving the facts about experiments on animals in this country under the restrictions of the Act.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN PAGET,
Hon. Sec. Research Defence Society.

70, Harley Street, W.,
June 3rd, 1908.

DR. VERRALLS'S EURIPIDEAN THEORY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am sincerely grieved to find that I have in any way misrepresented my friend and teacher Dr. Verrall, and must thank him (and Mr. Norwood deserves similar thanks) for the courteous and kindly tone of his correction. But in one respect I think he has misunderstood my rather ill-phrased sentence.

My words, "Euripides was a sceptic; therefore he cannot seriously have introduced gods and miracles into his plays," &c., were never meant to describe the process of reasoning by which Dr. Verrall reached his theory, but only to describe that theory itself, or the relevant part of it. My object was to make my criticism of Mr. Norwood's book intelligible; and for that I had to make, in passing, a rough statement of the point of view from which Mr. Norwood started, and which he had taken from Dr. Verrall. I do not suggest that my statement was very good; I see that I used the word "therefore" in reference first to a *causa essendi* and then to a *causa cognoscendi*, which was, perhaps, confusing. But, if I may paraphrase my own sentence, what I meant was something like this: "The author of these plays must, from the evidence, both analytical and inductive, given in the foregoing essays, be conceived of as a sceptic; therefore we possess a key to the difficulties involved in those scenes where he represents gods and miracles; such scenes either bear a hidden meaning of a sceptical character, or else are not integral parts of the plays at all, but mere extraneous additions intended to give the plays an appearance of orthodoxy."

I do not suppose that Dr. Verrall would accept this statement either. He would prefer to put the matter in his own way. I was conscious of this difficulty in my review, and warned the reader that I was probably not stating Mr. Norwood's case quite as he would wish. I did not think of Dr. Verrall at the time, since my reference to him was only made in passing; but if I had, I should certainly have uttered a caution against supposing that I could in one compressed sentence give an adequate idea of the argument, or, for that matter, even of the results, contained in two volumes of most subtle and masterly exposition.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

Oxford, May 30th, 1908.

THE FOUNDATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I don't suppose you will publish a reply to your note of reply to my letter. But to yourself I may say that, so far as your point is true that Christianity, "as it exists to-day, founds itself on" a book instead of on a living Person, it is so poor a thing—so far degenerated from the faith which, as a historic fact, has influenced the world—that it certainly is not worthy of exclusive establishment and endowment in our schools. And that is the point which suggested your article.

There are some of us, who, in the name of Liberalism, will fight to the death against the erecting of undenominationalism to the rank of the *exclusive* State religion in our schools. Justice demands that those who like it—and they are many, of course—shall have it for their children. But justice equally demands something different for others who believe it saps religious vitality.—Yours, &c.,

TH. HILL.

The Vicarage, North Somercotes, Lincolnshire,
June 2nd, 1908.

THE "CRUX" IN "THE TEMPEST."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I venture a belated answer to the letter signed "Violet Churchill"? Your correspondent urges that "it is always worth while to make the best of the text as it stands"; but the text of the First Folio, whenever we can control it by good Quartos, is seen to be so erratic that we are compelled to suspect it in cases where (as here) it stands alone, and your correspondent seems to recognise this herself, at least so far as punctuation is concerned. Apart from that, the Folio text is not capable of the meaning she would give it, for the singular pronoun "it" cannot refer to the plural "labors." Moreover, the line—

"Most lazy, least when I do it. Alas, now, pray you"

is, in my judgment, metrically improbable. I do not think it can be paralleled. But nothing is commoner than the straightforward hephthemimeral ending to a speech. (See I, ii, 13, 21, 33, 44, 59, 63, 116, 118, 168, [193], 208, 237, 244, 296, 298, 310, 365, 374, 417, 419, 430, 466, 468, 481, 485, 493, 501; twenty-seven cases in one scene of this play.) For these reasons, besides those already given,

"Most busiest when I do it"

seems to me the more probable reading. On the other hand, the simplest way of obtaining the sense which your correspondent prefers is to read—

"Most busy, when least I do."

But this involves quite as much manipulation of the Folio text as my reading, and is, as already shown, open to other objections.—Yours, &c.,

E. W. LUMMIS (Pfarrer).

Fuldera, May 31st, 1908.

THE RUSSIAN AND SERVIAN CASES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The people of Servia shoot down their unarmed King and Queen under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and England gives expression to her feelings by withdrawing from official diplomatic relations.

The Czar of Russia shoots down his unarmed people under circumstances of far greater atrocity, and England gives expression to her feelings by emphasising and renewing official diplomatic relations.

For a Sovereign to slay his people is one thing, but for a people to slay their Sovereign is a very different matter.—Yours, &c.,

EDMUND VERNEY.

Claydon House, Steeple Claydon S.O., Bucks,
June 1st, 1908.

TO RESTORE CONFIDENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Drink, dearer food, and a little slack trade owing to the Boer war have contributed to depression at the polls. The condition of the Protectionist Party has improved in consequence of clever evasions concerning the effect of taxes on imports. But the Prime Minister might remember what were the forces which carried the late leader to power. Cannot we have the swollen, unearned increments, specially land monopoly rents, taxed for the relief of rates, without troubling the House of Lords? The proposal to tax drink licences might be carried into effect instead of talking about it. Why, in short, should not those forces which gave the great majority be placated instead of drifting through disgust into apathy? The Nonconformists see little chance of fair play in education through a conference. If all is to be decided by compromise the Liberal Party have a black future. The Tory Party will do anything to gain a working majority without regard to tariff difficulties. They would get one now, but if the appeal is to come in two years there must be less compromise, and a bold policy on the lines laid down by your valuable paper.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN HILL.

Leamington, May 16th, 1908.

THE LANDLESS MEN IN THE WEST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your interesting article on the report of the Dudley Commission on Congestion, you mention that the most difficult problem of all is the divergence of interest between the landless men and the men with insufficient land. May I point out that the whole of the agitation for obtaining possession of the untenanted land, has been conducted by the landless men, laborers and farmers' sons, and they are confident that they are to be given it? The most influential Nationalist paper in Roscommon, the "Roscommon Herald," stated last week that it was ridiculous to think of giving land to the "congested" tenants, that they did not want it, and that the people who have long been looking at the land ought to get it. (This is a paraphrase, as I have not the paper with me.)

If, therefore, the Government attempt to carry out the recommendations of the Commission, they will find themselves face to face with a menacing agitation, created with the intention of preventing the congests from migrating, and intimidating the Executive into giving the land to the local landless men.

It is hoped that the Government will think seriously before giving further facilities for the repeal of the Crimes Act, as they are likely soon to require its powers.—Yours, &c.,

BRYAN COOPER,
Capt., Sligo Artillery.

Junior Naval and Military Club,
96, Piccadilly, W.,
June 3rd, 1908.

SIMPLE BIBLE TEACHING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If a teacher gives a Bible lesson on the subject of the expulsion of evil spirits out of men into swine, what explanation are the children to receive of this matter? Everyone knows that at our asylums we do not adopt the methods of the past in dealing with these disorders. And yet the writer has knowledge that young children are taught in a crude fashion, at the public expense, all the miraculous elements without any scientific explanation. Our teachers have been educated, and they have access freely to criticism

such as the Encyclopædia Biblica. What are they expected to say on the story of the Garden of Eden, the serpent, and the miraculous element which runs through the Bible from beginning to end?

The Anglican, the Romanist, and even some orthodox Nonconformists build up a form of words called a creed. But the position of simple Bible teachers is one of the most complicated questions of this age of criticism and science. To force a settlement on the lines of undenominational Bible teaching for the majority of schools at the public expense will, perhaps, force the question of Biblical inspiration to the front in a way we have had no experience of as yet. Is there to be a distinction drawn in this matter between the rich boys' school and the poor boys' school in the method of Bible teaching? Is it too much to hope that the struggle may lead to a rational method of Bible teaching, if we are to have it in the mass of the schools?—Yours, &c.,

X.

Leamington, June 1st, 1908.

THE PROBLEM OF INDIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The review of Mr. J. D. Rees' book on India, which appears in to-day's Nation under the title of "The Anti-Indian Englishmen," will, I hope, give food for serious reflection to all those who have followed the recent developments of Indian politics with a sincere desire to understand their meaning. I do not know how great, or how small, a section of Anglo-Indian official thought Mr. Rees may rightly claim to represent. But, so far as three years' residence in India has enabled me to observe, I think I recognise in his utterances an expression—extreme and violent, may be, but none the less faithful—of the attitude of mind characteristic of the ordinary Anglo-Indian. Where Mr. Rees differs from the ordinary Anglo-Indian is in the candour and logic of his reasoning.

Now these are qualities entitled to respect, and the respect due to them is in this case enhanced by their rarity. I have often heard Anglo-Indians denouncing the Indian's demand for a share in the government of his own country. I have also often heard Anglo-Indians acknowledging that the demand in question is the normal result of the Western culture we have introduced into India. But I have never yet met an Anglo-Indian intelligent enough and courageous enough to draw from these premisses the natural conclusion which Mr. Rees, as reported by your reviewer, bravely draws—namely, that, if we wish to see the agitation suppressed, we must suppress English education, Western literature, freedom of speech, and the newspapers. Yet, given the premisses, what other conclusion is possible? Mr. Rees has the merit of seeing where his premisses lead and the courage to follow them.

Equally logical and equally courageous, however, is the advocate of Liberalism whom one, now and again, meets in India. He also recognises that the demand for self-government is the outcome of Western civilisation as represented in English education, freedom of speech, and newspapers. But, so far from denouncing that demand as mischievous, and recommending the suppression of the culture of which it is the offspring, he recommends that the Indians, in proportion to the degree to which they have absorbed Western ideas, should be granted Western institutions. And in so arguing, the Liberal Anglo-Indian is at one with the moderate Indian of Mr. Gokhale's type. How far Mr. Rees has misrepresented the views of Mr. Gokhale is shown by his suggestion that it would do Mr. Gokhale good to come under Russian methods. Personally, I have had on several occasions the advantage of discussing Mr. Gokhale's attitude with Mr. Gokhale himself, and I have found that attitude summed up in the one sentence "Give us a share in the administration, proportionate to our education." In other words, Mr. Gokhale asks for nothing more—he is perfectly justified in asking for nothing less—than the fulfilment of the promise so often and so solemnly made to India during the last sixty or seventy years by the most prominent of English Liberal statesmen. The Indians have been told again and again that England's mission is to instruct them in self-government. After two generations of such instruction, a large class of Indians has come forward to demand the prize for which they believe themselves to be qualified. It seems to me that whoever looks the facts in the face must, if he is logical and honest, come to one of two solutions of the difficulty. The first is Mr. Rees' solution—suppression of English instruction; that is, a deliberate destruction of the tree we have planted and spent some seventy years in tending. The second is the Liberal statesman's solution—admission of the Indians to the administration. There is no middle course possible.

The mischief, in my humble opinion, has hitherto been that few men interested in the problem have had the courage or the intelligence to recognise its factors. During my residence in India I was impressed again and again by the inconsistency displayed in the Europeans' attitude towards the native who has received a European education. While training him on Occidental ideas the Government and the European public of India have persisted in treating him as an Oriental unacquainted with the institutions of Europe, and untouched by the Western spirit. To this inconsistency I have no hesitation in tracing the present state of affairs. I will go farther and predict that, so long as this inconsistency continues, the state of affairs is bound to grow worse. The time has come for England to look the facts in the face, to realise the nature of the problem, and to choose between the two solutions already named. Let us hope, for the sake of England, of India, and of civilisation, that the majority of Englishmen, having seriously weighed the merits of "Russian methods," will anathematise them and seek a solution, not in the suppression of the English methods, but in a development of those methods. This does not mean, of course, a complete emancipation of India from English control. It only means—for many a long year to come—a gradual admission of the Indian to a share in that control. And this, unless I am the victim of a strange misapprehension, is precisely what Mr. Gokhale means—Mr. Gokhale and that moderate, sensible, and influential section of the Indian public of which he is the spokesman.—Yours, &c.,

G. F. Abbott.

Royal Societies Club,
St. James's Street, S.W.,
May 23rd, 1908.

WHAT DOES "VOTES FOR WOMEN" MEAN?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—You have inserted various letters from women Suffragists in The Nation. I therefore venture to hope that you may be willing to give publicity to the views of one, representative, I believe, of a large class, who does not desire the franchise. It would now appear that the only direct and practical way of achieving votes for women is by way of universal adult suffrage. Have the present electorate ever considered the matter from this aspect? Do they realise that it means that the Government of this ancient country, full of the complexities of past traditions and customs, and the ever-growing development of modern problems of infinite intricacy, is to be handed over to the guidance of a new body of voters, an immense majority of whom, being women, are absolutely inexperienced in these matters? I understand that the majority of women over men in the British Isles now approaches something like a million. Given adult suffrage, therefore, the votes of women must out-number those of men to an enormous extent. In the future, therefore, Great Britain will be governed by women; that is, by a large body of individuals who have no experience at all of the sterner side of life, nor of that side which is represented by physical force. Women who know nothing of finance, nor of the sources of the great trade of the country, will decide the momentous issue between Free Trade and Protection. Women who have never even served on a jury will make and reform our criminal legislation. Women of whom only a very small minority are now beginning to interest themselves in the higher issues of education and social reform, will settle the place of religion in the schools, the housing of our poor, the planning of our towns, and the regulation of our licensing laws. Women who have never been, nor are likely to be, soldiers, sailors, or policemen, will decide the vast questions of peace and war, the movements of armies and fleets, and the preservation of order in our midst. Have men realised any of these

consequences which the much belauded universal adult suffrage must bring us? I can hardly think so.

As an ardent and lifelong Liberal, who will always gladly give my humble services to my party without hope of fee or reward, I would beg our leaders to pause and consider ere they commit themselves to the support of a measure whose consequences are so momentous and full of danger.—Yours, &c.,

FLORENCE TRAVERS.

Tortington House, Arundel, Sussex.
May 26th, 1908.

HUMAN OR DIVINE?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Allow me to thank Dr. Greville Macdonald for his just and temperate reply to the sophistries of Mr. Stephen Paget. I would only take exception to one point—the use of the term "humanity" at the end of the third paragraph.

Is it not the divinity within us rather than the humanity that makes us higher than the animals?

Humane, humanity, humanitarian, are terms with which the cunning enemy of love misleads us. Sir Ray Lankester, in a recent book, tells us that the human man is the rebel of Nature—not the friend. It is the human mind that breaks laws and then tries to elude the consequences by victimising others. Does such action entitle "humanity" to a pedestal?

It is the divine within us that protests against the cunning and cowardice and interference of the human mind.

But this cunning human mind has persuaded us that it it "bad form" to mention the divine; and even the members of a humanitarian league would shirk the term divine! But it remains, and cannot be gainsaid, that every cunning cruelty, every device of the torture-chamber, every insane meddling with the sane laws of Nature, is the outcome of the human mind—against which the divine mind protests vainly.

"Under which mind?" is a question much more to the point than "Under which flag?" And to serve under the divine mind involves no resigned groans or psalm-singing; it involves only keeping step with your regiment; pulling all-together; in one word, co-operation: of which the human mind is absolutely incapable.—Yours, &c.,

ELLEN TIGHE HOPKINS.

Herne Bay, June 1st, 1908.

Poetry.

THE PAUPER.

It dawned a morn to make a heart despair,
East was the wind and chill the April air.
No beast was out save one poor starveling hound,
Who for his supper nosed the muddy ground.

Beside the river, where its sluggish length
Did darkly coil and twist in wat'ry strength
Beneath the Minster Bridge, then smoothly ran
In unobstructed course, there slept a man.

Forlorn and ragged, destitute and old,
Where gentle sleep had hushed him in her hold;
From his desire for the Thames' chill breast,
She drew him down and lulled him into rest.

The starveling hound in misery extreme,
Crept up to share the shadow of his dream,
And gave the cheek, low resting on a stone,
The only kiss that cheek had ever known.

Nor did sweet sleep forget for one brief span
To bless the hound as she had blessed the man,
For on each face there dwelt supreme content;
Perchance, to some Elysian fields they went.

The starveling hound did lie with twitching feet,
And tail slow wagging on the muddy street;
The outcast man flung forth a circling arm,
To hold the brute, or some sweet dream, from harm.

Some dream! Ah! See it here above his heart,
This tattered paper worn with tears apart,
"When will you come?" the faint inscription said.
"Our little child—she cries in vain for bread."

And so they lay, forgot by all save sleep,
Beside the river passing dumb and deep;
There by the bridge beneath the Minster towers
That held the mighty city's numbered hours.

Through fair Elysian fields they joyous ran,
The starveling hound beside the outcast man;
But came the Law, with rough, unkindly hand,
To thrust them forth from their dream fairyland.

It bid the man go forth in the chill night,
But kept the dog in pity for its plight.
Moved on once more, he went his weary round,
And in his soul desired to be the hound.

In endless tramp he did the day endure,
And came at eve before the workhouse door,
And there, in doubt and hesitation, stayed,
Like one who from his doom creeps back afraid.

From each broad window looked an aged face,
With longing eyes that held in dim embrace
The busy street from which they were apart,
Old men who looked and longed with aching heart.

Builders of cities these, well might they look,
As doth a writer who hath writ his book
And looks with love upon the printed page!
But these poor workers never shared the wage.

Those shaking hands, now raised their brow to shade,
A thousand lives oft leant to them for aid;
They set the city's pulse to throb and flow,
The ships upon the waters forth to go.

The wheels to turn, the churches' bells to sound,
They drew ripe corn from the reluctant ground.
Poor crippled hands, now raised their eyes to shade,
Those weary eyes that watched the man afraid,

Who stood reluctant by the workhouse gate,
Poor eyes, poor hands, they seem to him to wait—
For what save death: and then the pauper's grave?
More swift, more kind, the flow of Thames' dark wave.

Once more he stood by grey Westminster towers,
And heard the chime toll forth man's passing hours,
And here again he courted death, and went
With joyous speed to that chill element.

His weary head, ah! never did it rest
Upon so soft or so belov'd a breast;
From it he drew a measure, long and deep,
The welcome draught to bring him rest and sleep.

He almost had forgot age, grief, and cold,
The numbing hunger that did him enfold,
When came the Law, with rough, unkindly hand,
And bore the wretched body back to land.

And chid him sore for daring to aspire
To end a life that no one did desire,
So let him go; it thought him well content
To be indulged with short imprisonment.

Left him reluctant by the workhouse gate,
It opens, clangs. He is within to wait,
For what, save death: and then the pauper's grave?
More swift, more kind, the flow of Thames' dark wave.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

MANY points of interest on the relations between authors, publishers, and the public are raised by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, in a letter headed "The Coming Crisis in the Publishing Trade," in the current number of the "Fortnightly Review." The past season has been a poor one for all but a very few publishing houses; and there is truth in Mr. Nash's statement that "the once-prosperous business of publishing has passed through stages of pressure which, if unrelieved, will eventually drive men who have made it their calling into other and more profitable fields of enterprise." Mr. Nash attributes the causes for this state of affairs to "the struggle between literary agents to obtain and retain good clients, the increasing demands of wholesale booksellers and circulating librarians for better terms, and, most important of all, the lack of a properly organised Publishers' Association, which should deal with all matters threatening the prosperity of the trade it represents." Everybody who knows anything about the book trade is ready to acknowledge that publishers lose considerable sums through the system of advancing money on account of royalties. A book is published on a royalty, the author receives a lump sum in excess of the royalties which the book earns, and the publisher is saddled with the loss. If this, to any great extent, is due to false statements made by agents regarding the circulation of former books by the authors for whom they are negotiating, the remedy suggested by Mr. Nash is a simple one, and should be applied without delay. It is only necessary for the Publishers' Association to establish an intelligence department or committee which would, under certain conditions, give members information about the sales of authors' works.

* * *

THIS, however, is but a minor point, and when Mr. Nash seems to deplore the general activities of literary agents we cannot help feeling that he does not make out his case. There are, of course, dishonest agents just as there are dishonest clergymen and dishonest publishers; but when the agent, by his expert knowledge, enables an author to get his book published by the most suitable firm, secures for him the full market value for his work, and sees that his interests are safeguarded by insisting on a proper agreement, he does a service to a literature which is quite as valuable as that of the publisher who issues the book. Publishers are, by their calling, business men, authors are not. Some exercise an undue secrecy in their dealings with authors, and it is only fair that the writer of a book should have the benefit of expert advice in making a bargain with a publisher.

* * *

MR. NASH is, we think, on much firmer ground when he speaks of the evil caused by "the present glut of pedestrian work." Whether it be due to the activity of agents or to the rivalry of publishers there is scarcely a doubt that the present over-production of inferior work is the main cause of the depression in the book trade. There never was a time when more worthless books were placed upon the market or when works of real value ran a greater risk of being swamped by the deluge of rubbish that pours from the press. No book, whatever its merits, can be a commercial success unless it is brought prominently into public notice. Save in the case of writers of established reputation this is difficult under the present system. Publishers, by competing with each other to issue the greatest possible number of new books, place it out of their power to do justice to the majority of them in their advertising lists. The work of real value appears for a week or two in these lists side by side with a crowd of ephemeral companions, it then passes out of notice, and is often never heard of again. It may be replied that it is the business of the critic to detect what is of value and bring it into public notice. This is true, but critics, like everyone else concerned, are unable to deal with the present amazing output. William Allingham relates in his Diary that Leigh Hunt once spoke of Moxon as "not a publisher but a *secreter* of books." This phrase might be applied to some publishers of to-day. We have good reason for our belief that the literary firms that have done best during the present season have achieved success through limiting their output to works of some real value and letting the public know what they were doing.

* * *

A PROMISING study of "British Imperialism in the Eighteenth Century," by Mr. Gerald Berkeley Hertz, is announced by Messrs. Constable. Mr. Hertz examines the forces that made for expansion during this period, and adopts the view that British foreign and colonial policy was mainly dictated by motives of commerce and trade. He, however, holds that one of the great characteristics of our colonial expansion at the time was a determination to give the fullest possible measure of freedom and self-government to all foreign settlers or foreign settlements that came under English rule. The eighteenth century was, he says, the seed-time of the Pax Britannica. It will be useful to have a study of the period when, although the word Imperialism was hardly ever used, the foundations of the British Empire were laid.

* * *

AT present novels form a great majority of the books issued or almost ready for publication, and several announcements of interest have been made. Mr. John Galsworthy has taken Austria as the scene of "Villa Ruben," a new book which he has just completed. Mr. John Masefield's first novel, "Captain Margaret," is to be published by Mr. Grant Richards. It is a romance founded on the love-story of a French soldier, who made a successful stand against the Spanish power in Darien. Mr. E. V. Lucas, to whose versatility there seems no bounds, has written a novel, which is to be issued under the title, "Over Bemerton's." Readers who enjoyed "Marotz" will be pleased to hear that the writer of that powerful psychological study is at work on a longer work, to be called "Dromina," which may be expected towards the autumn. They will scarcely be surprised to learn that the author is a Roman Catholic clergyman, who holds a high position in his Church.

* * *

AN important volume on "Scottish Painting, Past and Present, 1620-1908" will be issued in the autumn by Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack. The author is Mr. James L. Caw who, as Director of the National Galleries of Scotland, has had unusual facilities for studying this subject, on which he has been engaged for about twelve years. In his book on "The Scottish School of Painting," published a few years back, Mr. McKay dealt with the same subject from the critical and historical standpoint in a most able manner, but with this exception no comprehensive study of the development of Scottish art has appeared, and even Mr. McKay was prevented by space considerations from dealing with the pre-Raeburn painters or the modern school as exhaustively as many of them deserve. The coming work, which is divided into two parts, aims at being thoroughly comprehensive both as regards the earlier and the most recent developments, and is to be illustrated by seventy full-page plates from pictures, by the more interesting artists, in private and public collections.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Memories of London in the 'Forties." By David Masson. (Blackwood. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Revolt in Hindustan, 1857-59." By Sir Evelyn Wood. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The Shakespeare Problem Re-stated." By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. (Lane. 21s. net.)

"The Rise of Music from its Beginnings to Modern Effect." By Joseph Goddard. (Reeves. 7s. 6d.)

"Yorkshire Vales and Wolds." Painted and Described by Gordon Home. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Socialism and the Drink Question." By Philip Snowden, M.P. (Independent Labour Party. 1s. 6d. net.)

"Some Minor Moralities and Minor Heresies." By Lady Magnus. (Routledge. 1s. net.)

"A Commentary." By John Galsworthy. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

"Dante: Essais sur sa Vie." Par Pierre Gauthiez. (Paris: Laurens. 9fr.)

"Le Théâtre Nouveau." Par René Doumic. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)

"L'Europe et la Restauration des Bourbons, 1814-1818." Par Pierre Rain. (Paris: Perrin. 7fr. 50.)

"Nietzscheenne." Roman. Par Daniel Lesueur. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

"Arthur Schopenhauer und Seine Weltanschauung." Von Dr. Kowalewski. (Halle: Marhold. M4·50.)

"Die literarische Gegenwart." Von Richard Urban. (Leipzig: Xenien Verlag. M8.)

Reviews.

ANGLICAN LIBERALISM.*

This little book is one more sign that the ascendency of Tractarianism is being felt as a sore burden within the Church of England. We say "Tractarianism" advisedly, for although it is the case that the leaders of the Oxford Movement would have repudiated with horror even the slender measure of intellectual liberty indulged in by some of their latest disciples, yet the parentage of the ruling faction is properly Tractarian, and reflects with accuracy that sectarian exclusiveness, alien to the earlier High Churchmen, who were Nationalists to a man, which marked the followers of Newman, Pusey, and Keble. It is to be regretted that the authors have attempted to give completeness to their account of "Anglican Liberalism" by stretching the term unwarrantably. There is nothing properly common to "Liberalism" in the theological and ecclesiastical senses, and in the political and economic. What justice or what advantage is there in suggesting the contrary? In point of fact, there are probably more political "Liberals" among theological Conservatives than among "liberal" Anglicans, and the congruity of socialistic opinions with sacerdotal convictions is notorious. "Nonconformity" is, in the main, politically liberal and theologically obscurantist. In spite of their interest, the two articles on "Political Liberalism" and "Social Liberalism" had best been omitted: they strike a note, new and irrelevant, which takes off from the general effect of the essays. The three concluding essays, which deal with "Liberalism" among the Nonconformists, the German Evangelicals, and the Roman Catholics, are very interesting, but plainly have but an indirect bearing on the main subject, and do not properly belong to its discussion. With these observations we have done with objections, and can profess a cordial approbation of the book.

The tone of the writers is certainly neither militant nor optimistic. They realise keenly the difficulties of the situation which they describe, the specific embarrassments of their own position, the isolation which has befallen them within the Communion which yet they would defend and represent. "The Christian Church to-day," writes Professor Burkitt sadly, "is in the position that Crosby Hall occupied a few years ago, and if it is to be preserved it must convince men that it provides what they cannot do without" (p. 24). His formula of Anglican policy is borrowed from the Tractarians, and it is more plausible than inspiring. The "via media," rightly understood, is the true note of "Liberal Anglicanism." "It represents not so much a compromise between ideals as an effort to render justice to them and to the facts on which they are based" (p. 33). There is much reason in this, but hardly any promise of enthusiasm. The "via media," indeed, is not a favorite phrase with the modern Sacerdotalist, who holds the name "Anglican" in hardly less contempt than the older name "Protestant." It is a thorough-going, exclusive "Catholicism" which he aspires to recover, and that is as little "Anglican" as "Protestant." Will the formula have a better fortune in its new application? Dr. Hastings Rashdall, with characteristic courage, attacks the practical problem. His essay on "Clerical Liberalism" is undoubtedly the core of the volume, and deserves the closest attention from all who care for the future of the Church of England. Starting from the postulate "that there has been no period in the history of the Church of England up to the days of the Oxford Movement at which there have not been thousands of the clergy who could only justify their position in its ranks by taking in a very loose and liberal sense some part or side of the authorised formulæ," he demonstrates that the later history of the Church has increased the difficulties of subscription, until at the present time no section of the clergy can escape from the necessity of reading into the official formularies senses which are not properly there. The method of interpretation advocated in Tract 90 with the view of "reconciling with the letter of the Thirty-nine Articles precisely those doctrines of the Roman Church against which it is admitted that they were, in the minds of their framers, intended to guard," has become the common property of all Anglican parties alike. Since, then, all clergymen stand on the same level of embarrassed sincerity, it lies with none to arrogate to himself the character of "honesty," and to question that of any other. Dr. Rashdall argues with justice that the relative importance of beliefs cannot be fairly urged against this position, for who but the individual can determine for himself the degree of importance to be attached to the mass of doctrines to which by the law of the Church he is required to give his assent?

> "There is no intelligible principle of interpretation according to which the belief in the everlasting punishment of heretics, in the descent into hell, in the future coming of Christ, in the Resurrection of the body, can be mitigated or spiritualised, which will not equally permit us to take the word "Virgin" to mean a young woman, or to understand by "He rose again from the dead" a vision of the risen and immortal Christ. . . . It is open, of course, to anyone to contend that the toleration of the one set of opinions is, in his private opinion, desirable in the best interests of the Church, while that of the other set is undesirable. What is not open to any man of common intellectual consistency or common moral honesty is to accuse the one kind of non-literal interpretation of dishonesty while he claims for himself, or concedes to his friends, the other instances of non-literal interpretation" (p. 98, 99).

Dr. Rashdall, however, sees as clearly as anyone that "the practical question is not now one of honesty, but of spiritual expediency," that there are "many opinions which would make it extremely undesirable for a man to become a clergyman of the Church of England in the interests of that Church itself, of his own religious life, and of the community generally" (p. 101). He says wisely and truly that "no man can profitably minister in a church in which there is not a large body of common belief, feeling, and aspiration between himself, and the religious community—at least some considerable part of the community—whose devotion he leads, whom he instructs from the pulpit, whose moral and religious life he endeavours to stimulate and to guide" (p. 103). To the inevitable question, Who shall determine in any given case whether or not this measure of agreement exists? Dr. Rashdall replies that "the responsibility must rest with the individual who applies for orders, and with the individual Bishop who ordains." It may fairly be objected to this that it shifts responsibility for the clergyman's orthodoxy from the Church to the Bishop, and introduces into the system a perilous element of uncertainty. Ought a Bishop to be free to substitute for the legal standards of faith some other demand which better satisfies his own notion of right clerical belief? Can he rightly go behind the individual's profession of assent, and insist on supplementing it with a series of doctrinal interrogations drafted by himself? Will it not follow that the terms of subscription will vary from diocese to diocese, and the highest function of the spiritual society be surrendered to the unchecked individualism of the Bishops? At least it must be admitted that if so vast a power is to be vested in the individual Bishop, the importance attaching to episcopal appointments is immensely enhanced.

It is here that the extreme peril of the Church of England really lies. Many causes combine to exalt episcopal authority. The decay of legal discipline has almost compelled recourse to the only available substitute for the obsolete law, viz., the spiritual authority regarded as inherent in the successor of the Apostles as such. The old causes from which historically have sprung the power of hierarchies and the claims of priesthoods are present and as potent as ever. Even latitudinarian Bishops incline to "magnify their office"; and every politician would be heartily pleased if he could simplify politics by submerging the Church in the Episcopal bench. Behind all lies the fascinating dream of medievalism, suggested at every turn by the archaic phrases and vestures of ancient office. There is a solidarity of professional interest which subtly leads the clergy to support the spiritual autocracy of Bishops. Denominational self-expression in the Church of England can hardly avoid an episcopalian form. The extension of Anglicanism is pictorially represented by the waxing number of Bishops, and it is hard not to carry back old senses into the old forms of "Catholic" order. Thus it has come to be the case that the future of "Anglican Liberalism" mainly turns on the type of men who are raised to Episcopal office. Dr. Rashdall, like Professor Burkitt, writes in a strain of depression. He complains that no help comes from the Bench, even when help might fairly be expected, that the

* "Anglican Liberalism." By Twelve Churchmen. The Crown Theological Library. Williams & Norgate. 5s.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

An Account of a Voyage to the West Indies.

By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart.

With a Coloured Frontispiece, 40 pages of Half-tone Illustrations, and 4 Sketch Maps, small royal 8vo, **12s. net.**

Second Impression Ready Immediately.

Country Life.—"Challenges comparison with some of the best work done by the late Mr. Froude. . . . Sir Frederick Treves has done many things well, but there is no achievement to his credit greater than this."

NEW VOLUME BY SIR ALGERNON WEST.

NOW READY. With a Frontispiece. **6s.** net.

ONE CITY AND MANY MEN.

By Sir ALGERNON WEST, G.C.B.

Standard.—"Everyone who appreciates sparkling reminiscences of the days that are gone should make haste to read it from cover to cover."

THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS.

VOLUME II. By J. B. ATLAY, Author of "Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bart.: a Memoir," &c. With Portrait Illustrations, demy 8vo, **14s. net.**

Daily Mail.—"Mr. Atlay possesses an admirable gift of concise biography. Within the space of some 400 pages he has brought before us, in their habits as they lived and fought, ten holders of the Great Seal."

**** This Volume completes the Work. Copies of Volume I. may still be had, price 14s. net.*

ESSAYS ON SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORKS. Edited from the MSS. and Notes of a Deceased Relative by Sir SPENSER ST. JOHN, G.C.M.G., of H.M.'s Diplomatic Service (retired). **9s. net.** [*Just Published.*

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. LIBRARY EDITION. By SIDNEY LEE, Profusely Illustrated with Photogravures, Facsimiles, Topographical Views, &c. NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. Medium 8vo, **10s. 6d. net.** [*Just Published*

MEMORIES OF MEN AND BOOKS.

By Rev. Professor ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A. With a Portrait, **8s. 6d. net.**

Guardian.—"Full of human interest, varied incident, and good stories."

AT ALL LIBRARIES **NEW 6/- NOVELS.** AND BOOKSELLERS

THE HONOUR OF "X."

By GRAHAM HOPE,

Author of "A Cardinal and His Conscience," "Amalia," &c.

CHATEAU ROYAL.

By J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

Scotsman.—"This fine tale of France of to-day. . . . There are elements of adventures enough to satisfy the cravings of the most impetuous of modern paladins."

THE GREY KNIGHT:

An Autumn Love Story.

By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

Second Edition.

MORNING POST.—"A characteristic book of its author's; a graceful comedy of sentiment, with clearly-realised actors, a humour that tells and a pathos that moves; in fact, another 'Peter's Mother.'"

CROSSRIGGS. By MARY and JANE FINDLATER.

Second Impression.

TRUTH.—"'Crossriggs' fascinates you with the perfect delightfulness of its scenes, characters and descriptions."

THE FOREFRONT OF THE BATTLE

By ANDREW LORING.

TIMES.—"Shows a breadth of mind and a seriousness of purpose that are none too common."

THE FLEMINGS. By JESSIE and CHARLES FIELDING MARSH.

LIVERPOOL COURIER.—"A most readable novel."

RE-ISSUE OF THE

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN and SIDNEY LEE.

IN TWENTY-TWO VOLUMES.

Cloth, gilt top, 15s. net each;

or half-morocco, marble edges, 21s. net each.

Volume IV. (CHAMBER—CRAIGIE) Ready on Wednesday next.

Daily Telegraph.—"In welcoming this new and marvellously cheap re-issue, we may say that no public reference library will in future be worthy of the name that does not contain the 'Dictionary' in one or other of its forms."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Messrs. CONSTABLE'S LIST

READY ON FRIDAY NEXT

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship "Gjoa," 1903-1907. By

ROALD AMUNDSEN.

With a Supplement by First Lieutenant GODFRED HANSEN, Vice-Commander of the Expedition.

With about 139 Illustrations and 3 Maps. 2 vols. nearly 800 pages. 31s. 6d. net.

Orders should now be placed for the following books, which will be published next week.

1. **THE LATER YEARS OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI** By EDITH SICHEL Uniform with 'Catherine de Medici and the French Reformation.' Illustrated. 15s. net.

2. **LIFE AND LETTERS OF HIPPOLYTE TAINE** Concluding Volume, covering the period 1871-1894 With a Prefatory Note by THOMAS SECCOMBE, and Complete Index. Uniform with the two volumes previously issued. 7s. 6d. net.

3. **TRAGEDY** By ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE The New Volume in the 'Types of English Literature' Series. Uniform with 'The Popular Ballad' and 'The Literature of Roguery.' 6s. net.

4. **PERSONALISM Common Sense and Philosophy.** By BORDEN PARKER BOWNE, Author of 'The Immanence of God.' Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

5. **LEAF AND TENDRIL. Essays** By JOHN BURROUGHS, Uniform with previous volumes. 4s. 6d. net.

6. **BY THAMES AND COTSWOLD Sketches of the Country** By the Rev. W. H. HUTTON. New Edition. With Illustrations by W. M. MEREDITH. 5s net.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS

PAULINE By W. E. NORRIS, Author of 'The Square Peg'

N.B.—A book to put on your Library List for Holiday Reading is Miss ALICE BROWN'S delightful story of New England Life, entitled

ROSE MACLEOD

MAROTZ By JOHN AYSCOUGH, Authoro f 'Admonition'

"One of the most striking novels of the year, A book worth reading, and to be read."—*British Weekly.*

THE TREE OF HEAVEN By R. W. CHAMBERS Author of 'The Younger Set,' 'The Fighting Chance,' &c.

"Those who followed the fortunes of Philip Selwyn and Eileen (in 'The Younger Set') will gladly meet their compeers in 'The Tree of Heaven.'"—*Literary World.*

NEW POEMS By ST. JOHN LUCAS Author of 'The Vintage of Dreams' 'The Absurd Repentance,' &c. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"Mr. Lucas has a broad sympathy which ranges with ease over most phases of life. Few men have sung more heartily of the joys of the open road. . . . His 'Ballad of the Ridgeway,' a splendid morning song of youth and travel. His version of the tale of Sir Ysumbras of the Ford has the true ecstasy of romance; or, best of all, his 'Ship of Fools,' which we would rank high among modern chants of adventure. He is full of the spirit of old and good poetry."—*Spectator.*

THE COUNTRY HOME for JUNE is READY at all Bookstalls. Enlarged to 70 pages, with 80 Illustrations. 6d. net.

LONDON:

A. CONSTABLE & CO. LTD. 10 ORANGE STREET, W.C

supply of able candidates for orders is failing, that the training of such candidates as exist is to a great extent illiberal, that the Bishops encourage rather than restrain the narrow professionalism of the theological colleges, that the laity are rapidly going away from the Church. He does not doubt the ultimate and speedy triumph of "Liberalism," but whether that triumph will be compatible with any form of Christianity.

> "The eventual triumph of Liberalism—on its destructive side—in the world at large is certain: the triumph of Liberal Christianity, or even Liberal Religion, is, alas! not so well assured. Liberalism will triumph, whether the clergy become Liberal or not. That any form of religion can exercise a wide influence without a clergy to teach it, history supplies us with no reason for supposing. Liberal religion cannot prevail without a Liberal clergy. 'Like priest, like people'" (p. 133).

We have left ourselves no space to do more than refer to the excellent account of "Lay Liberalism" by Professor Percy Gardner, who may himself, perhaps, rather be reckoned with Liberal theologians, since, like Professor Burkitt, though not in orders, he is a notable religious teacher. The Master of the Temple's charming record of "Past Liberalism" is one of the best things in a book, which from cover to cover is pleasant and stimulating. Dr. Rashdall's Essay, however, stands by itself, and might with advantage be published separately, and sent to every member of the Lambeth Conference.

H. Hensley Henson.

THE GORGEOUS ISLANDS.*

In the delightful "Gossip on Romance," Stevenson notes how the words "post-chaise," the "great North Road," "ostler," and "nag," sounded ever in his ears like poetry. Certain words immemorially linked with the region of the Spanish Main smite the ear as fondly. Such words, among many others, are: "Columbus," "buccaneer," "pieces of eight," and "El Dorado"—that splendid fiction of the sixteenth century.

In these romantic fields of ocean Sir Frederick Treves finds the beginnings of the "long sea story of England." For ourselves we would seek those beginnings rather in the cockle-boats of our own Cinque Ports, but we may readily concede that the West Indies—

> "became the nursery of the British Navy, the school where the thews were hardened and the sea lessons learned."

The history of our doings in this hemisphere is a chequered one, and has its unseemly pages. It is not, as the Spanish is, a history of sheer rapacity and the ruthless extermination of native peoples; but it is swollen with deeds of freebooting and piracy, of greedy and avaricious adventure, of high-handed seizure such as modern conventions would scarcely dare to wink at. In Jamaica it is blackened with all that is recorded against slavery. This history, nevertheless, when everything is told on the side where we can place little to our credit, enshrines for us memories of seamanship which we cannot choose but be glad of. If it is in the grey Cinque Ports that the British Navy starts into rude and feeble being, it is under tropic skies that it begins to achieve greatness.

After the "drums and tramplings" of four centuries some glory of romance has continued to envelop these islands of the Spanish Main, and to them attaches the dreadful fascination of the zones that live on sufferance. An earthquake shivers Kingston in ten seconds (which seemed of such infinite duration that the people thought their walls would never cease toppling); and in a space as brief, on a gay morning of May, "St. Pierre, the debonair, the adored city of Martinique," is inhumed, only less completely than Pompeii, beneath a fiery cloud of lava dust. De Quincey preserves Savannah-la-Mar in one of the matchless periods of the "Suspiria":—

> "God smote Savannah-la-Mar, and in one night, by earthquake, removed her, with all her towers standing and population sleeping, from the steadfast foundations of the shore to the coral floors of ocean."

Again, we have the contrast of luxuriant, fecund, and variegated nature, with the most tragical and loathsome of all the sicknesses of man. Sir Frederick shows us among the inmates of the lepers' pleasaunce in Barbados a young girl who has just been received there:—

> "Among the newcomers I saw a girl of seventeen. She had all the freshness of perfect health, but certain loathly spots had appeared on her skin, and then had come—the inquisition, the wrenching from home, the banishment to the house in the garden. She had, a week or so ago, such a life before her as is dreamed of by a girl of seventeen. . . . She will change to a thing as repulsive and gargoyle-like as that horror in the corner of the ward whose sightless eyes can happily no longer see the vileness of her own deformity. The fresh young face will become the Medusa's head . . . and she is but seventeen."

Care and investigation notwithstanding, the West Indian islands "still suffer very seriously from leprosy." In the white creole the disease is rare; it is practically limited to the colored sections of the creole population.

But the glory of the islands is still there. In these days, of course, it owes nothing to fables of a gold-gated and golden-paved Manoa, the apocalyptic capital of El Dorado, in which poor Raleigh so fatuously believed; nor to legends of the Land of Ophir whence King Solomon fetched his gold, the land that Columbus dreamed of. All the gold and silver and precious stones that ever were delved out of the fateful West did but help Spain to her financial ruin. The glory and romance of the West Indies in these days rest in sun and sky and sea, in crystal streams and deep primeval woods, in perpetual flower and foliage, in humming-birds and fireflies and strange fruits, in the witcheries of women of divers colors, ceaselessly yearning to be the mothers of white sons.

On his homeward journey, Sir Frederick Treves touched at Colon and travelled by the Trans-Isthmian Railway to Panama. The "puny strip of land which separates the two great oceans of the world" was a part of the Gold Road that Pizarro made and that Francis Drake haunted; a fever-stricken way where "the dead lie thicker than the trees." Gold-hunters, pirates, canal-makers, death has taken toll of all in this narrow passage:—

> "Enriquez de Guzman, who came into these parts in 1534, asserts that out of every hundred men who went to Peru for gold, eighty returned no more. In like manner, during the gold craze in California, the number who met with death on the Isthmus, within sight of the sea that was to carry them and their nuggets home, would have filled many a happy town. Last of all, during the construction of the canal by the French Company, men died yearly not in hundreds but in thousands."

The details of the great engineering work have often been set forth, but Sir Frederick Treves praises another enterprise "which is not less marvellous, but which attracts no attention." This task is the transformation of a land of pestilence into a clean and healthy settlement It well deserves mention:—

> "This enterprise, undertaken by the American sanitary authorities, has been accomplished by Colonel Gorgas (a surgeon in the United States Army) and his staff. Colonel Gorgas is responsible for the sanitation of the Canal Zone. He has under him no less than ninety-one medical men, and a *personnel* of over 3,000 subordinates. To his undying credit he has made this most unpromising strip of land a model of applied hygiene, and has shown, on a scale never before paralleled, what preventive medicine, under an enlightened and liberal direction, is capable of doing."

That is surely the best thing that has been written about Panama.

* "The Cradle of the Deep: An Account of a Voyage to the West Indies." By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart. Illustrated with Photographs by the Author. Smith, Elder & Co. 12s. net.

THE SHORT STORY OF CONVENTION.*

In his preface to "Raw Edges" Mr. Landon remarks, "If there is any good in these tales at all it is that they have been written from a point of view from which other men have looked." But we are inclined to believe that the "man of the world" attitude which is deliberately emphasised in the tales is the shoddy element in his artistic fabric. Artistic insight may, of course, be a gift distinguishing a clubman or a laborer, but there is, perhaps, no creed or code of life more antithetic to the artist than the "man of the world's." At the point where knowingness stops dead artistic insight begins, though the two may supplement one another, as in the genius of a Balzac or a Thackeray. But often the one checkmates the other, as in Mr. Landon's story "Overtried,' where we have the most

* "Raw Edges." By Perceval Landon. Heinemann. 6s.

ROUTLEDGE'S NEW LIST.

FROM EDINBURGH TO INDIA AND BURMAH.

By W. G. BURN MURDOCH. With 24 Coloured Plates and numerous illustrations in black and white by the Author. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

"A picture of life in India and Burmah as seen by a clever artist, who is more than an artist. He is skilled in the use of a pen, and can land a big fish with the deftness of an experienced angler. The pictures render it exceedingly attractive."—*Scotsman.*

FARM-COTTAGE, CAMP, AND CANOE IN MARITIME CANADA.

By ARTHUR P. SILVER; with an Introduction by LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, and numerous fine Illustrations of Sport and Scenery. 8vo, 6s.

"Very delightful, with a breath of the mountain, the forest, and the silent plains, is Mr. Silver's account of his sporting expedition in Nova Scotia."—*Westminster Gazette.*

A RESIDENT'S WIFE IN NIGERIA.

By CONSTANCE LARYMORE. With 41 Illustrations on Art Paper, and Portrait of Author, 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

"Mrs. Larymore is not only a skilled traveller in wild countries, but is able to describe her wanderings most graphically with pen and camera. One of the most enjoyable books of travel we have seen of late."—*Globe.*

"Capital reading. Mrs. Larymore is evidently a born traveller."—*Daily Telegraph.*

New Book by FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

INDIA THROUGH THE AGES:

A popular history of India. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL, author of "On the Face of the Waters. With six Maps. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

THE IDEAL GENTLEMAN:

A Mirror for Gentlefolk: Selections from the Literature of all times, illustrating the various ideals of a "gentleman." Edited by the Rev. Dr. A. SMYTHE PALMER, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 6s. [*Next Week.*

THROUGH LIFE UNTO DEATH.

By GEORGE LEWIS. 8vo, 6s.

"An account, in the form of a very interesting and entertaining story, of the terrible catastrophe caused by the volcanic eruption of Mount Pelée in Martinique on Ascension Day, 1902."—*Layman.*

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF.

By B. STEWART. Illustrated by a Series of Original Photographs. 6s.

"The author gives an unvarnished statement of the conditions of life which the emigrant is likely to find."—*Morning Post.*

"Clearly the work of a competent observer. Well worthy the attention of readers desirous to be exactly informed of conditions in the dominion."—*Scotsman.*

NOTES OF AN ART-COLLECTOR.

By MAURICE JONAS. With 69 Wedgewood Medallions. 4to, buckram, 21s.

AN UP-TO-DATE MACAULAY, with Copious Notes.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Edited, with copious Notes, by T. F. HENDERSON, and a New and very full Index. Large 8vo, buckram, 5s. net.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

By S. H. SADLER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

ENTIRELY REVISED EDITION, with 268 MAGNIFICENT COLOURED FIGURES and 245 Cuts.

FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

By Rev. C. A. JOHNS. Revised throughout by CLARENCE ELLIOTT. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

"It is the most comprehensive and useful book the botanist can desire."—*Standard.*

WILD BEES, WASPS, AND ANTS, AND OTHER STINGING INSECTS.

By E. SAUNDERS, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. With Illustrations and 4 Coloured Plates. 3s. 6d.

OUR WOODLANDS, HEATHS, AND HEDGES.

By W. S. COLEMAN. A New (reset) Edition, with numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS AND EGGS,

found in and near Great Towns. With over 100 fine Photos by GEORGE VOS, B.A., M.B. In 2 independent vols. Each 1s., cloth.

THE CASE FOR THE GOAT,

with the Practical Experience of 24 Experts. By "Home Counties." With many photographs of Prize Goats and Stables. Cr. 8vo, cloth 3s. 6d.; Cheap Edition (with 4 plates), boards, 1s.

"May be warmly recommended."—*Spectator.*

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON.

MODERN EGYPT.

By the EARL OF CROMER.

With Portrait and Map. Two Vols. 24s. net.

THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND.

By Professor A. LAWRENCE LOWELL. In Two Vols. 8vo, 17s. net.

An exhaustive examination of the English political system and the processes by which it has come into being. The author has been assisted in his work by many eminent English writers and statesmen.

1908 ISSUE NOW READY.

The Statesman's Year-Book.

Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

African Nature Notes and Reminiscences.

By F. C. SELOUS, F.Z.S. With Illustrations by E. CALDWELL. 8vo. 10s. net.

The Story of the Guides.

By Col. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B., Queen's Own Corps of Guides. With Illustrations, 2nd Impression. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

The Times:—"Our single complaint against Colonel Younghusband is that his book is so fascinating that we wish it had been longer."

By SIR CHARLES SANTLEY.

The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation.

By SIR CHARLES SANTLEY. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

A book of instruction of the highest value to the student, with interesting personal recollections of a brilliant professional career extending over sixty years.

VOLUME IV. OF THE NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.

Edited by J. A. FULLER MAITLAND, M.A. In five Volumes 8vo.—Vol. IV., Q—S., 21s. net. Previously published—Vol. I., A—E; Vol. II., F—L; Vol. III., M—P.; 21s. net each.

J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L.

The Scope of Social Anthropology.

A Lecture delivered before the University of Liverpool, May 14th, 1908. By Professor J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. 8vo, sewed 6d. net.

Mr. Crewe's Career. 6s.

By WINSTON CHURCHILL. Author of "Coniston," &c. Illustrated.

"Mr. Churchill's admirable novel."—*The Spectator.*

"The other Mr. Winston Churchill is almost as successful in the realms of fiction as his famous namesake is in politics, and his last work is certainly up to the level of his former stories . . . in some respects his latest novel may be compared with Disraeli's work; sometimes the advantage seems to be with Mr. Churchill."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

"There are five hundred pages of Mr. Crewe's 'Career,' and so admirably are they filled that even the hurried reviewer cannot wish them less."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Autobiography of Montagu Burrows,

Captain R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Edited by his Son, STEPHEN M. BURROWS. With Portraits, 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

H.M.I.

Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools.

By E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, formerly H.M.I. North-West Division. 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

A highly entertaining book, containing a large number of good stories told by a *raconteur* of exceptional ability.

Poems of T. E. Brown.

Selected and Arranged with an Introduction and Notes by H.F.B. and H.G.D. 2s. 6d. net. [*Golden Treasury Series.*

The Problems and Perils of Socialism.

Letters to a Working Man.

By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY Sewed, 6d.

MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., LONDON.

unnecessary "window-dressing" of a touching and simple situation. The Rev. Richard Carteret, the Rector of Leigh Monachorum, has a "secret that paralysed his life"; he has had an intrigue in India with a friend's wife, Mrs. Charteris, who has become insane on account of it, and he is suddenly asked by her unsuspecting husband, now settled in the neighbourhood, to go and see her in a Norwich private asylum. A quiet analysis of this psychological situation, however, is not good enough for our author, and he must needs spoil its reality by smothering it with *comme-il-faut* accessories in which we do not believe. We not only have the ideal country house, where "the guests, scientists, pioneers, diplomats, refugees, come from the ends of the earth," where "dinner that evening was a meal as it is not understood by many," but we have De Bernard, the "well-known French Monseigneur," in the smoking-room, with his face looking "like an ivory carving," embarking on confidences to the repentant Carteret in a style of fashionable melodrama befitting a West End theatre:—

> "'One of your own Englishmen has used a strange phrase of haunting force. "I speak to you a dying man to dying men," to dying men a dying man. Like him, I speak to you a dying man. My name is on the list of those who will at the next Consistory be raised to the Cardinalate. Thereafter there lies a forked path. One way leads me on to all that many'—he paused—'all that most men deem best worth having. The other means that it will not be long before my work is over. Yet I have no choice. Others of us have failed. The "handful of silver" works with us, too, and men who are valiant enough in black are often cowards in scarlet. But your case is harder than mine. The Church kills me: you it bids live on. My friend, I pray you, live on yet. Whatever your sorrow——'
>
> "Carteret caught his breath twice.
>
> "'And I pray that though I speak to you a dying man, the other part of Baxter's great line may rest unfulfilled.'
>
> "Almost wearily the great ecclesiastic drew himself out of the chair, and raised himself to his full height beside the fireplace.
>
> "Then, as one in helpless despair, Carteret dropped from his seat, and knelt with his face in his hands, as Monseigneur's fingers were raised over him, and the hackneyed words of benediction passing slowly from his lips took on a new meaning for both." . . .
>
> "Sir James, however he came to know these things, was right enough in his unspoken prophecy, for within six months Cardinal de Bernard, whom the 'Times' described as the most liberal-minded of the College, and one whose elevation but three months before had been universally recognised as reflecting credit on both the Consistory and himself, died while on a visit to one of the small monasteries that shrink among the crannies of the Italian Alps. The Jesuits, with great alacrity, published the certificate of the doctors who had been called in from a neighbouring brotherhood, so the world now knows that His Eminence died of septic tonsilitis amid the inconsolable grief of all the faithful, but especially of the General of that powerful Order."

This seems childish stuff to come from the pen of a "man of the world," but the point is that even if it were true to life it is out of place, and so bad art. Commonplace surroundings and simple human feelings are good enough for a great artist, but a worldly, leisured audience must have a rich *mise-en-scène*, "the crucifix that hung from the heavy gold Venetian chain," "the carved amethyst on the prelate's hand," the little anecdote of a "certain distinguished princess," &c., before it condescends to be moved. Accordingly, by the time Carteret gets to the lunatic asylum and sees Mrs. Charteris, we have got so impatient of the spiritual falsities designed to impress us that any spiritual truth vouchsafed us seems out of place. The interview between the priest and the woman is clever, but it came too late to save the story. In "A Deathbed Comedy," Mr. Landon sins in a more provoking way. The situation here, one between a dying child, Miriam, her beloved friend, Dick, who has made her promise that she will pretend to be "nice to mother," and the hard woman, Mrs. Gilchrist, who has overheard their conversation, and, bitterly repentant, sees through "the lie and piece of acting designed to hoodwink her," is a strong one, and, treated less sentimentally, would hold the audience. But the author, who has probably studied Kipling to his detriment, is not able to get beyond the smart unrealities affected by the latter author in moments of emotional crisis. It is almost laughable that the conventions of "good form" should have so strong a hold on the untrained imagination, but, no doubt, even this travesty of art may impose on the plain man:—

> "But as Lestrange began to descend the stairs at the end of the corridor, he heard the swish of a woman's skirts. Mrs. Gilchrist staggered towards him, feeling her way by the wall. She muttered hoarsely, 'I can't! I heard it all. May God forgive you!'
>
> "Lestrange stood like a pillar. 'Go back at once.' He swore frankly and without apology. 'That dying child is playing the game; haven't you the pluck to do the same?' and Mrs. Gilchrist went back to her Gehenna like a whipped dog."
>
> * * * *
>
> "Three years afterwards there was a scuffle on a frontier, and Dick was released to keep his promise—if he were allowed to. He hesitated.
>
> "'Bless me!' said St. Peter at the gate, 'of course, your record is not much, but didn't you people on earth know that that was all that we asked for?'
>
> "For there was a small hand in Dick's by this time, and so they went walking together again."

The author has, indeed, obviously set out to "write from a point of view from which other men have looked," and he apparently does not grasp that deliberately to adopt glasses which are focussed for the conventional vision is fatal to artistic spontaneity. Proof of this is afforded by the highly conventional "man of the world" situation in which woman is privileged to play a part in his tales. In "The Recording Angel's Peerage" we have Mrs. Burleigh "pleading for mercy" before the clubman, Edgar Carney, who is threatening to include her name in a book of London scandals. And the thrill comes when her daughter, Noreen Leighton, to save her mother's "reputation," throws Carney headlong down the staircase in Eaton Place, and kills him, and Mrs. Burleigh gasps, "Noreen, Noreen, can't you understand?" the incredible Carney being, of course, Noreen's father!

We should not trouble to discuss the patent limitations of vision in "Raw Edges" if the stories were not very cleverly written, and if Mr. Landon did not show convincing evidence in "The Crusader's Mass" and "The Gyroscope" that he could do much finer work. In "Thurnley Abbey" and "Railhead" he shows great skill in thrilling us with the supernatural, and although the effect in the former story is got by a cheap trick, he undoubtedly has power and artistic range. Should he continue to mould his talent on third-rate models he may, of course, become popular, but if he can cut himself loose from the besetting temptation of "man of the world" standards, he may prove a valuable recruit in the sparse ranks of the artists who can handle the short story.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Much has been written about the beaux and dandies of the later Georgian era—only a few weeks ago M. Boutet de Monvel's biography of George Brummell was reviewed in these columns—but Mr. Lewis Melville's two bulky volumes, "The Beaux of the Regency" (Hutchinson, 2 vols., 24s. net), contains far the best account of these gorgeous eccentrics with which we are acquainted. Mr. Melville has ransacked the memoirs and diaries of the period to good purpose. His book abounds in good stories and throws many interesting side lights on the social history of the Regency. The book treats of more than the beaux, since such men as "Poodle" Byng, Captain Gronow, "Monk" Lewis, and even Sydney Smith and Rogers are included, and it extends beyond the Regency, but the reader will readily pardon Mr. Melville for having interpreted his title with some degree of elasticity. The persons introduced all lived under the Regency and make on the whole a thoroughly entertaining, witty, and disreputable company. Among the dandies proper, by far the most famous was Brummell, to whom the author devotes eight chapters. Two letters by Brummell are printed for the first time, one of them (of which a facsimile is given) being that written by the Beau to Lords Charles and Robert Manners when he fled to Calais in 1816. It bears out the view which Mr. Melville takes (and Mr. Street in his book on "The Ghosts of Piccadilly" inclines to the same attitude) of Brummell's character as against M. de Monvel's depreciatory verdict. He abandons "legally and willingly" to his sureties "the reversion of a considerable sum of money now vested in the Court of Chancery, which must ultimately become mine . . . . to show that, though unfortunate and inconsiderate, I am not destitute of strong feeling and gratitude towards those who have been so seriously my friends." The supreme example of Brummell's wit in Mr.

EYE-OPENING BOOKS FOR READERS OF ALL AGES.

A Series of Books on the Wonders of NATURE, Popularly Written and Scientifically Accurate.

ADVENTURES IN BIRD-LAND
A Book for Boys. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Home Life in Bird-Land," "Woodland, Field, and Shore," &c. With 90 Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author, and 100 Pen-Sketches by E. RICHMOND PATON. Cloth gilt, demy 8vo, 6s. net.

BY MEADOW, GROVE, AND STREAM
An Introduction to Nature Study. By HENRY HILTON BROWN, F.E.S. With 2 folded Coloured Plates, Photogravure Frontispiece and 171 Figures in Black and White, from Original Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

BY-PATHS IN NATURE
By FRANK STEVENS, Author of "Adventures in Pondland," &c. With 72 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

CONSIDER THE HEAVENS
A Popular Introduction to Astronomy. By MRS. WILLIAM STEADMAN ALDIS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

CREATURES OF THE SEA
Being the Life Stories of some Sea Birds, Beasts, and Fishes. By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S. With 40 Full-page Illustrations by THEO. CARRERAS. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY
A Reliable Guide to British Wild Life and Nature Photography. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

FIFTY-TWO NATURE RAMBLES
A Series of Open-Air Talks for Young People. By W. PERCIVAL WESTALL, F.L.S., M.B.O.U., Author of "Every Boy's Book of Natural History," &c. With five Coloured Plates from Drawings, and 100 other Illustrations from Photographs. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELDS OF NATURE
By EDWARD T. CONNOLD, F.Z.S., F.E.S. With an Introduction by DAVID ANDERSON-BERRY, M.D., F.R.S.E. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 24 pages of Plates from Photographs, Photo-micrographs, and Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Medallion on Cover, 3s. 6d. *Just Ready.*

HIDDEN BEAUTIES OF NATURE
By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S. With 95 Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

HOME LIFE IN BIRD LAND
By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Woodland, Field, and Shore." With 4 Coloured Plates, and over 80 other Illustrations from Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net.

THE HONEY BEE
Its Nature, Homes, and Products. By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc. With 82 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

HOW TO STUDY WILD FLOWERS.
By Rev. GEORGE HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., &c., Author of Plants of the Bible," New Edition, with 12 double-page Coloured Plates and 57 other Illustrations. Cloth Gilt, with Coloured Pictures, on cover, 2s. 6d.

THE MICROSCOPE
A Popular Handbook. By LEWIS WRIGHT, Author of "Optical Projection," "Light: A Course of Experimental Optics," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY
Familiar Notes on the Stars and Planets. By EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.S., F.R.A.S., Past-President of the Royal Astronomical Society, late Chief Assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. With 32 Star-Maps and numerous other Illustrations. Imperial 8vo, cloth, 8s.

NATURE, CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL
By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S., Author of "Hidden Beauties of Nature," &c. With 69 Illustrations. Crown, 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

NATURE: THROUGH MICROSCOPE AND CAMERA
By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S., Author of "Nature, Curious, and Beautiful." With 65 Photo-Micrographs. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net.

PONDS AND ROCK POOLS
With Hints on Collecting for, and the Management of, the Micro-Aquarium. By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth. 2s.

POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LOWER ANIMALS (INVERTEBRATES)
By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS
By MRS. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," &c. With 130 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

THROUGH A POCKET LENS
By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S., Author of "Ponds and Rock Pools," &c. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

WOODLAND, FIELD, AND SHORE
Wild Nature depicted with Pen and Camera. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Adventures in Bird-Land," &c. With 2 Coloured Plates, and 101 Engravings of Birds, Animals, and Insects from Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Published by THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
LONDON: 4, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C., and Sold by all Booksellers.

Melville's judgment is the reply made to a stranger who greeted the Beau when a penniless exile at Calais with "I am so glad to see you, for we had heard in England that you were dead." "Mere stock-jobbing, my dear fellow, mere stock-jobbing," was Brummell's immediate answer. Another capital story is his account of having caught a cold. "The rascally landlord put me in a room with a damp stranger." But the book is a mine of such anecdotes. We have not space to discuss Mr. Melville's treatment of the minor wits and dandies, but can heartily recommend his book to those who enjoy light reading on an entertaining but by no means edifying subject. The volumes are illustrated by a really capital selection from contemporary artists, excellent examples of Gillray, Cruikshank, and George Dighton being included.

* * *

We are not sure that it is possible for anyone to achieve a thorough knowledge of a subject as wide as Stained Glass by six years' study, but Mr. C. H. Sherrill has certainly not wasted the time he has devoted to this fascinating pursuit, if we may judge by his volume, "Stained Glass Tours in France" (John Lane, 6s. net), which is the outcome of his six years' labours. The book is on the right lines. It has, moreover, a usefulness outside the information it conveys about the art it treats. The form is that of a guide, designed to direct the travellers' footsteps from Paris to the famous provincial cities of France, where good examples of medieval stained glass may be found, and there are carefully marked and mapped itineraries by following which the would-be student can work through his "periods" one by one. These periods, according to Mr. Sherrill's classification, which is as sound as it is simple, are three in number. His first set of tours concerns itself with stained glass of the thirteenth century and earlier, his second with that of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the third with that of the sixteenth. When specimens of glass representative of more than one period are found in a single building, those of the period immediately under review are dealt with, and the rest are left alone until this period is reached in the book; places, therefore, like Chartres and Bourges necessitate more than one visit. This plan conduces to lucidity in differentiating one style from another. Of technical matter, Mr. Sherrill gives us no more than what is necessary to explain the development from the old pot-metal method to the richly enamelled and artistically designed and coloured style of the Renaissance. The basic principle of stained-glass study is not lost sight of, namely, that the art was the servant of architecture to an even greater extent than was medieval wall-painting; and thus it happens that in dealing with the cathedrals and churches of his choice the author often gives us as fresh and vivid a glimpse of the entire building as of its windows. The spirit of the work leaves nothing to be desired. Even as Nicolas Poussin is said to have developed his love of colour by contemplating the glories of the sixteenth-century windows at Grand-Andely, so Mr. Sherrill's enthusiasm has waxed stronger with every new discovery made in the course of his journeyings. Exhaustive his book is not, but as a well-written and stirring introduction to the study of stained-glass, and an admirable lesson in how and where to look for it in France, it could hardly be bettered. It is not over-burdened with illustrations, but what there are are well chosen and well done.

* * *

In the "Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy, LL.D." (John Long, 16s. net), mostly composed of his own autobiographical notes and diaries which his daughter, Miss Arabella Kenealy, has edited and prepared for the press, Dr. Kenealy speaks of "my prototype Mirabeau, to whom I have been many times compared." The phrase throws light on Kenealy's character. He was a man of great gifts without common sense, and with an impetuous, very exacting, and self-absorbed personality. His daughter describes him as an "accomplished Linguist (he was sufficiently familiar with thirteen languages to have written charming verses in all), profound Orientalist, Orator, Poet, Man of Letters, Statesman," and although he is not remembered for his achievements in any one of these capacities we think that his claim to be a poet has some solid foundation. The late Mr. Frederick Leveson Gower, in a delightful volume of reminiscences, recalls the impression made on the members of the Oxford Circuit by Kenealy's poem "Goethe," and cites Phillimore's verdict "that its author is the greatest poet now living on this island." The extracts from the diaries show that Kenealy was a man of very wide reading, but the theological works he produced are of no value. His career was amazing both in its triumphs and its failures, and those who wish to learn about the Tichborne case and the famous Stoke-on-Trent election will find the facts recorded in these pages. Miss Kenealy states that after her father's election to the House of Commons John Bright promised that he should be restored to his position at the Bar, and even hinted at Parliamentary office provided he abandoned his advocacy of the Claimant's cause. The story seems incredible, and we are not prepared to accept it without further evidence.

* * *

The most valuable features of the volume on Whistler, which Mr. Bernhard Sickert has contributed to the Popular Library of Art (Duckworth, 2s. net), are the chapter on the artist's technique and the catalogue of his oil-paintings. The latter was badly wanted, for while the etchings and lithographs have received sufficient attention at the hands of Messrs. Wedmore & Way, no attempt had hitherto been made with the oil pictures. Mr. Sickert's list is obviously incomplete in its details, and, as he points out, probably contains mistakes owing to the confusing system of titles adopted by Whistler; but he corrects several previous errors, particularly some which were made in the catalogue of the Memorial Exhibition at the New Gallery, and the total result fills an important corner, hitherto vacant, in Whistler literature. The best is a generous, though fairly just, appreciation of the master's work. Some of his comparisons, however, appear unduly combative. Ruskin hardly receives his due in the reference to him as a "weak, hysterical, egotistic, and, at the same time, grandly unselfish man of genius." Watts's work, apart from his portraiture, is denounced somewhat dogmatically as a failure. All the portraits of Whistler by other artists still living are "coarse performances in which all his elegance and charm are lost."

* * *

We cannot better Mr. W. G. Burn Murdoch's own description of his travel book "From Edinburgh to India and Burmah" (Routledge, 10s. 6d. net). He calls it a "ragtag journal," and that is precisely what it is. The book is a day-to-day record of places visited and things seen and done during a journey from Edinburgh to Bombay, from Bombay to Madras, thence to Rangoon, and across Burmah into Chinese territory, and back again to Calcutta and a few show places of Bengal. The travelling in India was performed in trains, that in Burmah in steamers. Of Rangoon he writes: "If anyone wants to have the wrinkles rolled out of his soul, let him go and rest in the quiet, and sun, and simple beauty of the Shwey Dagon Pagoda, with its tapering golden spire and the blue sky above." It is difficult, however, to imagine Mr. Murdoch resting anywhere. Throughout he appears to be distracted by the rival attractions of social festivities, sport and painting, and one is quite thankful when at length he gets away on an elephant into a Burmese jungle, and is thus debarred from one or two of his many pleasures. His work does not show the unconventional mind as clearly as the unconventional style of writing. The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales coincided with his own, and he describes those portions of the Royal progress which he witnessed in a manner that suggests the belated effort of a special correspondent, sent forth to follow the track. Moreover, the number of places mentioned in the book, which remind him of Bonnie Scotland, becomes positively alarming towards the end of his four hundred pages. One sighs for a spell of contemplative philosophy in this whirligig of foreign adventures and home reminders. Yet the holiday spirit of the book is pleasant enough, and the author's impressionistic drawings and sketches, many of which are reproduced in color, are illumined by a spark of real genius.

* * *

The current monthlies contain a number of articles of literary interest. Mr. Herbert Paul writes on "The Per-

APPOINTMENT WANTED.

GENTLEMAN, age 29, well educated, with ten years' banking experience and keenly interested in politics (has done public speaking in connection with well-known political organisation), desires secretaryship to Liberal candidate or Member of Parliament. Satisfactory references and character, &c.—Apply Box 3876, NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON **BIBLE** WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from **6d. to £10.**

BIBLES Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]
MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

Rare and curious Books for the collector. First Editions. Court Memoirs Medical, Occult, &c. Out of Print Books and everything that's a book supplied. No matter when published. State wants. 100,000 books on sale. Catalogues free.

HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED. First editions of all kinds. Sporting, Naval, Military Coloured Plates by Alken, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others. Special list of 3,000 wanted. LIBRARIES PURCHASED.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

THE INTERNATIONAL

A Review of the World's Progress.

JUNE No. *NOW READY.* *1s.* NET

Contributions by (among others) :—

J. A. HOBSON. The Coming of Protection in England
THE EDITOR. The Coming of Socialism
PROF. O. D. SKELTON. Dumping in Canada
J. INGRAM BRYAN. Democracy in Japan
PROF. DR. WERNER SOMBART. The Economic Future of Germany

Published by Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN, London.

GOSPELS OF ANARCHY, and other Contemporary Studies. By VERNON LEE, Author of "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy." 10s. 6d. net.

Deterioration of Soul—Tolstoy as a Prophet—Nietzsche and the "Will to Power"—Prof. James and the "Will to Believe"—The Economic Parasitism of Woman. On Modern Utopias: An open letter to Mr. H. G. Wells, &c.

MICHAEL DAVITT, Revolutionary, Agitator, and Labour Leader. By H. SHEEHY-SKEFFINTON. With an Introduction by Mr. Justin McCarthy. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

THE STORY OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY: Its Makers and Movements. By T. H. S. ESCOTT, with a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, 16s.

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

THE WOMAN WHO VOWED. By ELLISON HARDING. Price 6s.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

Now on Sale, 6d. net. The June BOOK MONTHLY.

Contents.

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR. Some Points of the Literary Compass, with Charts—that is to say, Pictures and Portraits.
A NEW "SARTOR." The "Tailor and Cutter" on the Dress of Authors—by James Milne.
"LOVE INTEREST." Its Decline and Fall in Present-Day Fiction—By E. Clephan Palmer.
SHAKESPEAREANS. A Summer Jaunt with the People of Arden—by C. E. Lawrence.
TENNYSONIANA. The Poet's Notes and Notions on His Verse.
A LONDON LETTER. Times and Tides in our Literary History—by the Editor.
LIGHT AND LEADING. New Fact and Current Opinion Gathered from the Book World.
THE GENERAL READER. Snap Shot Reviews of the Best and Best-Selling Books.
NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY. Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.
BOOKS OF THE MONTH. A Classified Catalogue of the Noteworthy Books, New Editions, and Reprints of May.
THE PERIODICALS. Contents of this Month's Reviews and Magazines.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

JUNE No. JUST OUT.

SOCIALIST REVIEW 6d. net.

CONTENTS.

SOCIALISM AND POLITICS . . . . . By H. G. WELLS
(A further explanation of the North-West-Manchester By-Election Letter)
THE REMEDY FOR UNEMPLOYMENT (First Instalment) By Dr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE
THE CURSE OF CASUAL LABOUR . By W. H. BEVERIDGE
THE ELECTIONS IN CAPE COLONY . . . . . By JULIAN HOBHOUSE
SOCIALISM AND THE NEW SCIENCE . By S. HERBERT
FRENCH TRADE UNIONISM & SOCIALISM. By MILDRED MINTERN SCOTT
LIVE IN THE LIGHT . . . . . By ROBERT PEARCE, M.P.
SOCIALIST REVIEW OUTLOOK . . . . By THE EDITOR

The Review may be obtained from all Booksellers and Newsagents, or direct from the I.L.P. Publication Dept., 23, Bride Lane, Fleet-st., E.C.

Subscription Terms, 8s. per year, or 2s. per quarter, post free.

SOCIALIST REVIEW 6d. net.

manence of Wordsworth" in "The Nineteenth Centry." It is a brilliant appreciation which all good Wordsworthians will read with pleasure. Mr. Paul's orthodoxy may be gathered from the dictum "Not to care for Wordsworth is not to care for poetry," a sufficiently trenchant statement of the Wordsworthian creed. In "The Fortnightly Review" Mr. Andrew Lang returns to the attack, which he began a couple of weeks ago in the "Times," upon M. Anatole France's "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc." Mr. Austin discusses "Dante's Poetic Conception of Woman," and Mr. H. S. Salt contributes an appreciation of Thoreau. "The Contemporary Review" contains an article by Mr. Henry Rose on "Ibsen as a Religious Teacher," in which some striking analogies are noticed between Ibsen and Swedenborg, the latter being a writer whom great literary men do not neglect, even if the general public does. "Verses ascribed to Shakespeare," by Mr. J. H. Ingram, and "The Irony of Samuel Butler," by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy appear in "The Albany Review."

* * *

Among the articles of political and general interest in "The Contemporary Review" are a characteristic pronouncement on "The Necessary Basis of Society," by Mr. Sidney Webb, with which we propose to deal elsewhere; forcible articles in favor of the Licensing Bill by Sir Thomas P. Whittaker and Sir Oliver Lodge; a continuation of Mr. Thomas Lough's series of articles on "Free Trade and the late Ministry," with special reference to the Sugar Convention; "Oxford in the 'Sixties," by Mr. H. E. P. Platt, in which Mark Pattison appears in a very unpleasant light; and a rejoinder by Mr. Stephen Coleridge to Mr. Stephen Paget's reply to his former article on vivisection. To "The Fortnightly Review" Sir Francis Channing contributes some very interesting and gracefully written recollections of the late Prime Minister; Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald replies to Dr. Beattie-Crozier in an article on "Socialism and Politics," and there are interesting anonymous articles on "Delane and the 'Times,'" and "Gunnery Records of the Fleet." The concluding sentence of the Delane article is worth quoting in view of present and coming developments: "The 'Times' has ceased to interest us; indeed, as a national institution, as the arbiter of great issues, as the organ of the intellectual and governing class, it has ceased to exercise influence and control." In "The Nineteenth Century" Lord Esher gives his personal reminiscences of General Gordon; Mr. J. A. R. Marriott opposes the contention that it is the business of the State to provide work for the unemployed; Sir William White discusses with great weight and knowledge "The Cult of the Monster Warship," and urges, on the lines of his articles in the "Spectator," that an inquiry into the policy of making an increase in the number of "Dreadnoughts" ought to be held; Bishop Welldon treats of the Pan-Anglican Congress; and Sir Roper Lethbridge traces the evolution of Tariff Reform in the Tory Party. "The Albany Review" contains articles on "Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman," by Mr. Harold Spender; "Old-Age Pensions and the Budget," by Mr. William Sutherland; and a criticism of Mr. Mallock's book on Socialism by Professor Edward Jenks, a very learned and competent critic of the school of the new philosophical Radicalism.

* * *

A Novel-Reader's Guide.—"The Hate Flame." By Percy Barron (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.). The "hate flame" is the feeling of Ireland towards England. A young Englishman tries to extinguish it by developing Ireland's commercial resources; he is thwarted by a Catholic priest.—"Tangled Wedlock." By Edgar Jepson (Hutchinson, 6s.). A group of faddists who imagine they are leaders of advanced thought and the effects produced on a young girl brought up among them, treated in a vein of amusing satire.—"The Chase of the Golden Plate." By Jacques Futrelle (Collier, 6s.). A fairly good example of the American detective story.—"The Butcher of Bruton Street." By Arthur Applin (Grant Richards, 6s.). A grim story of a fashionable surgeon and a dancer told in a way clearly designed to shock the reader.—"A King of Mars." By Avis Hekking (John Long, 6s.). An account of a bloodless revolution in the planet Mars, and other equally exciting adventures.

The Week in the City.

The Stock Exchange is at last in a really happy and confident mood, more happy perhaps and with better grounds for confidence than at any time since the Boer war. A tour round the City yesterday among bankers and brokers convinced me that a great deal of money has been coming forward for investment. And this, indeed, was to be expected; for why should people keep money on deposit at one per cent. when gilt-edged securities are still comparatively cheap? If the general view be correct, and theory confirms it, there is no reason why first-class securities should not continue to appreciate for some time to come. At present there is no sign of an upward tendency in money and discount rates, though well-informed men in the City think that trade is beginning to improve a little, especially in the West Riding. The reduction of the Berlin rate from 5 to 4½ per cent. has come at last, and the German papers say that the "consortium" which undertook to place the new German loans is at last beginning to get rid of its uncomfortable burden. New issues are being taken up with an avidity which shows that loanable capital is more plentiful than anybody supposed a couple of months ago.

Japanese and Russian Bonds.

After our own Government and Municipal securities, the foreign market seems to be the most general favorite. The high premium which has been established on the Moscow City loan reflects the considerable upward movement that has taken place in Russian securities. That improvement is certainly not justified by the condition of Russia's finances, or by the financial competence of the Russian Government. It is a testimony to the extraordinary strength and credulity of the French investor, and, perhaps, also to a belief that the Anglo-French *entente* is an additional guarantee of peace in Europe. Japanese bonds have been improving still more rapidly in the last few days, and here the rise seems to be justified by a "Times" telegram from Tokio announcing a surplus of over six millions on last year's estimates.

The Kaffir Market.

In the opinion of some the public fancy for gold mines is likely to return, and, in fact, "Kaffirs" are already a good deal above the lowest. A good deal of discrimination is necessary in this branch of investment; but I am told that orders (for the first time for many years) are coming from South Africa. This is certainly an encouraging sign. But it must be remembered that a vast number of investors have burnt their fingers badly in gold and diamond mines, and the principle of "once bit, twice shy" is likely to hold speculation in check.

American Railways.

Reports from the United States speak of a revival in some branches of business; but, on the whole, trade is still in the depths of depression. The best that can be said for railroads is that the retrenchments and curtailments of expenditure have begun to have their effect, and the net losses on receipts compared with last year, which were so large, have been greatly diminished. This, however, must be mainly at the expense of improvements and repairs. On the other hand, the crop reports are still very promising. The wheat looks splendid, and even the cotton is much better than last year. The passing of the Currency Bill is supposed to have removed the immediate fear of another monetary crisis. Upon the whole, then, it seems probable that even in the American market the ups are likely to predominate over the downs, but no one cares to prophesy. Mexico is still suffering from a severe depression, caused by the withdrawal of foreign capital and the difficulty of attracting more to the various mining and other ventures which are spread before the investing bird.

Lucellum.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's
Navy Cut
Tobacco and
Cigarettes

Sold only in the original Packets and Tins, and may be obtained from all Stores and Tobacconists of repute

0487.

TANGYE
OIL ENGINE
AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.
NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING
TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE
RED
WHITE
& BLUE
Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

Liver troubles

are speedily and effectually cured by LIVERETS. The great disadvantage of most liver medicines is that they have a distinctly debilitating effect on the health.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) *Liverets*
STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE

Are especially compounded to overcome this evil. Prepared, as prescribed by an eminent physician, from purely vegetable ingredients, they thoroughly cleanse the liver of all impurities and leave it perfectly healthy. And the valuable tonic properties they possess, stimulate the liver while they relieve it, and, finally, make it sound and strong enough to enable it to perform its functions in a healthy, natural way. Of all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free, 1/1½, from

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. Beware of spurious imitations.

BIRKBECK BANK
ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD
(Via NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. / OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. / TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the
GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,
London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description, high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words, prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Moat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club
Bargains
Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

EDUCATIONAL.

COUNTY OF LONDON.

The London County Council invites applications for the appointment of an ASSISTANT MASTER specially qualified in English subjects at the Camden Secondary School for Boys.

The salary attaching to the post will commence at £150 a year, and will rise by annual increments of £10, subject to satisfactory service, to a maximum of £300 a year.

A commencing salary higher than the minimum stated above will be allowed in consideration of satisfactory experience, and in this connection two years' satisfactory service in a school approved by the Council for the purpose will be counted as equivalent to one year spent in one of the Council's secondary schools, provided that (1) experience of less than two years in any one school shall not be reckoned; and (2) not more than ten years' outside service in all shall be taken into account.

Applications should be made on Form T.S. 56, to be obtained, together with particulars of the appointment, from the Clerk of the London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Monday, 22nd June, 1908, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date. All communications on the subject must be endorsed "Camden Secondary School," and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Canvassing either directly or indirectly will be held to be a disqualification for employment.

G. L. GOMME,
Clerk of the London County Council.

Education Offices.
Victoria Embankment, W.C.
30th May, 1908.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities, Citizenship Course, Leisure Hour Work (Natural History, Archæology, Carpentry, etc.).

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

SCHOLARSHIP ENTRIES DUE JULY 1ST.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE
UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL.

Examination for Scholarships (£60-£20) begins on June 10th at Giggleswick, in London, or under conditions, at Preparatory Schools. Apply Head Master, Giggleswick School, Settle, Yorks.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

MILL HILL SCHOOL,
LONDON, N.W.

The Next Examination for Entrance Scholarships (value 15 guineas to 60 guineas) will be held on Thursday, July 2nd, and two following days. For further particulars apply to the Bursar.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

An Examination will be held on June 24th, 25th, and 26th to fill up not less than 5 residential and 3 non-residential Scholarships and also some Exhibitions. For particulars apply by letter to the Bursar, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.
A limited number of boarders received.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION, July 1st and 2nd.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

ESSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

County Central Laboratories, Chelmsford.
AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL INSTRUCTION.

1.—WINTER SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE.
2.—SCHOOL OF HORTICULTURE.
3.—DAIRY SCHOOL.
4.—SPECIAL COURSES.

Full particulars of these Courses may be had on application to THE SECRETARY, County Technical Laboratories, Chelmsford.

WILLASTON SCHOOL, NANTWICH.

In the Cheshire Plain, four miles from Crewe. Opened in 1900. Modern Buildings, standing in 24 acres of grounds. Preparations for University Scholarships and Matriculation, or for Professional and Commercial life.

NEXT ENTRANCE EXAMINATION JULY 21st, AT THE SCHOOL.

For prospectus and particulars of admission on the Foundation, apply to the Head Master, H. L. JONES, M.A. (Oxon.), or to the Clerk to the Governors, 38, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, *Near the British Museum.*
Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

THACKERAY HOTEL,
Opposite the British Museum.
Great Russell Street, London.

These well-appointed and commodious **Temperance Hotels** will, it is believed, meet the requirements at moderate charges of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (*including attendance*) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**
Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, From **8/6** to **10/6** per day.
Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
Telegraphic Addresses—
Kingsley Hotel, "Bookcraft, London." Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.
HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and of the remedies to be applied."
—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."
—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.
WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.
THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), **DORSET.**
BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.
ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.
THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

BARON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Magnificent Moor Views.

DEAL.
BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.
CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.
ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.
DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.
THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.
COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.
HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.
COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.
CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.
HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.
SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).
SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.
PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.
GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

PORTSMOUTH.
SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647.

SOUTHSEA.
STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.
"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.
REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Ronner.

WHITBY.
WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.
WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager

WARD, LOCK Co's. LIST.

NEW SIX-SHILLING FICTION.

THE WHEEL O' FORTUNE.
By LOUIS TRACY.

"There are plenty of novel readers who cherish a hearty admiration for Mr. Louis Tracy's stories. The author is always bright, stimulating, and fresh. He affects a breezy man of the world style, and his general outlook is invariably healthy and high-spirited. 'The Wheel o' Fortune,' indeed, illustrates all his good qualities."—*The Standard.*

THE MOTHER.
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

"'The Mother' is a rich and beautiful book, alive and true, captivating us instantly, and never allowing our interest to drop and flag."—*Morning Post.*

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH.
By ROBERT BARR.

"It is delightful reading, essentially modern, dealing as it does with modern financial questions. It is just such a story as Mr. Robert Barr knows how to write. Enjoyment and not sorrow is its destined end."—*Liverpool Post.*

THE LAW OF THE LAND.
By FRED M. WHITE.

Author of "The Crimson Blind," "The Corner House," etc.

ANGELA'S MARRIAGE.
By L. G. MOBERLY.

" Author of "That Preposterous Will," " Dan, and Another," etc.

BY NEVA'S WATERS.
By JOHN R. CARLING.

"A charming story, and one which will especially appeal to those who delight in historical romance."—*Irish Independent.*

THE MILLIONAIRE'S SON.
By FLORENCE WARDEN.

" A brisk, dramatic, and thoroughly readable story."—*The Birmingham Post.*

MY LADY'S KISS.
By NORMAN INNES.

A Seventeenth Century Romance.

"The book is imbued with the spirit of the times. The story goes with a surge and a stir that make the blood of the reader quicken and his spirit keep pace."—*Sheffield Independent.*

The Sequel to "Mr. Barnes of New York."

THE SHADOW OF A VENDETTA
By A. C. GUNTER.

TINMAN.
By TOM GALLON.

"The story is well considered and well written, and worthy of a place among the books which provide genuine entertainment."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE MISSIONER.
By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

"A good story, written in this author's crisp and always interesting style. The lady of Thorpe is a sweetly attractive creation, the missioner a striking type of idealist."—*Scotsman.*

FAMOUS SHILLING GUIDE BOOKS.

These well-known Guide Books are based upon what may be called the "centre" principle, it being assumed that the reader will make one of the well-known tourist resorts or watering places his head-quarters, and explore the surrounding district at his leisure and convenience. Each guide, therefore, deals not only with the town from which it takes its title, but with all places likely to be visited from that town. Several places are, of necessity, described in more than one volume.

ENGLAND AND WALES.

ALDEBURGH.
BATH.
BEXHILL.
BIDEFORD.
BLACKPOOL.
BOGNOR.
BOURNEMOUTH.
BRIDLINGTON and FILEY.
BRIGHTON and HOVE.
BROADSTAIRS.
BUXTON.
CANTERBURY.
CHANNEL ISLANDS
CLEVEDON.
CLIFTON, BRISTOL and DISTRICT.
CROMER.
DARTMOOR.
DAWLISH.
DEAL.
DOVER.
DOVERCOURT.
EASTBOURNE.
ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.
EXETER.
EXMOUTH.
FALMOUTH.
FELIXSTOWE.
FOLKESTONE.
HARROGATE.
HASTINGS.
HERNE BAY.
ILFRACOMBE.
ISLE OF MAN.
ISLE OF WIGHT.
LEAMINGTON.
LITTLEHAMPTON.
LIVERPOOL.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS.
LLANDUDNO.
LONDON and the FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.
LOWESTOFT.
LYME REGIS.
LYNTON and LYNMOUTH.
LYTHAM.
MALVERN.
MARGATE.
MATLOCK.
MINEHEAD.
NEWQUAY.
PENZANCE.
PLYMOUTH.
PORTSMOUTH.
RAMSGATE.
SCARBOROUGH.
SIDMOUTH.
SKEGNESS.
SOUTHSEA.
SOUTHWOLD.
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.
SUTTON-ON-SEA & MABLETHORPE.
SWANAGE.
TEIGNMOUTH.
TORQUAY.
WALES, NORTH (Northern Section).
WALES, NORTH (Southern Section).
WALES, SOUTH.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
WEYMOUTH.
WHITBY.
WOODHALL SPA.
WORTHING.
WYE VALLEY.
YARMOUTH and the BROADS.

SCOTLAND.

ABERDEEN.
EDINBURGH and the EXHIBITION, 1908
GLASGOW.
HIGHLANDS and ISLANDS.
INVERNESS.
OBAN.

IRELAND.

ANTRIM.
BELFAST.
CORK.
DONEGAL HIGHLANDS.
DUBLIN.
KILLARNEY.
WATERFORD.

THE CONTINENT.

BELGIUM, 2s. 6d.
HOLLAND, 2s. 6d.
PARIS, 1s. & 2s. 6d.
SWITZERLAND, 1s.

WARD, LOCK Co's. Ltd., SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 11.] SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Diary of the Week	365
Politics and Affairs:—	
A New Political Development	367
The Basis of the Triple Entente	368
Our Opportunity in India	370
Co-operators and Politics	371
An Invasion of Liberty	373
Life and Letters:—	
"In His Blindness"	374
Democracy and the Expert	375
The Midsummer Trout	376
Present-Day Problems:—	
The Prospects of the Territorial Forces. By A Territorial Officer	377
Art:—	
The Entente in Fine Art	378
Letters to the Editor:—	
Does the Sugar Convention Betray Free Trade? By Ernest Villiers, M.P.	379
The Problem of Rural Housing. By Philip Morrell, M.P.	380
Experiments on Animals. By Dr. Greville MacDonald	380
Votes for Women. By A. Grimshaw Haywood, Clementina Black, and Emily Tomlinson	381
"The Peril of the Government." By R. Henderson Smith	381
The Meaning of "Bande Mataram." By J. D. Rees, M.P.	381
Jesuits as Murderers. By A Catholic Reader of The Nation	382
Political and Theological Liberalism. By C. E. Maurice	382
Liberal Adullamites. By the Rev. Malcolm MacCallum	383
Trade Returns for May. By W. T.	383
The Gathering of Wild Flowers and Fruit. By S.	383
The Defence of the Licensing Bill. By Lieut.-Col. D. C. Pedder	383
Poetry:—	
Sonnet, from Pushkin. By C. Garnett	383
The World of Books	384
Books to be Read	384
Reviews:—	
The Story of the Volunteers	385
Spain Through English Spectacles. By Martin Hume	385
The Golden Bough. By Edward Clodd	386
Some Recent Verse	388
The Ethics of Illustration	390
The Autobiography of a Romanoff	392
Books in Brief:—	
South Africa at Home	394
Holland	394
More Society Recollections	394
Yorkshire Vales and Wolds	394
British Year Book of Agriculture	394
The Peak Country	394
Our Lady in Art	396
A Novel-Reader's Guide	396
The Week in the City	396

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The meeting between the King and the Tsar took place on Tuesday in fine weather at Reval, and visits were exchanged between the Royal and Imperial yachts, the King wearing a Russian dragoon uniform, the Tsar that of the Scots Greys, and the Emperor being created an Admiral of the British Fleet. The Tsar was accompanied, not only by his wife and children, but by M. Stolypin, the Premier, M. Isvolsky, the Foreign Minister, and by the Russian Ambassador in Great Britain. On the King's side, however, only permanent officials, Sir Charles Hardinge, of the Foreign Office, Sir John Fisher, of the Admiralty, and Sir John French, of the Army, were present, and the "Westminster Gazette" properly asks why, if these forms were observed in a despotic country, Sir Edward Grey did not represent our own constitutional and Parliamentary Sovereignty. On Wednesday the formal banquet took place on board the "Standart," and the diplomatic speeches were made, both declaring that the visit would contribute not only to bring the two countries close together, but to maintain the peace of the world. The Tsar emphasised the number of questions settled between Russia and Great Britain, and declared that the agreements embodying these arrangements were of "limited scope." On this the "Times" makes the specific announcement of a complete Anglo-Russian agreement on Macedonia, Russia allowing that Macedonian civil needs shall have the first charge on Macedonian revenues. Practically, the entire Continental Press agrees that an Anglo-Franco-Russian *entente* has been established. The most unfriendly comment is that of the "Neue Freie Presse," which probably represents the German view. The Viennese organ insists that "wildly foaming national hatred" plays beneath the surface of the *entente*, that Britain is still building up a system of anti-German understandings, and that the meeting would bring a strong element of restlessness into the world. The "North German Gazette" is friendly, suggesting that the *entente* is confined to Macedonia and Persia, but the Berlin Radical press is thoroughly alarmed and angry. Sir Edward Grey's engagements cover every part of the world save that where peace is really in danger.

* * *

Sir Bampfylde Fuller, lately Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal, has written an ill-judged letter to the "Times" under the burlesque title of "J'accuse," inspired by what he regards as his own "abandonment" by the Indian and Imperial Government. The letter condemns the Government for its weak attitude to the Swadeshi movement, for the release of Lajpat Rai, and for the offer of what it calls "conciliatory plums" to agitation. But it admits that scope must be afforded to the aspirations which "we ourselves in schools and colleges have been engendering and fostering, aspirations which are gradually restoring to the country its political self-respect." Meanwhile, the Indian Government has, with great haste, framed and passed two Acts of repressive legislation. The first is a Press Act, which partly revives the Lytton legislation of 1878. It appears to deal only with incitements to crime and gives magistrates power to confiscate printing presses and to stop the issue of offending papers. It is impossible to disapprove of the suppression of journals which, according to extracts read by Sir Harvey Adamson, called on the Bengalis to use bombs and to "light the sacrificial fires fed with blood." The Explosives Act is on the lines of the English Bill. Both measures were passed in a day. Lord Minto, in commending them, declared that young India must be saved from the doctrines of "murderous anarchy," but that the "political aspirations of honest reformers" would be met.

* * *

Meanwhile the situation has been considerably lightened by Lord Morley's speech on Thursday at the annual dinner of the Indian Civil Service Club. The speech was carefully phrased and balanced, but its tone was unmistakably that of a reformer. Lord Morley said truly that now the Indian Secretary had to keep his watch "on two longitudes," he had to consider India and the British Parliament under democracy. His language on the outrages was grave, but not tragic or panic-stricken. There was no "earthquake," but "rather heavy clouds" had arisen on the horizon and were sailing over the Indian skies. There was, in fact, "a certain estrangement and alienation of races in India."

* * *

As to methods, though the first duty of Government was to keep order, it must be reconciled with the legitimate "ideas and aspirations" of the Indian people. "Pure repression" was impossible: it would involve the breakdown of British statesmanship. On this point Lord Morley spoke with emphasis and powerful suggestion of the first establishment of universities in India, an event which he called "deeper" and "more momentous" than the transfer of the machinery of Government to the Crown from the old East India Company. "When we talk of education," said Lord Morley, significantly, "we are getting very near the

root of the case." He spoke in praise of the great "self-command" shown by the governing classes in India in face of the campaign of bombs. He approved both of the Press Act and the Explosives Act, the former of which tempered executive action with judicial process, and was aimed, not at criticism, but only at direct incitement to murder, "incendiary froth, stained with bloodshed." "You may," said Lord Morley, in his picturesque way, "put picric acid in the pen and ink just as much as in any steel bomb." But he declared his belief in a great body of "reasonable people," on whose steadiness and enlightenment the rulers of India might build. The speech seems to us to be conceived in a spirit of courage and complete faithfulness to Lord Morley's ideals, and to breathe a cautious but thoroughly progressive spirit. It should, therefore, be of great promise for the future of Indian reform.

* * *

The Miners' Federation, which now stands practically for the entire organised body of British miners, has decided by 213,137 votes against 168,294 to affiliate with the Labor Representative Committee, in other words, with the Parliamentary Labor Party. This reverses the decision of 1906, when the affiliation was rejected by 10,000 votes. It almost destroys the Liberal-Labor group in the House of Commons, thirteen members of which, out of a total of twenty-two, must, after the ratification of the vote, cross the floor and sit with their Labor colleagues on the Labor benches. The new arrangement, however, is well discounted, and will lead to little friction. Life-long members of the Liberal Party, like Mr. Burt and Mr. Fenwick, may decline to transfer their allegiance, and their path will doubtless be made easy for them.

* * *

The Conferences of Friendly Societies, held during the Whitsun Recess, have spoken freely on the Old Age Pensions Bill. Generally the tone has been friendly, but details have been freely criticised. The points most objected to were the low limit of income and the high limit of age which most speakers thought would exclude many members of their organisations. They also appear to prefer an age limit of sixty-five, and their arguments tended in the direction of a sliding scale. On the other hand, Trade Unionists are said to prefer the fixed limit, but we strongly hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will acknowledge the overwhelming weight of the argument in favor of a sliding arrangement. If this change were made and the wide and loose sweep of the language of the section which imposes a test of character were changed, the friends of the Bill would probably accept the elimination of paupers from the 1st of January last as a temporary measure pending a general reform of the Poor Law. The Chancellor has already stated that the earlier estimate of six millions must be expanded and that the first year's cost of the scheme will be nearer seven millions.

* * *

Just as last December Turkish aggression on the frontier almost led to civil war between the Shah and his Parliament, so now pressure from Russia has brought Shah and Parliament to the brink of war. On the day the Russian ultimatum was accepted, the Royal Clan urged the Shah to dismiss his reactionary counsellors who were under Russian influence. The Shah agreed, and the chief of them took refuge in the Russian Legation. On Sunday last, however, the Shah suddenly left Teheran, recalled the old clique, imprisoned some notables who were sent to protest, issued a proclamation against the reformers, and appointed a new governor of Teheran and others officials in violation of the Constitution. He is now outside Teheran, gathering forces, while the reformers are mustering theirs. The strength of the Constitutionalists is in the towns, and the Shah hopes to have the peasants on his side. If the reformers' suspicions are just, the Anglo-Russian agreement has not succeeded in making Persia's neighbours stand aside and leave Persia to work out her fate free from foreign interference.

* * *

The high treason trial at Cettinge has been enlivened by the testimony of a witness, named Nastic, who turned King's evidence, to the effect that the bombs intended to be employed against Prince Nicolas were made at the Servian State Arsenal with the connivance of the King and Crown Prince of Servia. The Austrian Press hastens to say that there must be some truth in this story, but Austria welcomes anything likely to keep Servia docile, and outside Austria nobody credits it, though the incident has led to a diplomatic rupture between Servia and Montenegro. Neither King Peter nor his son is particularly nice, but they are not imbeciles, and it is probable that the Cettinge trial is an attempt to ruin the National Democratic Party in Montenegro, which is displeasing to the autocratic Prince, and at the same time to damage Servia. None of the evidence yet produced is worth the slightest credence, and it has been given so far chiefly by spies like Nastic and other gentlemen of similar calibre.

* * *

On Sunday Mulai Hafid entered Fez, and Kaid Anfloos, the last of Abdul Aziz's supporters, is preparing to go over to his rival. Abdul Aziz's game is up, and with it the French policy of naked aggression, but the Colonial party is making a desperate effort to prevent the French Government recognising Mulai Hafid, who is now *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, Sultan of all Morocco, except a few ports dominated by foreign guns. The "Temps" surpasses itself in sophistry by arguing that, because the Algeciras Act was signed by Abdul Aziz, Europe is pledged to maintain him, even though the Moors have deposed him. On the same principle, in the event of a royalist revolution in France, Russia would be bound to intervene to restore the Republic. Of course, Europe's sole concern is that the Sultan, whoever he be, should execute the Algeciras Act. Mulai Hafid is willing to do that, and to recognise him is the first step towards its execution. But the French jingoes do not want the Algeciras Act to be carried out in all sincerity.

* * *

This day (Saturday) a great procession of the moderate section of the Women Suffragists, led by Mrs. Fawcett, will march to the Albert Hall. An invitation was sent to the Prime Minister, and Mrs. Asquith replied expressing personal sympathy with the movement. On the other hand, a mixed body of public men and women, who do not represent the full strength of the women's memorial against the suffrage issued some years ago, have started a hostile agitation. The best known names among the women leaders of the anti-suffragists are Lady Weardale, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mrs. Max Müller. The Committee propose to start a National Women's Anti-Suffrage Association. Their chief grounds of opposition are the "spirit of sex-antagonism" that the extreme Suffragists have evoked, the dislike of great bodies of women to hostile action against husbands or brothers, and the unfitness of the vast majority of women, who, the Committee declare, "know nothing whatever of politics, or parties, or the nation, or the Empire."

* * *

A lively and very searching discussion was started in the House of Commons on Thursday on the working

of the Small Holdings Bill. Sir Edward Strachey gave an inspiriting account of the extent of the movement towards the land. Already 16,000 people had applied for a quarter of a million of acres. Furthermore, co-operative societies were being formed in Essex and elsewhere in order to rent land. Unfortunately it seems that the machinery of the Act is working so slowly that as yet no one of the 16,000 has actually been settled on an acre of soil. Blame for this delay was divided between the Board of Agriculture and the County Councils. Mr. Morrell, speaking for Oxfordshire, and Mr. Montagu, for Cambridgeshire, thought that the Councils had been working hard, but that the Small Holdings Commissioners had done little or nothing. On the other hand, Mr. Bennett, who represents the Woodstock Division, insisted that the landlords and their friends on the County Councils were unsympathetic and even obstructive, and that, unless the Board brought pressure to bear, no notices to quit land wanted for small holdings would be served this year, and no farms actually secured before 1910. The work of sifting applications and guarding against loss is doubtless a difficult one, but we hope it will be expedited.

* * *

The Duma on Saturday adopted the Budget Commission's recommendation and rejected the credit for battleship construction, despite a strong appeal by M. Stolypin. The vote asked for was small, but it belonged to a programme the execution of which was intended to cost £228,000,000 in the next ten years. The Duma has its doubts about this ambitious scheme, but the line it took for the moment was that the Navy Department must be radically reformed before it could be trusted with the handling of money. M. Guchkoff, the Octobrist leader, bitterly complained that the Department was as bad as during the war, that those who had led the navy to Tshushima still held office, and that Admiral Alexeieff, the most incompetent of all, was actually being put forward as candidate for the Ministry of Marine. The Duma's resolution to insist upon reform and to control naval and military policy marks a great advance of independence. Clearly any Russian Parliament, be its elements the least Liberal, must slide into opposition to the bureaucratic Government.

* * *

Mr. Burns spoke with insight and humour on Monday in opening a new recreation ground in connection with a co-operative housing plan at Ealing. He denounced what he called "the spirit of the horde" under which people "cried in companies, smiled in battalions, sported in divisions, holidayed in armies, and married in mobs." He did not like to see "120,000 men without a woman among them watching twenty-two players developing the wrong end of their anatomy." "Where the women and the child were not, there was the beast," he added. The remedy was a return to the pursuit of individual happiness which was to be sought in the garden and in home and family games, and to which the work of the old County Council—not, let us hasten to add, of its successor—has greatly contributed.

* * *

The results of the cricket season thus far point to a return of fortune to Yorkshire. Her three serious rivals—Surrey, Lancashire, and Nottinghamshire—have all lost a match. She remains unbeaten, largely on account of the revived power of her bowling and of Hirst's unrivalled gifts in every department of the game. Surrey is probably the best team of County batsmen, but she lacks a great captain and a great fast bowler. On Wednesday she succeeded with some difficulty in drawing her Whitsuntide game against Nottinghamshire, her old rival, and she has proved to be no match for the great Northern eleven.

Politics and Affairs.

A NEW POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT.

The decision of the Miners' Federation in favor of union with the Labor Representation Committee, in other words with the Parliamentary Labor Party, is an event of real political importance. As it takes effect, it must impair the nominal strength of the Ministerial Party in the House of Commons, and must change the superficial and the real basis of Liberalism in the country. The Durham miners have stood aloof from the ballotings, which have yielded a majority of nearly 45,000 votes for amalgamation, but substantially the mass of miners tend to united action. The attraction of the new force has overcome attachment to the old. Formal partnership is dissolved, and henceforward Liberalism must look to the miners as Sweden now looks to Norway, that is to say, it must court their friendship without being able to count on their alliance. The material loss is not inconsiderable. When the new ties have been consummated, about a dozen members of the House of Commons will cross over from the right to the left of the Speaker. In the constituencies the great mining interest, which controls, or partly controls, nearly a hundred seats, will nominally be independent. The old links with the Liberal organisations will gradually be dissolved, and veterans like Mr. Burt, Mr. Fenwick, and Mr. John Wilson, born and bred in the Liberal atmosphere, fully absorbing its best thought and most exalted feeling, and trained in its most generous traditions of statesmanship, will feel themselves thrown on a new and somewhat alien world. And, on the other hand, Liberalism must needs suffer from losing contact with one of the soberest and most virile strains in the Labor movement. The miners are sturdy folk. Their moral strength and intellectual resources may be judged by the quality of the men they have sent to Parliament. Members like Mr. Burt and Mr. Fenwick would adorn any assembly, and are fitted to fill almost any position in a legislative body. It is these pioneers who have made straight the way for the Labor Party, and are to-day ensamples of democracy, models of the firm, continent, self-possessed and self-controlled type of governing man, who has spread the fame and sustained the might of England all the world over.

The immediate consequences of the new development can hardly be revolutionary. The miners give to the Labor movement a steadying and, on the whole, a conservative force. They are strong trade unionists, and the great majority are not Socialists. It will be interesting to see what part they will play in the inevitable work of readjusting the constitution of the Parliamentary Labor Party. They are likely to call for some modification of the pedantic and impracticable rule which forbids co-operation with the old political parties —that is to say, which turns their leaders into tied agents of the central organisation, depriving them of power and responsibility. They will almost certainly raise the vexed question of the position of trade councils and of Socialist societies on the Labor Representation Committee, and will call for a trade union basis both in policy and in representation. Their accession will

greatly strengthen the financial side of the movement. The trade union contribution will be overwhelming, and many more members of Parliament will be sustained from it, while the Socialist and middle-class element, which has much to do with ideas, but little with maintenance, may be eliminated altogether or greatly reduced in voting power and importance. In a word, the new combination may practically imply a reversion to the views and practice of the Trade Union Congress, linked with an element of semi-Socialist but cautious and opportunist policy. Organised, militant trade unionism will reappear in a political dress, but stamped with the old hall-mark.

It is clear that both the regular political parties are likely to suffer in this process. Toryism will probably be wiped out among the organised industries, for Protection will not go down with the cotton-workers, the body of trade unionists where Tory democracy had made most converts, and Mr. Balfour's cold and sceptical Conservatism, essentially old-fashioned and based on privilege, cannot live in the fresher atmosphere of workmen's politics. And Liberalism will have to fight for working-class support, to earn it, and to pay for it. But, on the other hand, a certain loss of ideas, of power, variety, and freedom in their expression, must result from a breach with Socialism, and a decline of Mr. Keir Hardie's influence, and that of his middle-class lieutenants and sympathisers. Labor will always be a source of inspiration, of suggestion, in politics; it is bound to think and act rightly in so many questions where the average partisan is inclined to go wrong. But in proportion as the Labor movement reverts to a purely class basis, it ceases to become a competitor in the actual business of government with the older constitutional organisations. No pure workman's party can go very far. Middle-class brains and training are indispensable to it. It must depend on lawyers for its draughtsmanship of Bills, its foundation of ideas and schemes of policy. If by any miracle it actually came into power, it would find itself at sea in the management of affairs—dependent on admirals, generals, diplomatists, civil officials, the powerful, sheltered, experienced hierarchy of experts which is always in power, and even in some of its branches counts on its ability to thwart a Radical, to say nothing of a Labor, Administration. Recent experience hardly encourages the belief that we shall soon see a transfer of superintending force from the classes which monopolise the higher intellectual training to those which are still shut out from it. A man of genius springing from the soil or the workshop might modify these disabilities, but he could not remove them.

For these reasons we are not likely to witness great political changes as the result of the inclusion in the Parliamentary labor movement even of so splendid a natural force as the miners can supply. But the event is one to be marked by the Government and the Liberal Party. Labor is now being regimented into a Parliamentary army, which may within the next few years command a hundred votes, or, say, a sixth of the Parliamentary representation. It can no longer be ticked off as so many safe votes in the Liberal Whip's pocket-book. It must be taken into account, in time into partnership. This is a clear development of the group system, with which Continental statesmanship is familiar. Liberalism cannot be deposed; the two-party method is still closely linked with our constitutional development, with the ingrained habits and old memories of the British people. But its leaders have now to be tested in their capacity to grasp a new situation, to realise that they must come to a definite electoral and Parliamentary understanding with Labor, throwing aside obsolete traditions, and envisaging the essential conditions of democracy, opening the higher schools, the universities, the services, to the people as a whole, and standing boldly for equality of intellectual, economic, and political opportunity. Thus it will attain a concrete faith and basis of its own. In such a process of renewal this statesman or that may fall back into Toryism if he will. But the party as a whole, bent on assuring its future, cherishing its old ideals of peace, freedom for trade and nationality, and organic social development, as opposed to revolutionary theory, but advancing to a firm conception of national well-being, will renew its life and ennoble its activities.

THE BASIS OF THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

A Russian newspaper, commenting on Sir Edward Grey's speech upon the Reval visit described it as the greatest political utterance since Disraeli. The judgment is severe, but it serves to underline the sharp departure which the speech proclaimed from the traditions of a Liberal foreign policy. The speech was, in effect, an argument, plausible, and even eloquent, in favor of an attitude of color-blindness towards the character and polity of foreign States with which we have dealings. That a Liberal democracy may conclude with a despotism an understanding as cordial and as intimate as that which links it to a Radical Republic, that the undiminished horrors of the repression in Russia should play no part in deflecting our sympathies from the Government which bears for them the indisputable responsibility, that a Tsar who has given his hand to the organisers of Jewish massacres is as fit a subject for royal courtesies as a French President or an Italian King—these are the conclusions to which this attitude drives us. It is an attitude which is quite logical and defensible, but the context of ideas in which alone it can thrive has no relation to Liberalism. Assume that our Empire exhausts our obligations and our sympathies towards mankind, interpret patriotism as a pursuit of national greatness, controlled by no sense of a wider human community, and it will seem natural to choose our allies without regard to their character, and accept the friendship of a despotism, if it can serve us in adjusting the general balance of power to our own ends. The Whigs of the last century had a wider and more human outlook. They conceived of Liberalism as an international principle, and believed that the shortest road to peace lay through the triumph of the ideas of nationality and popular rights. The key to Palmerston's policy—wayward, tactless, and unfaithful to itself, though it often was—was, as he put it himself, a deter-

mination "to give moral support to the constitutional principle." He would not have given his support to a Government, whose Ministers "thank God that there is no Parliament in Russia." The man who defended the popular indignation which resulted in the mobbing of General Haynau in London, on the ground that this man, who had flogged women prisoners, was "a great moral criminal," would not have sanctioned a visit to a Tsar who has protected torturers, and rules in time of peace with the aid of field courts-martial. When he dared the Queen's displeasure by receiving the exile Kossuth, he was not ashamed to enjoy the approval of Radical deputations which talked in plain English about "despots and assassins." To the remonstrances of Queen Victoria, who saw the world as a community of Courts and never caught a glimpse of a nation, Lord John Russell had an answer which has its pointed application to Reval. "Somewhat of the good opinion of the Emperor of Russia and other foreign sovereigns may be lost," he wrote in a general defence of Palmerston's policy, "but the goodwill and affection of the people of England are retained, a great security in these times."

Sir Edward Grey appeared to be conscious that his extreme reading of the principle of non-interference looked like a departure from Liberal traditions. He recognised the right of interference, with an almost legal precision, in two specific cases—when treaties sanction our intervention as in Turkey, and when an oppressed nationality is struggling against alien rule. These distinctions are somewhat arbitrary, and in any event they have no application to the present case, since no one proposes that we should actively intervene in Russia. But are there no oppressed nationalities in Russia? Are the Poles, the Georgians, the Finns, and the Jews less worthy of our sympathy than were the Magyars or the Italians? King "Bomba" was not an alien despot in Naples, yet no legalist among the Whigs saw anything more tolerable in his tyranny than in that of the Austrians in Lombardy. We had no treaty rights in Servia to authorise us to express an opinion on the immunity of the regicides from punishment. Treaty rights of interference had always a beginning, and the motive which prompted us to acquire them is of universal application. It was because we sympathised with the subject peoples of Turkey that we insisted on a recognition of our guardianship. That broad fact of sympathy cannot be limited by treaties, or confined to nationalist causes. Only a madman would propose to intervene in Russia. But only a mind which had failed to grasp the elements of Liberalism would dispute our right to allow our sympathy with its victims to regulate the degree of cordiality in our relations with the Russian Government.

The discussion of the ethics of this visit has been for the most part unreal and insincere. Sir Edward Grey created a situation from which it was exceedingly difficult to withdraw. To cancel a visit once publicly announced, on the ground that we disapprove the internal policy of the Tsar, might perhaps be described as an interference in the internal affairs of a friendly State. But to the more fundamental objection that the visit ought never to have been arranged, this argument cannot be opposed. To have refrained for a few years longer from a courtesy to which there is no precedent in the whole history of Russia and Great Britain, would have implied neither interference nor insult. To salute the head of a friendly State is the most natural and proper of acts, when he can fairly be regarded as the representative of his people. A Tsar who dares not show himself in a Russian street or face a Russian crowd is not the representative of Russia. A Tsar who has publicly posed as the patron of the Black Hundreds marks himself out as the head of a disreputable faction, so long as the struggle lasts. Courtesies which must be directed exclusively to the leaders of one party in a civil conflict partake themselves of the nature of an interference. Had Professor Milyukoff or the Speaker of the Third Duma been included among the guests at Reval, the visit might have worn another complexion. But it is M. Stolypin, whose "necktie" popular speech confounds with the hangman's rope, and the Grand Duke Vladimir, whose name is identified with "Bloody Sunday," who have represented Russia at this first fraternisation.

To gauge the future of this relationship, it is necessary to understand the motives which prompted it. It is the case that the Russian Liberals welcome the visit, but it was certainly not their advocacy which induced our Foreign Office to undertake it. The impulse came, in the first instance, from France, whose interests and persuasion, if we are not greatly mistaken, were also responsible for the breach of Free Trade involved in our adherence to the Sugar Convention. The calculations behind French pressure were confined to the sphere of high politics. It was the ideal of M. Delcassé to group all the Powers of Europe, but more especially England, France, and Russia, in a league for the isolation of Germany. His successors may have seen the risks of a too open and aggressive pursuit of the policy of "penning in." But his school still dominates the French Foreign Office, and its organ, the "Temps," is even now advocating the conversion of the Triple Entente, which exists already, into a Triple Alliance with a military basis. In all the recent approaches to Russia, French diplomacy has been the mediator and the go-between. Nothing is further from the mind of Sir Edward Grey than any thought of an aggressive policy towards Germany. But the fear of that war which the "Temps" calls "inevitable" seems none the less to govern his whole strategy. He sees the risk to European peace from German ambitions, and he raises against that danger barrier behind barrier, and after insurance, reinsurance. He wrecked the hope of a reduction of armaments because he feared to surrender our advantage in commerce-destruction. He is preparing public opinion for a great increase in our fleet next year—a contingency of fatal significance for the cause of peace and for the existence of the Liberal Party. And now, as though our "Dreadnoughts" and our destroyers were insufficient, he seems to be nervously seeking for allies on the Continent. True, he has undertaken that no treaty shall be arranged at Reval. But, short of treaties, there may be conventions, more or less formal, which provide for certain contingencies. Few com-

petent authorities doubt that we have already some military convention with France. If no business of this nature was contemplated, it is not easy to guess why Sir John Fisher and Sir John French should both have accompanied the King to Reval, there to meet the Russian Ministers of War and Marine. A more dangerous policy than this of isolating a formidable and alert Power, it would be hard to conceive. It is such preparations against the "inevitable" war which tend to realise the fear that has become an obsession.

The Russian attitude towards Germany is, however, a shifting and very calculating mood on which it would be rash to reckon. The Court has always been, and still is, pro-German. The masses have always detested Germany, mainly because the harshest members of the bureaucracy, from Pleve to Kaulbars, have been Germans by race. The recent publication in M. Stolypin's official organ, "Rossiya," of the statement that Germany had undertaken to lend military aid to Russia, in the event of a revolt in Poland, created a passionate fear of German influence, which suffices to explain the present anxiety for a *rapprochement* with Liberal England. But the Russian Liberals have never done justice to the cleverness of their opponents. Wooed by both King and Kaiser, visited by both, included by each in turn, now in a Baltic and now in an Asiatic Agreement, the Tsar is in a position to take from each the services which each can render. Germany can lend troops. We can lend money. Both may be necessary to a nearly bankrupt Government. Neither suitor can provide all that the bureaucracy wants; it will, therefore, play with both. Amid this competition for influence, knowing that only the need of money ties Russia to England and France, it is hardly likely that we shall risk much by giving unpopular advice, or loading our financial assistance with unwelcome conditions. Carried along by our suspicions of Germany in this struggle for influence at St. Petersburg, we shall have to remember at every turn that the men with whom we sympathise are not the men who can serve us. It is the bureaucracy which makes treaties, arranges commissions on loans, and bestows concessions to financiers. The Liberals have no influence, and the best of them are in gaol. If we are to derive any solid benefits from our friendship with Russia, it will be by cultivating the good graces of its ruling caste—by taking care, in Russell's phrase, lest "somewhat of the good opinion of the Emperor of Russia" should "be lost."

OUR OPPORTUNITY IN INDIA.

No one can regret more than ourselves the tone of Sir Bampfylde Fuller's letter to the "Times" last Saturday. From the title of "J'accuse" down to the conclusion it displayed the undignified temper of a disappointed man. We do not deny that his position as first Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal was difficult. As he says, the Partition was none of his doing. Yet in carrying into effect the policy of splitting a great nationality in two, he was naturally regarded as the embodiment of Lord Curzon's crowning blunder, and the more loyally he attempted to fulfil his orders, the more he exposed himself to the slights and opposition of which he complains. He attempted to fulfil his orders loyally. By that attempt he succeeded in reawakening the long-dormant hostility of Mohammedan and Hindu, he alienated the true leaders of the Hindu population, and he roused a spirit of resentful disaffection in the colleges and schools. We do not wish to try his case again, but we are convinced that if Lord Curzon had not resigned, and if Sir Bampfylde Fuller had remained in Eastern Bengal, it would have been no mere affair of Swadeshi and boycott with which we should have been dealing in the last few months.

But, unfortunate as the letter is, there are some sentences in it well worthy of attention at the present crisis. He does not believe, he says, that, in any case, India could have long continued unchanged:—

> "For the last fifty years," he goes on, "we ourselves in schools and colleges have been engendering and fostering aspirations which are gradually restoring to the country its political self-respect. We have recognised, though not perhaps always quite adequately, that scope must be afforded to these aspirations, and that our legislation must conform more and more to the wishes of the educated classes."

That would not sound much for a Liberal in England to say. Statesmen like Lord Morley have used similar language time and again. But when an Anglo-Indian, trained in the circle of officialdom, and writing in a mood of personal resentment, can still speak in that fashion, it marks a change indeed. It is the signal for reforms that cannot be delayed.

Consider the present situation. The accession of the Liberal Government to power was greeted in India with an outburst of hope and goodwill. It was welcomed as another step in the restoration to the country of its "political self-respect." The increasing irritation of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty had been brought to an end just before, and people were willing to suspend the intense hostility produced by his final act. For his successor they had secured a welcome contrast in Lord Minto—a man of Liberal sympathies, and, what is equally rare and vital in India, of fine tact and courtesy in his dealings. When, only a few months later, Mr. John Morley was appointed Secretary of State, the appointment sent a thrill of joy through the country. We all recognise Lord Morley as a man who laid down the guiding principles of Liberalism in the firmest outlines, and followed them with strong conviction. But, honored as he is in our country for his works and his career, he was regarded by Indians with a more profound devotion. They make better disciples than ourselves, and they had chosen Mr. Morley in a special sense as their Master. His works were studied in their colleges and universities. There was hardly a student of them all who had not derived from Mr. Morley his firmest principles of freedom and self-government, and he was equally admired as the commentator on Burke, the follower of Mill, the friend and interpreter of Gladstone, and the advocate of Home Rule. Here, they thought, was the man who would redress the heavy balance of their wrongs. Here was the

champion of justice and nationality, who, at a stroke, would undo the galling offence of the Partition, would admit Indian representatives to a genuine share in their own government, and would help in restoring to their country her "political self-respect."

The stronger the hope, the more extreme was the disappointment. We could hardly expect Indians to take sufficient consideration of the "damnosa hereditas" with which Lord Morley is weighted, or of the resistance with which every proposal of reform is met by Anglo-Indian society and officials encrusted in their routine. In answer to their hopes the Indians only saw the maintenance of the hated Partition as "a settled fact," the deportation of one of their most honored and moderate leaders without trial, the passing of a Seditious Meetings Act, a system of police and postal espionage which failed to protect innocent people from violence, and a renewal of flogging which by the laws of caste excludes the victim from society, and the shame of which burns into an Indian mind. They have now seen an Explosives Bill and a Newspaper Bill hurried through the Viceroy's Council in a single day, while Lord Minto tells them that in his opinion a general Press Act for the further suppression of free speech is imperatively necessary.

We do not wish to spend time in criticism of the past. No one objects to the Explosives Bill; there is not much objection to the Newspaper Bill, provided it is strictly limited to cases of incitement to murder, and it would only be fair if one of the first prosecutions under it were directed against such a paper as the Anglo-Indian "Asian," which has suggested to Mr. Kingsford that he should murder every strange Indian who approaches him or his house. But we would point out that until Lord Morley is able to bring Simla into line in regard to his proposals of reform, the Indian is able to say that the only measures with which we have so far answered the hopes of India have been repressive. The one notable step in advance has been the admission of two nominated Indians to the India Council in Whitehall. That is an important change, but it does not strike the Indian imagination. London is far away, the most trusted leaders of Indian opinion will not quit their country in her time of need, and nominees are never the trusted leaders of opinion. As for the other reforms for which Lord Minto appears willing to be sponsor, they are worthless.

Now, therefore, is Lord Morley's opportunity, an opportunity to which the general wording and tone of his admirable speech on Thursday to the representatives of the Indian Civil Service show him to be fully alive. He has shown caution; he has conciliated Anglo-Indian and Conservative opinion. Proposals from him which would have raised a storm of panic two years ago would now be considered quietly. He has certainly proved that he is no impatient idealist, no St. Just of the English Revolution, as his opponents used to call him to satiety. And both at home and in India he retains the following of Liberal opinion trained on the principles he has laid down, and anxious to see their confidence in their teacher vindicated. His mind could never rest satisfied with the paraphernalia of Advisory Councils with their Rajahs and Notable incapacities, and of Legislative Councils stuffed with nominees whose function will be to give Government measures a deluding aspect of popularity. He must be anxious to draw his scheme of reform upon generous and satisfying lines. Such lines are not difficult to discover: in the rough, they would be the elevation of a united Bengal into a Governorship, relieved of large extraneous districts by the creation of a new province; the admission of at least one Indian into the Executive Councils; the enlargement of the Legislative Councils by the admission of a minority of genuinely elected members, with some control over expenditure; and a gradual extension of primary education.

There is nothing revolutionary in these proposals, nothing to excite panic in the most nervous Anglo-Indian. Those who tell us never to concede because Orientals regard concessions as signs of fear, forget Lord Morley's fine saying that we are the representatives not of Oriental civilisation but of Western civilisation. There is no question of fear. Our position in India is as unassailable as our protection is at present essential for the country's welfare. All but a minute circle of Indians recognise these things. But, as Lord Minto said, our real strength must always lie in our justice. And nothing could restore the somewhat shaken reputation of our justice so completely as a great and striking enactment of reforms that would be conspicuous to all the peoples of India, cut the ground from under the feet of violence, and mark a new era in the restoration to the country of her "political self-respect."

CO-OPERATORS AND POLITICS.

In Whit Week the Co-operators met in Congress to measure their growth and to rejoice in their strength. Their satisfaction is well founded, for during sixty years this movement has grown rapidly, continuously, and at an accelerating pace. Its activities have spread over an ever-widening area of the working population and an increasing variety of trades, until now the movement contains nearly two and a-half million members, nearly all of them householders, among whom, in pecuniary benefits alone, it distributes over twelve million pounds per annum in dividends. In general terms, this signifies that not far short of one-sixth of the wages of the workers of the country are expended in co-operative stores, which supply the principal articles of food and clothing for the majority of the population in hundreds of our Northern and Midland towns and villages, and that a bonus of about £5, upon an average, is added to their annual wages. All this is the material fruit of an essentially moral movement, and one which perhaps bears more striking testimony than any other to the self-control, the perseverance, and the social spirit which modern industrialism, with all its shortcomings, has done so much to provoke in our working classes.

There are those who lament what they term the decay of the co-operative idealism and the fading of

the magnificent visions of the earlier prophets of the movement into grocery dividends. But such scoffers speak without discernment, for the achievements we describe are nothing else than the spirit of co-operation translated into fact, and all who are personally familiar with the co-operative leaders in every centre of activity know that for intelligence, civic spirit, and political enthusiasm they stand in the foremost rank. The movement, like others, has its obvious defects and its necessary limitations. It might have been expected to do much more than it has done for the intellectual education of its members, for a large proportion even of the comparatively trivial sum devoted to education really goes to recreation and amusement. Although certain large departments of industry, both in manufacture and in transport, lie quite outside the range of any probable success, a larger and more serious attempt to deal with certain branches of agriculture, as, for instance, dairy farming and fruit growing, and with working-class banking and insurance, might by this time have been attended by very important results. Though these and other productive industries have been the subjects of recent, not unsuccessful, experiment, either by the Co-operative Wholesale Societies or by separate societies, comparatively little has been done. It still remains true that the solid success of British co-operation lies in retail and wholesale commerce, for, except in the case of a few articles of clothing and food, the production of the goods sold by the thousands of co-operative stores still remains mostly in non-co-operative businesses. Though the recent penetration of the Co-operative Wholesale into many new branches of manufacture, and even into agriculture, has revived the larger hopes of some, it remains inherently improbable that the movement can secure for the working class consumer the "profits" of production as it has undoubtedly secured for them the "profits" of distribution. Still less likely is it that the persistent efforts of productive workshops, directly owned and managed by the workers in them, or any compromise along the lines of co-partnership, will realise, by gradual advance and absorption, the ideal which, like every "good co-operator," the President of this week's Congress expressed when he foreshadowed a time in which "the people should become their own employers."

The overwhelming majority of great capitalistic enterprises lies at present practically untouched by the co-operative movement; there are no signs that the mining, shipping, and railroad industries, the great metal, engineering and machinery trades, or the great services for municipal supply, to name certain conspicuous instances, are likely to fall to any appreciable extent under voluntary co-operation. It is no disparagement of the co-operative movement that it cannot thus reconstruct the entire industrial system. Its more thoughtful leaders clearly recognise the necessary division of labor in the working class movement, and are beginning to think out more clearly the relations between this and other branches. Though no formal relations subsist between the co-operative and the Trade Union organisations, the distrust, and even active animosity, once frequently displayed by Trade Unionists have given way to more friendly feelings, cemented by a recognition of the fact that strong centres of Trade Unionism are also strong for co-operation, and that the personal forces in the local movements are largely the same. The refusal of co-operators to come into the Labor Party, or, indeed, to assume any political character, strongly attested by last Tuesday's resolution, conceals some of the new facts of the situation. Though the Congress wisely refused to entertain a proposal to run co-operative candidates for Parliament, its proceedings made it very evident that in the near future it may be forced to abandon its attitude of political abstinence. Free Trade is rightly recognised as vital to the interests of co-operation, and, just as in Switzerland, the powerful Konsumvereine, which have sprung into existence within the last few years, founded on the Rochdale plan, have thrown themselves with vigour into the attack upon food taxes, so here the deadly designs of the Conservative Party, now committed to Protection, must force our co-operators, not merely as individual citizens, but as an organised movement, to assist in the defence of free imports. A resolution, passed by a large majority of the Congress, approving woman's suffrage indicates another clear line of political sympathy. The part taken by women in the working of co-operation has been of great and growing importance, and nowhere else is the fatuity of the "argument" that women have no experience and no interest in "questions of finance" so fully exposed. For the entire detailed success of the co-operative movement has been dependent on the practical "finance" of the women members, who do nine-tenths of the purchasing. If Free Trade remains primarily a consumer's question, it is pre-eminently a woman's question. Here, too, is a plain and an almost inevitable approach from co-operation into politics.

Still more important, however, is the greater new opportunity for the application of co-operative principles and practices afforded by the policy of rural reconstruction, to which the Liberal and Labor Parties are committed. The working of the Small Holdings Act, and of the policy associated with it, must be dependent for its efficacy upon the co-operation of local groups of agricultural and other village workers. For the use of agricultural machinery, for the purchase of seeds, manures, and foodstuffs, for dairy work, fruit preparation, and other subsidiary manufactures, and, above all, for transport and for marketing, they must learn the industrial and moral art of co-operation. Last, not least, the finance of the agricultural revival demands the establishment of people's credit banks, which, whether run upon a purely co-operative basis, like the Raiffeisen banks, or furnished with public capital, will demand for its safe and successful administration the spirit and the forms of co-operation among neighbours. The co-operative movement of this country cannot ignore these new dangers and opportunities opened up by the recent trend of politics and legislation, and alike in combating the one and utilising the other, it is likely to find itself gradually drawn more and more into politics, which, after all, in nations where free popular institutions prevail, are only themselves another branch of the great co-operative movement.

AN INVASION OF LIBERTY.

THERE is so much material for useful reform in the Prevention of Crime Bill that we regret the inevitable concentration of interest on one disputable feature of it. This is the provision which sets up the "indeterminate sentence." It is a new penal device, unknown to our law, and borrowed from the not entirely admirable prison system of the United States. We should be the more disposed to consider it favorably if it were not for the almost boisterous welcome it has received from the reactionary Press, and from upholders of the harshest forms of penal discipline like Sir Ralph Littler and Sir Robert Anderson. Men of this type are completely discredited among prison reformers. They have never assisted or believed in the ameliorating work of the last fifteen years, and at the back of their minds lies the vindictive, medieval theory of punishment against which that movement was directed. If, therefore, they applaud the "indeterminate sentence," it is because they see in it a concession to their own fixed belief about criminals as, to use a phrase of Sir Robert Anderson, "human beasts of prey." There is a kind of science which uses the same language and parades the same class of remedies. The "indeterminate sentence" seems to satisfy both these types of reactionists. It asserts the rights of society, and especially of property, against a class that appears to menace them. Plenty of "advanced" sociologists would condemn the habitual criminal to the lethal chamber. The "indeterminate sentence" may segregate him practically, though not nominally, for the term of his healthy natural life. That is a more expensive process, and is in the nature of a weak concession to humanitarianism. But it is on the right lines, and is capable of expansion.

Now, we do not deny that the case of the habitual offender, the regular recidivist, is a difficult one. Prison life does not reform him. He simply lives through his sentence, patient, cunning, outwardly well-behaved, but waiting all the while for the earliest chance to resume his hunting, preying life, full of excitement and interest. He goes from the hands of the police, and he goes back to them. They watch him, he them, and in this game of alternately finding and losing the criminal millions of public money are squandered. Can nothing be done to diminish this waste of energy and treasure? The plea would seem to be a strong one; but we have to point out that its very character throws discredit on the machinery of the indeterminate sentence. This is, in the main, a reversion to the old idea of repressing crime by way of increased severity of punishment. The history of the last century has completely destroyed this notion. Crimes and punishments have decreased together. The latter have become less severe and less prolonged, the former have diminished both in number and in seriousness. Moreover, we have long ago acknowledged the failure of our prison system to prevent recidivism. We admit, indeed, that, especially under the conditions that prevailed before the Gladstone Committee began its labors, it encourages crime; that it recruits the criminal classes. A prison is, at its best, a seemly, whitewashed sepulchre of men. It lacks the essential conditions of a true society, and therefore it can do little for the moral betterment of its inhabitants. For that reason we are resorting to all kinds of useful experiments not for putting people into prison, but for keeping them out of it, for enfeebling the prison taint and getting rid of the prison name and associations. Finally, we know that the tests of good conduct, under which prisoners earn a remission of sentences, are the most fallacious in the case of the habitual offender. It is easy for the old "lag" to fit himself into prison routine; and his adaptability is precisely the measure of his determination to resume his old life.

In the face of these considerations we see little hope of good from the "indeterminate sentence." It is, we must remember, an addition to the severity of punishments, and goes, therefore, directly against the spirit of reform. Already, in fact, though not in form, people are sentenced over and over again for the same offence. Their past is always up against them. This principle of cumulative sentence is now to be extended. In addition to the specific crime to which the judge affixes a specific penalty, a man is to be handed over to a body of officials who are to determine what further punishment and exile from society he shall bear because of the offences for which he has already been punished, and because of other offences that, in their opinion, he is likely to commit! Is it likely that Parliament will sanction so grave a departure from the principles of English law? As things stand, the liberty of citizens can only be restrained on fixed principles, for definite periods. But under the "indeterminate sentence" judge and jury surrender this power into the hands of irresponsible officials, who may exercise it according to their discretion, and with slight control from the Secretary of State, for as long as the prisoner's health and sanity last. What is this but a kind of modernised *lettre de cachet?* Doubtless there are limitations. Three convictions—for what?—must be proved, and also an addiction to a life of crime. The new prison, we are told, is to be not quite like the old prison, and the man or woman who may be condemned to spend the whole, or nearly the whole, of the remainder of a lifetime there is to be under the ward of committees, boards of visitors, and the like. The Home Secretary will finally determine whether or no there is "a reasonable probability" that the *détenu* will "abstain from crime and lead a useful and industrious life." But his decision must be based, in the main, on the reports of the "Directors of Convict Prisons." Are these gentlemen to be assigned the task of passing judgment on the moral strength and soundness of this class of prisoners, their ability to stand temptation, to stick to a trade, to keep clear of bad companionship? And, if so, how will they act? Either they will have to apply the utterly unreal test of hypocritical submissiveness to rules, or they will take the rough view that the bulk of recidivists are morally irreclaimable, and will treat them, and advise the Secretary of State to treat them, as life cases. Either line is objectionable. Prison officials are not moral reformers; they are interpreters of rules, often, by the nature of the case, hard and unimaginative interpreters of rules. They are peculiarly unfitted to exercise the delicate supervision of character which is essential to a moral judgment on others, the kind of judgment, let us say, which a good schoolmaster, or parson, is competent to wield. The true reformation of a man can only be wrought by one of his fellows who loves him and believes in him, and can thus accomplish the miracle of "conversion" that Hugo records in the story of the good Bishop and Jean Valjean.

As for law, it is, we doubt not, a very partial and feeble instrument of justice, but it has its rules and its restraints, above all, its atmosphere of publicity. But prisons, even reformed prisons, are dark places, and dark deeds have sometimes been done in them. Not the worst of men ought to have the ordering of practically the whole of his life on earth dependent on the will of prison officials and prison "visitors," however capable or well-meaning. Property might like to persuade itself that it was safe from burglars and forgers—which it never will be—and it would, no doubt, be convenient for society to shuffle on to "specialists" all responsibility for the future of the "habitual criminal," while the active causes of crime—poverty, over-crowding, the drink-shop, the ungoverned life of the slums, the wild passions and ill-directed impulses of men, not infrequently the cruelty and unfairness of the scheme of things as we have ordered it—proceed unchecked. But we hope that no democratic House of Commons will sanction so large a subtraction from the domain of law and so serious an invasion of the liberties of the subject. There is every reason for expanding the period of "conditional liberation" within the bounds of a definite sentence; but it seems to us to stretch the spirit of *Habeas Corpus* to call for the indefinite detention of a man without bringing a specific, definite charge against him.

Life and Letters.

"IN HIS BLINDNESS."

At Islington, in the midst of streets and other surroundings which we hope no poor heathen visitor will regard as the finest flower of Christianity, there is now on view an exhibition of mankind's efforts to comprehend the divine. It is called "The Orient," but is not specially Oriental, though the United States and most of the Western Hemisphere are excluded—we suppose as being already permeated by the same religious spirit as we may observe among ourselves and in the rest of Europe. On account of this familiarity, the London Missionary Society, which has organised the exhibition, has omitted representations of the religious forms that are considered the highest, but in other respects the development of the religious sense in man's various races and stages can be followed very completely. We are shown examples of almost every kind of worship, from savage belief, which sees spirit in almost everything, up to the Positivist forms, which can discover spirit almost nowhere. And the first thing one notices about all these varying attempts at religion is that they are not strictly historic in point of date, but at this moment co-exist upon the world's surface, as though to present us with the long history of man's thought in visible summary.

But one form of religion does not necessarily lead to another, and there is no reason to suppose that, if left to himself, the Ju-ju worshipper in his swamps would ever conceive the Allah of Mahomet. It appears that nothing is so slow to change as the religion of a race, and having once reached a certain stage of ritual, it abides. Unless some entirely different religion is imposed upon it, the race itself will change or disappear more quickly. There is the difficulty of treating religion as history, for we have no assurance that any particular form of it has passed through previous stages like the religions we see around us to-day. We can but vaguely place them in the order that seems to us most natural, and suppose that in the unrecorded ages of the past some few races of men have slowly risen from the worship of strange powers in stones or crocodiles up to the worship of an invisible but ever-present spirit, while other races of men remain prostrate before stones and crocodiles, seeking no more. The exhibition does not reveal the past history of religion so much as the present diversity of man's own spirit, and how rarely it cares to change.

The power in the stone, the filmy soul lurking in all things visible, the mysterious human bond of totem in emu or fish, the guardian angel in a greasy rag, the living or even imaginary frog that, hoisted on a pole, will awe a countryside—certainly these show diversity enough, no matter to what primitive stage of man you turn. The Zulu, who doubts of God, likes to have the snake of his father's soul curled upon his roof. Foxes, bears, and trees find worshippers, toys are dowered with mortality, and Juggernath is put to bed. The Chibokwe woman spreads meal before her wooden bird in hope that her childbirth may be eased; her husband stripes a toy canoe with red and black to please the fishing-spirit. Powers of evil must have their due; the goddess of Indian cholera receives her offering; and the small-pox image her coat of vermilion daub. For luck or vengeance the Congo man drives nails thick as quills upon a porcupine into his wooden god, lovers thrust pins into inhuman hearts, and Sister Helen melts her waxen man. Medicine men cry aloud for rain, and snuff crime upon the air as a dog smells blood. All night dark forms are now dancing in the moon, while the drum throbs to ecstasy, and antelope skulls glimmer upon their circle of sticks. Every morning in a million households Shiva beside his patient bull receives the offering of water, rice, and a green leaf or two, Vishnu's footprint is painted anew upon the forehead of his own, the schoolboy prays to the elephant god for wisdom in his examination, and Kali, dumbfounded at her husband's sacrifice, mercifully checks her carnage. In China the praying wheels are spinning round; the burning prayers ascend to the sky, mingling their smoke with burning gods; every day millions of her people wake to accept three contradictory religions, and once a year her Emperor mounts the triple Altar of Heaven and prostrates himself before the universe, alone in upper air.

What is it that perpetually drives mankind to such strange observances? What built Stonehenge, and fills the circles of our grass with elves and Little People? Or what set the Virgin's temple on the Acropolis, and heard the god's voice at Delphi, established Jove at the heart of empire, and secluded Mecca's black stone from unbelievers? It has been thought that the love of the dead sufficed, and that gods are but ghosts in the glory of recollection. No people of the world are so stony as to believe that the dead can die. In every land some All Saints' Day celebrates the passion of an inextinguishable yearning; the Chinaman launches his lantern on the water; the Hindu kindles the tiny lamps of Dewali along his window sills and threshold; the Christian lights his taper at the grave. Nor is it an unnatural study to peruse the sacred tablets of our parents' records, and to idealise the qualities that, having given us birth, became incorporate in our persons. Yet this passion in itself, strong though it is, can hardly support the full weight of man's religion. For the virtue of uncles fades like their sin, and, except for lords and Chinamen, few of us can penetrate beyond three generations of our ancestry.

The hope of our future reward, and of the retribution of others, is also named as an incentive to religious belief. If retribution once failed beyond the tomb, "who," cried the epigrammatist, "could now believe in gods?" And, certainly, there is consolation for humanity in this exhibition's pictures of the Buddhist hell, where greedy officials are clapped into cages, and incompetent doctors suffocate in choking sand, and those who disestablish churches squat ill at ease upon mountains of spears. All wish the full arc of life somewhere to be drawn, and did not an eternal justice otherwise subsist, mankind in his desire to rectify this muddle of existence might in natural course have invented it.

Yet we feel this also is but a thin and limited explanation of so profound a reality. There is a notable change come over our aspect of things, once so easily dismissed with talk of darkness and superstition. From Isaiah and Horace downward, it was a commonplace to sneer at the poor idol maker who warmed himself with one half of the log and of the other made a god. That sneer is obsolete now—as obsolete as the condemnation of "the heathen" in vague, black lumps and parcels of humanity predestined to blindness and destruction. In that fetish of greasy rag, or that staring idol with protruded tongue, we no longer denounce the work of the Evil One, but behind the hideousness and absurdity we perceive some poignant attempt of the human soul to express something beyond itself, some idea for which it can find no adequate expression in form, something which it can hardly yet conceive even in thought. To fix this idea, to present it more clearly before herself, the soul must be content with that symbol, however hideous and absurd. It is the idea that counts—the search for something not to be found within the world's flaming walls. "Behold, I go forward," said Job, "but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him." The Luvale Bantu searching for his symbol of the spirit is in like case. "Lift the stone, and thou shalt find me," answers the new-found Logion; "cleave the wood, and there I am." It is always the same search, always a foreboding of spiritual power not far removed, a haunting belief that all these transitory things are but symbols of a glory that may possibly be revealed.

If we must search for the origins of religion, whether childlike, grotesque, or ennobling, it is here we should look for them—here in the dim region where Wordsworth found,

> "Those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings;
> Blank misgivings of a Creature
> Moving about in worlds not realised."

It is a recognition of these faint origins, with all the pathos of their failure, and all the splendour of the distinction they confer upon man, which has produced so remarkable a change in our attitude towards religious forms, and even in our missionary methods. When a missionary doctor now finds a medicine man plastering a fever patient with chewed leaves, painting him with red ochre, and spitting a preparation of maize and ashes into the nose and mouth, he no longer calls him fool or murderer; but he says, "You are doing your best, and yet perhaps I know a better way." And if anyone knows a better way among the obstinate mysteries of the spirit, it is thus he will teach it now.

DEMOCRACY AND THE EXPERT.

It is rare to find a working politician in this country able and willing to instruct the people in the meaning and method of his necessarily tortuous proceedings. For few politicians profess any sort of political philosophy, or care to consume time in studying the rules which regulate their craft. These considerations give real importance to the careful essay upon "The Necessary Basis of Society," in which Mr. Sidney Webb sets forth those working principles of social reform which seem to him to explain and justify the course of governmental development to which all modern enlightened States are committing themselves. For Mr. Webb is at once a political philosopher, with a rare equipment of historical knowledge, and a skilled practitioner in the arts of administration, and he has done more than any other man in this country to realise the policy which is here described by the term, "A National Minimum." The general contents of this policy have won, or are winning, a piecemeal acceptance among all persons of goodwill and liberal disposition in this nation, irrespective of party attachment. That the continuance of widespread poverty, with its accompanying ignorance, disease, and vice, is inconsistent with civilisation, and that the State must play a large and a growing part in the extirpation of these social evils is doctrine common to Liberals, Conservatives, and Socialists. Even the passage from the intellectual and moral acceptance of this broad principle to the middle axioms of social policy contained in the National Minimum will be refused by comparatively few among those who seriously concern themselves with social reform. That sweating trades which impose starvation wages, casual employment, excessive hours of labour and insanitary conditions, upon bodies of helpless workers, shall be forced up to a standard of decency by the strong arm of Government, is generally agreed, and though keen controversies wage round the efficacy of the proposed methods of interference, the ancient notion, that such evils are inherent in the beneficent working of industrial competition, and should be left to the slow process of extinction involved in such competition, has almost entirely disappeared.

It is true that all modes and objects of interference are not equally popular. Of the four chief heads of Mr. Webb's National Minimum—subsistence, leisure, sanitation, education—popular opinion is prepared to give the State a freer hand in dealing with the two latter than the two former. This is partly due to a clearer realisation of the fact that disease and ignorance involve dangers to society, partly to the recognition that an effective public guarantee of subsistence and leisure requires large and undefined modifications of individual control of industry and property. But even in this direction the change of public opinion within recent years has been remarkable. The treatment accorded by all political parties towards employers' liability, shorter hours, and anti-sweating measures, implies not merely an abandonment of old ideas as to limits of State action, but a definite acceptance of the social gospel of levelling up. Timid souls who, though not caring or daring to resist such potent tendencies, harbour fears lest they may be swept down a smooth current into the maelstrom of Socialism, are treated with soothing words by Mr. Webb, who assures them that they need not feel alarmed, because his minimum is "a necessary condition even of an individualist State." But most of those who understand the magnitude and multifarious nature of the actual State control involved in the enforcement of a minimum of public health and education, to say nothing of the drastic policy involved in protective measures against sweating, will think it fairer to admit that the old individualist State has been weighed and found wanting, and that we are committed to a more Socialistic conception of national life.

But for those who accept as correct this interpretation of our modern political forces, Mr. Webb's article raises another issue of supreme importance. Throughout the modern democratic movement two fears have haunted the imagination of the upper classes. One is that democracy implies government by the mob, another that it would interpret "equality" by a rude levelling policy, a common treatment by the common people. The twentieth century, according to Mr. Webb, repudiates the rude early improvisations of nineteenth century democracy which gave ground for these fears. The modern State, armed with its national minimum, will no longer realise itself in education through "common schools," in which children of all sorts and ages were put through the same rough groove, in an almost indiscriminate poor-law, or the clumsy mechanism of our prison system. The keynote of the new State is specialisation, for "it is upon the specialised scientific treatment of minorities—often of quite small minorities—that social well-being depends." Such a State must be made competent to apply the doctrine of a minimum wage to the ever fluctuating details of each branch of every trade, with allowances for the circumstances of individual workers: its schools must be finely equipped psycho-physical laboratories, closely correlated to a department of industrial survey, and a similar delicacy must pervade its system of public hygiene.

This means, of course, that the real power of government must be wielded by experts, members of an elaborate bureaucracy. Now, though expertism and the high degree of specialisation it usually involves, are exposed to certain familiar dangers, no one can deny that a State, which is to get laws well administered, must use carefully chosen, well-trained, and experienced men, holding secure posts, and endowed with considerable authority and discretion in the performance of their functions. But, if public machinery becomes as elaborate as this specialised scientific treatment seems to imply, will the people retain any real hold upon the State and be able to watch, check, or control, in any adequate way, the operations of the governmental machinery? This is, to our mind, the crux of modern democracy, and we do not perceive either in this utterance of Mr. Webb, or in other utterances of the school of politics to which he belongs, any recognition of this danger, or any suggestion of a feasible safeguard. Mr. Webb still speaks as a democrat, but he does not suggest any provisions by which popular opinion or the general will shall retain the true "sovereignty" and exercise a sufficient control over the "expert." Officials secure of their posts, sitting in the remote recesses of an intricate system, even when chosen for special abilities, tend to become arbitrary, slow, mechanical, unduly conservative, and not infrequently corrupt. Unless the method of government furnishes some preventive or remedy, the specialised scientific treatment will become an oppressive sham, and in the name of democracy we shall have set up a new oligarchy, the more dangerous because the forms of representative democracy will be used to establish and maintain it.

That it is the business of able men to get somehow into positions of power and responsibility, and to use their superior trained faculties for the benefit of the public by framing laws, engineering them through legislatures, and administering them as they think best, even where such measures are opposed to the wishes or the current judgment of the people, has always been a tempting idea to certain types of temperament. It is conceivable that the forms of popular self-government can be so manipulated by knots of clever men as to

enable such a bureaucracy to establish itself; but there is ample testimony of history to support the conviction that such power would generate the gravest possible abuses. Believers in democracy are not willing to commit themselves to a machinery of government too elaborate for popular control. For they recognise that the voluntary goodwill of self-controlled officials, as a motor power of government, is a very poor substitute for the will of the people. Now we have a suspicion, which we trust may be unfounded, that Mr. Webb and his friends do not really believe in "the will of the people" as the true source of governmental power: if it is for them a force at all, it is only as so much fuel to be utilised by the superior wills of a virtually self-appointed aristocracy of talent.

But in truth the consideration of the moral driving power of government is scarcely touched by Mr. Webb. The problem seems to him almost wholly one of intellect and tactics. "Legislation and governmental administration become in all highly-organised communities—however democratic they may be—more and more the business of elaborately trained experts, and less and less the immediate outcome of popular feeling." But is the alternative suggested here a true one? Surely not. The system of representative government is designed, on the one hand, as a check upon this immediacy of popular feeling, upon the other as a check upon officialism; and elsewhere, we believe, Mr. Webb has suggested that a type of person styled the "expert representative" may be able to safeguard the public against abuses of officialism. But is this safeguard other than a merely verbal one? In a reformed society, where we may presume every man must work for his living, it would appear as if our "expert representatives" could be none other than elderly retired officials, a very valuable class doubtless, but hardly a sufficient channel for the motive power of democracy, either as an inspiration, or as a check upon the system which has moulded them. The issue we consider an extremely grave one. All of us are for efficiency, most of us for the national minimum "below which the individual, whether he likes it or not, cannot in the interests of the well-being of the whole, ever be allowed to fall." But before we give our full consent to the elaboration of the official machinery required to compass this end, we desire to understand more clearly how the motor power is to be generated, and in what ways the principles of government by the people are to be secured.

THE MIDSUMMER TROUT.

Some anglers think that trout, in common with flowers and song birds, are at their best in spring. Of such was a young lady who said to the present writer, just arrived in the Highlands and anxious to go out on a loch, "Oh, yes, we'll go; but the fishing is now over for the year." As June was still young, this astonished one; but the lady held to her opinion. The gamekeeper, she said, had told her that trout-fishing ended with May. Her belief prevails in quarters where you would least expect it. Only a few days ago a trader in tackle, in whose shop we were seeking flies, said, as he set out his cases, "Of course, there's very little use trying the river now." He was an angler, too! Was there warrant for his depressing view? Well, there was a little. Just as the flower garden becomes dowdy and the birds become silent before Midsummer Day, the trout in many places become languorous by the same time. This is particularly noticeable, and particularly explicable, on waters that have the Mayfly. After their fortnight's feeding on that most relished of all things in their fare, the fish seem to be out of appetite for a time. Besides, the languor overtakes many a water which is without the Mayfly. There also it becomes difficult to pile up a basket such as will cheer the heart of reasonably exacting man. To be sure, there are exceptions to this rule, exceptions so noteworthy that we must be cautious in our generalising. Think, for example, of Lochleven, which, after a long series of tame seasons, is in this very month of June rejoicing its frequenters by sport so good as to make the best of the old-time records comparatively modest. Recently it has been not unusual to hear of well-nigh a thousand trout caught, by never more than forty-four anglers, on this wonderful lake in a day. Then, no angler in Hampshire, a region of famous streams, ever refrains from expecting fair sport even in July or in August. This fact, well based upon experience, is strange: one would naturally expect the trout of Hampshire, where summer is early, excessive, and prolonged, to be specially afflicted with langour. Nevertheless, one does not deny that there is cause for the impression of our young lady, the gamekeeper, the tackle-dealer, and many others. On two waters out of each three, or thereby, sport with the trout certainly does fall off just when the early flowers are fading and the birds are ceasing to sing.

What is the meaning of this? Before endeavouring to show what it is, let us perceive what it is not. The phenomena in the trout waters have nothing to do with the vernal influence that produces the gentler iris and affects the young man's fancy. Spring is love-time with the birds and the flowers; but it is not so with the trout. It is in autumn that these have their season of amour. By May the impulse which flourishes into splendour in the flower garden, and into music in the copses, is long past in the haunts of the trout, and it does not begin to stir again until September is well advanced. Thus, we must not seek consolation for our empty or ill-plenished creels in thoughts of a scientifically emotional kind. Mr. Watson is a great poet, an illuminating interpreter of the reign of law, a seer; but he is not quite correct in saying that in May half of the world a bridegroom is and half of the world a bride. It is no bridal glee that makes the trout sportful in May. It is sheer gluttony. Before the starling and the nightingale are hushed, the trout are gorged. That is why, in effect, they say to the angler, "Owing to the pressure of other matter, we are obliged to decline your contribution." They cannot well hold any more. They are even unable to accept the offerings of what may be called the regular staff, Nature. You shall see this for yourself if you look upon a stream. There go, fluttering or floating down, alders, black spinners, grey gnats, oak flies, Welshman's buttons, sedge flies, willow flies, and other insects, too many to be named; and not one in a thousand is taken. Here again, however, we must beware of generalising. In fact, we must seem to contradict ourselves. That is not our fault. It is because the Trout is as slippery a customer as a Tariff Reformer forswearing taxes on foodstuffs. His inwardness is not to be caught at a glance. It is true that he is gorged; but it is necessary to discriminate. He cannot take many more flies; but there is something for which he will eagerly endeavour to find space. That is a worm, small and daintily pink or purple. Do you ask us why this appeals to him? If so, think why it is that we Britons, who would not for a high fee eat the roe of our own salmon, fall to whenever that of the Russian sturgeon is on the table. We take the caviare because it is ill to come by. It is for the same reason that the trout at midsummer takes a worm. At that time of the year worms are well down in the soil, which near the surface is too dry to be comfortable; thus there are few, if any, washed into the streams in the process of Nature. The one which you yourself offer is probably the only worm within a mile. It has the attractiveness of things exotic.

If you ply that worm skilfully, you shall have no cause to complain that the trout are languid. The condition is not easily fulfilled. A fly, or two flies, or even three, can be cast so far that, using ordinary caution, you do not come within the range of vision of the fish; but if you toss a worm as sharply as you cast a fly, the bait will leave the hook. Hook, observe! We recommend a single hook, and that small, instead of a Stewart tackle, which is a flight of three hooks. It leaves the lure comparatively untrammelled, and therefore the more effective. Deftly dropped near where a trout is lying, a worm at this time of the year, unless a thunderstorm is coming, will as a rule be rushed at.

We are old-fashioned enough, as they would say in the "Quarterly Review," either the blue or the buff, to be joyful at that great moment. Worm-fishing is tabooed on many streams; but we cannot approve the objection. A nibble at a worm is at least as exciting as a rise at a fly. The rise is over and done with, one way or the other, in less than a second; but the nibble may go on for four or five seconds, and each of these is as a thrilling minute. Is the trout a fingerling or a five-pounder? When, O when, should we strike? We know not; nobody knows! Occasionally the trout is only chiveying the worm, which is not within his lips for more than a small fraction of a second at a time; in that case the success or the failure of the strike is accidental. Occasionally the worm has been seized; in that case the strike, though again on chance, will, if in time, be effective. The great question is that of timing, and it is not soluble on any scientific principle. In fly-fishing you strike whenever you see or feel a rise; in worm-fishing your mind is rent in a conflict between anxiety not to be too quick and dread lest you should be too cautious. That is to say, the inhibitory nerves and the other set, the name of which we forget, are in full blast at the same time. This is moral and intellectual discipline of a beneficent kind. It is so clearly good that we do not bang and bolt the door against reconsideration of certain anti-sport philosophies to which, for the sake of fair play, an airing has now and then been given in these pages. All men in sound health have a natural liking for the bow and spear, or other weapon of the chase; and what all sane men feel to be natural no man can with assurance denounce as perverse. . . . Meanwhile, since we took to the worm, our basket has been filling; and what is this we see? The sun has set, and the breeze has dropped, and the stream is aboil with rises! Have we once more to go back upon the track of our assertions? Indeed we have! Though at the high noon of summer the trout are indifferent towards flies in daytime, always, when the atmosphere is fresh, they rise uncommonly well between sunset and midnight. In fact, they rise as briskly throughout these hours as they do at mid-day in April. What, then, on analysis of the belief of our young lady and the gamekeeper and the tackle-dealer, do we find to be the truth? Only that during the hours of sunshine the trout tend to ignore flies between the close of spring and the first flood in August. That is a frail basis on which to assume that the season ended with May. Why, Midsummer Night is near, and our basket is packed to the brim!

Present-Day Problems.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE TERRITORIAL FORCE.

By a Territorial Officer.

A profoundly interesting problem is being worked out in the recruiting for the Territorial Force. It is the whole problem of the citizen army. Can we secure men enough, under the voluntary system, to defend the United Kingdom? The question is one of quality even more than of numbers, though public attention is fixed just now on the latter alone. If Mr. Haldane's proposals prove inadequate, or can by any means be made to appear so, the believers in conscription will be supplied with a powerful weapon, and a vigorous Press agitation, especially if aided by a war scare, may easily bring compulsory service into the sphere of practical politics. Indeed, there are many who are looking forward eagerly to the failure of the new scheme, and make no attempt to disguise their hopes.

To these the comparative smallness of the numbers who have hitherto joined the Territorial Force is, of course, a cause of rejoicing, and they are making the most of it. The period within which "old soldiers"—*i.e.*, the existing Volunteers and Yeomen—may enlist for a shorter service than the four years which will be demanded in future, comes to an end on June 30th. After that date a great effort will probably be made by the advocates of conscription to prove that the whole voluntary system has broken down. It is extremely important to anticipate this effort, and to inquire dispassionately what is happening, and what is likely to happen. My contention is, in brief, that whatever the answer to the problem may be, that answer will not be finally given on June 30th, nor for (at least) two years to come, and that the prospects of the Force are, all things considered, distinctly favorable.

The total establishment laid down is, roughly, 301,000. Only 144,000, however, or rather less than 50 per cent, had enlisted on June 1st. Of these about 94,000 were Infantry, 19,000 Artillery, and 17,000 Yeomanry. The remainder were composed thus:—Engineers, 7,423; Medical Corps, 5,019; and Army Service Corps, 1,571. The Yeomanry, the cavalry of the new force, shows the best record; out of the 56 "units" which it is proposed to raise, 52 are already "recognised"—*i.e.*, the authorities have satisfied themselves that a sufficient number of men will be recruited to justify the separate existence of the regiment.

The results have not differed much in the various parts of the country. The Lancashire district stands highest, with 55 per cent. of the establishment already secured, and London and the Home Counties stand lowest, with 37 per cent. and 38 per cent. respectively. The military correspondent of the "Times" attributes the low figures in and about London to the disparaging attitude of the London Press towards the Haldane scheme. This is not the first time that the London Press has proved itself to be far from representative of the country as a whole.

Many things have to be considered before these figures are taken as a sign of failure. In the first place, the "establishment" of 301,000 is a purely imaginary figure. It represents what Mr. Haldane expected to get, what he thought desirable, what was supposed to be "needed"—a word which covers an abyss of unsettled controversy. And it takes no account of quality—a much more important question than numbers. Apart from this fact, it is obvious to those who have any experience of volunteering that any Minister who attempts to reconstruct, or to reorganise, a voluntary army, must expect a great temporary fall in numbers. Soldiers—even voluntary soldiers—are intensely conservative in all that concerns their conditions of service. The change of a few buttons will knock off a certain percentage of men. New conditions always look formidable on paper. Many volunteers are waiting for the last moment before they make up their minds to rejoin; but a still larger number will not rejoin this year at all; they will wait until they see how the new regulations work out at the next camp, and whether there is any difference in the drills during the forthcoming year. If they hear a good report from the bolder spirits who have stuck to the work, they will rejoin for the requisite four years, instead of rejoining now for one year.

The chief reason given for this hesitation is the fear that the pay, or the food, will be less good, and that heavier fines will be imposed in case of non-attendance at camp, or leaving the force before the expiry of the enlistment period. Behind this, there is a vague fear that the element of compulsion is going to be gradually increased. As a matter of fact, it is not expected that any substantial difference will be found, as regards pay or messing, either in the Volunteers or Yeomanry, though an experienced volunteer officer tells me that it is possible that the few pence hitherto given in his corps as "beer-money" will have to be reduced. The question depends on calculations too minute to be entered into here, and the answer will vary with different corps. As to the fines, the trouble arises simply from the fact that a maximum figure—£5—is mentioned in the regulations. Probably the fines will generally be as small as before, though it is to be expected, and, indeed, to be hoped, that somewhat less laxity will be allowed in escaping the obligations of annual training and drill.

As for the men who are giving up service and not

likely to re-enlist, it is probable that the Territorial Force will be very much the better for their absence. They are the men who were never interested in their work, who looked upon the camp as a mere holiday, and objected to the necessary restraints. They are taking the new conditions as an excuse for leaving a service which has become irksome. Such men may spoil the work of a whole company or squadron by their slackness, and even if their places were not filled, good rather than harm would result from their departure.

One cause of the comparative smallness of the strength at present reached by the new force remains to be mentioned—namely, the indifference of many commanding officers to its success. The talk of the officers' messes is critical or hostile, and it cannot but be reflected to some extent in their attitude towards the problem of recruiting. All things considered, the actual efforts made by them have been commendable; but many of them cannot forget that the scheme is the work of a hated Liberal Government; and speeches expressing the hope that the scheme will succeed, coupled with "grave doubts," are likely to have a somewhat chilling effect on the intending recruit. A little more trouble in explaining uncertainties as to the term of enlistment, or the length of camp, and in exploding some of the absurd rumours which have gained currency among the rank and file, might have made a considerable difference.

Time, however, and especially time for seeing how the new regulations work out in practice, is what is chiefly needed. The attractiveness of the scheme lies in the sense it gives to the volunteer of being part of a real army. His force is no longer an unorganised mass, mainly composed of infantry, without transport or any of the minor branches which are essential to an army. It is capable of being put into the field; it has definitely recognised duties. All this appeals to the man who thinks, and it should result in attracting such men in larger numbers than before. It is an appeal which, in the nature of things, works slowly. But one of the most favorable features of the present situation is the enlistment, in the month of May alone, of nearly 9,500 new recruits—men with no previous service in the auxiliary forces.

Two ideals are in conflict. The conscriptionists fix their attention on numbers. To them the officer is everything; the private is mere "material." Supply so many privates or troopers, and they can be "worked up" into an army. It is by this test of numbers alone that they are prepared to judge the Territorial Force. The opposite view is that which attaches importance to the character of the rank and file. There is all the difference in the world between the man who comes with an interest in his work, intending to do it well, anxious for information, and the man who must have everything dinned into his head, and who tries to get through his duties with the minimum of trouble. Under compulsory service, every regiment will contain enough incorrigibly stupid men to hamper its movements and lower its standard. The Territorial Force offers to the nation an opportunity of securing a citizen army, small indeed, but of high quality and setting a high example. There is every prospect that the opportunity will be taken.

Art.

THE ENTENTE IN FINE ART.

The long delay in opening the Fine Art Palace at the Franco-British Exhibition served at least one useful purpose. It stimulated the public appetite for a display that had promised from the first to be unique, with the result that when at last the building was opened to view, visitors to the Exhibition flocked thereto with a vastly increased curiosity to see what it might contain. To this extent circumstances have favored the popular appreciation and serious study of what is, in truth, a very remarkable collection of the art of two nations. As for the authorities, they had an excuse for not being up to time. Their calculations had been upset—as they carefully explain on a typewritten sheet posted within the doors—by the failure of a part of the structure to satisfy the requirements of the London County Council. In consequence of this, and of the mildly romantic engineering difficulties that ensued, the opening was postponed till the Royal visit on May 26th. No explanation of why the Palace was not ready for its Fine Art could be simpler or more convincing. But what is not quite so clear is why, the Palace having been completed, some of the Fine Art was found to be not ready for its Palace. Up to Saturday week, when the latter had been open for the best part of a week, there were still exhibits that had not arrived. There were still items arranged for by the Fine Art Committee which, having waited some weeks for admission, had seemingly been compelled to wait a little longer. We do not know what the non-arrivals consist of; nor should we have gathered from appearances that anything was missing, had not one of the always courteous attendants informed us of the fact in explanation of a much more inconvenient fact, namely, the absence of a printed catalogue.

Yet no catalogue is needed to enable one to perceive one or two of the outstanding truths about this joint exhibition. The first, and the most important perhaps, of these truths is that in regard to the fine arts the *entente* between English and French is not based on artistic sympathy. There is, in point of fact, an antagonism between the two sections; the respective countries are separated by a far more definite boundary than the imaginary line that divides them within the Palace walls. Whistler said that there was no such thing as a national art, but here we get a refutation of the saying, an ocular demonstration, more potent than many written words, of the Frenchness of the French section and the Britishness of our own. The distinction between the two is perchance accentuated by the Committee's choice of pictures to represent our national art. The Committee, while making on the whole a catholic selection, have laid particular stress, especially in regard to the work of fifty years ago, on pictures that have remained popular with English people and, what is more, have done so by reason of their peculiarly English character. There is Frith's "Derby Day"; there is Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen"; there is Millais' "Autumn Leaves"; Burne-Jones's "Golden Stairs," and other works by earlier and poetical pre-Raphaelites recall a movement that with all its foreign elements remained in its essentials an almost pathetically English one; there is Fred Walker's "The Plough"; the flower of Victorian portraiture wafts to us its fragrance in Watts's "Tennyson," and that wonderful picture of Lord Beaconsfield which Millais evolved, out of three sittings only, just before the statesman died. The appeal of these and of Ford Madox Brown's "Work," of J. F. Lewis's "Harem of the Bey," of Professor Herkomer's "Last Muster," and of Sir L. Alma-Tadema's "Under the Roof of Blue Ionian Weather," is an appeal that varies its degree of power and nobility with individual examples; but, on the whole, it is essentially one that is aimed at English sentiment. So with the Turners of importance; the famous "Mercury," and the three sober-tinted water-colors that hang together in one gallery all belong to a period anterior to that in which the artist became less of an Englishman and more of a genius of light. And what, to follow the chain of evidence still further back, could be more definitely English than Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" and Romney's "Lady Hamilton"? Students of contemporary British painting—for when we come to latter-day art, there is more need to say British and not English—will probably point to the work of certain distinguished artists of the advanced schools, and ask whether this is not evidence that British painting is not drawing nearer to that across the Channel. But such a *rapprochement*, the reality of which we grant, is no more than fractional, and, according to the most generous estimate, hardly represents one-fifth of the artistic output of this country, as revealed by the too many picture galleries through which it filters. And even if during the last quarter century many British painters have essayed to paint like Frenchmen, and some Frenchmen like Englishmen, the circumstance is nothing new. The interchange of styles and influence has been in progress since the eighteenth century; the history of Art in the nineteenth, so far as it relates to France and England, is that of the action and reaction of the one school upon the other. Constable and the

French Romantics, the French Impressionists, and the modern British landscape painters, are connected by an artistic relationship that admits of no question as to its reality. But the character of that relationship equally admits of no doubt but that the artistic affinity between the two nations always did, and always will, stop short of completeness. Anglo-Saxon never was and never will be Latin.

The two partners in the present combination, housed as they are on opposite sides of the same building, help one to analyse the perpetual difference between them. Briefly, it would appear to be the difference between self-consciousness and its antithesis. British Art is profoundly self-conscious. It has been said that the British painter studies public opinion and hesitates to flout it, conceiving that opinion to be inevitably different from his own. Whether it is so in fact or not, does not signify; the feeling that public opinion is ever by his side, watching him, a relentless critic, controls his progress by rules of caution and maxims of timidity; he is, indeed, a mild sort of monomaniac beset by an abiding habit of circumspection. The Frenchman, on the other hand, cares not a rap for his public, since he assumes its capacity to understand him in whatever he does. He thus works unhampered by the consciousness that he may be misinterpreted; the world of Art is to him a free pasturage over which he enjoys his share of the common rights, with perfect liberty to use them as he pleases. Consequently his painting and sculpture have a freedom which those of his neighbour have not, and for this freedom he has made a word, and the word is *flair*. Of course, he has the defects of his qualities; he often runs his liberty to its extreme, the name of which is licence; but on the whole his *flair* renders his art joyous and enjoyable, even by those who would not care to possess it in their own work. There are other points of difference, less general but not insignificant, to be observed between the French and British sections of the Fine Art Palace. The French canvases are fewer in number, but the size of works like M. Détaille's "Les Victimes du Devoir" make the achievement even of Professor Herkomer's Council picture in the Academy seem very small indeed. In the British section there is nothing of this monumental character; and, owing perhaps to familiarity with a large proportion of the exhibits, the whole section strikes one as less interesting. The dramatic painters supply nothing as poignant as M. Friant's "La Douleur," the fanciful painters nothing as weird as Willette's huge fantasy of modern vice, the chromatic painters nothing as powerful as Monet's haystacks. Then we find Bastien-Lepage's "Les Foins," at once blunt *plein air* realism and subtle mysticism; one exquisite portrait head by Fantin; two portraits by M. Jules Lefébvre, triumphs of naturalistic details, exquisitely painted, and welded into a marvellously compelling unity; the queer, quaint platitude painters of the mid-century, Cabanel and Dubufe, and M. Bouguereau, the living follower of their tradition. We can mention no more, but the interest of the French section is certainly the more vital of the two. Yet so far as representative character is concerned, the British part is superior by a long way and, except in the matter of the catalogue, the Fine Art Committee appear to have carried out their scheme with the conscientious desire to omit nothing of importance. There has never been a finer opportunity for studying the history and significance of British art from Sir Joshua to Mr. Sargent.

Letters to the Editor.

DOES THE SUGAR CONVENTION BETRAY FREE TRADE?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A letter to which the signature, "Free Trader," is affixed, is usually gratifying to me, but the correspondent who writes to you under that name in your issue of June 6th, and who complains that I have not dealt with the terms on which the Government has renewed the Sugar Convention, has, I fear, no very clear understanding of the system of Free Trade which he admires.

Were he a thorough Free Trader, he could not advance either of the two arguments which he uses in defence of the renewal of the Sugar Convention.

He says, firstly: "*Our refusal to renew would not have modified the policy of the other contracting Powers; Germany could equally have put pressure on Russia.*"

This is the argument of the Retaliators; consistent Free Traders should have nothing to do with the action of other Powers, so long as they themselves keep open ports, and do not allow themselves to be parties to any limitation of the sources of their own supply.

That being the creed of Free Traders, it is quite unnecessary to argue further on that point; but, nevertheless, I should like to ask "Free Trader" and Sir Edward Grey, who used the same argument, how Germany could have put pressure on Russia, if we had stood out of the Convention, and thus assured to Russia a free market for all the sugar she might wish to send us. If it is alleged that the other contracting Powers would under those circumstances have gone back to the old system of bounties, and by so doing have exported sugar so cheaply that Russia could not have been able to compete with them in our market, what a boon that would have been to the sugar consumers and refiners in Great Britain!

But the other contracting Powers evidently did not care to do this, and relied upon Great Britain's assistance to coerce Russia. If this was not so, and if they could have coerced Russia without us, why were they so insistent that we should come into the renewal, even to the extent, as we were informed by Sir Edward Grey, of causing "unfavorable friction" if we refused? These two arguments, that they could do without us, and that we were necessary to them, contradict each other.

"Free Trader's" second point is:—"*By the new clause we provide a simple machinery for the admission of our refined sugar goods into the territories of the other contracting Powers if those goods are not made from bounty-fed raw material.*"

Now the fact of our being a party to the prohibition by the contracting States of our refined sugar goods, if made from bounty-fed raw material, constitutes us indirectly a party to the exclusion of bounty-fed raw material into this country, which again transgresses against Free Trade. Besides, if we had nothing whatever to do with the Convention, the contracting Powers could not prohibit our refined sugar goods, or raise the tariff on them higher than on corresponding goods from other countries without violating the most-favored nation clause, a proceeding which Sir Edward Grey admitted had never yet been done. It is hardly likely either that the contracting Powers, who naturally wish to sell to us as much raw sugar as possible, would put such prohibitive duties on our refined sugar goods as to lessen our manufacture of them and, consequently, reduce our demand from the contracting Powers for their own raw sugar, out of which these goods are made.

I am sorry to shake "Free Trader" in his optimism, but I think he would have suffered a greater shock had he heard Sir Edward Grey, on Wednesday last, advancing, in support of the renewal of the Sugar Convention, all the arguments of the Protectionists and Retaliators to the cheers of Protectionist politicians on the opposite benches.

As I listened I had to pinch myself to make sure that I was not dreaming, and that these doctrines were really being proclaimed by a Liberal Free Trade Minister.

I can assure "Free Trader" that there were many in the House that day who did not share his sense of security, and who were anxious to voice their individual protests had they had the opportunity.

This, however, the Speaker could not give them, as he knew that there was another important subject to be discussed in the short time remaining.

The matter, however, will not be allowed to remain where it is, as Free Traders feel that this renewal not only betrays their most cherished principles, but threatens the Liberal Party's safety at the General Election.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST VILLIERS.

22, Montague Square, W.
June 9th, 1908.

THE PROBLEM OF RURAL HOUSING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In my article of last week on this subject I urged that the system of "part time" officers, under which private interest and public duty must almost inevitably collide, was largely responsible for the deplorable housing conditions of many rural districts. May I give some particulars of a case just brought to my notice, which illustrates some at least of the disadvantages incidental to this system?

The main facts are very simple. The Housing Committee of the Birmingham Corporation had applied to the magistrates for a closing order in respect of some houses in Birmingham, which the Committee believed to be unfit for human habitation. The chief witness called for the defence was the Medical Officer of Health of the North Bromsgrove District Council, who was, as he explained, "a personal friend" of the owner of the houses; and, acting partly upon his evidence, the magistrates dismissed the case. Subsequently this medical officer wrote to the local papers criticising what he asserted to be "the indiscreet way in which the officers of the Corporation had proceeded."

At the next meeting of the North Bromsgrove District Council, a letter was read from the Town Clerk of Birmingham, asking whether it was with the knowledge and approval of the District Council that their medical officer had acted, and suggesting that "in ordinary circumstances it is undesirable that one sanitary authority should be opposed in their work by the officers of another sanitary authority." In the discussion which followed (as reported in the local papers of June 6th), this opinion seems to have been generally agreed to. All the councillors who spoke, and even the medical officer himself, admitted the inconvenience of the practice; but it was pointed out by the Chairman that their medical officer was not the whole time officer of the Council, "nor could they expect him to be so at a salary of £30 a year," and that what he did with his spare time was practically his own affair. Moreover, it was stated that this practice, if undesirable, was the universal custom of the neighbourhood; that there was "hardly a case fought out in the Courts but a medical officer appeared on both sides"; and a case was quoted in which the medical officer of the district—whose action was now in question—had himself applied for a closing order, and the Chairman of the North Bromsgrove Council had been responsible for bringing another medical officer to give evidence on the other side, with the result that "in that case also the local medical man was beaten." Replying to the Chairman, Dr. Kidd said he would be prepared to undertake to ask the consent of the Council in future; but if there was a chance of giving evidence in the High Court at a fifty guinea fee he hoped the Council would not object. (Laughter.)

That is the report as given by the local paper. The discussion appears to have been perfectly good-humored; and it is unnecessary to call in question the merits of this particular case. But surely it is obvious that while this kind of practice continues, and the medical officer of one authority can always be relied on to counteract by his evidence the case brought by the medical officer of another, the administration of the Housing Law will never be a very serious matter.

And yet the new Housing Bill, introduced mainly to meet the rural difficulties, leaves this part-time system practically untouched.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL.

June 10th, 1908.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his letter appearing in your issue of last week Mr. Stephen Paget again seeks to confuse the issue by once more basing his general defence of vivisection upon false logic.

Because, from my own personal experience, as well as from the evidence of statistics, I dare not refuse the incalculable benefit of the diphtheria anti-toxin, he would claim that physiologists are to be justified in all they do. It is as if he were to argue that because he eats mutton, which does not involve cruelty, he therefore scorns cruelty in any form. Then he proceeds to vilify the anti-vivisectionists because I have admitted that they are sometimes inaccurate.

He reminds me of a schoolfellow who, having earned a thrashing from the headmaster, proceeded to justify himself by advising the whole school that the other boy had been severely admonished, thereby claiming that the latter was the real sinner.

Because, Sir, the anti-vivisectionists use means of fighting that are unsportsmanlike, it does not follow that their cause is not good. And they are to be pardoned, because their ignorance of technical knowledge makes it almost impossible for them to be accurate. In their principles they are absolutely justified in the brave warfare they have aroused. In the results of their fighting they are also justified; but for the anti-vivisectionists, there had been no legal restraint whatever put upon the physiologists.

And yet the danger to the physiologist himself is so great in legalising his experiments, and the horrors that are perpetrated in the name of science are so awful, that I trust the bulk of the public will always be anti-vivisectionists. Nor can I myself blame them for using brickbats and soft-nose bullets.

Mr. Paget offers to supply literature on the subject to the public. May I warn them that by suppressing all unfavorable information the leaflets of the Research Defence Society, so far as they propose to answer the charge against the anti-vivisectionists, are in spirit, if not in word, untruthful?—Yours, &c.,

GREVILLE MACDONALD.

Harley Street, W., June 9th, 1908.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I trust that Miss Nancy Lightman is entitled to speak for her sister Suffragettes and the more militant section of the claimants for female suffrage, as she has cleared the ground.

This lady acknowledges the principle of exceptions in the case of men's qualification for the Parliamentary franchise. These exceptions have reference to certain instructions given to overseers and other officers concerned in registration, the principle of qualification being ownership, occupiers of the £10 and upwards qualification, lodgers of £10 qualification, and a certain limited service, burgess and freeman qualification, peers and women being excluded. It was not until 1884-1885 that Mr. Gladstone, in conjunction with Lord Salisbury, was able to enlarge the suffrage, and since that recent date women have been included in the Local Government lists as voters when qualified as men.

The present Government was not pledged to risk its very existence on women's suffrage, yet I doubt if fewer than 75 per cent. of the Liberal members and of the Cabinet are unfavorable to withdrawing the exception of women from the Parliamentary franchise. But the confusion that has arisen from the wild claims of Suffragettes who have failed to state their claims as Miss Nancy Lightman has done, and the strange company they keep, has undoubtedly not hastened the tabling of a new Reform Bill, now foreshadowed by the Prime Minister, while the added difficulties introduced in bye-elections, must, and *does*, alienate much solid sympathy in the country, a sympathy that helps a Government to pass a measure and make it generous.

Until manhood suffrage is introduced the rate book must be the basis of registration. If a married woman is to vote how does Miss Nancy Lightman propose to get her name upon it, unless that of the husband is withdrawn? Possibly this lady and her friends believe in the property qualification, rather than in our system of household suffrage, and would welcome an extension of duplicate voting, in which case they are right in supporting Tory candidates, but should avow the reason.

The Speaker, the other day, rebuked a Tory member who claimed urgency for a question of artillery by stating that he did not think Great Britain was likely to be invaded before the end of the Whitsuntide recess. The Suffragettes might fairly accept this rebuke as applied to their thoughtless tactics. Should they ensure the defeat of every Liberal candidate at every bye-election for the next three years or more the question of female suffrage cannot be entertained apart from the new Reform Bill, of which, in any case, it

must be a part, whether carried or not. Thus to attempt to defeat men who are necessary for carrying it, at the same time exhibiting a want of the most elementary knowledge of the necessities of government, is not to qualify for a right to assist in making the laws.—Yours, &c.,

Blundellsands, A. Grimshaw Haywood.
June 3rd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Florence Travers, writes: "It would now appear that the only direct and practical way of achieving votes for women is by way of adult suffrage." This assumption is quite unwarranted by anything that the Prime Minister is reported to have said in his recent statement and ought not to pass unchallenged.

As far as can be judged from varying reports—there is no official one—Mr. Asquith foreshadowed a Reform Bill which should remove various "fancy franchises" and remedy the glaring defects of the existing registration system. He does not appear to have mentioned adult suffrage nor to have indicated any intention of enlarging (in principle) the male electorate. In practice, of course, a shortened registration period would enlarge the electorate. If a Bill of this nature were passed and if women were included in it on the same terms as men, with a special proviso to include married women, the number of women electors would probably still remain inferior to the number of men electors. The whole of Mrs. Travers' argument, therefore, about the majority of women who would rule the country falls to the ground. Nor, even if women voters were in the majority, would her argument be sound, since it rests upon the second assumption that all, or, at any rate, most, women will vote the same way, and that a different way from most men's. But the opinions of women vary on every conceivable subject, precisely as the opinions of men do; and the majority by which the country would be governed would be made up—like the minority—of men and women together. The country would be governed by men and women, instead of by men only; and as many of the matters now debated in Parliament are matters upon which women are more expert than men, one might hope to see these matters more intelligently treated. At least the House of Commons would no longer offer to the world the opera-bouffe spectacle of a congregation of men gravely debating and deciding whether any mother shall be allowed to take her baby into her bed, while no mother throughout the nation is allowed a legal voice on the question.—Yours, &c., Clementina Black.

Hampstead, June 8th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I should like to point out that your "Anti-Suffrage" correspondent of last week shows an astonishing misapprehension as to the working of political parties.

The power of a Government depends upon "proportion," and not merely upon "majority." Therefore, a majority of one million women would not affect party politics unless there was a great tendency on the part of women to vote either Liberal or Conservative. That there is no such tendency has been proved over and over again by the unwillingness of both parties to give women the vote. Each party argues that women would favor their opponents, and this shows that the balance of feminine influence must be fairly even. Some three years ago statistics were taken as to the relative number of Anglicans and Nonconformists in the country, and their numbers were found to be approximately equal. Now, most Nonconformists are Liberal and most Anglicans are Conservative. This is another proof of the probable proportions of women's votes being duly balanced. I might multiply instances to support this fact, but what I have already said should suffice.

Then, as to the unfitness of women for the vote because they have neither administrative nor legislative capacity, I would remind your correspondent that this is no argument. If it were, the numbers of the existing male electorate would suffer a swift and startling reduction on the application of such a test.—Yours, &c.,

Emily Tomlinson,
C.S. Girton College Cantab., M.B. Lond.
June 10th, 1908.

"THE PERIL OF THE GOVERNMENT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have been an appreciative reader of The Nation since the appearance of its first number, and heartily approve of your consistent and able advocacy of the programme of social reform which the present Government is tackling. While doing so it is praiseworthy, of course, to preserve your independence, for no Liberal likes at any time to be what Emerson calls, "A mush of concession," but your article on "The Peril of the Government" to my thinking hits the wrong party. I agree that there is a danger of the Whiggery of office benumbing the democratic initiative and activities of the Cabinet, and the Prime Minister is not alone in being all the better for a stirring up. Your protest against the renewal of the Sugar Convention at the present juncture in the history of Free Trade is most timely. Others besides the Ministry, however, must take off their coats to the business of keeping the Government "in vivid touch with popular sentiment." It seems to me that your exhortations should be, meanwhile, quite as earnestly, to say the least of it, addressed to the rank and file of our M.P.'s, from whom there is heard no commanding voice elucidating and enforcing the Liberal programme as Mr. Winston Churchill did, *e.g.*, in his historic campaign at Dundee. Are members merely to go the jog-trot, conventional pace in the recess? If they do no more than this, then we may despair of maintaining the momentum in and out of Parliament necessary to carry the many great and beneficent reforms in hand.—Yours, &c.,

R. Henderson Smith.

Edinburgh, June 10th, 1908.

THE MEANING OF "BANDE MATARAM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your review entitled "The Anti-Indian Englishman," a title which I should apply to those who mislead the Indians to their own undoing, you comment upon my interpretation of the words "Bande Mataram," and you give quotations from a translation by an English gentleman. First, may I point out that this is a paraphrase, not a translation. Your reviewer must be aware, though he does not say so, that the words are put by the novelist into the mouths of the rebels, and there can be no question as to what is their acquired significance. As to the actual translation, I do not know that any scholar has supported the view that you put forward.

The reference to the goddess Kali cannot be ignored by anyone who has read the poem, in one of the earliest lines of which "the goddess Durga, bearing ten weapons," is mentioned. Mr. Grierson, whose authority as a scholar is unquestioned, wrote to the "Times" to point out that the words are an ancient invocation to the goddess Kali. No doubt the novelist compared his motherland to the goddess, but it is equally clear that the words are understood in their original signification by the agitators, no matter with what particular object they may be used. Sir George Birdwood, also a scholar, supports Mr. Grierson's view.

Mr. Anderson also points out that in "Ananda Math" the rebels are portrayed singing "Bande Mataram" to a statue in honor of the goddess Kali. It seems to me that your reviewer cannot have read the novel or the song, and I have yet to learn that any person with any claim to being a scholar has put forward the interpretation which your reviewer treats as if it were acknowledged to be correct.

For the rest, I make no complaint whatever of your reviewer, who writes from a point of view which I, of course, not only do not adopt, but utterly repudiate as unrepresentative of what is good, and what is true, and what is loyal in India.—Yours, &c.,

J. D. Rees.

Travellers' Club, June 8th, 1908.

JESUITS AS MURDERERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have not read Mr. Perceval Landon's book of stories. I know it only by the interesting review in The Nation of June 6th. Will you allow me to call attention to

one point in the long extract your reviewer takes from it, referring to the death of "Cardinal de Bernard." If the words mean anything, Mr. Perceval Landon represents the Cardinal as being murdered by the Jesuits, with the approval of their General.

It is somewhat startling to find that an English gentleman like Mr. Landon casually mentions this as a possible, even a probable event, for a writer of stories of modern life does not deal with the outrageously impossible. Mr. Landon would not represent an English Secretary of State arranging to poison the leader of the Opposition. He would be laughed at if he did. Why fix such a scandalous imputation, even in fiction, on the Jesuit General? Which of recent Generals was capable of it? Mr. Landon's stories are tales of to-day, or of the recent past. Was this murder something that might conceivably be the act of Father Anderledy, or Father Martin, both of them cultured gentlemen, who had scores of English friends? I imagine that to Mr. Landon the General of the Jesuits is a kind of mythical bogey. He hardly grasps the fact that he is a reality. But surely it is time to banish from our literature twaddle of this kind, which would be ridiculous if it were not offensive.—Yours, &c.,

"A Catholic Reader of The Nation."

London, June 9th, 1908.

POLITICAL AND THEOLOGICAL LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In his review of Anglican Liberalism Canon Henson remarks that "there is nothing properly common to Liberalism in the logical and ecclesiastical senses and the political and economic." I cannot help feeling that Canon Henson and others ignore distinctions more practically important than those which they recognise; and, by the same token, they ignore bonds of sympathy more practical and efficient than those which they wish to strengthen.

I think that the feeling which makes a man desire to understand, sympathise with, and recognise the truth in those theological beliefs which he does not accept, is closely akin to the feeling which makes him desire to secure an equal chance to men of all classes, races, and nations, and to substitute the rule of reason for that of force. But, on the other hand, I do not see that a man is a champion of liberty either in thought or action just because he rejects certain doctrines. A man who disbelieves the Virgin Birth or Material Resurrection may be as bigoted in the enforcement of his negations as the extremest Ultramontane or Calvinist can be in the assertion of their positive creeds. And if so, he has for practical purposes less in common with sympathetic Liberalism, say, like that of Dean Stanley, or (may I be excused for adding) such as is embodied in my father's "Religions of the World," than many a Romanist or Calvinist.

I do not think that this is a mere academical distinction. I hope the time for Protestant penal laws against Roman Catholics or revolutionary massacres of priests is gone by for our century, but I think I see something of the spirit which produced these inconsistencies in the present educational controversy. I must say that my point of view on that matter is far nearer to that expressed by your correspondent "Th. Hill," than that of the ordinary Liberal. Freedom from tests for a really efficient schoolmaster ought to mean freedom to teach what he thinks vital as well as freedom to refuse to teach what he disbelieves; and not merely freedom to teach just as much as Nonconformist or Secularist leaders consider tolerable by people of their opinions. As to parental authority I would extend that further than the opponents of religious compulsion do; for I believe there are many other grounds for objecting to the retention of a child in a school than the so-called religious objection. Whatever excuse there was for compulsory education is, I think, done away with by the tradition in favor of sending children to school which has, in the main, been established in the last thirty-eight years; and the abolition of compulsion on the parent might prepare the way for perceiving the need of greater freedom than is yet demanded for the teacher. But as long as Liberalism in theology merely means negation, we shall have a number of cultivated and intelligent clergymen and laymen opposing real freedom in education—Yours, &c.,

C. E. Maurice.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead,
June 10th, 1908.

LIBERAL ADULLAMITES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The memorial addressed to the Prime Minister, signed by eighteen Liberal members of Parliament, requesting him to capitulate to the House of Lords on the question of Scottish land legislation and to follow the lead of Messrs. Wason and Weir, with whom the House of Lords are anxious to deal, is as inimical to the interests of the Highlands as it is repugnant to the sentiment of the great mass of the Scottish people. The passing of Mr. Wason's Crofters Bill, so highly commended by the memorialists, would be a grave misfortune to Scotland. Such a sham settlement of the land question would indefinitely postpone just and urgent reforms. Its reputed benefits would be shadowy and costly, while its reactionary provisions would work real and lasting injury to the crofting community.

Mr. Wason's Bill extends the application of the Crofters Act to holdings between £30 and £50 of rent, but under a proviso, not found in the original Crofters Act, which renders the extension practically nugatory. The crofter, or his predecessor in title, must have (*a*) reclaimed the land, or (*b*) erected or constructed the buildings and improvements, or a substantial part thereof, at his own cost. There are very few holdings in the Highlands to which the qualified extension would apply, and, so far as Argyllshire is concerned, careful inquiry has failed to discover one instance where a tenant within the extended limit has either reclaimed the land or erected the buildings at his own cost. It was around this question of equipment that controversy raged most fiercely with reference to the Government Bill, and the pity of it is to find that the members who back this Bill have so completely given the case away.

The resumption of the holding clause in the original Crofters Act has been a source of worry and loss to many crofters, but this Bill, instead of limiting the purposes for which resumption may be applied for, actually extends that right to "the fencing of land for the general development of the estate." Such an extension of landlord right is a menace to the whole of crofterdom, and might involve the extinction of whole crofting townships.

The memorialists, all Liberal members of Parliament, must surely be ignorant of the character of Mr. Wason's Bill. In their letter to the Prime Minister they state that "if land reform in Scotland is to be postponed till after a constitutional conflict with the House of Lords, other questions may arise and obscure the issue." This is a most extraordinary and groundless charge to bring against a Government that has twice passed the Small Landholders Bill in the House of Commons, twice fought for it in the House of Lords, and twice obtained the King's consent to it. If the issue is obscured, it is not by the action of the Government, but by the conduct of the Liberal members who condone the killing of the Small Landholders Bill by the Lords, and who still hold up the authors of that disaster as the real friends of land reform.

The conflict between the people and the House of Lords has to be fought out. It is a life or death struggle for Liberalism. Men of all parties realise that it is on the field of land legislation that the fate of the Lords will be decided. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman proclaimed a fight to the finish on the Scottish Land Bill—a Bill strongly and persistently demanded by Scotsmen. What more foolish counsel than to retire from the battleground deliberately chosen by the leader of the party, cordially endorsed by his lieutenant, and enthusiastically acclaimed by the rank and file!

The memorialists refer with approval to the English and Irish Land Acts as less controversial than the Scottish Land Bill. I fail to see how it is possible for Highland members to look on the Government Land Bill as controversial, when all its principles were embedded in the

Crofters Act, that wrought such wonders of beneficence for years in the past of the kingdom which they represent. The controversy was introduced by the Lords, and was occasioned by their proposed importation to Scotland of the English Land Act, which by no human ingenuity could be adapted to Scottish requirements.

The memorialists invite the Prime Minister to drop his predecessor's land policy as enunciated at Edinburgh last autumn, and to revert to the items of a programme which he himself is alleged to have put forward at Inverness two years before the great Liberal triumph of 1906.

The Prime Minister is pledged to carry out Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's policy, and is not to be shaken from his steadfastness. Nothing could be more repugnant to the sentiment of Highlanders than to be untrue to their old Chief's dying charge, and to betray his trust before his ashes were cold in the grave.—Yours, &c.,

MALCOLM MACCALLUM.

Muckairn Manse, Taynuilt, Argyll,
June 8th, 1908.

TRADE RETURNS FOR MAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A great deal has been made of the so-called slump in the Board of Trade Returns for last month, but no account, so far as I have seen the daily press, has been taken of the heavy fall in values. The Index Number, so carefully kept by Mr. Sauerbeck for nigh half-a-century, gave a difference of eight points fall in April last compared to April, 1907, and the May one, I presume, is the same or more. I will not fatigue you or your readers with many figures and will curtail them down to millions. Hence, the matter may be reduced to very simple proportions in this way:—

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

Description.	Home Produce, or for Home Consumption.	Foreign and Colonial Produce.	Total.
Exports, 1907	37 ...	8 ...	45
Imports, 1907	44 ...	8 ...	52
Totals	81 ...	16 ...	97
Deduct 8 points Index Number equal 10 per cent.	8 ...	1½ ...	9½
Net amount compared to 1908 prices	73 ...	14½ ...	87½
Exports, 1908	31 ...	6 ...	37
Imports, 1908	38 ...	6 ...	44
Totals	69 ...	12 ...	81
Decrease upon May, 1907 ...	4 ...	2½ ...	6½
Per cent.	5½ ...	17 ...	7½

Without taking the Index Number, or rather the difference of value into account, the fall on imports would appear to be 15 per cent., that on exports 16, and upon re-exports 23 per cent. In the above tabulation the true state of the case appears.

The return for the five months shows the same results, but the average fall of points of the Index Number is only six since December last. The register tonnage of vessels in the oversea trade carrying *cargo only* confirms the position now taken up. The whole, or most, of the trouble has come to us from the panic in America last autumn. It is mainly because of the "slump" over there in buying power that our exports have fallen, for the American import trade has gone down a third. The descent with us is most pronounced in the *entrepôt* business which it is seen has fallen, last month, no less than 17 per cent. compared to 5 per cent. in our own proper commerce.—Yours, &c.,

June 8th, 1908. W. T.

THE GATHERING OF WILD FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is a Bill before Parliament, the object of which is the penalising of the gathering of wild flowers and wild fruit. It should meet with strenuous opposition; no court in England, above a Petty Sessional one, has ever held that there is private property in either wild animals, wild birds, wild fruit, or wild flowers.

Trespass is not in itself an offence, and Mr. Thompson, a barrister, who has given much attention to this subject expresses the opinion in his "Neglected Phase of the Land Laws," that some Magistrates have strained the law with regard to "constructive damage."

Difficulties have, of course, arisen because wild fruits and wild flowers have now a market value. A Cotswold farmer told me of his difficulty with regard to an acre of wild lilies of the valley, which he had fenced in. Mr. Thompson suggests a solution of this difficulty, by the passing of a law granting the absolute right of exclusion from land in return for the payment of a special tax.

It is interesting that this question was debated during two sessions, some years ago, in the German Parliament, between the landowners and the public, and that it was finally decided that the latter had an undoubted right to gather both wild fruit and wild flowers.—Yours, &c.,

S.

May 18th, 1908.

THE DEFENCE OF THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Swanwick, in a recent issue, says very sensibly that more should be done to bring home to the minds of the working-men electors the mendacity of the statements regarding the Licensing Bill issued by the brewers and retailed by their agents. But the field is already occupied by the enemy, and even to enter it for the purpose of peaceful discussion is resisted by organised violence.

I will give one typical instance. "A public meeting, to explain the provisions of the Licensing Bill," was held at Burbage, a village near Marlborough, on May 4th. The chairman was the much respected minister of the Congregational Church at Marlborough. "Several licensed victuallers from Pewsey" (a neighbouring market town), "who had created a disturbance at a similar gathering in their own parish a week or two before," had come over and led the opposition. The account of the proceedings occupies nearly a column and a-half—mostly interruptions from the organised blackguardism present, and protests from the platform. At last—"The speaker, after vainly endeavouring to make himself heard above the shouts of the publicans and their following, finally gave up the attempt." Burbage is a typical Church village. My authority is the "Marlborough Times," the Conservative organ.—Yours, &c.,

D. C. PEDDER, Lieut.-Col.

Applegarth, Ogbourne St. George, Marlborough,
May 30th, 1908.

Poetry.

SONNET FROM PUSHKIN.

THOU shalt not, poet, prize the people's love.
The noise of their applause will quickly die;
Then shalt thou hear the judgment of the fool
And chilling laughter from the multitude.
But stand thou firm, untroubled and austere;
Thou art a king and kings must live alone.
Thine own free spirit calls to thee; pass on,
Make perfect the fair blossom of thy dreams,
Nor ask for praises of achievement won.
Praise lives within; 'tis thou that art the judge.
And thine the strictest judgment of them all.
Art thou content? Then leave the herd to howl;
Leave them to spit upon thine altar fires
And on the dancing incense of thy shrine.

C. GARNETT.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE series of onslaughts which Mr. Andrew Lang is making upon M. Anatole France's "Jeanne d'Arc," call to mind the Froude and Freeman controversy of nearly fifty years ago. Indeed, Mr. Lang has himself entered the lists against Froude in a paper contributed to "Literature," and since reprinted in a volume called "Among my Books," edited by the late H. D. Traill. Froude's treatment of historical authorities was not irreproachable, but it can hardly be doubted that his accuracy in the main and in broad outline (which is incontrovertible), the color and animation of his narrative, and his masterly style, will always cause him to be read. The same is probably true of M. Anatole France. Who would say as much for Freeman? Mr. Lang attacks M. France for not rating Joan of Arc high enough. He thinks that to speak of Joan as "la petite sainte" and "une béguine"—phrases applied to her by M. France—is indefensible. But he also charges M. France with making an improper use of authorities, and he is particularly angry because M. France suggests that Joan was to some extent the puppet of a clerical director who engineered her visions and revelations for the advantage of the Church. It is at present a very pretty quarrel, and it will be interesting to read M. France's reply to these criticisms, which will, we understand, be given in the English translation of "Jeanne d'Arc," to be published by Mr. Lane.

* * *

WHAT may be called "the higher criticism" of the lives of the saints is an historical study of recent growth. Even while still under Newman's influence, Froude was convinced of its necessity. In his "Life of St. Neot," one of the series of "Lives of the Saints" projected by Newman, after gravely narrating the marvels attributed to St. Neot, he drily remarks at the end, "This is all, and perhaps more than all, that is known of the life of the blessed St. Neot." One of the best examples of this criticism is M. Paul Sabatier's "Life of St. Francis of Assisi." That work was the result of a hint given to its author by Renan. The great man advised M. Sabatier to do for the person of St. Francis what he believed he himself had done for the person of Christ, to disentangle essential truth from myth and legend, and present a veritable portrait of the saint. Another good example is to be found in "The Legends of the Saints: An Introduction to Hagiography," by Père Delehaye. It shows the profound difference between hagiography and history, and explains the process by which unhistorical accretions inevitably cluster round the doings of the great Christian saints. Father Delehaye's expositions of the *dossier* of St. Procopius, is an admirable piece of literary criticism.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of the Lives of the Saints we may mention that a biography of St. Thomas of Canterbury, by Father Robert Hugh Benson, is shortly to appear in the interesting "St. Nicholas Series," published by Messrs. Macdonald & Evans. Father Benson is uncompromising in his view of St. Thomas' political action, and he applies the same principle to the present controversy in France. "If it is proper," he writes, "that Edward VII. should be even the nominal head—and by law he is much more—of an institution claiming to be Christ's Church; and that M. Fallières should be the ultimate arbitrator between French priests and people; then it was equally proper for Henry II. to insist upon the 'Constitutions of Clarendon' and the 'royal customs,' and highly improper, as well as absurd, for St. Thomas to resist them." In choosing St. Thomas of Canterbury as the champion of the Church against the State, Father Benson has taken very debatable ground. His work in historical fiction makes us look forward to his appearance in the field of pure history.

* * *

BUDDHISM, as M. Anatole France points out in a charming essay, has a peculiar fascination for even the most sceptical minds of modern Europe. Every year sees the appearance of books in which the creed is examined from one point of view or another. "The Wheat Among the Tares," by the Rev. A. Lloyd, which is shortly to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, claims to be the first work in which the historical relations between Japanese Buddhism and Christianity are seriously considered. Mr. Lloyd, who is lecturer in the Imperial University at Tokyo, has given over twenty years to the study of his subject. His conclusion is that Japanese Buddhism arose out of Manichæism and Docetic and Gnostic heresies which very early found their way into Japan. For Messrs. Constable's series of "Monographs on Comparative Religions," Professor Rhys Davids has just finished a book on "Early Buddhism." Besides the life and teaching of Buddha, an account of the religious and political conditions of Northern India is also given.

* * *

A PROMISING book on the history of education in this country is announced by Messrs. Dent. It is called "A Century of Education, Being the Centenary History of the British and Foreign School Society." The author, Mr. Henry Bryan Binns, has had the assistance of such educational experts as Dr. Macnamara, Professor Foster Watson, Mr. Sidney Webb, and Mr. Graham Wallas, each of whom contributes a chapter dealing with some special side of the Society's work. The British and Foreign Society has done good service to the cause of education during the past hundred years, and it is well that we should have a permanent record of its activities.

* * *

THIS month Messrs. Routledge will publish the first volume of the authorised English translation of Dr. Friedländer's "Sittengeschichte Roms." The translator is Mr. Leonard A. Magnus, and the English version will be entitled, "Roman Life and Roman Manners under the Early Empire." The book gives a full account of the Imperial Court, of the means of locomotion and traffic, the position of women, and the general social life of Rome in the time of the first Emperors. An interesting section deals with travel and the narratives of the tourists of the period. The same publishers announce "The First English Translations of the Great Foreign Classics," by Mr. W. J. Harris, a work giving a bibliography of the chief English translations from Elizabethan times downwards, and tracing the influence of foreign authors upon English literature.

* * *

M. GASTON BOISSIER, who died last Wednesday in his eighty-fifth year, was a versatile and accomplished writer, and a scholar of European reputation. He was born at Nîmes in 1823, and the wealth of Roman remains in that town bred in him a determination to make Latin antiquities and literature the chief study of his life. His first important work on the subject, "Cicéron et ses amis," placed him in the front ranks of Latin scholarship. He succeeded Sainte-Beuve as Professor of Latin literature at the Collège de France, and in 1876 became a member of the French Academy, of which he was appointed perpetual secretary in 1895. Among his chief contributions to classical scholarship are "La Religion romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins," "Promenades archéologiques," "Nouvelles Promenades," and "La Fin du Paganisme." He also wrote excellent biographies of Saint-Simon and of Madame de Sévigné in Hachette's series of "Grand Ecrivains français." His death raises the number of vacant places in the Academy to four.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Government of England." By Professor A. Lawrence Lowell. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 17s. net.)

"The Later Years of Catherine de' Medici." By Edith Sichel. (Constable. 15s. net.)

"The Story of British Diplomacy: Its Makers and Movements." By T. H. S. Escott. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

"A Book About Yorkshire." By J. S. Fletcher. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The North-West Passage." By Roald Amundsen. (Constable. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)

"Liége and the Ardennes." Painted by A. Forestier. Text by G. W. Ormond. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Cliff End." By E. Booth. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"Esquisses et Récits." Par le Marquis de Ségur. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

"L'Archichancellier Cambacérès. 1753—1824." D'après des documents inédits. Par Pierre Vialles. (Paris: Perrin. 5fr.)

"La Folle Aventure." Roman. Par André Lichtenberger. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

"Il restauro dell'arco d'Alfonso d'Aragona in Napoli." By A. Avena. Rome, L.20.)

Reviews.

THE STORY OF THE VOLUNTEERS.*

The author remarks justly in his preface that the time is opportune for reviewing the history of the Volunteer Forces. That history is full of lessons and warnings, and it ought at least to guide us in anticipating the results of Mr. Haldane's experiments. There is a great deal to be learnt from Major Sebag-Montefiore's book; but from this point of view it is unfortunate that it is a little wanting in definiteness, and that he has allowed himself to roam rather widely from his subject. Once or twice this rambling habit has involved him in historical mistakes. A historian of the Volunteers is under no obligation to learn all about the Revolutionary movement in the eighteenth century; but if he discusses it, he ought to know the facts. He ought not, for example, to describe the Corresponding Society of London as an organisation "for the propagation of republican views and for maintaining the connection with the leaders of France." This sentence, whatever its precise meaning may be, would seem to suggest that Major Sebag-Montefiore is under the impression that the society existed to correspond with some French revolutionaries, whereas, of course, its name and its methods were borrowed from the corresponding societies which had existed in England fifteen years before the French Revolution, to one of which Burke himself had belonged. The correspondence which the society conducted was not between England and France, but between different centres in England. It had to do not with the Revolution, but with Parliamentary Reform. This misconception helps to explain how it is that Major Sebag-Montefiore seriously thinks that Volunteers were necessary to defend England against "her internal enemies"—a view that was excusable in the mind of the panic-stricken squire of the time, but not tenable to-day. The "internal enemies" were men who happened to think in 1794 what Pitt had thought in 1784. The only difference was that Pitt got into office, while the later reformers got into gaol.

It is perhaps not surprising that a historian of the Volunteers should diverge into other topics, for undoubtedly the chief interest of the Volunteers is social rather than military. Nowhere, indeed, have the social characteristics of English policy played a greater part in moulding our institutions than in the history of the Volunteers. For practical purposes that history begins with the Act of 1794 authorising the formation of district corps or companies of Volunteers, to be entitled to pay, and to be subject to military discipline if called out for invasion, or in aid of the civil power. By a clause in the Act, Volunteers who showed that they had attended exercise for six weeks, were exempt from the Militia. This separation of the Volunteers from the Militia is condemned by Mr. Fortescue as a disastrous blunder, and from the point of view of military organisation a blunder it certainly was. But the explanation is easy to discover. For there were two respects in which service in the Volunteers was made attractive; one was the exemption from the more exacting service of the Militia; the other was the social advantage of serving in a force distinct from the Militia. The separation of the auxiliary forces of England into Militia, Fencibles, and Volunteers, to compete with each other and with the regular army, was a symptom of the social habits of the nation. If the conscript army across the Channel illustrated the militant democracy of the Revolution, the failure to provide a single homogeneous defensive army for these shores was just as true and visible a sign of the vitality and power of the governing ideas of eighteenth century England. In earlier instances of raising Volunteers, described by Major Sebag-Montefiore, the Volunteer companies had been affiliated to the Militia, but if Pitt, when he wished to raise Volunteers on a large scale, departed from this sound practice in 1794, it was not necessarily because, as Mr. Fortescue has argued, he had never grappled with the problem of national defence; it may very well have been because he dared not try to raise a democratic army. The main intention, as Windham put it afterwards, was that the Volunteer Corps should consist of a higher class of life, of a better condition, of such a description as it would not be proper to mix with soldiers of the line. When Castlereagh introduced his scheme in 1808, he declared his anxiety to "prevent the injurious confusion of the highest with the lowest ranks." The same considerations were strongly urged in the circulars which revived the Volunteers in 1859.

There is another aspect of the Volunteer organisation which is interesting in this connection. Its main pivot was personal enterprise in raising a corps. The same quality was stimulated by the prizes which were offered to men for raising independent companies for the army. As Pitt developed that system, a young man could obtain a pension for life from his country by investing a sufficient sum to raise a few score of recruits. A boy colonel in the English Army at the end of the 18th century was not a greater anomaly than a boy cardinal in the days of the Renaissance Popes. There was no end to the mischief and the scandals caused by this system. Now in the raising of the Volunteer regiments there was no mercenary reward, but there was the reward of rank. Individual initiative was the key to the system. Under the Volunteer system the Government dealt not with some public authority but with individual leaders, who raised and maintained its armies for home defence with the help of Government grants. Until Mr. Haldane's scheme was introduced the colonel was even responsible for the debts of the corps. Rank has been the reward of public spirit in the richer classes, not of military skill and zeal in all classes. This idea of the Volunteers as an army of well-to-do men led by rich men has never disappeared, and the whole system still retains something of the spirit of the 18th century. From this point of view the question that it was natural to ask when Mr. Haldane set to work to reorganise the army of home defence was how he proposed to adapt an institution that belongs to the days and fashion of aristocracy to the needs of a democracy. It is a question which has received a very plain answer. For in one of his first speeches he explained his ideal. "We should all be glad," he said, in February last year, "if the counties could go back to their old footing in which the country gentleman had the young men on his estate working with himself in his own voluntarily raised battalion, and contributing thus to the safety of the nation thereby." In another speech he said he wished to find something for the country gentleman to do. By way of helping to this end Mr. Haldane has set up the lords lieutenant, with their county oligarchies, to govern the Volunteers, trusting to the pressure of the rich as the stimulus to recruiting. There is no sign that he proposes to make it easier for "the young men on the estate" to earn the prizes of zeal and prowess. He has given the Volunteers a new name, but he has shown himself as shy of democratic ideas as were his predecessors a century ago.

* "A History of the Volunteer Forces from the Earliest Times to the year 1860." By Cecil Sebag-Montefiore, Captain and Hon. Major 1st Middlesex Royal Engineers (Volunteers), Captain Reserve of Officers Constable. 15s. net.

SPAIN THROUGH ENGLISH SPECTACLES.*

However much Spaniards may differ from Englishmen in their more superficial characteristics there is one fundamental quality in which the two peoples bear a marvellous resemblance. Both have a deep-seated conviction of their innate superiority over other races, and both are apt to be disturbed by periods of distrustful introspection, during which they criticise almost despairingly their own qualities and attainments, whilst resenting with extreme sensitiveness all similar criticism coming from abroad. We are all familiar with our native Jeremiahs, who, at intervals, show us how degenerate we have become, and how near is our inevitable collapse as a great people; how our trade is going, our manhood sapped by idleness, our morals lost by indulgence, and our honesty destroyed by greed. But, whilst we

* "The Soul of Spain." By Havelock Ellis. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.
"In Spain." By John Lomas. (Illustrated.) A. & C. Black. 6s. net.

are all shaking our heads sadly at our shortcomings, let a foreigner tell us the same story and Englishmen stiffen up at once.

In Spain exactly the same thing occurs; and for the last eight years the serious writers in the country have been dissecting the national characteristics under a microscope, with a view, as they say, to discover and diagnose the malady that afflicts the nation as a whole. The study of sociology in all its ramifications is, indeed, occupying the best minds in Spain, and it is not surprising that foreigners who take an interest in the country should be attracted by the theories advanced by native Spaniards on the subject. Mr. Havelock Ellis has studied Spain deeply in a philosophical spirit, and has here collected more than a dozen of his essays treating of various phases of Spanish life. I have rarely come across a book so full of keen analysis and fruitful suggestion. An English author, whose book was published soon after the writings of Angel Ganivet gave the initial impetus to this introspective study by Spaniards, first advanced the theory—now generally accepted in Spain—that Spain's history and present position are mainly to be explained by the self-centred individualism and thirst for isolated spiritual distinction due to racial and geographical causes. Mr. Havelock Ellis, after examining the theories of many Spanish writers on the subject, arrives at a somewhat similar conclusion. He notes that the "heroic energy" of the Spaniard is not directed primarily towards comfort or gain; but "towards the more fundamental facts of human existence," towards the spiritual exaltation of the individual, towards the cultivation of his own self-respect and esteem, towards the service of his more immediate friends and kin, even at the expense of justice to the rest of the world. Mr. Havelock Ellis notes the Spaniard's apathy to the general well-being in his anxiety for the well-being of his own small circle: he sees, as all observers have seen, the curiously local character and limited scope of his patriotism, and his narrow view of legal obligations, prompted by the idea that, however good a law may be in the abstract, it is allowable for each individual to evade its provisions for his own benefit. The essays in which this subject is dealt with by Mr. Havelock Ellis are full of food for reflection. He believes truly, with Ganivet and the English historian already mentioned, that what is needed for Spain is a higher ideality, a wider imagination, a firmer belief in the future of the race and of the result of effort for the national good; in short a larger patriotism than that of the parish steeple.

Mr. Havelock Ellis does not confine himself to this subject, however, but has a pair of highly illuminative articles on Spanish art and Velasquez, inspired by a sane criticism and breadth of observation that may be unreservedly commended. An agreeable chapter is also devoted to Ramon Lull, the great Majorcan philosopher, who, in the thirteenth century, founded a school which profoundly influenced the culture of Europe, enforcing as it did the truth of Christianity by the light of reason and logic as apart from revelation. Other essays in the book deal with Spanish dancing, with visits to Segovia, Seville, and Monserrat, and with Spanish women. The latter essay is written, like the rest, in a keenly critical but very kindly spirit, and certainly with nothing offensive in it; but, as illustrating the sensitiveness to foreign criticism already mentioned as characteristic of Spaniards, I recollect that, at the time the essay first appeared in an English magazine, the "Imparcial," the principal morning paper in Madrid, had an article upon it full of petulant scorn at remarks of the author as to certain physical peculiarities of Spanish women.

Throughout the book Mr. Havelock Ellis appeals to us best as a critic. His writing is largely subjective, and very suggestive, even in his descriptive essays: but the book of Mr. Lomas, which reaches me at the same time, "In Spain," is purely descriptive and objective. It is, indeed, to a great extent, a guide book, though without the directions for travel or details of accommodation usually looked for in such books by visitors to a foreign country. On the other hand, its descriptions of places, and especially of the splendid churches of Spain, are much more thorough and enlightening than in any of the current English guide books.

Mr. Lomas knows Spain well, though there are several curious slips in the Spanish words quoted; but he is apt to be somewhat assertive and cocksure in his criticisms, many of which are at least open to doubt. For instance, anyone who knows the stupendous grandeur of the Escorial as a whole may question Mr. Lomas' cavalier dismissal of the place as containing only one really grand thing, the church, "which need not be studied for its detail—Herrera had no notion of working out fine detail in church architecture, but it is vast, solemn, severe." He speaks, too, of the view of the palace-monastery from "King Philip's chair" as being "a never-to-be-forgotten vision of the exceeding ugliness of the building, with its cold, grey prison-house aspect, its hard, ungraceful lines, and its 11,000 factory-like little windows." This is certainly not the effect produced by the scene upon the present writer, who has looked upon it in all lights and seasons. Mr. Lomas is equally outspoken and downright about the character of the Spanish kings. Of Philip II. he takes the narrow, old-fashioned, English puritan view, now to a great extent modified amongst historical students; and of the Bourbon kings who have inhabited the Granja he has some very hard, and not altogether just, things to say, whilst he leaves out of mention the best of them, of whom no evil could be said, Ferdinand VI. and Charles III. The images and altar decorations in the churches, except where they call for commendation as works of art, are called "dolls," "gingerbread," and the like, too often for good taste; and an English traveller who went through Spain openly expressing opinions and comments in the spirit of much of Mr. Lomas' book would certainly not be likely to smooth the wheels of his progress. It is fair to say, however, that, downright as Mr. Lomas is in asserting his views, he is, in matters of architecture and ecclesiology especially, a learned and interesting guide, and his descriptions of Spanish scenery are picturesque and vivid. His account of Segovia, though not so eloquent as that of Mr. Havelock Ellis, will be found useful to visitors who wish to see that gem of cities with as little fatigue as possible. Mr. Lomas, however, went to the wrong inn at Segovia, the one he complains of having been now quite superseded by an excellent, though unpretending, hostelry in a narrow street hard by. As a companion, supplementary to a regular guide book, for an ecclesiological and antiquarian tour on the principal lines of travel in Spain Mr. Lomas' book may be recommended. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

MARTIN HUME.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH.*

WHILE there is, and always has been, ground for charging the majority of readers with caring only for literature which makes little or no demand on the thinking faculty, and which "to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," there persists a public to whom books of serious aim make appeal, books whose influence silently, yet effectively, purifies the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere. To say nothing of the works on which Time's verdict will not be annulled, there are the proofs around us in the success, slow but sure, of such thought-compelling volumes as Professor Tylor's "Primitive Culture"; Sir Alfred Lyall's "Asiatic Studies"; and Dr. Frazer's "Golden Bough." The last named, in the novelty of much of its contents, and in the easy charm of its style, reached *per saltum* the first rank among treatises contributing to the ever-fascinating subject of the origin and evolution of rites and customs whose significance had been dulled by familiarity, or obscured by ignorance of their family likeness all the world over. For the interrelation of the several types of barbaric superstitions became the more obvious the more they were classified and compared, but so vast and increasing is the material that even Dr. Frazer's skill has failed to keep in due prominence the connecting ideas which inform the whole, and of which they are but the outward and visible signs. Hence, perchance taking a hint from the processes of evolution which "wheeling, cast the planets," the original volumes of the "Golden

* "The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion." By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L. Third edition. Part IV. Studies in Oriental Religion. Adonis—Attis—Osiris. Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.

NOW READY.

At all Libraries and Booksellers'.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

BY

ROALD AMUNDSEN.

BEING THE RECORD OF A VOYAGE OF EXPLORATION OF THE SHIP GJÖA, 1903-1907.

With One Hundred and Forty Illustrations and Three Maps.

This record of Arctic Exploration is the realisation of a dream which has always held a foremost place among European voyagers. **Captain Amundsen, FOR THE FIRST TIME, navigated the whole of the North-West Passage** between the years 1903-1907; and, by a curious coincidence, the sloop Gjöa sailed through the passage on the three-hundredth anniversary of Hudson's first voyage in its search.

"THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE,"

as a record of adventure in the Polar seas, and by reason of its accomplishment by seven men in a tiny ship no bigger than the cockleshells in which the adventurers of four hundred years ago set forth to seek new continents, is the most important book of Arctic Exploration since Nansen's "Farthest North," and one of the most fascinating works of daring adventure.

In Two Volumes. Price 31s. 6d. net.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co. Ltd.

10 Orange Street, LONDON, W.C.

THE GRANT RICHARDS BOOKS

A SELECTION

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

A COMMENTARY

The Daily Telegraph says: "Mr. John Galsworthy is a writer whose work always bears the stamp of a distinct individuality. He describes the things he sees with consummate power, without any touch of exaggeration to heighten his effects. . . . If enough people could be made to see and feel things as Mr. Galsworthy sees and feels them, we should be far on the road towards amelioration." Price **3/6.**

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

A COMMENTARY

The Daily News says: "A book full of true ideas about life, told in Mr. Galsworthy's characteristic manner. He seems to buttonhole the reader and command his attention until he has finished. He does not deal in half-measures, he says what he feels from the bottom of his heart. . . . An effective book which the reader will find stimulating and profitable. . . . always clever and thoughtful."

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

A COMMENTARY

The Westminster Gazette says: "None, we are sure, will finish this book without being stirred to some thought and sympathy of the life beyond their life. . . . . We have called these studies penetrating, and that is the word Mr. Galsworthy's methods suggests. He works by fine sharp touches which go to the heart of the matter and keep the reader in a constant state of self-criticism." Price **3s. 6d.**

By ADA LEVERSON

LOVE'S SHADOW

The Daily Telegraph says: "By her latest book Mrs. Ernest Leverson establishes herself in a unique position among English novelists. She can only be compared for wit to 'Gyp' at that witty lady's best period, while in the quiet but perfect humour which pervades her pages she recalls the delicately penetrating work of Tristan Bernard. . . . The exquisite lightness of the author's touch is not more remarkable than its sureness. 'Love's Shadow' can be read often and read always, for it is real life seen through the gayest of glasses—real life, in which we are lucky enough to meet with singularly amusing people." With Frontispiece. Price **6s.**

By LOUIS J. VANCE

THE BLACK BAG

A new sensational novel by the author of "Terence O'Rourke." The action takes place in London and on the Continent, and the mystery centres in a small Gladstone bag. The amazing adventures which befell its custodians form a story it is impossible to lay down. It has ten full-page illustrations. Price **6s.**

By Mrs. GODFREY-FAUSSETT

THE DUAL HERITAGE

A novel by a new writer. "A serious, earnest book," says *The Times*. The story depicts the psychological effect upon two sisters of inherited temperament influenced by unsympathetic training. "The story is cleverly written and its characterisation is excellent," says *The Scotsman*. **6s.**

GRANT RICHARDS, LONDON.

Bough" escape ponderousness by the author's practice of throwing off a series of monographs, each maintaining unity with the others in virtue of the central idea which determines their orbits; "each," as Dr. Frazer explains, "retaining its value even if the explanation of the priesthood of Nemi should prove to be altogether wrong."

Of the five portions into which the book is to be divided, the first appear to rank fourth in order. It has reached a second edition in a twelvemonth. The new issue has given Dr. Frazer opportunity to add to the appendices, and to enlarge the section on the worship of Adonis, with a chapter on "Sacred Men and Women." Herein a wider field for examples of the sacrifice of chastity in both ancient and modern religions is surveyed, India and Africa adding their evidence to that from Syria and Cyprus. Revolting as is the custom to modern ideas, its religious character is not to be doubted. Its practice in sacred precincts; the dedication of tributes derived therefrom to the gods; and the assumption that any resulting offspring are children of the gods; are among the reasons justifying Dr. Frazer's contention that "the custom was not regarded as an orgy of lust, but as a solemn religious duty in the service of the great Mother-goddess whose name varied, while her type remained constant, from place to place."

The question will be asked, what is the bearing of this on the main theory propounded in the "Golden Bough," which, it may be remembered, is based on the identification of the gods of vegetation with the processes of nature? The fate of these corn, vine, and other deities was believed to be involved in the variations of the seasons; the death-like barrenness of winter betokened the death of the god or his disappearance in the underworld; while in the revival of life in springtime, there was the manifestation of his resurrection. The names of Adonis, Tammuz, Attis, and Osiris cover one conception under which the peoples of Egypt and Western Asia "represented the yearly decay and revival of life, especially of vegetable life, which they personified as a god who annually died and rose again from the dead." In each case "we see a god whose untimely and violent death is mourned by a loving goddess and annually celebrated by his worshippers." Hence the lament for Adonis at Byblus and Paphos; and for Tammuz at Babylon and Jerusalem, by the gate of whose temple the shocked Ezekiel saw the women weeping (chap. viii., 14); hence, since the whole thing hinged on fears that the earth might not again yield "seed to the sower and bread to the eater," the apparatus of charms and magic, mimetic in character, to secure the rebirth and resurrection of the god. While creeds and dogmas vary, ritual and custom are rigid; hence, the ceremonies which attended the mourning for Adonis have their survival in the Roman and Greek churches to-day. At Easter waxen effigies of the dead Christ, adorned with fruit and flowers, and covered with kisses, are exposed in Southern Italian churches; as, in old Rome, images of the virgin-born Attis, bound to his symbol, the sacred pine-tree, were decked with violets and carried in procession to the temple of Cybele, and, as in Alexandria, the image of Adonis, strewn with flowers, was borne by weeping women to its burial.

Dr. Frazer has little doubt that the Easter celebration of the death and resurrection of Christ "was influenced by the similar celebration of the death and resurrection of Attis, which was held at Rome at the same season." The full significance of this, and of much else akin to it, concerning which the hints adumbrated in the first edition of the "Golden Bough" have yielded to clearly defined opinions in the present volume, is apparent to the student of comparative theology. Suffice it, that while the solvent of the higher criticism has demonstrated the essentially human elements in the Old and New Testaments, the comparative method is revealing the common source whence those elements are derived. Lest, however, the parallels which Dr. Frazer supplies (when, for example, he speaks of Osiris as "a god who fed his people with his own broken body, and who died that they might live"; of Attis "as mourned, but in the belief that he would come to life and ascend to heaven," and of the "theory of a new birth and the remission of sins through the shedding of blood as having its origin in savagery") might lead to the inference that he includes Jesus in the mythical theogony of Adonis, Attis, and Osiris, it may be well to quote him on this matter.

> "The historical reality, both of Buddha and Christ, has sometimes been doubted or denied. It would be just as reasonable to question the historical existence of Alexander the Great and Charlemagne on account of the legends which have gathered round them. . . . The attempt to explain history without the influence of great men may flatter the vanity of the vulgar, but it will find no favor with the philosophic historian."

Obviously, only the fringe of a wide embracing subject, such as fills but one portion of a big book, can here be touched. There will remain matters for criticism as in Dr. Frazer's assumption of "old communal rites" preceding marriage as an institution, whereas anthropological research, working on biological lines, tends to support the theory of primitive monogamy. But although on this, and other secondary questions, differences will exist, there will be common agreement that in building the great structure of magical practices on the permanent human instincts of hunger and love, Dr. Frazer has chosen a foundation that cannot be shaken.

EDWARD CLODD.

SOME RECENT VERSE.*

"POEMS OF LOVE AND DEATH," by Lady Lindsay, is a very charming little volume of pleasantly gentle fancies—not, perhaps, to be called poetry, but indicative enough of excellent intentions, and what used to be called "sensibility." In the piece entitled "Unemployed," for instance, there is much sympathy with the sufferings of the poor. The father of a starving family is depicted as on the verge of suicide:—

> "How can I watch you starve? How shall I live?
> 'Twere better in the quiet grave to lie.
> How can I bide, when I've no bread to give?
> My little wife, come, kiss me for good-bye."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Nay, nay, not that!" so closely do I cling:
> "Dear, if you die, then I shall die with you.
> Oh, let us pray! The dawn perchance may bring
> More light, more hope and courage for us two.
>
> "Be strong," I whispered, though my face was wet;
> "Death is not due; a nobler course will run."
> And heart to heart the dawning day we met—
> And God sent help before the day was done."

That is quite pretty. It throws no light on social problems, for one cannot help supposing that God did nothing of the sort. It is not art, and we think no service can be done to literature by pretending—as we have noticed other critics doing—that it is in any sense poetry. Press notices, at the end of the volume, apparently place Lady Lindsay's work very high indeed—"One of the few living writers," &c., and rate her with Elizabeth Barrett Browning. We confess to a sort of impatience at such critical rubbish; an impatience, however, that does not blind us to the general kindliness manifested in her pretty little book.

Far finer in quality are the "Poems Old and New" of Margaret L. Woods, whose "Ballad of the Mother," and "The Sea-born Man" have a weird charm entirely of their own. Yet, for the most part, there is a veil of artificiality over these poems, the result, we believe, of Mrs. Wood's theories about verse. She is so anxious to show that she understands the "stress" principle, and the principle of syllabic equivalence, that she hardly ever writes a verse which is not an extraordinary example of one or the other, or both. Her blank verse moves thus:—

---

*1. "Poems of Love and Death." By Lady Lindsay. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.

2. "Poems Old and New." By Margaret L. Woods. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

3. "The Tryst." By L. M. Watt. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

4. "The Bridge of Fire." By James Flecker. Elkin Mathews. 1s.

5. "Nineveh." By G. S. Vierick. Brown, Langham. 5s. net.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

An Account of a Voyage to the West Indies.

By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart.

With a Coloured Frontispiece, 40 pages of Half-tone Illustrations, and 4 Sketch Maps, small royal 8vo, **12s. net.**

Second Impression Ready on Monday.

Westminster Gazette.—"Sir Frederick Treves' account of his travels in India was a delightful book, but his tale of 'The Cradle of the Deep' is even better."

NEW VOLUME BY SIR ALGERNON WEST.

NOW READY. With a Frontispiece. **6s.** net.

ONE CITY AND MANY MEN.

By Sir ALGERNON WEST, G.C.B.

Standard.—"Everyone who appreciates sparkling reminiscences of the days that are gone should make haste to read it from cover to cover."

THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS.

VOLUME II. By J. B. ATLAY, Author of "Sir Henry Wentworth Acland Bart.: a Memoir," &c. With Portrait Illustrations, demy 8vo, **14s. net**

Daily Telegraph.—"Mr. Atlay has produced a work that will commend itself to readers of the most diverse tastes; the biographies being written with considerable judgment and discrimination, will appeal no less strongly to those specially interested in legal history than to the generality of intelligent readers."

***This Volume completes the Work. Copies of Volume I. may still be had, price* 14s. *net.*

ESSAYS ON SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORKS.

Edited from the MSS. and Notes of a Deceased Relative by Sir SPENSER ST. JOHN, G.C.M.G., of H.M.'s Diplomatic Service (retired). **9s. net.** *[Just Published.*

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LIBRARY EDITION. By SIDNEY LEE, Profusely Illustrated with Photogravures, Facsimiles, Topographical Views, &c. NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. Medium 8vo, **10s. 6d. net.** *[Just Published.*

MEMORIES OF MEN AND BOOKS.

By Rev. Professor ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A. With a Portrait, **8s. 6d. net.**

Guardian.—"Full of human interest, varied incident, and good stories."

AT ALL LIBRARIES **NEW 6/- NOVELS.** AND BOOKSELLERS

THE HONOUR OF "X."

By GRAHAM HOPE,

Author of "A Cardinal and His Conscience," "Amalia," &c.

CHATEAU ROYAL.

By J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

Scotsman. "This fine tale of France of to-day. . . . There are elements of adventures enough to satisfy the cravings of the most impetuous of modern paladins."

THE GREY KNIGHT:

An Autumn Love Story.

By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

Second Edition.

MORNING POST.—"A characteristic book of its author's; a gracefu comedy of sentiment, with clearly-realised actors, a humour that tells and a pathos that moves; in fact, another 'Peter's Mother.'"

CROSSRIGGS.

By MARY and JANE FINDLATER.

Second Impression.

TRUTH.—"'Crossriggs' fascinates you with the perfect delightfulness of its scenes, characters and descriptions."

THE FOREFRONT OF THE BATTLE

By ANDREW LORING.

TIMES.—"Shows a breadth of mind and a seriousness of purpose that are none too common."

THE FLEMINGS.

By JESSIE and CHARLES FIELDING MARSH.

LIVERPOOL COURIER.—"A most readable novel."

RE-ISSUE OF THE

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN and SIDNEY LEE.

IN TWENTY-TWO VOLUMES.

Cloth, gilt top, 15s. net each;

or half-morocco, marble edges, 21s. net each.

Volume IV. (CHAMBER—CRAIGIE) now Ready.

Daily Telegraph.—"In welcoming this new and marvellously cheap re-issue, we may say that no public reference library will in future be worthy of the name that does not contain the 'Dictionary' in one or other of its forms."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

MODERN EGYPT.

By the EARL OF CROMER.

With Portrait and Map. Two Vols. 24s. net.

MRS. J. R. GREEN'S NEW BOOK.

THE MAKING OF IRELAND AND ITS UNDOING, 1200-1600

By ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. With Map. 8vo. 10s. net. *[Tuesday.*

These studies open up an entirely new field of Irish history. The book presents a cumulative picture of Irish civilisation from 1200 to 1600, and explains how it happened that this civilisation has been ignored, denied, and finally forgotten.

THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND.

By Professor A. LAWRENCE LOWELL. In Two Vols 8vo, 17s. net.

An exhaustive examination of the English political system and the processes by which it has come into being. The author has been assisted in his work by many eminent English writers and statesmen.

1908 ISSUE NOW READY.

The Statesman's Year-Book.

Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

African Nature Notes and Reminiscences.

By F. C. SELOUS, F.Z.S. With Illustrations by E. CALDWELL. 8vo. 10s. net.

The Story of the Guides.

By Col. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B., Queen's Own Corps of Guides. With Illustrations, 2nd Impression. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The Times:—"Our single complaint against Colonel Younghusband is that his book is so fascinating that we wish it had been longer."

By SIR CHARLES SANTLEY.

The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation.

By SIR CHARLES SANTLEY. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

A book of instruction of the highest value to the student, with interesting personal recollections of a brilliant professional career extending over sixty years.

VOLUME IV. OF THE NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.

Edited by J. A. FULLER MAITLAND, M.A. In five Volumes 8vo.—Vol. IV., Q—S., 21s. net. Previously published—Vol. I., A—E; Vol. II., F—L; Vol. III., M—P.; 21s. net each.

J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L.

The Scope of Social Anthropology.

A Lecture delivered before the University of Liverpool, May 14th 1908. By Professor J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. 8vo, sewed 6d. net.

Mr. Crewe's Career. 6s.

By WINSTON CHURCHILL. Author of "Coniston," &c. Illustrated.

"Mr. Churchill's admirable novel."—*The Spectator.*
"A notable novel."—*Truth.*
"A very enjoyable book."—*Punch.*

Autobiography of Montagu Burrows,

Captain R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Edited by his Son, STEPHEN M. BURROWS. With Portraits, 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

H.M.I.

Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools.

By E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, formerly H.M.I. North-West Division. 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

A highly entertaining book, containing a large number of good stories told by a *raconteur* of exceptional ability.

The Problems and Perils of Socialism.

Letters to a Working Man.

By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY Sewed, 6d.

MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., LONDON.

"A pillar of fire before this murmuring people
Moves beckoning on, again and yet again
The dragon-haunted untractable wilderness
They must adventure, or make the Grand Refusal
And die forsaken of God the despised death."

In another poem entitled "The May Morning and the Old Man," Mrs. Woods is more successful, we think; where the verse is necessarily simplified by the fact that much of it is in dialect. The "Bicyclist's Réveillé" is entirely charming. Mrs. Woods certainly has a distinct place among modern women-poets.

"The Tryst, a Book of the Soul," by Lauchlan Maclean Watt, has much beauty. The evidences of the author's deep religious feeling are branded on every page, and that is tantamount to saying his poetry is of a very high order wherever he is capable of expressing himself, and that is often.

"The Bridge of Fire," by James Flecker, contains much admirable work, some of which is imitative of Swinburne and some of Oscar Wilde. It is marred by some rather belated excursions into the old-time decadent haunts. We do not write "Litanies to Satan" nowadays. But the fantasy entitled the "Golden Head" has a peculiar charm of its own.

"Nineveh and Other Poems," by G. S. Vierick, is another rather ludicrously belated imitation of Oscar Wilde. Even the weak rhyme-endings are imitated with sedulous care, *e.g.*:—

"Thick pours the smoke of thousand fires,
Life throbs and beats relentlessly;
But, lo! above the stately spires
Two lemans: Death and Leprosy."

The preface would lead us to understand that Mr. Vierick is very young. He is pointing our errant souls to "the poetry of to-morrow," his own we understand.

THE ETHICS OF ILLUSTRATION.*

It is one of the most trite of trite commonplaces that the first business of an illustration is to illustrate both the letter and the spirit of the text that it adorns. Yet it is one of the truths which are frequently forgotten or ignored in the production of modern books. We recall particularly one recent instance in which the text was an archæological and historical description of a famous city, written by a British archæologist of repute. The illustrations were supplied by a Japanese artist, and very attractive impressions they were; but they dealt with the subject from anything but an archæological standpoint, and had no more to do with the text than the sun with the moon. The only part of this work that essayed to interpret the pictures in words was its introduction which, in turn and of necessity, was wholly out of touch with the letterpress it was supposed to assist in introducing. Now the fact that this book was nicely printed and that the pictures were admirably reproduced in colour may have established its claim to be considered attractive, but not its right to be thought well illustrated, seeing that the whole essence of good illustration is contained in the axiom given above. The absolute merit of the drawings or photographs, regarded simply as drawings or photographs, has nothing to do with this particular question. They may be excellent individually and collectively; but unless, within the covers of a book, they do something towards supplementing and expounding the text they illustrate, they are the wrong sort of illustration for that book.

The modern artist-illustrator is often contrasted, generally unfavourably, with his predecessors. But the difference is not, as many people suppose, a difference in artistic powers; it is rather a difference in the conception of what illustration means. For instance, to the men of the sixties, to Millais, Boyd Houghton, Du Maurier, and the rest, it meant a very serious art, an art distinct from other phases of pictorial art, an art of which the primary aim was to do justice to the literary text. Millais' illustrations to Trollope's novels were achieved by his mastery of the draughtsman's craft. But it is not so much their draughtsmanship that keeps them green in the memory as their perfect interpretation of Trollope's characters and scenes. For the time being the artist drew the novelist's characters with the novelist's eye, subordinating his own individuality and using his own technique in the service of the novelist's ideas. The modern illustrator, like the modern painter, is more self-centred. If he is intent on making his drawings fit the text, he is even more intent on showing how exceptionally clever they are in composition and design.

Hence in the books and magazines of to-day we find plenty of drawings as good as, or better than, those of the 'sixties, but only a few good illustrations. On the other hand, the far greater proportion of illustrated to non-illustrated books has brought with it an infinite variety of style of illustration and method of reproduction. If therefore we have lost something of what might be termed the illustrative sense—meaning a sense somewhere between the artistic and the literary—we have gained something to take its place partly—a cheap, possibly an inefficient substitute, if you will, but better than nothing at all. Neither need one despair of finding in the inchoate mass of illustrated matter published some signs of a return of that sense of fitness which we hold to be so necessary. We have before us two books which may honestly be said to be well and truly illustrated according to their different fashions. The first is Mr. Peixotto's "By Italian Seas." We take it first, not on account of its greater intrinsic importance, but because it is an example of what many consider the ideal illustrated book—the book, that is, written and illustrated by the same hand. The sketches are in line and wash, full-page and other sizes. They vary considerably in character; some are the merest outlines; in others, where detail has fascinated the artist, detail is closely followed in a nervous, slightly tentative, style. A certain air of irresponsibility in their arrangement, a suggestion of haphazard selection of subjects, prepares one for a text with cognate characteristics, and this one finds. Mr. Peixotto writes very much as he draws, fluently, pleasantly, prettily; his record is one of impressions rather than facts, his imagination lively rather than profound. Neither text nor illustrations by themselves would hold the attention for more than a moment, but in combination they are sufficient to attract. Secondly come Mr. Rackham's illustrations to "The Land of Enchantment," a collection of legendary and other stories for children, which originally appeared in "Little Folks." Those who remember the wonderfully successful co-operation of Mr. Rackham with Mr. J. M. Barrie in "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," will concede the former's great illustrative gift; Mr. Rackham's art, moreover, has qualities which few drawings and no ordinary photographs possess—a real sense of decoration, considerable beauty of pure line, and a range in sentiment from the slightly whimsical to the powerfully grotesque. In the volume before us the aesthetic qualities are prominent, and for this reason alone one could covet the drawings, apart from the text, as one could not covet the illustrations of the preceding book, excellent as are the latter for their purely illustrative purpose. Thus, in the combination of illustrative fitness and artistic quality, Mr. Rackham comes nearest to the ideal illustrator; he carries on both the illustrative fidelity and the artistic strength of the age whose passing we lament. It must not, however, be forgotten that he is an isolated phenomenon, not a type; that his achievement is no indication of what is possible in an era so steeped in commercialism, so devoted to the cult of the ordinary, as is ours. We must not expect too much of such an era. Mr. Rackham, moreover, uses a scheme of colour that is peculiarly adapted to reproduction by modern processes. But his chief quality, be it always remembered, is his illustrative sense, and that is the soul of illustration as a definitive art.

---

* "By Italian Seas." By Ernest C. Peixotto. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.

* "The Land of Enchantment," Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Cassell & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

ROUTLEDGE'S NEW LIST.

FROM EDINBURGH TO INDIA AND BURMAH. By W. G. BURN MURDOCH. With 24 Coloured Plates and numerous illustrations in black and white by the Author. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

"A picture of life in India and Burmah as seen by a clever artist, who is more than an artist. He is skilled in the use of a pen, and can land a big fish with the deftness of an experienced angler. The pictures render it exceedingly attractive."—*Scotsman.*

FARM-COTTAGE, CAMP, AND CANOE IN MARITIME CANADA. By ARTHUR P. SILVER; with an Introduction by LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, and numerous fine Illustrations of Sport and Scenery. 8vo, 6s.

"Very delightful, with a breath of the mountain, the forest, and the silent plains, is Mr. Silver's account of his sporting expedition in Nova Scotia."—*Westminster Gazette.*

A RESIDENT'S WIFE IN NIGERIA. By CONSTANCE LARYMORE. With 41 Illustrations on Art Paper, and Portrait of Author, 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

"Mrs. Larymore is not only a skilled traveller in wild countries, but is able to describe her wanderings most graphically with pen and camera. One of the most enjoyable books of travel we have seen of late."—*Globe.*

"Capital reading. Mrs. Larymore is evidently a born traveller."—*Daily Telegraph.*

New Book by FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

INDIA THROUGH THE AGES: A popular history of India. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL, author of "On the Face of the Waters. With six Maps. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

THE IDEAL GENTLEMAN: A Mirror for Gentlefolk: Selections from the Literature of all times, illustrating the various ideals of a "gentleman." Edited by the Rev. Dr. A. SMYTHE PALMER, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 6s. [*Next Week.*

THROUGH LIFE UNTO DEATH. By GEORGE LEWIS. 8vo, 6s.

"An account, in the form of a very interesting and entertaining story, of the terrible catastrophe caused by the volcanic eruption of Mount Pelée in Martinique on Ascension Day, 1902."—*Layman.*

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF. By B. STEWART. Illustrated by a Series of Original Photographs. 6s.

"The author gives an unvarnished statement of the conditions of life which the emigrant is likely to find."—*Morning Post.*

"Clearly the work of a competent observer. Well worthy the attention of readers desirous to be exactly informed of conditions in the dominion."—*Scotsman.*

NOTES OF AN ART-COLLECTOR. By MAURICE JONAS. With 69 Wedgewood Medallions. 4to, buckram, 21s.

AN UP-TO-DATE MACAULAY, with Copious Notes.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Edited, with copious Notes, by T. F. HENDERSON, and a New and very full Index. Large 8vo, buckram, 5s. net.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG. By S. H. SADLER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

ENTIRELY REVISED EDITION, with 268 MAGNIFICENT COLOURED FIGURES and 245 Cuts.

FLOWERS OF THE FIELD. By Rev. C. A. JOHNS. Revised throughout by CLARENCE ELLIOTT. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

"It is the most comprehensive and useful book the botanist can desire."—*Standard.*

WILD BEES, WASPS, AND ANTS, AND OTHER STINGING INSECTS. By E. SAUNDERS, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. With Illustrations and 4 Coloured Plates. 3s. 6d.

OUR WOODLANDS, HEATHS, AND HEDGES. By W. S. COLEMAN. A New (reset) Edition, with numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS AND EGGS, found in and near Great Towns. With over 100 fine Photos by GEORGE VOS, B.A., M.B. In 2 independent vols. Each 1s., cloth.

THE CASE FOR THE GOAT, with the Practical Experience of 24 Experts. By "Home Counties." With many photographs of Prize Goats and Stables. Cr. 8vo, cloth 3s. 6d.; Cheap Edition (with 4 plates), boards, 1s.

"May be warmly recommended."—*Spectator.*

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON.

THE INTERNATIONAL

A Review of the World's Progress.

JUNE No. *NOW READY.* 1s. NET

Contributions by (among others):—

J. A. HOBSON. The Coming of Protection in England

THE EDITOR. The Coming of Socialism

PROF. O. D. SKELTON. Dumping in Canada

J. INGRAM BRYAN. Democracy in Japan

PROF. DR. WERNER SOMBART. The Economic Future of Germany

Published by Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN, London.

GOSPELS OF ANARCHY, and other Contemporary Studies. By VERNON LEE, Author of "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy." 10s. 6d. net.

Deterioration of Soul—Tolstoy as a Prophet—Nietzsche and the "Will to Power"—Prof. James and the "Will to Believe"—The Economic Parasitism of Woman. On Modern Utopias: An open letter to Mr. H. G. Wells, &c.

MICHAEL DAVITT, Revolutionary, Agitator, and Labour Leader. By H. SHEEHY-SKEFFINTON. With an Introduction by Mr. Justin McCarthy. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

THE STORY OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY: Its Makers and Movements. By T. H. S. ESCOTT, with a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, 16s.

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

THE WOMAN WHO VOWED. By ELLISON HARDING. Price 6s.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

Dr. W. H. FITCHETT and PUBLIC OPINION.

Dr. W. H. Fitchett, M.A., the author of "Fights for the Flag" and "Deeds that won the Empire," who lives in Melbourne, Australia, sends the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION:—

DEAR MR. PARKER,

I get your PUBLIC OPINION regularly, and find it most interesting and valuable, a matchless bit of journalistic work. It ought to find a place, for one thing, in every newspaper office outside London, for nothing else I know gives such a reflex of the thought in the current history of the world.

Yours ever,
W. H. FITCHETT.

PUBLIC OPINION A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.

Every Friday Twopence

EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION, 30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

SPECIMENS FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ROMANOFF.*

Even in Russia belief in the "divinity that doth hedge a King" has passed from the stage of a popular superstition to that of a falling echo. "Many a crown covers bald foreheads," says the poet, and there are too many diaries and journals from royal pens, too many Congo manifestoes from Leopold, and heartfelt letters from the Kaiser for our reverence to accept and swallow them as heaven-sent or "inspired." The populace yearns ever to say with Calverley's heroine:

> "But oh! a piece of orange peel, the end of a cigar,
> Once trod on by a princely heel, how beautiful they are!"

but books such as "Never Say Die," by the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowitz deal a back-handed blow at the prestige that escapes the cruel activities of royal biographers and photographers. Mr. W. T. Stead's hasty genuflections, many years ago, before the royal house of the Romanoffs, only impressed the democracy with the fact that the late Czar was an exceedingly obstinate, honest, and stupid man, and "Never Say Die" comes aptly to-day to show us that the man who has absolute power, if, indeed, he had character to use it, over one hundred millions of his subjects, has no chance given him by the system under which he is educated. He is shut off from reality. A powerful man might, conceivably, kick down the horrible, smooth, social wall of plaster, which isolates him from his fellows, but a weak man, who has been mentally spoon-fed from his cradle upwards, has no more chance of getting into touch with and understanding the facts of life than an Indian papoose has a chance of freeing itself from the board to which its mother has strapped it. Sociologically, this autobiography of a Romanoff, by the Czar's first cousin, is a most precious document, one that, devoid of literary quality of any kind, is pathetic in its successful effort to show the world the fearful boredom and inanity of a "royal" lot.

"Belonging, as I do, to the Imperial blood, and being a member of one of the reigning houses, I should like to prove to the world how wrong it is in thinking, as the majority of mankind are apt to do—that we are the happiest beings on this earth. There is no doubt that financially we are well situated, but is wealth the only happiness in this world?" asks the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowitz, and he proceeds, quite unconsciously, to descant on the two means by which nature has striven to rectify the crushing handicap of a "royal" upbringing. As a set-off against "the poor boy's sad and dull youth, living in dull routine, with no comrades, for seven months at Sturm-Hohe-Schloss, and for five months at the Jagd-Schloss," nature developed in Prince Francy, who is the hero of "Never Say Die," an inordinate self-conceit. And as the one possible outlet for revolt against the routine life of conventional duties and meaningless royal functions, in which every desire, need, and pleasure is anticipated, formalised, and regulated as if by clockwork, nature, repressed but irrepressible, brings all her force against the plaster walls and undermines them with a real love affair. As the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowitz puts it, "What is the greatest happiness in the world? Surely love for a woman—the choice of our future wife and family life," and ten times more must this Paradise beckon to a man when it is his chief refuge against the elaborated boredom of a figure-head existence. But "even in this we have not the facilities of private individuals . . . . so it will be easily understood why, consequently, there are so few happy unions," pathetically remarks our royal author, whose own revolt from stereotyped wretchedness, we are given to understand, has provided the material for this remarkable document.

Prince Francy, we are told, was "fortunate in possessing a charming character and a pliant disposition." His tutor, of course, admired and loved him for "his good heart and sweet character." At the military school he was naturally a favorite alike with masters and scholars, and it is not strange that being a prince he passed all his examinations most brilliantly. When he was twenty and he had to swear allegiance to his flag, in the royal courtyard at Sturm-Hohe-Schloss, after a magnificent banquet at which the Ministers assisted, Prince Francy "acquitted himself most admirably. He had never looked so handsome as he did on this occasion, and he made a most excellent and deep impression upon all the guests assembled." His father, Prince Donnerwetter, who reminds us of Prince Bulbo in Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," was "so affected by the deportment of his son that he could not restrain the tears from coursing down his cheeks, and immediately made Francy A.D.C. to himself." Everybody was perfectly enchanted, but, unfortunately, the Princess-mother, who disliked her son, absented herself from the ceremony, and, of course, everybody at once understood the reason. But Prince Francy "was received with enthusiasm by his regiment, at once became popular, was an excellent comrade, and served his regiment brilliantly and faithfully." There was, in short, not a cloud on the princely horizon till Francy fell in love with the Princess Margaret of Punpernickel, a match which the Princess-mother at once sternly forbade, and her son "being terribly afraid of her," gave up the Princess, became heart-broken from disappointment, grew serious and morose, and "took no interest in anything," for the space of seven years, after which he fell again in love, this time with an enchanting young lady, Miss Dorothy Schweinitz. There is something deeply pathetic in the grave man's account of his despairing struggle against the plaster-of-Paris decrees of his royal fate. He "had been kept so apart from women that he was inclined to look upon them as glorious creatures of a world unknown to him," and when Miss Schweinitz, greatly presuming, asked for the honor of a dance, he "stood as if petrified, and, without uttering a single word, made a deep bow, turned on his heel, and disappeared in the crowd." With extraordinary *naïveté*, we are told that when Prince Francy tries to win the friendship of Miss Schweinitz's two brothers, who were in his regiment, "this was not a difficult task, as Francy was such an awfully good fellow, and the two officers were already predisposed in his favor by the glowing accounts they received of him from their sister." And when the two lovers have at last met and confided in one another, it is as though their human feelings were filtering to us through layers and layers of stiff Court gauze.

The pages that succeed are the most curious in the book. Tolstoy, with all his clairvoyance (and readers of "Anna Karenina" will remember his caustic description of an English prince) could never have invented or sounded the depths of their shallow futility. Poor Francy who, in his "satisfactory quarters at the Hotel Ritz," proves granite to the wiles of American girls and Brazilian heiresses, succumbs to the match-making devices of the English matron, Lady Ballington, who inveigles him to "the land of the free," and the delights of Crooksham Hall. Here he is run down by her niece, Ursula Atherton, a determined young lady, who sings to him the patriotic song, "There's a land, a dear land where our vigour of soul, Is fed by the tempests that blow from the Pole." The royal quarry escapes to Scotland, is lured back to Crooksham Hall, and, after making a fresh break for Monte Carlo, is carried off again by the indefatigable Lady Ballington, on her brother's yacht, for a cruise on the Mediterranean. There is a short romantic interlude in which Dorothy's claims are wiped off the board, and, at Naples, the persevering Ursula at last reaps the reward of her pertinacity and carries off the spoil:—

> "'. . . . I expressed what I felt so deeply—my gratitude to Ursula and her aunt for their Samaritan charity. Did I express myself too warmly, or did she misinterpret my words? I cannot say how it happened, but suddenly in broken words she avowed that it was *love* for poor unhappy Francy that had been the mainspring of her actions, a love that she would not suppress although she knew only too well the secret of my heart.
>
> "'"I have but one desire," she said, "and that is to be ever at your side, dear Francy, to smooth life's path for you, and with my own hands to remove the rough stones from under your feet. I am young, I am strong, and you have suffered——"
>
> "'She took my hand in hers, and before I could restrain her she kissed it, and on it I felt the hot tears she could not repress. Heavens! what was I to do? I was taken so absolutely by surprise.'"

There is a dying struggle. The lady is repulsed for the night, and in the morning showed "no trace of emotion and greeted me with her usual cheerful self-possession," but on the next page but one we read: "I feel like a man whose ship is nearing the harbour, and Ursula—my wife—stands at the helm." And here we may leave the Grand Duke's story, which, as the old advertisement has it, is "one that no gentleman's library should be without."

* "Never Say Die." By the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowitz. Collier & Co. 6s.

EYE-OPENING BOOKS FOR READERS OF ALL AGES.

A Series of Books on the Wonders of NATURE, Popularly Written and Scientifically Accurate.

ADVENTURES IN BIRD-LAND
A Book for Boys. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Home Life in Bird-Land," "Woodland, Field, and Shore," &c. With 90 Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author, and 100 Pen-Sketches by E. RICHMOND PATON. Cloth gilt, demy 8vo, 6s. net.

BY MEADOW, GROVE, AND STREAM
An Introduction to Nature Study. By HENRY HILTON BROWN, F.E.S. With 2 folded Coloured Plates, Photogravure Frontispiece and 171 Figures in Black and White, from Original Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

BY-PATHS IN NATURE
By FRANK STEVENS, Author of "Adventures in Pondland," &c. With 72 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

CONSIDER THE HEAVENS
A Popular Introduction to Astronomy. By MRS. WILLIAM STEADMAN ALDIS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

CREATURES OF THE SEA
Being the Life Stories of some Sea Birds, Beasts, and Fishes. By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S. With 40 Full-page Illustrations by THEO. CARRERAS. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY
A Reliable Guide to British Wild Life and Nature Photography. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

FIFTY-TWO NATURE RAMBLES
A Series of Open-Air Talks for Young People. By W. PERCIVAL WESTALL, F.L.S., M.B.O.U., Author of "Every Boy's Book of Natural History," &c. With five Coloured Plates from Drawings, and 100 other Illustrations from Photographs. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELDS OF NATURE
By EDWARD T. CONNOLD, F.Z.S., F.E.S. With an Introduction by DAVID ANDERSON-BERRY, M.D., F.R.S.E. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 24 pages of Plates from Photographs, Photo-micrographs, and Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Medallion on Cover, 3s. 6d. *Just Ready.*

HIDDEN BEAUTIES OF NATURE
By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S. With 95 Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

HOME LIFE IN BIRD LAND
By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Woodland, Field, and Shore." With 4 Coloured Plates, and over 80 other Illustrations from Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net.

THE HONEY BEE
Its Nature, Homes, and Products. By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc. With 82 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

HOW TO STUDY WILD FLOWERS.
By Rev. GEORGE HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., &c., Author of Plants of the Bible," New Edition, with 12 double-page Coloured Plates and 57 other Illustrations. Cloth Gilt, with Coloured Pictures, on cover, 2s. 6d.

THE MICROSCOPE
A Popular Handbook. By LEWIS WRIGHT, Author of "Optical Projection," "Light: A Course of Experimental Optics," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY
Familiar Notes on the Stars and Planets. By EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.S., F.R.A.S., Past-President of the Royal Astronomical Society, late Chief Assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. With 32 Star-Maps and numerous other Illustrations. Imperial 8vo, cloth, 8s.

NATURE, CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL
By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S., Author of "Hidden Beauties of Nature," &c. With 69 Illustrations. Crown, 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

NATURE: THROUGH MICROSCOPE AND CAMERA
By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S., Author of "Nature, Curious, and Beautiful." With 65 Photo-Micrographs. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net.

PONDS AND ROCK POOLS
With Hints on Collecting for, and the Management of, the Micro-Aquarium. By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth. 2s.

POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LOWER ANIMALS (INVERTEBRATES)
By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS
By MRS. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," &c. With 130 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

THROUGH A POCKET LENS
By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S., Author of "Ponds and Rock Pools," &c. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

WOODLAND, FIELD, AND SHORE
Wild Nature depicted with Pen and Camera. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Adventures in Bird-Land," &c. With 2 Coloured Plates, and 101 Engravings of Birds, Animals, and Insects from Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Published by THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
LONDON: 4, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C., and Sold by all Booksellers.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

As a pleasant and useful handbook, "South Africa at Home," by Robert H. Fuller (George Newnes. 5s. net), may be heartily commended. The author was the head-master of the Dale College, King Williamstown, the leading institution of its kind on the frontier of the Colony, and had unique opportunities for obtaining trustworthy information and for studying the inside life of the many races who form South Africa's population. The result of his labours is a volume crammed with data and authoritative opinions expressed with a wise and kindly moderation. Mr. Fuller leaves recent politics alone; his aim has been to visualise the scenery, the social and educational life of the country and to give an idea of those industries with which the latter is bound up. He has very little to say of the gold mines, and not much more of De Beers and diamonds. From what he writes on Boers and Britons, blacks and whites, one deduces that his main endeavour is to put forward the best side of everybody and everything connected with his subject. Perhaps he carries this tendency a little to excess; but, after all, the middle view, if we may thus describe his attitude towards the racial problem, is the one that is held by the majority of the people who know the country. Mr. Fuller forecasts the perfect fusion of Boer and Briton in the near future, and his description of their present amicable relationship should be read by stay-at-home persons who endeavour to picture it as something else. He sees possibilities of a problem arising, as between colonists and natives, but is no alarmist on this point; its solution, in his opinion, rests with prudent statesmanship at the right moment. Many of his descriptions of the country, which he has thoroughly explored, give proof of poetic imagination, and the whole book has a freshness and optimism that are good to find. The last chapter is contributed by Mr. G. K. Clive Fuller. It is headed, "Racial Instinct for Sport," and deals with the Boer youth as a football player in a sympathetic manner. His good opinion of their sporting instinct should act as a gentle reproof to those who imagine we have a monopoly of this commodity. The book is suitably illustrated from photographs.

* * *

As an example of artistic book production, Mr. Edward Penfield's "Holland" (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. net) may be highly commended. The print is large and judiciously spaced, and the colour printing is not only of high quality, but is seen to the greatest advantage against the olive-green inter-leaves to which the prints are attached. The author and illustrator is an American artist who can vary his style with his subject. Some of the studies of boats and houses are as imitative as an architectural drawing, while in the more pictorial efforts he shows himself fully capable of massing brave colour into an effective design. At times, again, as in the drawing that faces p. 39, the simplicity of method reminds one of the "Noah's Ark" friezes of Mr. Cecil Aldin. In his text Mr. Penfield describes his country prettily enough from the artist's standpoint. His nationality betrays itself, perhaps, in the naïveness with which he discovers the Isle of Marken, which is by this time about as familiar to our artists as Margate is to the London tripper, and in the calm proposition for the American appropriation of an old house in Amsterdam. He urges "some historical society" of New York to cut up the latter into sections and transport it for re-erection across the Atlantic, as if the only things necessary for the accomplishment of this fell scheme were American dollars and ancestor-worship. However, he seems to have sympathy with the unemotional Dutch among whom he sojourned. The introductory tale of "Kris Kringle" is tender and graceful enough in sentiment to prepossess one in favour of what follows.

* * *

The "English Officer" who recently gave us "Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna," has followed up that book by "More Society Recollections" (John Long, 12s. net). We regret that we are unable to see any reason for the publication of these recollections. They contain nothing fresh or significant, and the book is made up of commonplace gossip or equally commonplace descriptions of such places as Homburg, Baden, Carlsbad, and Würtemberg. We are also given a number of illustrations, many of them representing the ladies of the ballet who adorn the Continental capitals. Slightly more interesting are the few concluding pages which describe an expedition to Lhasa and an interview with the Dalai Lama, which the author, in company with a brother officer, was fortunate enough to obtain. But the general contents of the book are distinctly small beer.

* * *

The last of three books on Yorkshire, penned and illustrated in color by Mr. Gordon Home, deals with the "Vales and Wolds" (Black, 7s. 6d. net) in the southern part of a county which the author has explored pretty thoroughly. The area covered extends from the coast-line between Filey and Spurn Head to a point as far west as Haworth, the home of the Brontës in the West Riding, and the writing, while varying somewhat in the interest of its matter, is, on the whole, sympathetic beyond the ordinary. Mr. Home is best, perhaps, in describing the general character of the wolds and of the coast scenery, and in recalling the town of Ravenserodd, on the Humber, which was swept away by floods in the fourteenth century. When he comes to the manufacturing towns—Hull, Leeds, Selby, and so forth—he appears to be oppressed by their smoke and noise, and his literary spirits flag perceptibly in the rather prosy historical retrospects of neighbouring places of interest, to which he treats us. York, however, as the city most tenacious of its medievalism, rouses him to enthusiasm. He criticises the mean surroundings of Beverley Minster, and urges their betterment. We can remember that less than half a century ago the approaches to York Minster were equally, if not more, undesirable, so there is reasonable hope that his desire may be accomplished in the case of Beverley, though the improvement will not be effected by any "government with a mandate for beautifying England," for which our author sighs! The water-color illustrations are somewhat uneven in their artistic appeal. It may be that the sunset effects, to which the artist is extremely partial, do not readily lend themselves to reproduction by the three-color process; at any rate, the thin and metallic quality of several of these skies is a disturbing factor. Among the more convincing drawings are those of Wressle Castle and Bootham Bar, York.

* * *

"The British Year Book of Agriculture and Agricultural Who's Who, 1908-9" (Vinton, 5s. net) is an excellent work of reference for agriculturists all over the world, and is the most ambitious attempt yet made to bring together in one volume a complete handbook of British agriculture. The volume is divided into ten parts, and extends to close upon 600 pages. Part II. is particularly interesting, as it brings together in a concise form full information respecting each county, with the acreage under respective crops, numbers of live stock, population, and full particulars as to agricultural education, scholarships, local facilities of analyses, and advice for farmers, with a complete list of correspondents of the Board of Agriculture and other officers. Part X., devoted to Agricultural Who's Who, is quite a unique feature, and comprises brief biographies of about 2,000 persons officially and prominently connected with agriculture.

* * *

Mr. W. Biscombe Gardner is a water-colorist of the older school, who perfectly understands the requirements of the three-color process, and works accordingly. Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff is the author of several picturesque guides, including one on Derbyshire. Between them they have contributed a volume on "The Peak Country" (Black, 6s. net) to a now famous series of color books; and if conscientious workmanship in the pictures and a neat style in the letterpress were the highest possibilities for this class of work, their joint effort would spell perfection. For ordinary people who wish to recall their journeyings in Derbyshire it will do very well indeed. It tells them all that is essential to know about the Peak itself, otherwise Kinderscout, about Matlock, Buxton, Castleton, Chatsworth, and Haddon Hall; it gives them most of their well-loved and most familiar quotations relating to the district; it imparts less familiar information concerning the origin of the name of The Peak and the establishment of the first hydro at Matlock. Moreover, it is written with a sprightliness that prevents one getting bored. The only

DEATH.

ON June 7th, 1908, Whit-Sunday, at Claydon House, LETTICE SARAH, second daughter of Sir Edmund and Lady Verney, aged 33 years.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from 6d. to £10.

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]
MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.
Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.
School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'
BOOKSELLERS.
NEW AND SECOND-HAND.
All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

EXHIBITIONS.

The London Missionary Society.
THE ORIENT IN LONDON.
A GREAT MISSIONARY EXHIBITION,
Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, N.
JUNE 4—JULY 11.
Open Every Weekday, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Admission, before 6 p.m., 1s.; after 6 o'clock, 6d.
100 FOREIGN SCENES, TABLEAUX,
THE HALL OF RELIGIONS, &c., &c.
Seats may now be booked by letter to the Pageant Box Office, Agricultural Hall, or by telephone, North 1,133, for the
PAGEANT OF DARKNESS & LIGHT.
FREE CHOIRS AND ORCHESTRAS. 800 PARTICIPANTS.
Every Evening, at 8; Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3.30. 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s., & 6d.

The Economist.
(ESTABLISHED 1843.)
Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.
A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.
PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.
The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the ECONOMIST is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS.
Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

The Daily News
Founded by
CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846.
Honored tradition and the spirit of modern enterprise are combined in "The Daily News." Matters of serious interest are reported at length. Place is also found, in shorter form, for the lighter news items which are a feature of 20th century journalism.
"The Daily News" is the **only** London Liberal newspaper that devotes every day a whole page to Financial and Commercial matters, Trade and Market reports and Stock Exchange Intelligence.
Its daily Parliamentary report is far more detailed than that of any other ½d. paper, and nearly a column is given to the Law List.
If you do not read "The Daily News" it is impossible for you to follow the progress of Liberalism.
HEAD OFFICES—
Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

SATURDAY
CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.
(One Penny Weekly)
WESTMINSTER

THE INQUIRER
ONE PENNY WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL RELIGION
Published every Friday at
3, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

thing it does not accomplish is the exaltation of the ordinary reader above and beyond his ordinary vision. Few color books, indeed, have done this; it requires a more than ordinary power on the part of both author and artist, and this is unfortunately far to seek. But we remember one volume in the same series, in which this power was discoverable, and the fact that a color book can be more than a gracefully elaborated guide-book—can, in fact, be vital, passionate literature—was thereby proved. Still this one stands high in its class, though its class is the second.

* * *

The personal views of Mrs. Henry Jenner in regard to the representation of "Our Lady in Art" (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net) may be gauged by her warm appreciation of Luini's Madonnas and her reference to Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" as "horrible blasphemy." The forcibleness, however, of the last expression does not alter the fact that her little book contains an exhaustive and thoroughly conscientious study of a very big subject. As she observes, the Mother and Child are as common in art as in nature, and they vary almost as much. In art there is no traditional Mary, as there is undoubtedly a traditional Christ; individual artists were content to render the ideal lady of their time and country, subject always, of course, to the regulations laid down by the Church as to her attributes and symbols. The latter were stringent enough, as one may discover by reference to the Byzantine Guide to Painting and to the instructions set forth by the Spaniard, Pacheco, the father-in-law of Velasquez. Different aspects of Our Lady's character belong to different ages. For the first six centuries the Byzantine artists viewed her as the Great Intercessor; in the seventeenth the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception took particularly strong root in Spain, and expressed itself time after time on the canvasses of Murillo. Mrs. Jenner eulogises this painter and many another in accordance with the degree of religious sentiment their works convey to her mind, and discusses virtually every class of picture in which Our Lady figures. The forty-one carefully selected illustrations to her volume enhance the significance of the text.

* * *

A Novel-Reader's Guide.—"The Church and Thisbe Grey." By John Le Breton (John Long, 6s.). A powerful indictment of the inefficient way in which Church work is carried on in country districts. The lady "church-workers" are treated with much severity. A distinctly able piece of work.—"Rose MacLeod." By Alice Brown (Constable, 6s.). An American novel. The plot is not well conceived, and many of the situations are improbable, but the characters of Rose and Osmond are fresh and interesting.—"The Mystery of Myrtle Cottage." By Oswald Crawfurd (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) The mystery is not very mysterious. Mr. Crawford hints at a foundation in fact for his novel. It tells the story of two girls who dressed as men and gained considerable success, the one as an artist, the other as a journalist.—"The Wild Widow." By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James (Werner Laurie, 6s.) A sprightly, and in some of its episodes rather risky, tale of a lady who swindles an insurance company. Her subsequent adventures on a chicken farm and in smart society are narrated in a brisk and entertaining fashion.—"Buried Alive." By Arnold Bennett (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) A humorous fantasy, telling of a famous painter who assumes the personality of his deceased valet.—"Young Lord Stranleigh." By Robert Barr (Ward, Lock, 6s.) The hero, while in appearance a lazy man of fashion, shows amazing skill in checkmating a swindling company promoter. Another of his exploits is to save the Bank of England by placing at its disposal about a thousand tons of gold which he has stored in a disused Cornish mine.—"Gilbert Hermer: The Memory of a Man, His Ways, and His Words." Written by the Friend of his Age. Introduction by C. Masefield (Blackwood, 6s.) An excellent character study of a kindly and attractive personality. The writer of the introduction is at pains to disclaim responsibility for the work, the author of which has certainly succeeded in making Gilbert Hermer into a real personage.

The Week in the City.

Whitsuntide caused the usual pause in financial operations, but the emission of new issues has been renewed with fresh vigor, Mr. Harriman's Union Pacific Bonds leading the way. Stock Exchange business became quiet just before the holidays, and profit taking by speculative buyers has arrested the upward movement. The visit to Reval seems to have given more anxiety than hope, and the previous rise in Russian securities seems to have more than discounted the impulse which the visit was expected to give to the credit of Russia. If Russian financiers and statesmen had any sort of competence they could easily regenerate Russia's finances; as it is, they are steering the huge, unwieldy vessel straight towards the rocks. The foreign market was unfavorably affected by liquidation in Berlin, where the meeting at Reval is regarded by many with suspicion as another step in a deliberate anti-German policy. Berlin, moreover, has difficulties of her own, for the comparative dearness of money and the depreciation of German and Prussian funds, combined with the heavy Government borrowing, are all accentuating the general difficulties and discomforts that follow a slump in trade. In spite of this pause the markets do not look like going back, as the low deposit rates and the smaller volume of trade must continue to bring new money into investments.

Trade Prospects.

Just now trade prospects may fairly be identified with harvest prospects; and these are happily good, at least at home and in North America. Our farmers are anticipating another prosperous year, and if the harvest in the United States and Canada comes up to anticipations, we may look for a trade revival. The high price of provisions during the last year must have caused a most serious curtailment in the effective demand of the laboring classes throughout the world for clothing and boots, and other secondary needs. No wonder that Lancashire and the West Riding, and the manufacturing towns of the midlands, have relaxed their prodigious activity. The first sign of a slight rally from the worst came at the recent London wool sales, when buyers competed quite keenly, as if they had suddenly began to realise that wool is very cheap, and that cheapness will stimulate consumption. The Board of Trade returns show that both the value and volume of our foreign trade are much less than a year ago, though the figures are still good in comparison with other years. The commercial depression in the United States, and Canada, and Mexico, is still severe, as seen in the railway returns, and in the amount of unemployment; but there seems to be a little more activity in the textile and iron industries of the Eastern States, where production had fallen off from 25 to 50 per cent. The number of idle cars on the railroads of the United States is still enormous; but none of the big American lines seem to have been so severely hit as the Grand Trunk, whose traffic decreases are on a scale that may well cause uneasiness. The Company has made some ill-advised extensions, which seem likely to prove an unremunerative burden for many years to come.

The Last Account.

The last account was one of the most satisfactory for holders of shares that the Stock Exchange has seen for a long time. Despite a slight reaction at the close, almost all classes of securities rose in value. Home railways and American railways were, perhaps, the most favored. Great Eastern rose 9, while Great Northern Pref. and Def. were both 4¾ better, Great Western 4¼, Great Central Pref. 3¾, and Brighton Pref. 3½. Among Americans, Union Pacific gained 7 points, Northern Pacific 6½, and Louisville 4. There was a big business in foreign bonds, which are very popular with investors—Russian, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Argentine, and Chilian all showing substantial gains. Among foreign railways, Mexican First Preference recovered 3 points. Possibly the depression in Mexico has now passed its acute stage, but there is the certainty of the President's retirement within two years, of which account must be taken.

Lucellum.

THE NEW NO. 5

OLIVER

Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Has the unique and powerful double Type Bar that made the earlier Oliver Typewriter famous the World over, and, in addition, it bristles with

NEW AND VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

Leaflet N. gives Particulars.

OLIVER TYPEWRITER Co., Ltd.,

75, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Branches, etc., everywhere.

MAPLE & CO

ARE SPECIALISTS FOR COMFORTABLE

CLUB & LOUNGE CHAIRS & SETTEES

Inspection invited, or Illustrated Catalogue of Chairs sent free

LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

LONDON PARIS BUENOS AIRES

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it

WILL BE REPLACED.

HIGHEST QUALITY

TURKISH TOWELS

AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY

BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;

And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Meat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

The New English Art Club.

40th EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES.

OPEN DAILY 10 to 6 at the Galleries in Dering Yard, 67a, New Bond Street, W. Admission **1s.**

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD

(Viâ NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the

GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,

London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST

allowed on Deposit Accounts

2 per cent. INTEREST

on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

EDUCATIONAL.

COUNTY OF LONDON.

The London County Council invites application for the undermentioned posts at the Clapham Day Training College:—

1. Lecturer in Science.
2. Assistant Lecturer in English.
3. Assistant Lecturer in Mathematics, specially qualified to teach arithmetic.

The persons appointed will be required (i) to give lectures in their subjects; (ii) to help in supervising the students' school practice; (iii) to assist in the organisation of college clubs and societies (bearing, as a rule, some relation to their own department of work), and to take an active interest in the general life of the college.

The salaries attaching to the posts will commence at £180 a-year for the lecturer, and £130 a-year for the assistant lecturers, and will rise, subject to satisfactory service, by annual increments of £10 in each case to a maxima of £250 and £170 a-year respectively.

Applications should be made on Form T.S. 56, to be obtained, together with particulars of the appointment, from the Clerk of the London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m on Monday, June 22nd, 1908, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed "Clapham Day Training College," and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Canvassing either directly or indirectly will be held to be a disqualification for employment.

G. L. GOMME,
Clerk of the London County Council.

Education Offices,
Victoria Embankment, W.C.
June 11th, 1908.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities, Citizenship Course, Leisure Hour Work (Natural History, Archæology, Carpentry, etc.).

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

SCHOLARSHIP ENTRIES DUE JULY 1ST.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

ESSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

County Central Laboratories, Chelmsford.

AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL INSTRUCTION.

1.—WINTER SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE.
2.—SCHOOL OF HORTICULTURE.
3.—DAIRY SCHOOL.
4.—SPECIAL COURSES.

Full particulars of these Courses may be had on application to THE SECRETARY, County Technical Laboratories, Chelmsford.

WILLASTON SCHOOL, NANTWICH.

In the Cheshire Plain, four miles from Crewe. Opened in 1900. Modern Buildings, standing in 24 acres of grounds. Preparations for University Scholarships and Matriculation, or for Professional and Commercial life.

NEXT ENTRANCE EXAMINATION JULY 21st, AT THE SCHOOL.

For prospectus and particulars of admission on the Foundation, apply to the Head Master, H. L. JONES, M.A. (Oxon.), or to the Clerk to the Governors 38, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

An Examination will be held on June 24th, 25th, and 26th to fill up not less than 5 residential and 3 non-residential Scholarships and also some Exhibitions. For particulars apply by letter to the Bursar, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION, July 1st and 2nd.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, *Near the British Museum.*
Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

THACKERAY HOTEL,
Opposite the British Museum.
Great Russell Street, London.

These well-appointed and commodious **Temperance Hotels** will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges, of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (*including attendance*) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**
Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, From **8/6** to **10/6** per day.
Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
Telegraphic Addresses—
Kingsley Hotel, "Bookcraft, London." Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.
HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and of the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.
WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.
67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.
THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.
BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.
ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.
THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.
BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.
BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.
CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.
ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.
DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.
THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.
COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.
HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.
COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.
CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.
HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.
SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).
SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.
PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.
GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

PORTSMOUTH.
SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647.

SOUTHSEA.
STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.
"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.
REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.
WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.
WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager

WARD, LOCK Co's. LIST.

NEW SIX-SHILLING FICTION.

THE WHEEL O' FORTUNE.

By LOUIS TRACY.

"There are plenty of novel readers who cherish a hearty admiration for Mr. Louis Tracy's stories. The author is always bright, stimulating, and fresh. He affects a breezy man of the world style, and his general outlook is invariably healthy and high-spirited. 'The Wheel o' Fortune,' indeed, illustrates all his good qualities."—*The Standard.*

THE MOTHER.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

"'The Mother' is a rich and beautiful book, alive and true, captivating us instantly, and never allowing our interest to drop and flag."—*Morning Post.*

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH.

By ROBERT BARR.

"It is delightful reading, essentially modern, dealing as it does with modern financial questions. It is just such a story as Mr. Robert Barr knows how to write. Enjoyment and not sorrow is its destined end."—*Liverpool Post.*

THE LAW OF THE LAND.

By FRED M. WHITE.

Author of "The Crimson Blind," "The Corner House," etc.

ANGELA'S MARRIAGE.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

"Author of "That Preposterous Will," "Dan, and Another," etc.

BY NEVA'S WATERS.

By JOHN R. CARLING.

"A charming story, and one which will especially appeal to those who delight in historical romance."—*Irish Independent.*

THE MILLIONAIRE'S SON.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

"A brisk, dramatic, and thoroughly readable story."—*The Birmingham Post.*

MY LADY'S KISS.

By NORMAN INNES.

A Seventeenth Century Romance.

"The book is imbued with the spirit of the times. The story goes with a surge and a stir that make the blood of the reader quicken and his spirit keep pace."—*Sheffield Independent.*

The Sequel to "Mr. Barnes of New York."

THE SHADOW OF A VENDETTA

By A. C. GUNTER.

TINMAN.

By TOM GALLON.

"The story is well considered and well written, and worthy of a place among the books which provide genuine entertainment."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE MISSIONER.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

"A good story, written in this author's crisp and always interesting style. The lady of Thorpe is a sweetly attractive creation, the missioner a striking type of idealist."—*Scotsman.*

FAMOUS SHILLING GUIDE BOOKS.

These well-known Guide Books are based upon what may be called the "centre" principle, it being assumed that the reader will make one of the well-known tourist resorts or watering places his head-quarters, and explore the surrounding district at his leisure and convenience. Each guide, therefore, deals not only with the town from which it takes its title, but with all places likely to be visited from that town. Several places are, of necessity, described in more than one volume.

ENGLAND AND WALES.

ALDEBURGH.
BATH.
BEXHILL.
BIDEFORD.
BLACKPOOL.
BOGNOR.
BOURNEMOUTH.
BRIDLINGTON and FILEY.
BRIGHTON and HOVE.
BROADSTAIRS.
BUXTON.
CANTERBURY.
CHANNEL ISLANDS
CLEVEDON.
CLIFTON, BRISTOL and DISTRICT.
CROMER.
DARTMOOR.
DAWLISH.
DEAL.
DOVER.
DOVERCOURT.
EASTBOURNE.
ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.
EXETER.
EXMOUTH.
FALMOUTH.
FELIXSTOWE.
FOLKESTONE.
HARROGATE.
HASTINGS.
HERNE BAY.
ILFRACOMBE.
ISLE OF MAN.
ISLE OF WIGHT.
LEAMINGTON.
LITTLEHAMPTON.
LIVERPOOL.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS.
LLANDUDNO.
LONDON and the FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.
LOWESTOFT.
LYME REGIS.
LYNTON and LYNMOUTH.
LYTHAM.
MALVERN.
MARGATE.
MATLOCK.
MINEHEAD.
NEWQUAY.
PENZANCE.
PLYMOUTH.
PORTSMOUTH.
RAMSGATE.
SCARBOROUGH.
SIDMOUTH.
SKEGNESS.
SOUTHSEA.
SOUTHWOLD.
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.
SUTTON-ON-SEA & MABLETHORPE.
SWANAGE.
TEIGNMOUTH.
TORQUAY.
WALES, NORTH (Northern Section).
WALES, NORTH (Southern Section).
WALES, SOUTH.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
WEYMOUTH.
WHITBY.
WOODHALL SPA.
WORTHING.
WYE VALLEY.
YARMOUTH and the BROADS.

SCOTLAND.

ABERDEEN.
EDINBURGH and the EXHIBITION, 1908
GLASGOW.
HIGHLANDS and ISLANDS.
INVERNESS.
OBAN.

IRELAND.

ANTRIM.
BELFAST.
CORK.
DONEGAL HIGHLANDS.
DUBLIN.
KILLARNEY.
WATERFORD.

THE CONTINENT.

BELGIUM, 2s. 6d.
HOLLAND, 2s. 6d.
PARIS, 1s. & 2s. 6d.
SWITZERLAND, 1s.

WARD, LOCK Co's. Ltd., SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

"The Nation," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the National Press Agency Limited, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by The Nation Publishing Company Limited, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—Saturday, June 13, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 12.] SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Diary of the Week	401
Politics and Affairs:—	
Wanted, an Understanding with Germany	404
The Limitations of the Pensions Bill	405
The Weakness of Anglicanism	407
The Roosevelt Intervention	408
What does "Votes for Women" Mean?	409
Life and Letters:—	
The Dearth of Genius	410
"A Distant Drum"	410
The Fair	412
The Mind of the Bee	412
Short Story:—	
A Bit of a Philosopher. By the Rev. S. Henry	413
Present-Day Problems:—	
Will the Small Holdings Act Fail? By Charles Roden Buxton	414
Letters from Abroad:—	
The New Attitude of the United States to Canada. By Edward Porritt	415
The Drama:—	
A Parable of Life and Art. By H. W. M.	416
Communications:—	
In the Women's Ranks. By A Provincial Man	417
Letters to the Editor:—	
The Basis of the Triple Entente. By an Englishman in France	418
"The Anti-Indian Englishman." By J. D. Rees, M.P.	419
The Meaning of "Bande Mataram." By the Reviewer and A. Porteous	419
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By A. Shadwell	420
"An Invasion of Liberty." By a London Clergyman	420
Does the Sugar Convention Betray Free Trade? By James Roberts	421
What Does "Votes for Women" Mean? By Florence Travers and N. Lightman	421
The Trade Returns. By W. T.	421
The Pan-Anglican Congress and Divorce. By Richard T. Gates	421
The Crux of "The Tempest." By V. Churchill	422
"The History of the Volunteers." By Major Cecil Sebag-Montefiore	422
Poetry:—	
In the Pine Wood. By J. W. Feaver	423
The World of Books	423
Books to be Read	423
Reviews:—	
France and England	424
The Conquest of the North-West Passage	425
London in the 'Forties	426
A Study of Sin	426
Books in Brief	428
The Shakespeare Apocrypha	428
The Autobiography of Montagu Burrows	428
French Novelists of To-Day	428
George Baxter, Colour Printer: His Life and Work	430
Marie de Medicis and the Court of France in the XVII. Century	430
Through Finland to St. Petersburg	430
A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador	430
A Novel-Reader's Guide	432
The Week in the City	432

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

A good deal of alarm has been created by a report that the Kaiser, in addressing a body of cavalry last week at Döberitz, after inspection, made the following speech:—

> "Well, it certainly looks just as if they were trying to encircle us and bring us to bay, but we can put up with that. The German never fought better than when he had to defend himself on all sides. Let them all come. We are ready."

Both the alleged date and the wording of this speech have been discredited, but it is not denied that, about the date of the announcement of the Reval visit the Kaiser used some pointed words of encouragement to his soldiers. The French Press has taken the story coolly, the "Temps" saying satirically that while no one proposes to invade Germany, the Kaiser has a right to say to German soldiers what no French general would be allowed to say to French conscripts. We dwell on the incident at length in our leading columns.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt has declined a third-time Presidency in order to constitute himself for the moment the Grand Elector of the nation. His powerful personal campaign for Mr. Taft has secured his lieutenant's nomination by the Republican Convention, and he will thus enjoy the virtual, if not the actual, direction of the politico-social policy which his second Presidency initiated. The enthusiasm for him has been unexampled. His name was cheered for fifty minutes in a scene of the calculated abandonment which marks American political Conventions, where strategy and hero-worship go together. A word, a hint, from the listening President, who is said to have followed every phase of the Convention through the telephone, would have secured nomination, and probably an overwhelming vote for a third Presidency. But his will prevailed, and his nominee was finally chosen on Thursday.

* * *

Mr. Taft received 702 votes, exactly the number predicted for him by Mr. Roosevelt, whose nice calculation of the working of the machine was thus justified. This is a novel practice for an acting President, but Mr. Roosevelt's control of the Republican platform, on which his old War Secretary is to stand, has not been so complete. In spite of Mr. Gompers's action, the anti-injunction plank has been much weakened, and even if the law is changed, the American workmen will obtain nothing like the charter which our own Trades Disputes Act gives to British trade unions and workers. The authority of the Courts is to be upheld, but the modes of procedure are to be more accurately defined, and injunctions are not to be issued without notice. The other chief planks are a strengthening of the anti-Trust Law and further State control of inter-State corporations, and a revision of the tariff based on a moveable scale of *maximum* and *minimum* rates, according to the way in which foreign countries treat American goods. This should lead to a reduction of the tariff in favor of free-trading Great Britain.

* * *

The second reading of the Old Age Pensions Bill was carried on Wednesday by 417 votes to 29. The 29 consisted of a small body of 28 Conservatives, not unfitly shepherded by Mr. Harold Cox, who proposed an amendment calling for a system of State insurance, and delivered the most brilliant criticism of the Bill. The majority included 37 Conservatives, mostly of the Protectionist wing, though Mr. Austen Chamberlain followed Mr. Balfour and Mr. Walter Long and walked out of the House. Apart from Mr. Cox's attack, the Opposition confined themselves to arraying a set of small and shadowy objections, ending in their decision to abstain from voting. Mr. Balfour, indeed, excused himself for his failure to propose a system of pensions by significantly pleading the cost and pre-occupation of the South African War. But while hinting that the Bill should touch disablement, which after all is largely covered by the Compensation Act, he refrained from following Mr. Cox in advocacy of the German system of compulsory insurance.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George's careful and interesting speech contained some hints of a revision of the plan of the Bill. He set the "probable ultimate cost" of the scheme at seven and a-half millions, declaring himself ready to adopt a sliding scale, and to modify at least the wording of the character test, which he described as an industry test, while insisting that "loafers and wastrels" must be excluded. He also proposed to insert a series of qualifications for a pension, such as membership of a friendly society or a trade union. The disqualification of paupers, he hinted, would be "provisional" on a

general scheme of Poor Law Reform, and he also suggested his desire to deal with the problem of physical infirmity. Mr. Cox's chief point was that, while the English Bill would only benefit half a-million of people under a partial and arbitrary system, the German plan took in fourteen millions of people, and distributed fairly a great variety of benefits. The Prime Minister, in closing the debate, declared that the inclusion of paupers must add nearly three millions to the cost of the scheme, but that it was temporary, and he practically promised an amendment of the character clause. He asked eloquently whether, because the question was complex, and the Bill imperfect, men were to sit still and watch the tragedy of dependent old age "with dumb lips and with folded arms, with bewildered brains and palsied energies."

* * *

The Pan-Anglican Congress was opened on Monday with an "intercession service" in Westminster, which, in its extreme simplicity of ritual and vestments, seems to have disappointed the High Church Party. The Congress was greeted by the Prime Minister in a speech of great eloquence and sincerity at a dinner given by the Pilgrims' Club. Mr. Asquith asked what contribution the Congress would make to the great cause of "peace, unity, and concord." "It would almost seem," he continued, "as if the one and only sovereign specific against war upon which the Christian nations of the world are all agreed is the insistent multiplication and equipment of the instruments, human and inanimate, of destruction; but I am one of those who think, at any rate, that they can discern behind and beneath this disheartening spectacle the silent movement of pacifying and reconciling forces."

* * *

The actual work of the Congress has been divided between social entertainments and a series of monster meetings in the Albert Hall and elsewhere. No votes have been taken, the Chairmen of the sections simply summing up the debates. On the marriage question the tendency seemed to be to take the anti-State attitude of the fanatical High Churchmen, and to refuse marriage, and acknowledgment of marriage, to divorced persons, even when innocent of adultery. On other questions, such as the development of religious truth, the criticism and interpretation of the Bible, the acceptance of scientific doctrine such as evolution, the inspiration of the non-Christian churches, and the toleration of non-Christian social forms, like polygamy, the tone was more tolerant. Sweating and the minimum wage as its cure, the evils of the housing system, Christian Science, and Agnosticism were also discussed with considerable breadth and freedom. Professor Sorley, in speaking on Agnosticism, regretted that the Pope had united the "living body of Christian theology and the corpse of scholasticism." The strong Episcopal influence and bent of the Congress has, however, been evident throughout.

* * *

On Wednesday the "Times," basing itself on a remark of the Bishop of Limerick that the Universities Bill proceeded on principles "foreign to our Church," suggested that the Irish Bishops were hostile. It further hinted that Rome itself disapproved, and demanded of Mr. Birrell that he should say "Aye or No," whether he had obtained the good will of the Pope. On Thursday the statement of the Irish hierarchy, signed by Cardinal Logue, appeared in its pages, declaring almost the precise contrary. It stated that the Bill was drawn on lines "suited to the educational needs of the country, and likely to lead to finality on the Universities question," but objected, on various grounds, to the non-residential character of the Dublin University, and refused to promise to send the art students of Maynooth to reside in Dublin. This last objection was met in the Committee by the rejection, on Mr Birrell's strong and impassioned plea, of Mr. Butcher's amendment which required a period of two years' study at a constituent college of one of the two Universities as a condition of taking a degree. He insisted that the Senate of the University should decide what disability should attach to the affiliation of any college. The Chief Secretary carried his point, in face of some rather strong Nonconformist protests, by 32 to 16, so that the Bill is probably safe.

* * *

The Prime Minister, who is managing his party with much tact, spoke brilliantly at the National Liberal Club on Saturday, in exposition of the Ministerial programme. He insisted on the necessity of a "larger concentration of effort on a smaller number of subjects," and hinted at the necessity of carrying over Bills from one session to another. He still hoped for an educational settlement short of the sectarian or the secular solution, and declared that the Licensing Bill must be carried through all its stages in the Commons before the Session closed. Dealing with the criticisms of The Nation on the Pensions Bill, he stated that no general test of character should be imposed, but that the exclusion of the "wastrel" was desirable. As to paupers, there was to be no permanent disqualification, and the exception only applied to the present year. The whole question of "classification" would arise under the coming reform of the Poor Law, but meanwhile the Guardians must be restrained from transferring the whole burden of pauperism from rates to taxes.

* * *

The Tory Party, which, as Mr. McCrae said, are trying to bring about compulsory service by making voluntary service impossible, attacked Mr. Haldane's territorial scheme on Thursday, on the debate on the Army Estimates, chiefly on the ground of the smallness of the new force, the inadequacy of the artillery, and the weakness of the local organisations, which, Mr. Lee said, meant the setting up of ninety-three War Offices. We agree with Mr. Lee that this would be in the nature of a national disaster. Mr. Haldane replied with a statement as to the progress of the force. He stated that over 50 per cent. of the 300,000 men at whom he aims had joined, 69 per cent. of whom were old Volunteers, who, however, had only joined for a year. 82 per cent. of the units have now been formed. The best results have been obtained with Yeomanry. A caustic comment on this statement was that more yeomanry had joined because the force had practically been unchanged. Sir Charles Dilke's criticism was that there existed no sufficient material for a striking force, and that the new "terriers" were the old Volunteers under a new name, only that there were fewer of them. Another criticism was that it was not clear whether the territorials were really intended for home defence, or to act as an army reserve, reinforcing the regulars in a foreign campaign.

* * *

There has been no appeal to arms yet in Persia, but the Shah has been gaining ground, and the Parliament losing it in its anxiety to avert civil war. The agitation against the Shah has spread to the provincial cities, which are sending support to the Mejliss, and some of them have telegraphed deposing him. On Friday, however, the Mejliss obeyed the Shah's order to disperse the armed Nationalists of Teheran; but it

drew up a memorial recounting the Shah's breaches of the Constitution, and threatening to dissolve if he would not co-operate in restoring popular confidence. The Shah replied sternly that he was not prepared to lose without an appeal to the sword the inheritance his father had won by the sword, and he arrested some Nationalist leaders. What the Parliament's next step will be is unknown, but the temper of the populace is firmer than that of its representatives, for the shopkeepers of Teheran have persisted in closing despite a royal prohibition accompanied by the threat of confiscation.

* * *

The publication of the Anglo-Belgian correspondence in reference to the Congo has rather eased the situation in Belgium. Sir Edward Grey pressed the necessity for abolishing forced labor, "differing in name only from slavery," giving the natives land and freeing commerce; but he made clear England's sympathetic attitude towards annexation by Belgium accompanied by reform. The international difficulty is now believed in Belgium to be removed, and a good many Liberals are likely to vote for annexation. King Leopold has refused to lower his price, and the Government will stand or fall by the treaty of cession as it is. It will probably be carried. Though some of the "young" Catholics would like it amended, they are hardly likely to persist in opposition, seeing that the signal demonstration at the Parliamentary elections against annexation has not been fortified at the provincial elections, which, despite their offering the whole of the country the opportunity to express an opinion, have resulted in no appreciable shifting of parties.

* * *

The city of Alcazar, with a mehella of 2,000 men encamped there, has gone over to Mulai Hafid, whose power now extends to within two days' march of Tangier. The French jingoes are striving hard to avert his inevitable recognition by the Powers. The "Temps" has printed letters to prove that Mulai Hafid is anti-European and anti-French, but the "Débats" recognises that if they are genuine they witness only to his tactical necessities, and it condemns the perilous manœuvre of trying to convert him into an enemy. No credence can be given to the French stories that Mulai Hafid is resorting to oppressive methods to raise money, and that he both lacks funds and is alienating his supporters; while there is very good reason to believe that the Morocco Bank has already cut off Abdul Aziz's credit, and refuses to honor his drafts. The acknowledgment of Mulai Hafid is a bitter pill to M. Clemenceau, but it looks as though he were slowly bracing himself to swallow it.

* * *

The students' strike in Austria is one result of the campaign against Modernism. Professor Wahrmund, under clericalist pressure—the Christian Socialists are the strongest party in the Reichsrat—was forbidden to lecture at Innsbrück for having written a modernist pamphlet. The students protested against this attack upon academic liberty, but when the University Senate arranged a compromise, under which Professor Wahrmund was to give seminar instruction but not to lecture, the Government refused its sanction. Thereupon the Innsbrück students struck, and the University was closed. The movement spread to the other Austrian Universities, and all the German Universities and colleges, and some of the Czech have joined in the strike. The holidays gave an opportunity for making peace, and during last week-end all the Rectors were summoned to Vienna. Professor Wahrmund has consented to suspension, and the Rectors have issued a manifesto affirming their confidence that no danger is impending to academic freedom, and calling upon the students to resume work, as, in default, the Universities will be closed completely for the summer term. The appeal does not look like being obeyed.

* * *

The text of the Indian Press Act has reached this country. Its language strikes us as dangerously wide. The preamble states the expediency of providing for "incitements to disorder" in newspapers, and the chief clause permits the summary confiscation of the plant of a newspaper which, in the opinion of a magistrate, contains any "incitement to murder," or to "any act of violence." Surely this phrasing would cover suppression for a strong, or violent, article which happened to be followed in the town or neighbourhood by a turbulent political meeting. We think that this is not the kind of restraining action which the Indian Secretary contemplates.

* * *

A young Russian Jew, Mr. Selig Brodetsky, living with his father in Cecil Street, Mile End, has this year been bracketed with Mr. Ibbotson as Senior Wrangler. Mr. Brodetsky the elder came to England as a "greener," and his brilliant son supported himself at Trinity by winning a series of scholarships which covered the whole cost of his maintenance and left a margin over. His father explains that if he had delayed his immigration until after the passing of the Aliens Act he would have been shut out, for he would not have possessed the necessary five pounds. Under the same law, of course, we should have lost the enrichment of English character and industries which we owe to the flight of the Huguenots to these shores. The "Westminster Gazette," by the way, notes that the great public schools make a singularly small contribution to the Mathematical Honors List.

* * *

The annual return showing the number of experiments on living animals under vivisection licences, was issued on Thursday. It states that the total number of experiments made upon animals in 1907 was 73,374, or 27,301 more than in 1906. Of these 70,794 were performed without anæsthetics, the great majority being inoculations which, while practically painless at the moment of operation, frequently cause acute distress to the animal operated on in later stages. The return also shows an increase of 27,507 over last year's figures in the number of animals experimented on without the use of anæsthetics. This increase is accounted for by the progress of cancer investigation. 45,302 animals were used for this purpose at three institutions. The infringements of the vivisection regulations are said not to be of a serious character. All are explained as misunderstandings or inadvertence as to the terms of the licences held. We think that trained scientists might be expected to take the trouble to inform themselves concerning the exact powers provided by the licences they hold. The whole question of vivisection inspection and licences is assuming large proportions, and will have to be dealt with seriously when the Commission now sitting issues its final report.

* * *

Sir John Day, who retired from his Judgeship nearly seven years ago, died on Saturday in his eighty-

second year. Without being a great advocate, a great lawyer, or a great judge, he was associated with two considerable public events—the Royal Commission on the Belfast Riots of 1896, of which he was the chairman, and the Parnell Commission, on which he sat, after fierce criticism of his appointment, in absolute silence. Personally a man of engaging temper, he had medieval ideas on punishment, and his sentences for sexual crimes, blackmailing, and violent assaults were so harsh that both Bench and Bar rejoiced when his judgeship came to an end. His practice in these matters upset not only modern ideas of justice, but all notion of equality of sentences.—Lord Derby, who died on Sunday, aged sixty-seven, was a Conservative statesman of some note. He suffered from comparison with his brilliant father and his elder brother, who, though not at all brilliant, was for some few years an almost commanding force in British statesmanship. Lord Derby was not at all commanding, but he made a fair Secretary for War and for the Colonies, and a good Governor-General for Canada. He was a tolerable speaker, without possessing his brother's curious impressiveness or his father's fire.

* * *

The readers of page 15 of the "Times" this (Friday) morning will conclude that they have bought a three-penny edition of the "Daily Mirror." The greater part of the page is given up to social and personal gossip. Two and a-half columns of this consist largely of descriptions of the dresses and appearances of the ladies who went to Ascot. A column and a-half is taken up with chatter about chiffons. We remember no issue of the "Times" which has been so defaced. We are informed that the writer was "struck with Lady Kinnoul's very brilliant yellow." He (or she) was similarly affected by the sight of another lady's "quaint mauve-colored dress." The same introspective genius is able to certify that "never were shoes neater or stockings daintier," and observes with pleasure that a "plastron of Irish lace" modified a dress which "otherwise would have been severely Directoire." There are perhaps 2,000 words of this dressmakers' drivel. To this measure has Printing House Square come.

* * *

The exhibition of Mr. John Lavery's work at the Goupil Gallery is representative of every phase of this well-known Scottish artist. Among the important portraits are those of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and of the artist, the latter having been painted for the Uffizzi Gallery, Florence; while the fruits of Mr. Lavery's sojourn in Tangier are seen in a variety of pictures and studies of land and sea. One of the most successful of these is "The Housetops—Night," a silvery moonlight view of Tangier; while "Tangier Bay—Moonlight," and "The Sea-shore—Moonlight," are nocturnes whose broad Whistlerian harmony is genuine in its beauty. The study of a girl's head, entitled "The Halo," and characterised by its dead brown flesh tones, might almost be called an excursion into the mystical. Other figure work includes numerous small portrait sketches, which are perhaps the most attractive exhibits of this section. Distinguished by their crisp handling, they are not marred, or, at any rate, not to the same extent as are some of his larger portraits, by the peculiarities of flesh color that tinge most of his recent work with unpleasantness. They emphasise the attractions of his method and his power of graceful composition without calling attention to manneristic blemishes.

Politics and Affairs.

WANTED, AN UNDERSTANDING WITH GERMANY.

If the speech which some of the obscurer German newspapers have ascribed to the Kaiser were authentic, the Reval visit might be destined to prelude an acute period of unrest and intrigue in Europe. The German Press, despite two violent outbursts in powerful papers, preserved a remarkable self-control. There had been no lack of provocation. The "Temps" had talked of a new triple alliance directed against Germany. Even a phase of Liberal opinion in England and Russia had defended the *rapprochement* against its critics, mainly on the ground that it would erect a barrier against German influence at St. Petersburg. If the Kaiser had talked about the new development of the policy of "isolation" and "penning-in," his language might have been indiscreet, but not unnatural. In point of fact, he has made no public pronouncement, and the most that is probable is that, speaking as a soldier among soldiers, he has made one of his customary private exhortations to his officers, designed rather to stimulate their professional zeal than to frighten the German public. When he is really minded to rattle the sabre, he chooses a conspicuous platform, with a serviceable sounding-board. The incident, even if the few witnesses were agreed on such trivial matters as its date and its occasion, would not be alarming. It would merely serve to warn us once more that, in consolidating our "league of peace," we have left outside it the one Power which might be disposed to trouble the repose of Europe. A system of understandings arranged on this basis might be justified as a preventive measure, if the risk of war or turmoil were really acute. But it neither disarms nor conciliates the enemy. The danger, whatever it be, subsists, and German diplomacy is certain to continue its traditional strategy of seeking out the weak points in the league, straining the loyalty of its members, and raising complications unforeseen when its basis was laid. Russia, acutely divided against itself, and cursed with an inheritance of adventure in the Far East and the Near East alike, will always be a tempting subject for these Bismarckian manœuvres.

The optimists are already looking to the Anglo-Russian understanding for a solution of the Macedonian question. It is some gain that Great Britain and Russia have come to terms on a programme of reform. That, however, was work for the diplomatists, and it is unnecessary to assume that Russia would have made the visit to Reval a part of the price which we pay for her assent. But a programme of reforms countersigned by two Powers is not yet a programme adopted by the Concert, still less by Abdul Hamid. A generation ago England and Russia, had they been agreed, might have settled the Eastern Question. They are no longer the dominant forces in Constantinople. The more the policy of reform is put forward as an Anglo-Russian policy, at a moment when the world is once more talking of "encircling" Germany, the more probable is it that Austro-German influences will make themselves felt in

the other scale of the balance. Sir Edward Grey's reforms were a very nicely-adjusted minimum. Carried out in their entirety, they would transform Macedonia. But, subjected to three successive processes of revision, first to secure the co-operation of Russia, then to command the approval of the Concert, and, lastly, to obtain the assent of the Porte, they may fail to effect any real change in desperate anarchy beyond the Balkans. If we are to have a solution by consent and without a breach of the peace, it is no less essential to secure German neutrality than to win Russian approbation. The Concert, to do anything effective, must be unanimous, and we certainly have not been at pains to conciliate German susceptibilities. There is already much going and coming between Berlin and Constantinople. Rumour speaks of a projected visit from the Kaiser to the Sultan as the answer to the King's visit to Reval. It is even suggested that Turkey may openly enter the Triple Alliance. These are probably exaggerations of possibilities, which, in a less melodramatic form, may still influence the future of the Near Eastern Question. If England and Russia were quite resolute and single-minded, even these obstacles might be overcome.

But, as always in dealing with Russia, we are confronted by the fact that she is a dual personality. Public opinion, even Liberal opinion, in Russia would favor a forward movement in the Near East, and might even tolerate an adventure. But the Court, which made the Japanese war, has never withdrawn its gaze from the Far East. M. Stolypin has forced through the Duma his Amur Railway Bill, which projects the building at high pressure, within the next four years, of a purely strategic line though a desert and almost uninhabitable country, at a capital cost of forty and an annual charge of three millions, without reckoning the cost of the fortifications and reinforcements which are also proposed. It has always been a part of German policy to engage Russia as deeply as possible in the Far East, and it is significant that the Court party, which is responsible for this fantastic scheme, is also the Pro-German Party. In reckoning on Russia as an ally in the Near East, we have to remember these cross-currents at the centre, and these vast and risky commitments at the extremity of her Empire. With such projects before her, can she, or will she, concentrate on a work in the Near East which may involve a grave diplomatic conflict with the Power which controls the Baltic and dominates the future of Poland? In winning her assent to a paper programme of Macedonian reform, we are only on the threshold of our real task. That task could be achieved without an outbreak if we could secure the benevolent neutrality of the Kaiser. From that essential condition of success we were, to all appearance, never further than we are to-day. Once more we come back to this elementary principle—that peace, to be fruitful as well as secure, involves an understanding from which no Power can be safely excluded. To isolate Germany is to invite her to play a wrecking game at Constantinople.

The ultimate test of any foreign policy is its influence upon the domestic fortunes of a nation. Sir Edward Grey is a pacific Minister; he is also attempting much for a disinterested work of humanity in Turkey. But if his conduct of our European policy involves us in a yet more accentuated naval competition, the balance of gain is overwhelmingly against it. The encircling of Germany may end by ensuring the arrest of Old Age Pensions at its initial and fragmentary stage. Given the present relations between London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Berlin, and there can be no hope of a friendly adjustment of naval programmes. The race must go on, until sooner or later one rival or the other decides that armed peace is more costly than the "inevitable" war. If our understandings were frankly alliances, we should at least be able to add the naval resources of France to our own in our competitive reckonings. But at present we have all the risks of an alliance and none of the securities. If there are secret conventions, they cannot be used to answer the alarmists. For our part, we have always held that the material for a bargain exists. The instructions given to Sir Edward Fry at the Hague, make it clear that, despite the tenor of his public speeches, Sir Edward Grey was at one time prepared to consider our renunciation of the right of commerce-destruction, as a bait to induce Germany to arrest the increase of her fleet. Whether it was French influence or the arguments of our own naval experts which induced him to depart from that hopeful attitude, the documents do not allow us to decide. But here, we are convinced, still lies the hope of an accommodation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, since he assumed office, has twice warned the Commons that the whole future of the projects of social reform depends on his ability to repress the exigencies of the fighting services. We cannot retire from the competition with Germany, save by inducing her to modify her programme. If that programme is sincerely defensive, she could not be insensible to an offer from us which would make our fleet less of a potential menace to the world's commerce, while leaving it as a defensive force a more manageable task to discharge. To renounce the right of capture at sea is to lay down a weapon of offence, and by the same act to secure our own commerce from peril. Until we have exhausted this method of approach, it is premature to assume that Germany is the one Power in the civilised world with which we can conclude no pact or understanding.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE PENSIONS BILL.

The country as a whole has accepted the principle of non-contributory pensions for the aged. The Government's Bill, despite criticism of detail, has the united support of the Liberal and Labor Parties. Official Unionism, as represented by Mr. Balfour, is willing to wound but desperately afraid to strike. Effective opposition is left to Mr. Harold Cox and the Old Guard of Economic Individualism which is no longer an army in being. The country has made up its mind to a fuller responsibility for the condition of the poor, and it is not the aged poor alone who will benefit by the new spirit. To discriminate between poverty and pauperism, to make the vast wealth of the country available for securing the minimum requirements of civilised subsistence without

loss of personal independence to all who do not forfeit their right by overt misdoing, is coming to be recognised as a distinct duty of the State. The present Bill is the first fruit of the new principle, but not the least valuable part of Mr. Lloyd George's powerful speech on the Second Reading was the plain hint that the Government are feeling their way to the application of the same principle to the treatment of the infirm and the unemployed. Those who oppose this legislation in the interests of Free Trade finance are taking a risky course. The aim of the more advanced Tariff Reformers is to give the same boons to the poor, but to make the poor pay for them through taxes on food and the common articles of consumption. The problem of Free Trade finance is to show that the burden can be placed where it ought to rest—on the vast surplus wealth of the community. If Free Trade fails, the working classes will be tempted to try Tariff Reform. The true opposition—and we owe a debt to Mr. Lloyd George for emphasising it—is not between Free Trade finance and social legislation, but between reproductive social expenditure and the waste of money in panic-bred extravagance upon armaments. The future of social legislation will depend in the main on the efforts of the economists to resist those daughters of the horseleech whose cry, "Give, give," goes up incessantly from the War Office and the Admiralty. We shall probably want seven millions next year for pensions. The scheme is threatened with grave limitations and drawbacks for the want of another million. Those who care for the lot of the poor must be prepared through the autumn to give careful attention to naval and military policy, that they may be in a position to resist in next year's estimates the attempt to draw the provision for the poor into the insatiable maw of the military and naval expert.

Mr. Lloyd George warns us not to press him too far, lest the financial burden be overdone and the whole scheme be broken down. We recognise the danger, and we gladly admit that he has shown an open mind on the points of detail which we selected for criticism. He has hinted a reduction of the age limit for the disabled, on the lines often advocated here. He is prepared to accept a sliding scale, provided that the total cost be not increased. We hope that he will not content himself with a scale which will merely level up all incomes, say, from 8s. to a maximum of 13s, but will adopt some such scale as that which we have before suggested, whereby the pension would be gradually diminished. For example, if a man with 8s. a week gets 5s., we would suggest that one with 10s. a week should receive 4s., that one with 12s. should have 3s., and so on. This is the only method by which we can avoid discouraging thrift within the limits affected. More serious, however, in our judgment, are the two remaining disqualifications. As to the character test, the spirit both of the Prime Minister's and Mr. Lloyd George's speeches is excellent. To carry it into effect it will, we think, be necessary to delete entirely the words that enjoin a general inquisition into character. The proposal to exempt certain classes from the inquisition does not seem to us happily conceived. There should be no general inquisition at all. If it can be definitely established by the evidence of Poor Law Authorities that a man or woman has been habitually relying on the support of the ratepayers, and refusing work when it was available, that is a fair ground of disqualification which might be definitely established by tangible evidence. Any more general disqualification than this opens the door to great variation in methods of administration, deprives the pension scheme of its greatest asset—its certainty—and admits of all the abuses of an indefinite reference to a tribunal adjudicating without fixed principles of decision, or established canons of evidence. The economies to be expected from this test are not great, on Mr. George's showing, and are not likely to be at all proportionate to the vexation caused by them. They maintain in the pension scheme much of that arbitrariness which is a main objection to the present administration of the poor law, and keeps the aged poor in a state of dependence. We hope the Government will deal with the matter boldly, and sweep away from the disqualification all words of general meaning, admitting of loose and uncertain interpretation.

There remains the more difficult question of the exclusion of paupers. Mr. Lloyd George tells us that this is a vanishing disqualification. But how is it to vanish? Only by the effort to keep old people under seventy off the rates. The aged themselves will make the effort and so will their friends. That is so far a good thing. But the Guardians are expected to back them up. Every man approaching seventy who comes before them will, says Mr. Lloyd George, "be induced to wait." Now we know that from sixty-five onwards the proportion of the very poor who are forced to seek relief increases with every year, and the number who can hold out till seventy must be relatively small. The result of this part of the Bill will be to subject these people to a greatly increased pressure. They will be confronted with a new reluctance to admit them to relief, and the measure which will lighten the lot of their somewhat more fortunate contemporaries will chastise them with scorpions instead of whips. They will have to pass an ordeal of increased severity in order to reach the not very luxurious haven of five shillings a week at seventy. We doubt whether the majority will ever succeed, and, if not, the strange result of this Bill will be that a measure avowedly based on the inability of the poorest to contribute to a pension scheme will have been used as an argument for pensioning those who are rather better off, leaving the worst sufferers in the cold. Let us suppose two cases to illustrate the effect. One is a widow left with twenty pounds a year. She scrapes along with a little work and a little help from friends till she is seventy, and then comes into her pension, and enjoys her independence and an income of £33 a year for the rest of her days. The other is a widow left with nothing at all. She maintains herself by work till she is sixty-five or sixty-six. Her strength begins to fail, and finally at sixty-nine she is driven to seek relief. She loses her pension and becomes a pauper for life. The only effect of the Bill is to make her struggle harder, and to make the Guardians draw the purse-strings tighter against her. We hope her lot will not be embittered by a sense of contrast.

Is it quite impossible to help this class? Mr. Lloyd George says it will cost between three and four millions. But that is assuming that indoor as well as outdoor paupers come on to the pension list, and that no return is made from the Guardians. As an interim measure we think the indoor paupers might be excluded. A very large proportion of these can only be cared for in the workhouse or the workhouse infirmaries, and would not wish to leave if they could. Of the rest a considerable proportion are of the loafer class. The exclusion of the present indoor paupers would, we imagine, diminish Mr. George's estimate of numbers by about one-fourth. It would leave us with some 200,000 outdoor paupers to deal with, to pension whom would cost approximately £2,600,000. These people are now in receipt of 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week from the Guardians, and we confess we cannot see the vast difficulty in supplementing this amount instead of taking over the whole payment. It would mean simply that an applicant for a pension next January would be asked if he had been in receipt of relief, say, for six months during the past year. If so, he would receive his pension, but the Pensions Committee would charge the Guardians with the amount that they had been paying him weekly in out-relief. The Guardians could lose very little by this, seeing that of people of seventy who have come on the rates very few indeed ever regain their independence, while the alternative to out-relief is the more expensive indoor-maintenance. What little increase of expenditure might be thus put upon the rates will be far outweighed by the saving to them effected by the pension scheme as a whole. If then the Guardians continued to bear their share of the cost, it would reduce the burden on the Exchequer by about £1,300,000. In that case the total sum to be found will be perhaps 8½ instead of something over seven millions. We do not consider this an excessive price to pay for a change which will prevent the pensions scheme from missing its prime object—the relief of the poorest, who, as the scheme stands, will go to the wall.

THE WEAKNESS OF ANGLICANISM.

The meetings of the Pan-Anglican Congress are an interesting study to those who would find in them a guide to the practical statesmanship and to the inner life and spirit of the Anglican Communion. The idea of the Congress came, not from the present Primate, but from Archbishop Benson. Behind it may have lain the notion of an Anglican Patriarchate, with the ancient See of Canterbury as its centre and source of authority. But we imagine that any such vision of mechanical unity must have faded before the Congress had been long in session. The gathering, we have been told, is not to be regarded as the meeting of "the Church of England," but of "the Church in England"; in other words, of a non-affiliated branch of the universal church, meeting, as Mr. Frere put it, in sympathy with "the catholicity of Rome and the orthodoxy of the East." This is one view. But it has been sharply opposed by another, that of the Dean of Canterbury, who, on the second day of the Congress declined to regard the Church as other than a distinctively Anglican organisation, bound by the Reformation, and holding to its national and Imperial mission and responsibilities. This, again, comes in conflict with the admission of the Bishops from the United States, as well as with the view of the High Churchmen, who refuse in terms to date the origin of Anglicanism from the sixteenth or the seventeenth centuries. We do not know what issue may come from the secret convention of Bishops which is to follow the open Congress. But where no penetrating spirit of unity exists no compelling voice of authority can well be raised. The High Churchmen failed in their endeavor to persuade Leo XIII., who was not altogether unwilling to be persuaded, of the validity of Anglican Orders. The door to that way of "unity" is therefore closed, and at least two sections of the Church breathed a sigh of relief when Rome came to her decision. Neither do we believe in any approach of the freer spirit of Anglicanism to the picturesque but stiff and entirely unprogressive organisation of the Greek Church. And as for union with the non-Episcopal Churches, that, as Canon Henson well said on Sunday, is made virtually impossible by the tendency, and possibly the deliberate aim, of the promoters of the Congress to aggrandise the Episcopal power. A combination of all these diverse elements could only resemble Robinson Crusoe's famous enclosure for his tame goats, which was so large that the goats within it became as wild as the goats outside.

The Congress, therefore, can hardly come to any dramatic decision as to unity with the two largest divisions of the Christian Church. The Low Churchmen are a declining force, but they are powerful enough to stay any such reversal of the Reformation. Neither, looking at the sectional debates of the Congress, can we discern any sound basis for the attempt to erect the Anglican Church, which sometimes speaks as if Nonconformity had no existence, into an authoritative guide, and even judge, in secular affairs. This applies both to its influence on social reform and to its half-defined resolution to dispute the judgment of the State on questions like the law of marriage. The Church will always, we hope, be a valuable auxiliary in the cause of social reforms. But it is not a fact that, as the Archbishop claimed in his speech at the Albert Hall, it has supplied the "men" or the "public" that will solve them. The impulse to reform in most Christian countries has come from the general social conscience, acting upon politicians and administrators, deeply influenced by Christian feeling, but not conspicuously inspired by the Established Churches. If the Church is changing in this respect, it follows society, and does not conspicuously lead it; while, as to England up to the middle of the last century, it is impossible to say that working-class and middle-class champions were altogether wrong in thinking that in all their desperate fights and oft-defeated hopes the Anglican Church was usually their enemy. Is that Church attaining either a clear knowledge of its own mind, or a true appreciation of the difficulties of the people on the marriage question? In Tuesday's debates there appeared to be a general disposition to call on the Church to forbid the re-marriage even of innocently divorced persons. This was the advice of an American bishop, speaking for a country where divorce has de-

veloped into a scandal of caprice. But a clerical member of the Congress warned his brethren that it was necessary to examine such cases with some care, and to draw the bonds of discipline with discretion. Nor was any line of unity reached on the old question of what degree of toleration was to be extended to polygamy among native Christians in the Empire, or on the larger problem of the treatment of rival religions, and their share of the general gift of inspiration. On some of these points the informal Cabinet of the Anglican Church talked with seriousness, and in a progressive and tolerant mood. But it formulated no principle, and revealed no guiding policy. For all such purposes, and for the examination of social questions like sweating, the Congress has proved to be no more an illuminant than the "dramatic conversation" in which Mr. Bernard Shaw impartially sums up the *pros* and *cons* of "getting married."

The world, therefore, need not fear or hope for a commanding voice from the leaders of the Anglican Church. Can such a voice come from an organisation leaning so much on the arts that govern the secular world, the arts of compromise and adjustment, the great business of "carrying on"? Will it not rather be individual? At this hour the most searching statement of the Christian point of view comes from a man who lies under the interdict of the Orthodox Church, and to whom, in the hour of his approaching death, she will deny her last rites of acknowledgment and consolation. All that has been said or can be said with truth and sincerity at the Pan-Anglican Congress on war, marriage, poverty, chastity, the relationship between nations and races, and the life of the soul, has been better said by the heretic and outcast Tolstoy, and has been said precisely in that tone which the world, though it may deny and refuse, can never forget. The Prime Minister asked, in a serious and instructive speech, what the Congress was prepared to do for the peculiarly Christian cause of "peace, unity, and concord," for the "corporate sense of oneness," which, as he truly said, secular statesmen were in their fashion forwarding by way of international treaties and understandings, even though they half-defeated their end by their slavish reliance on armaments. Well, the Church can do very little, so long as her mind is set on plans of material consolidation, on keeping the peace with conventional ways and traditions, on plans of coercing men more than on the conquest of their wills and affections. In one of his parables Tolstoy tells the story of the hermit who tried to soften the heart of a robber. First he exhorted him. But the robber laughed. "You live by your piety, and I live by my robbery," he said. "Preach to the old women who come to you." So the hermit determined to live no longer by his piety, and to accept no more offerings. He still exhorted the robber, but when the brigand threatened him, he feared for his life and ran away. Finally he lost fear, and beginning to love the robber, was able to turn his heart. The Church is never tired of exhorting society, and telling it what rules it should observe. But so long as she at once depends on the world and is afraid of it, she will preach to it in vain.

THE ROOSEVELT INTERVENTION.

It will always be a matter of debate whether Mr. Roosevelt was well advised in refusing to put himself forward as a Presidential candidate for a third term in 1908. On personal grounds it is easy to understand his reluctance. The American President is habitually overworked, and Mr. Roosevelt, though a Gladstone in physical energy, has doubtless felt the strain of his seven years' toil on the vast plane of the Presidential life. It was not, however, on personal grounds that the President justified his refusal to seek or accept another nomination. He based it on "the wise custom which limits the President to two terms." We need not lightly reject Mr. Roosevelt's opinion of the wisdom of that particular custom. It was initiated by Washington for reasons which had some validity in the infant years of the Republic. We are not blind to the constitutional case, and there have been moments in Mr. Roosevelt's presidency when the aggrandisement of the office seemed to carry with it some elements of danger. But we must remember that a great defect of the American system of government is its unwieldliness; and to insist that no man, however conspicuous his endowment, shall be allowed in the White House for more than eight consecutive years, seems to intensify its complications. Mr. Roosevelt's *nolo episcopari* has at least sensibly loosened his hold over Congress. It is indeed remarkable that, for the first time in their history, the people were not merely willing but anxious to break loose from the prejudice against a third term. When General Grant sought to overcome that feeling, they would not listen to him. Now that they appear to have outgrown it of their own motion, Mr. Roosevelt thinks it wise to put in a plea for its preservation.

Apart from this decision, the main interest of the Chicago Convention has lain in its revelation of Mr. Roosevelt's success in indoctrinating the Republican Party with Radicalism. No more than eight years separate the American Republicans from the day when Mark Hanna was their controlling and representative spirit. The party at that time was a party of plutocratic Toryism. It was more than the friend of Capital; it was its slave. It denounced the Trusts on its "platforms" and at election time; it supported them and was supported by them in Congress and behind the scenes. It never doubted that America was made for the millionaires, and that the politicians were their natural allies and henchmen. It was as blind to the gathering signs of unrest as the French aristocracy before the Revolution. Trusting to its machine and relying upon its intimacy with the moneyed interests, it turned politics into a branch of Wall Street finance, and manipulated all fiscal, social, and economic legislation for the benefit of the big corporations. Then, through the accident of an accident, came Mr. Roosevelt. He sat from the first with conspicuous looseness in the party saddle. Where his predecessor had obeyed the Trusts or cozened them, Mr. Roosevelt attacked them. He saw that a party of the Haves, by the mere force of reflex action, brings ultimately into being a party of the Have-nots, and that Reaction at one end of the political

scale means sooner or later a powerful revolutionary movement at the other. To head off any such development became the supreme object of his policy, which was clear even when the President's rhetoric seemed a trifle vague. He was alive to social inequalities. He saw that the time had come when the plutocracy, to preserve anything, must surrender something. He preached the doctrine of the "square deal." He sought the pathway of return to the older, broader, more equitable democracy; and, whatever opinion one may hold of his methods or of the tangible issue of his agitation, it cannot be questioned that Mr. Roosevelt has proved himself, even with the ties and reservations of a party leader, a force of restraint on the evil tendencies of American politics. The party men have hindered him at every turn, but he has succeeded in rallying to his side both the rank and file of the organisation and an overwhelming mass of non-partisan opinion.

The result has been very apparent in this week's Convention. The temper of the delegates, by comparison with all previous Conventions of the Republican Party, has been Radical, and the change marks the last gasp of expiring Toryism. No doubt the political pressure of the Labor Party has done much to facilitate the transformation; but the chief personal agency unquestionably has been the President's personality and policies. The struggle over, the injunction plank in the platform, though it has been severely cut down by the party managers, testifies to the change. A few years ago the Republicans were denouncing Mr. Bryan as little less than an Anarchist, because he protested against the abuse of "government by injunction." To-day many of them advocate all that he has ever contended for, and the reactionaries among them are voted down. Few things have been more monstrous than the use to which American employers and the American courts have put the power of issuing injunctions. When the Democrats in 1896 branded it as "a new and highly dangerous form of oppression, by which Federal Judges become at once legislators, judges, and executioners," they in no degree exaggerated its iniquities. Under "government by injunction" a judge may first make a law, then decide, without the help of a jury, whether it has been broken, and finally punish any infringement of it as contempt of court at his unlimited discretion. He can order a man to go to work or to stay at work, and send him to prison if he disobeys. He can prevent employés from striking, and he can make it an offence for them to encourage others to strike. He can forbid a trade union leader or the officer of any labor organisation to address the servants of a corporation with a view to inducing them to leave work. In short, he can bring the whole power of the law and of the State militia to quell any disturbance, or any prospect of disturbance, in any company that cares to come before him and apply for an injunction. Englishmen may get some idea of the American respect for property when an attack on such a system can be described as, and really believed to be, "a crime against society." That was how the Republicans described it in 1896, and again in 1900. Their far milder language of to-day, their comparative return to reason and humanity, are indicative of the growing power of labor and of the effectiveness of the Roosevelt intervention in American statesmanship.

WHAT DOES "VOTES FOR WOMEN" MEAN?

No fair observer of the movement for Women's Suffrage will grudge the organisers of last Saturday's demonstration the full credit of a singularly impressive illustration of the power of women in the modern city-State. It is an impertinence to-day to deny how serious and brilliant has been women's contribution to the activities which were abundantly represented in the procession to the Albert Hall—the functions of teaching, medicine, and healing, the academic and scientific professions, the literary, musical, dramatic, pictorial, and decorative arts. In all these matters women shine; in some of them they are pre-eminent, and the mere man represents a dependent service. We have only to ask ourselves what would happen to the churches, chapels, hospitals, theatres, music-halls, schools, hotels, restaurants of London, as well as to many of its offices and factories, if the women suddenly withdrew their help from the actual directing machinery of its business and pleasure, in order to realise what part women now play in the immense circle of a great city's life. We may take it, indeed, that Saturday's demonstration was mainly ordered by women who may fairly consider themselves elect both among their own sex and among the mass of the community. And we think we shall not be far wrong in saying that the precise form of the suffrage which they have in mind hardly concedes Mr. Asquith's condition of a Bill drawn upon "democratic lines." They desire a reversal of the disqualification which our present electoral law inflicts upon sex, and as Miss Lightman puts the case in another column, they suggest that "every woman householder, whether married or single, would have a vote under the household franchise." Miss Lightman further explains, in answer to a correspondent's inquiry as to what "votes for women" meant, that such a measure would enfranchise "a certain percentage" of married women —a very small one—whose names now appear in the rate-book, and that married women could also qualify under it through "the property and service franchise." Reading this scheme of enfranchisement in the terms of the law as it stands, we see clearly that it means a reinforcement of the propertied elements in the country, and is therefore a subtraction from the value of the workmen's vote. The great body of married workwomen would be shut out, and there would be no effective compensation to them in the inclusion of women who, for example, share Lady Frances Balfour's well-known views as to the iniquity of "socialistic" legislation. It is unfair to expect a Liberal Government thus to reverse the whole meaning and tendency of its work on the suffrage, and to infuse the electorate with precisely that element in womanhood which is least in sympathy with democracy. A measure of general enfranchisement for women is an entirely different proposition. It will therefore be inevitable for Liberals to ask, now that the question of the suffrage is assuming a definite shape, what is the precise demand of those who lead the agitation, so that they may see how it fits in with fixed Radical ideals on the suffrage, and with the general conception of the democratic State.

Life and Letters.

THE DEARTH OF GENIUS.

Detractors of the age, as a recent article happens to remind us, think it a telling argument to refer us "back to the 'seventies," asking what men we have to set against the giants of those days. In poetry they ask us, "Where is your Tennyson and Browning, your coming Swinburne, your Matthew Arnold?" "What theologians to-day can rank with Newman, Stanley, Lightfoot, Martineau, or Manning? What historians with Freeman, Froude, and J. R. Green? What essayists with Carlyle and Ruskin? Among general thinkers or philosophers, whom will you match against Mill, Spencer, or T. H. Green? In this boasted age of science, who stands out as did Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, thirty years ago? Even in the novel, whom will you pit against the George Eliot, Dickens, Meredith of the last generation?" And so they brandish in the world of politics the names of Gladstone and Disraeli, in art those of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, and repeat in ever-growing confidence their challenge.

Now, this disparaging comparison is variously received. It is said that modern genius has not failed, but that certain conditions of modern work and life have narrowed the scope and retarded the growth of great personal reputations. Natural talents are nowadays more rigorously specialised. Our historians are not allowed to roam freely over wide fields of loose literary cultivation like Froude; our Darwin, if we had one, would be chained down to some particular investigation of physical heredity; a philosopher and sociologist who, like Mill or Spencer, took all knowledge for his province, would never emerge from the shades of sciolism. We have the men of genius, but they are working in narrower channels at deeper levels, and their light does not shine forth as it would formerly have done.

But this contention, specious as it is, and in some measure valid, hardly convinces. A great man, we are disposed to insist, will never consent to be enslaved by this narrow mechanical division of labor; the freedom of his genius will insistently assert itself, and he will yoke himself to some worthy task. "But how," it may be said, "if great intellectual and creative tasks are not to hand?" And here we are launched upon another line of explanation of our "barren age." Progress in the arts and sciences, as in every realm, works by some periodic law: an age of great discoveries in science, a rich flowing age of art and literature, is followed by a period of comparative stagnation, or one in which small increments of gain are gathered in. This is a very widely-accepted explanation, but has no general validity. It is certainly not true that in the physical sciences and their application to the arts of life the last two decades have marked a decline of large and brilliant productivity. Quite the contrary. So far as scientific achievement is concerned, there is much to support the view that our great workers do not stand out pre-eminent in personality because they are so numerous, not because they are not great. This answer, we submit, applicable as it may be, not merely to science, but to the labors of history, scholarship, and even philosophy, does not explain the case of the paucity of great reputations in literature and in the arts of popular appeal.

It is here that we come to a really profitable kernel of our topic. The great men of the 'seventies carried a certain real distinction of personality, an inspiration of expression, which no body of men of similar influence and authority carry now. Poets, artists, essayists, scientists, were in large measure the conscious prophets or interpreters of new, large, transforming ideas, the quick fruitage of recent discovery and audacious speculation in fifty new fields. It was a time of Pisgah views, of swift, unfolding visions and transformations, which furnished strong nourishment and splendid inspiration to men of quick imagining and popular sympathies. The early intellectual and emotional operation of the new scientific and critical ideas was liberative and thaumaturgic: the extension of the reign of law into human history, the doctrines of the conservation of energy and correlation of physical forces, the great conception of scientific evolution, still lay in a vague plaster shape, rich material for the poetic eloquence of an "In Memoriam" or a "Belfast Address."

Such oracles are now dumb, and it is their trumpet notes we miss, not only among the poets of our time, but among the statesmen, scientists, and reformers. The great liberative and stimulative thoughts of a generation ago seem to have become conservative and restrictive, almost paralysing, influences of to-day. This is partly what is meant by saying that we live in a too critical age. It is not merely the evident breakdown of old orthodoxies in religion, politics, and general thought, but the rapid subsidence of the early effervescence of the new formative ideas. Science seems to have over-mechanised our thinking and our outlook upon life, as it has our industries; the glow and inspiration have died out of the new thought, and have left a dull heritage of semi-fatalistic formulae, breeding excessive caution, and imposing the intellectual duty of going slow. We are to-day cultivating, as the best fruit of modern culture, a type of broad-minded, shallow-feeling man and woman, who move with self-conscious slowness among the intricacies of life, shunning fanaticism and refusing to take risks. Many familiar features of our modern civilisation co-operate with this tendency, the growth of material comfort and security in an age of peace, strong governments, and economic advance. There is also the congestion of ideas and of information, pouring out upon the mind in ways that well-nigh inhibit selection and preclude settled convictions upon issues of critical importance to the inner life. Such conditions are injurious to the emergence and free life of natural genius. Men bred in these intellectual preserves will not venture as boldly as their fathers into the wilds of life; they will be less eager and less able to "grasp the skirts of happy chance and breast the blows of circumstance" in following their star. It is the general recognition of these facts that leads not a few modern counsellors to urge, justly, if somewhat vaguely, that what is wanted is "a new religion." For most patent among our discouragements of effort is the gradual fading of practical faith, not merely in the personal Providence of current theologies, but in the creative powers of man and the sustaining order of the universe. Take the present case of politics as a signal example. Is it not evidently true that we can there do no great work because of our unbelief, and that the marking-time in most of our great humanitarian movements is primarily due to a want of confidence in man's mission in the universe? Not a few of our Churches are alive to the torpor of our times, but their magical rites seem ineffectual for exorcising it. It may be, perhaps, to a further, fuller, wiser science that we must first look for the new impulse which shall break the spell, revivify the dulled emotions, and kindle once more the live imaginations to great and spiritually fruitful endeavours.

"A DISTANT DRUM."

To men whose breath of life lay in the coffee-house, the boudoir, and the little senate of the wits, there was irresistible attraction in sylvan solitudes and resounding vales. "Too happy swains, did you but know your joys!" they cried with envy as they went ruffling to a rout. Would it had been theirs to tend the flocks with Strephon when dawn was blushing, or Philomela roused the twilight groves! With what song they might have rivalled Daphnis in the wager for a dancing lamb; with what grace languished for the charms of Chloe! Not such their lot. For them Belinda was the nearest thing to nymph, and it had seemed uncouth to stake a lamb at Charing Cross. But in their verse they still turned with nature's yearning to pendant acclivities and woodbine bowers. They could still celebrate a country life, though envious fortune debarred them from the feli-

city of Thyrsis. "Thy forests, Windsor!" sang the most urbane among them:—

"Thy forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands."

And at such behest, the Muse who sat on the same seats with the Monarch, helped a poet of the town through four hundred lines of Pastoral on end.

That was long ago, but the same sad desire for what is not still haunts our cities, and the suburban resident returning home pictures himself in wilder scenes than Tooting Bec. For there lurks an infinite spirit in man, and, as we have been told, his unhappiness comes of his greatness. True it is not always fresh woods and pastures for which he pines, and his longing may take more fantastic forms than perjured Doris and coy Sylvia's fleecy care. We have but to recall the peculiar sentiment of ten years back, or fifteen years at most, when, in a period of profound peace, the middle-aged citizen's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of war. How far removed from the daily round his natural sphere of action seemed! How little his back garden resembled the battle that, like Job's warhorse, he smelt afar off! When his pleasing wife greeted him in the evening, his heart was burning, like the Queen of Scots, to be a man and know what thing it was to lie all night upon the heather with a claymore at his side. As he sharpened the steel for dinner, he sang to himself the "Song of the Sword." He was within an ace of joining the Volunteers.

"The Song of the Sword"!—yes, it was Henley who first uttered that natural yearning of the peaceful clerk:—

"As he knew me and named me
The War-Thing, the Comrade,
Father of honour
And giver of kingship,
The fame-smith, the song-master,
Bringer of women
On fire at his hands
For the pride of fulfilment,
Priest (saith the Lord)
Of his marriage with victory."

It jogs the liver like a Wagner libretto. Mr. Kipling, to whom the song was dedicated, could hardly have written worse. It has all the worst of Mr. Kipling's qualities—the brag mistaken for courage, the lust mistaken for manliness, the fumbling obscurity, the patronising familiarity with the Lord. That did not matter. Henley had hit the ideal that every man of peace should wish to be. Oh, to shake oneself free of suburbs, to catch the City train no more, no more bring home the skewered basket with the fish, but, sword in hand, stride slaughtering through a free, lascivious world, strike to the heart and feel the hot life spurt; to ride, to blow bugles, to consume all manner of things like a flame, "to go in a glory," as the poet cried, "dead certain sure that we're utterly bound to be right," and otherwise to display all the dashing qualities that the Lord has granted as a heritage to The Blood! To the real man of peace, bored to extinction by his drudging occupations, such an appeal was irresistible. How from his nurseries he longed for the flashing sword-play to clear the world!:—

"Fighting the brute,
The abysmal Fecundity;
Checking the gross,
Multitudinous blunders,
The groping, the purblind
Excesses in service
Of the Womb universal,
The absolute drudge."

Another poet in different language had once before said what these banjo lines seem to be trying to say; in the "Two Noble Kinsmen" the writer thus addresses War:—

"O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank States, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healst with blood
The earth when she is sick, and curest the world
Of the pleurisy of people."

Such verses utter the very essence of peace. More than any pastoral they reveal the tedium of the town, and stir a restless atavism in the blood of bulging citizens, as even a tin trumpet may rouse old chargers in their stalls. That was Henley's great achievement. When the moment for action came, it was his spirit that sent many an incapable son of peace to sit upon the veldt. To mankind's infinite credit, it is boredom we most detest. In Central Africa two missionaries were struggling through the forest, hungry, ragged, and worn with disease. "Cheer up!" said one to the other; "it's better than Hope Brothers."

The issue by Mr. David Nutt of Henley's complete works in verse and prose has recalled that outworn mood of years ago, when, as the poet said to England, "your whelps wanted blooding." It has reminded us, too, that, in spite of his shameless imitations and his struggles with obscurity of thought, in spite even of his sentimental delight in hugging his melancholy and other emotions to his heart, Henley was still a poet. The things that he wrote more than thirty years ago, before he began to breathe out slaughter and tell us that "God in the Garden laughed outright"—how excellent they sometimes were! The Hospital poems live with the breath of a true passion. Sometimes there are words that catch a moment's true intensity:—

"Ranged in mysterious disarray,
The Castle, menacing and austere,
Looms through the lingering last of day:
And in the silver dusk you hear,
Reverberate from each crag and scar,
Bold bugles blowing points of war."

And, in spite of a reminiscence in the one poem that everybody knows, how bravely its verse runs:—

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed."

It was a boast, but a defiant boast that suffering justified, and by reason of that concentrated defiance it seems likely to go winged among men for many years.

It was only when defiance turned to violence, and boasting bragged in continents, that the taint of unreality crept in and led to the bathos which is unreality's inevitable doom. It is true the master avoided the worst excesses of the young lions who soon began roaring to his bloodthirsty tunes. Above all, he escaped the worst error of his only dangerous rival for the mastership. Henley was never Recessional. He never implored the Lord's mercy on His people for having swallowed Naboth's vineyard. He did not whine to The Blood about a contrite and a humble heart, or cry to them, "Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth." But by his very personality in literature he helped to propagate those tricks of violence and unreal boasting that became such a plague in the days when guns coughed and generals barked and pens put on khaki. At the end he could not even go for a drive in Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's motor without shouting, "Speed in the Lap of the Lord!"

"Speed on the Knees,
Speed in the Laugh,
Speed by the Gift,
Speed in the Trust of the Lord!"

"Domine, dirige nos" might serve well enough as motto for any motor, but it is merely violent thus to pile the piety up. And as to courage, perhaps it is best to take it for granted and say no more, lest our praise become a dubious tribute, like a certain well-known Order of Chastity. Nor is it necessary always to placard our love for England. We may love our country in other ways than by shouting pæans over the defeated, or wallowing in imaginary blood, and for a peaceful citizen to be constantly singing, "Oh, let me like a soldier fall!" recalls the saying of Pope Pius IX.: "Dr. Pusey is like a bell always ringing, ringing to summon everyone to church, but never going in itself."

That mood of Henley, the "National Observer," and Mr. Kipling, is over now. It is impossible to refuse it sympathy, for it was a protest of the uncontrollable spirit of man against his confines. But reality killed it, just as in the old catch, "War bringeth poverty, poverty peace." For at no time was there any closer connection between its imaginings and the reality of war than in the tea-cup days there was between Windsor Forest and Arcadia.

THE FAIR.

For three short, rushing months, the fever of its activity endures; and the nights and days are crowded equally with a confused succession of festivities. A gay oblivion prevails.

It opens fitfully. But week by week the pressing shows increase, and the hurry of its gaiety gains speed, and quickens to a culminating whirl of fixed events and public ceremonies, and balls, and dinners, and gay foregatherings. Then gradually it slackens off and stops. But while it lasts the pleasure centres of the Big Grey City pack with a scintillating rush of restlessness, and the ordered splendor of pageantry. For it is a festival of wealth, and entertainment, and display.

During the press and bustle of its whirl, the city fills with brilliant multitudes. For besides the habitués of rank and fame, and the larger circles of the well-to-do, who make it a means of extra gaiety, vast crowds of diverse occupations and degrees flock to the Fair for various periods. According to their money or opportunity, they stay; and they add their magnificence or dainty prettiness of considered dress, and their wealth or counted sovereigns to the general prodigality.

They come in mixed thousands of representatives, attracted and actuated differently. Idle cosmopolitans of pleasure, who saunter through the year about the world, come as a matter of routine. Brown-faced men of the services hurry from abroad, for a few precious weeks of remembered and anticipated contrast to their working years; and enjoy with the eager appreciation of comparison. And they who live a leisured life for sport, come to relieve their summer idleness. Contented country folk, who rule a little simple realm of village life, leave the clean quiet of their homes without regret, and plunge into the rushing swelter of the Fair, because of daughters ready for the world of monied men, or just to fulfil the tradition of their life. The scheming free-lance women of curious resource, who flit about the world in luxury, and still retain a nominal repute, come with a surprising magnificence of dress, because of the necessary excitement and the crowds. And the Colonies and the crowded cities of the world send people who have heard of it and want to see, and those who are drawn by memories of past gaiety; and the lonely places, where men lose caste and hope, and the suburbs and the guarded country towns, and the garrisons of home send their contingents of votaries. For the fascination of the Big Grey City's fair is very strong. The men of confidence and wits, and the reigning sovereigns of the *demi-monde* come too, hunting the idle rich.

So, in established communities, and exclusive sets, and separate circles that meet but never intermix, great throngs of connected families, and friends, and strangers, and acquaintances, and lovers, and enemies rush through a universal programme of events and private entertainments of their own.

For a curious contagion of imitation spreads. All who can do so join its revelries; and all, in a circle of their own, vie in a temporary madness of extravagance and make-believe, to seem the gayest, and to do the most. And mobs of lonely rich and foolish poor pay or contrive, according to their means or more, to do what is correct, and make a show. The glamour of tradition drives them on.

Thus, though the city's usual struggle and unrest thunders and surges onward sullenly, a glittering busyness of enjoyment pervades the streets, where the pleasure-seekers throng; and an unusual galaxy of color predominates. All is magnificence, and arrogance, and rush. Streams of resplendent women and polished men flock to innumerable simultaneous shows, and speed about from one place to the next.

Impelled by a certain feverish anxiety of pleasure, they hurry by; and every phase and folly of rich womanhood goes past. Youth, in a cool soft flimsiness, walks with a dancing step, and looks and looks with the wide-eyed eagerness of interest; or, lounging carefully in the broadness of a car, assumes with a precocious satiety the tilted chin and heavy eyelid of disdain. Age, with a painted face and weary eyes, and a wonderment of flowers on her head, sits bolt-upright, because of a tight encasing frame, and smiles and smiles and smiles; or, lured into the rush by those who make use of her, shrinks from the turmoil. Beauty and the great originals of fashion drive in the crowded ways, and watch unseemingly, under the becoming shadow of a cunning hat, for the universal homage of a glance; or stroll through the parting jostle of the throngs, with an imperious consciousness of right. Complacent prime of life and motherhood, and the set, pathetic hardness of assured neglect, sit in adjoining carriages in a block. And ancient lineage, and recent rank, and famous poverty, and unknown wealth, and country bloom, and foreign sallowness, lean back in cushioned indolence, or walk daintily dressed in the fashion of the hour. And manhood of every age and elegance escorts them, or flashes by in cabs alone, or saunters to some gathering in pairs. All look, and chat, and smile, as if only the carelessness of pleasure was paramount.

All this interminable, unceasing pageant of lolling wealth, and eager idleness, and tired repose, continues in flashing clatters through the hours of the night, until the dawn of the succeeding day.

And wherever fashion has decreed that people crowd, a crush of gay idlers flaunt and criticise, with a certain studied indolence of gaiety.

According to their wants or motives, these throngs behave; and the infinite of human nature shows. Hate, in a gown of wonder, chats to equally resplendent hate, with smiles that never get beyond the mouth; and envy criticises both, with a travelling comprehensive scrutiny of sullen eyes. Love, in a creased and polished elegance, scans the crowding groups with wrinkled haste; or sits and looks, and taps a little foot; or meets and converses carelessly, with only an occasional betraying glance. Vanity saunters to and fro, in trailing trains of broidery or lace, looking beyond with seemingly unconscious stare, and seeing everything. Rich poverty sits still and hides both hands and feet, because of the deficiencies. And folly and self-consciousness are ever on the watch, looking for models for a pose, and shift position, and pat and pull the arrangement of their dress continually. Uncertain ignorance, and watchful rivalry, and stupid pride are everywhere. Enthusiasm and thoughtlessness make merry; and experience gossips quietly; and blatant vulgarity pretends to be at ease; and loneliness looks on. All try to seem indifferent or amused.

But beneath the brilliance and seeming carelessness are egging rivalry, and harassing expense, and wanton vanity, and secret shame, and tragedy and disappointment, and the shifts and fears of poverty and debt. Only the jest and laughter of simplicity, with the glamor of life in front, are free from care.

Thus the Fair becomes a splendid masquerade. Because at the gorgeous lounging jostle of foregatherings, and in the glittering bustle of the streets, a spirit of careful deception permeates the throngs. For everyone of all its votaries must have, or appear to have, the wherewithal for heedless expenditure; and must make as if their only trouble was fun. This is the fashion of the Fair.

Nevertheless, the underlying strain and effort haunt the mind; and the conventional pretence of gaiety and unconcern take on the curious unnatural calm of hidden things. The wonder at the price, in principles and peace of mind, is always there.

THE MIND OF THE BEE.

A banded, humble bee is rummaging in the parti-colored blossoms of the Weigelia. The corollas of the older blooms are ready to slip off over the long stigmas, and the bee gets many a slide for catching hold of an insecure petal. Nothing but sympathy is due to her, but we cannot help adding to her embarrassment by clipping a flower together as she is inside, thus holding her for a moment a furious prisoner. Bursting out, she swings to and fro above our head, humming her loudest, and, to

all appearance, trying to make up her mind whether we are worth stinging. To and fro she goes in widening and retreating strokes, then swings right off, and is lost in the width and the depth of the blue sky. It is the way of all humble bees disturbed at their work, and we do not imagine, as we used to do, that it is an action of menace. When she was sipping the Weigelia she was, as bees and men often are, entirely absorbed in her work. She had lost all sense of time and space, and when the disturbance came she was as a man reading a book of Arctic travel who suddenly finds himself under a sweltering June sky. Before we make up our mind what to do we must find out where we are. Since the book has been good, we must turn down the page. Since the honey has been plentiful, we must "orient" the spot by flying round it, and marking well its appearance alone, and by relation to other objects, including this two-legged mass that has interrupted our labors.

Simple as we believe it to be, there are few questions that excite controversy among students of insect life more than this one of orientation. Men who every day find their way home by using churches, public-houses, holly trees, and shop fronts as landmarks rake through all they know (and more) in heaven and earth in their endeavour to account for a bee or a carrier pigeon doing the same thing. Some, like Albrecht Bethe (assuming the bee to be a mere reflex machine), try to prove that it is by "chemoreflex"—in other words, smell—that the hive or the swarm is found. Others (a very large school) attribute to the chief masters of the art of home-finding a sixth sense which they usually, though not always, have the good sense not to try to locate. Yet others claim almost supramundane attributes for such micro-organisms as the semi-circular canals. That veteran entomologist, Dr. Auguste Forel, in his book on "The Senses of Insects," which has just been translated by Mr. Macleod Yearsley (Methuen), settles matters fairly satisfactorily with what we may call comprehensively the supernatural schools.

There is not much to settle. The beekeeper knows well that if a hive be moved only a yard the bees have a difficulty in finding it, returning straight to the old site, and there losing themselves for hours, if not for ever. If they returned by smell, it would be strange if the faculty served them for a mile or two and then failed them in the last yard. If they return by instinct, it is a faculty that is curiously limited by the same distance that they might be thought capable of covering by other means. If bees are liberated up to two miles from home, they usually succeed in returning, and if liberated beyond that distance, they make a fruitless effort to locate themselves, and then return to the box from which they have been thrown. If the box is gone, they show a perfect aptitude for discovering the very place in space at a given height from the ground that it had occupied. It was their last clue to the home they had lost, and, slender as it is, they seem bent on making the most of it. Dr. Forel proposes several experiments by which his rivals of either the chemoreflex or the instinct school might put their theories to the test. We would propose one more. Let a hive be put in a wide plain, and near it let there be put good landmarks to lead the bees home from the principal flower field, and then let the landmarks be all moved at once, so that the final one points to a new site. We should be very curious to know whether the bees began to come home to the hive or to the final post in a new place. It is an experiment that could not fairly be deemed conclusive against those who say that bees find their way by using their eyes, though it is capable of giving that theory emphatic confirmation.

The sixth-sense theory seems to be at least badly shaken by the fact that neither the blinded bee nor the bee compelled to walk shows the slightest idea of the direction of home. The same is, no doubt, true of the bee that has never flown from the hive. But if we granted all that that theory claims, something would still be needed to explain how the bees, as shown by Lord Avebury as well as his anticipator in experiment, find again the place where they have stumbled on an easily collected supply of honey. The bee, humble bee or wasp, taken in a box and induced to taste of such a store, orients itself on leaving and more or less infallibly, according to species, finds the place again. Many a man has done his best to take note of a strongly desired object, such as a gold mine, using all the resources of geography and mensuration, and helping the memory with written notes, and has yet failed to find the place again. There is a lesson to be taken here from the swinging, humble bee. The bee looks at her landmark, not from one side only, but all round. We none of us realise how imperfectly we see from a fixed point. How many people know exactly the difference between viewing an object with one eye and with two? The one-eyed man sees nothing of the depth of a view unless he shake his head, and thus make his one lens act virtually as a stereoscope.

The thousand-faceted eye of the bee probably functions in many ways differently from ours. From a fixed point of view, it is probable, things are like a photograph that has been reproduced in tone through a very coarse screen. Such a picture is for him who runs rather than him who stands, and we believe that the bee gets her best, if not her only view of distant objects while on the wing. She estimates distances to a nicety, and nothing is to us more curious than the swarm that pauses at the aerial site of an old hive doorway that we have removed only a yard to the rear. If the hive is moved forward the bees fly over it without noticing it, and hover at the place where, according to former experience, it ought to be. Some claim this as a proof of instinct. It is the same kind of instinct that makes the man who has moved from No. 4 to No. 6 go back to No. 4 and even try the latch with his key, days after he has been settled in the new abode. Bethe tried a pretty experiment, the basis of which was a revolving hive. Having got the bees to enter from the south, he suddenly brought the entrance to the east. The returning bees formed their "swarm of hesitation" on the south side of the hive, and then flew by a cast to the door on the east. The cast continued for weeks, but diminished in size little by little. Dr. Forel calls this "a phenomenon of fixed habit, corrected each time by a moment of attention." That we think gives a safe clue to the mind of the bee, whether of the hive or of the untidy wild nest. They have their rules, some inherited and accepted without question, others worked out on sound principles and from correct observation. In the intensity of business, these rules become automatic, but if you suddenly disturb the absorbed workers, or if you give them new problems, they solve them (or are beaten by them) much after the manner of admittedly intelligent beings. To argue that they are no more than organisms acting by reflex is an interesting mental exercise, but in the ordinary meaning of the term the proposition is surely untenable.

Short Story.

A BIT OF A PHILOSOPHER.

Adams very kindly and delicately refrained from referring to my sermon, although I was divided between hope and fear that he would. When you invite a philosopher to church it is not unreasonable to expect something in the nature of criticism. I did not fail to note, however, the powerful effort which he put upon himself. His mouth was shut and his jaws closely locked, like a man afflicted with acute neuralgia; and, as he happened to be digging, he brought down his spade on the well-disintegrated soil with much unnecessary energy. I felt sorry for him, almost apologetic, for I had an uneasy suspicion that my theology was the cause of it. I had preached on the Ascension, and, out of deference to my illustrious parishioner, whose presence seemed to fill the whole church, I had handled it with every consideration and respect for the law of gravitation, but seemingly in vain.

After several painful but well-meant attempts, on both sides, to launch a conversation of a safe and

secular nature, we gave it up. A pebble in one's mouth may assist eloquence, but a matter on one's mind is a hopeless impediment. I could almost hear the worthy gardener thinking. Strange that religion should make men so self-conscious! At last he threw off the unpleasant reserve, evidently determined, at all costs, to be genuine and natural.

"I wunst knew a man," he began, in his best work-a-day manner, "as like myself as two peas—my wife 'd be no big'mist if she married him—who said, plain an' hout, at a 'total party, that he'd be damned if he'd drink the king's 'ealth in water. Well, sir, that's about 'ow I feel in church, s'rounded by a parcel o' mis'rible sinners. I doe not b'lieve in drinkin' th' Almighty's 'ealth in water!"

As he made this scathing analogy, he picked up a stone out of his onion-plot, which was as obvious as a goat at a prayer meeting, and flung it absently, if vigorously, into his neighbour's garden.

"You mean——?"

"I do, sir," he anticipated, solemnly. "It may suit women o' both sects all right, but it don't touch *my* spot. I'm drier nor when I went in. My wife don't notice nothink, for she's allus more'n three-parts wool-gethrin', not to mention 'ard o' 'earin'; but when I go to church, which isn't often, I'm as wide'wake as if there was a burglar about. If you want me to dream an' so on, lay me lyin' on the green grass, with a pipe in my mouth, not settin' bolt upright in a musty pew listenin' till foolishness. The only time I'll promise not to notice things is when I'm asleep."

I assured him, contritely, that I should try to remember it.

"As for church," he continued, evidently regarding my penitence as belated, "I feel as queer an' strange as a hoak in a flow'r-pot. That's as true as I'm tellin' you. Nammy-pambly is no name for it. It don't seem to be natcheril, some'ow. I keep sniffin' an' smellin', as if there was a 'scape o' gas. 'Ow ever is it?" he almost appealed. "I s'pose it's all good an' right, but when I get there I'm wishin' all the time I 'ad never come. This isn't fair to no party. I can 'ear the motor-cars tearin' along in the sun an' fresh hair, blowin' their 'orns, runnin' over dogs an' things, an' it's as much as ever I can do to sit the thing out."

"You'd perhaps have the same sensation in Buckingham Palace," I suggested.

"I doubt it," was the unoffended reply. "I'll take the liberty o' doubtin' it till I go there an' try; then I'll let you know def'nite. From all I can 'ear, the King's as nice an' natcheril as anybody."

"Oh, he'd be all right," I agreed, readily. "We're all at home in our environment."

"'Zactly! That's why I say there must be somethink ser'ous the matter with the Church! I'm at 'ome all right in God's world; there isn't a ha'porth the matter with me; I'm satisfied if nobody else is; but the minute I set foot in a so-called place o' worship it hupsets me. That's 'ardly good enough, is it?"

I forebore hinting that he might be unregenerate. Like most revolutionaries, paradoxical to say, he was a man of sterling and inoffensive character.

"Not that I blame you, sir," he added, quickly, apparently perceiving my distress. "You 'ave your living to think about, sich as it is. An' you make the best of a bad job, I s'pose. But what I can't an' won't understand is, why I should feel more wretched an' so on in the 'Ouse o' God than makin' coffins!"

"You're not the first man who has felt uncomfortable in his Sunday clothes," I again evaded.

He drove his spade into the ground up to the ear, and left it standing there, as though the subject now called for his undivided attention.

"Well, then, I'll tell you, sir!" he generously undertook. "I'm not denyin' that there mayn't be somethink in what you say; it's mighty 'ard to go wrong in a Huniverse; but there's two sides to every question. It's only a *bit* of an Almighty you preach about; you say nothink about the 'oly terror He is. Tryin' to make Him out nice an' good (which is all right and natcheril, I s'pose); you give us a tame cat, a milksop, 'stead of the reel, plain thing. You give the devil the credit for 'alf the world. I don't know from Adam where you got your poor, one-sidered Creator from; but if people didn't keep their own eyes an' ears open from Monday to Saturday, we'd be in a fine mess. An' then your goody-goodies don't know where they are when a church is struck by lightnin', or a storm comes an' sinks ship an' crew an' all, good, bad, an' 'diff'rent alike, or a 'ole city is wiped off the map by a hearthquake, or a volcanar pours over your fine gardens an' res'dencies, an' so on. They may think th' Almighty a fien' for doin' an' 'lowin' sich things, as they called Christ the time He drove the pigs intil the sea; but when they're sick an' tired o' their precious lives,as they're beginnin' to be, they'll pray an' thank God to sling death about even a bit more'n He does, an' save us from rottin'. That's *my* idear of a good 'Eavenly Father, who's the most reckless an' careless o' the lot of us!"

"But how supremely careful!" I replied, holding up a pansy.

"He's both, sir," was the reverent rejoinder. "But it seems to me that what good people most need to reckernize at this time o' day is, that *He's th' other thing as well*. It 'd liven us up a bit, I can tell you. An' it 'd stop a lot o' fools' mouths," he added profoundly.

I took the hint.

S. Henry.

Present-Day Problems.

WILL THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT FAIL?

By the Chairman of the Central Small Holdings Society.

Sixteen thousand applications for small holdings, made within five months of the coming into force of the new Act, have effectually disposed of the theory that no demand exists. But the question remains: How many of the sixteen thousand are going to be placed on the land?

Not, of course, that all of them deserve to be. But two facts are to be noted—first, that almost all of them are countrymen, anxious to obtain land in their own districts, not ignorant "back-to-the-landers" from the town; and, secondly, that, judging by the recommendations of various Small Holdings Committees which have already made reports on the applications received, something like 80 per cent. of the applicants are "suitable."

The recent debate on the Board of Agriculture vote has revealed two types of opinion on the working of the Act. Some think—Mr. Bennett, for instance, put the case with real force—that in entrusting the provision of small holdings to the County Councils the Government has practically left matters as they stood before the Act; the men who are to administer the Act are the very men whose past conduct has made the Act necessary; all they have to do, and all they are engaged in doing, is to make it a dead letter. Others fix their attention on the necessary slowness of all proceedings relating to the acquisition of land, point to the large number of local inquiries which are being held, and contend that no more could be done than has been done.

It is difficult to accept either view. I do not think that the County Councils can be blamed on the score of slowness. They have been, on the whole, prompt in their investigations. And as to obtaining land, it must be remembered that in most cases the preliminary negotiations are necessarily long; that when they are concluded, there are generally tenants to whom notice must be given; and that this notice has often to be given at Michaelmas, and does not expire till the following Michaelmas. The earliest time at which the slowness, or otherwise, of the County Councils can be really judged, will be the end of September next. It should be noted that several counties—for instance, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, (Holland), and Radnorshire—will

be able, not merely to give notice to existing tenants, but actually to establish a certain number of small holders on the land, at that date. Others are negotiating actively. Kent, for example, has already appointed seven valuers to examine land proposed to be hired or purchased. Somerset has appointed a land agent to give his whole time to the work. Other counties are following the example of these. On this point, therefore, judgment should be suspended for the present. Preaching patience to men who have waited for years for the chance of obtaining land is no pleasant task. It must be done, however, and it is being done, in some cases, by our Society.

There is, however, another side to the picture. While the County Councils are not refusing the duties laid upon them, they are certainly not—speaking generally—taking them up with great enthusiasm; and in many ways—some great, some small—difficulties of the most serious kind are being placed in the way of the intending small holder.

An extreme example comes from Lancashire, where an "enquiry" was held at which a large number of the public, including many tenant-farmers, attended, and in their presence the most delicate questions were put to the applicants about their capital, their experience, and their intentions. Needless to say, a considerable proportion of the applicants withdrew in disgust. There seems to be a strange ignorance, on the part of the members of many Small Holdings Committees, as to the timidity and reticence of the agricultural laborer. Even the most independent of Englishmen is not eager to make his banking account public property, or to describe the industrial capabilities of his wife.

This case is typical of much that is going on up and down the country. Enquiries are held at a police-station, and half a dozen of the applicants, foolishly perhaps, yet not unnaturally, refuse to go there. Or they are held ten miles from where the applicants live—a distance necessitating the loss of a day's work. Or they take place at midday—with the same consequences. In one county the application forms, which ought to be of the briefest and most general character, frighten off the laborers by their complexity, and by demands for definite statements in writing as to capital. In another, the notices explaining the Act make it appear as if the small holder is expected to buy the land—with the possibility of renting put into the background. (In point of fact, 90 per cent, of the demand is for renting, not purchase.) In another, enquiries are held only in those parishes where land has been offered to the Council by the owners. Then there are constant references to the Act of a disparaging or contemptuous character, made in public speeches or private conversation, made sometimes by the very men who are to administer its details. On the whole, the comments of some of our local correspondents are not surprising. "The Chairman (of the Small Holdings Committee) had stated in a Tory meeting that the Act was not required. The difficulty is in getting a start, when there will be any amount of applications for small holdings, and additions to holdings. The people seem to think it will not come to anything." "We have very little confidence in the Council. Very few applicants attended; laborers and others are not free at 2 p.m. Our County Councillor speaks fair, has had three meetings, but he points out all the difficulties and dangers and disadvantages, keeping in the background any benefits. To hear him speak you would think he is favorable, but he is not." "The County Council are damning the whole thing by inaction. 7,000 acres have been applied for; 15 acres have been leased for three applicants, and £400 per annum voted to the Clerk's salary to enable him to deal with the applicants." "I cannot get any person of substance to take a working interest. Not being able to obtain land, interest is suspended."

I do not say that this kind of opposition is universal, but it must be faced. Where are the Commissioners? Their view is, no doubt, that they must allow plenty of time to the County Councils, in the hope that the work may be adequately done by them, without pressure from the central authority. That is a laudable aim; but they must keep a close watch on the spirit in which the Act is being administered, and be ready to intervene if it becomes necessary. Sir Edward Strachey says that they are on good terms with the landowners; that is an important point; a still more important one is that they should appreciate the difficulty now confronting the laborer. The Small Holdings Act is not going to fail unless we leave it unnoticed and unsupported. It will succeed if—but only if—it has vigorous backing from the Commissioners; keen and frequent criticism in Parliament, particularly at question time; a society to collect information and give help and encouragement and information wherever it is asked for, and a determination on the part of every land reformer that he will do what he can to make it a success.

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

Letters from Abroad.

THE NEW ATTITUDE OF THE UNITED STATES TO CANADA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—From the English newspapers which came to hand by Saturday's mail it would seem that quite an undue importance is being attached in England to the recent Longley incident at the Canadian Club banquet in New York. Judge Longley had never been heard of in this country before he came to New York for the banquet; and the sensation said to have been caused by his remarks concerning Canada's relations with Great Britain must have been confined to the cable correspondents of the London newspapers. Had Judge Longley even predicted that Canada would some time join the United States his prediction would have aroused little interest and less sympathy in this country; for never since the Revolution of 1776 and the outflow of the United Empire Loyalists to the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Ontario has there been less popular interest in the question of the annexation of Canada than there is at the present time. It is a question that nowadays is about as much discussed as the question of the substitution of a Republic for the Monarchy in England. To-day it is one of the deadest of dead questions—a question which no American ever attempts to galvanise into an appearance of life. The attitude of the United States towards Canada to-day is one of indifference to its political future; and apart from questions incidental to the protective systems of the two countries there was never a time when the relations between them were so easy and harmonious.

Conditions were not always thus. In the twenty-four years during which I have known this country, I have witnessed a great and beneficent change in the attitude of the United States towards the Dominion of Canada. In the early 'eighties there was still an unfriendly feeling towards England and no great goodwill towards Canada; and in those days it was not a difficult matter for a newcomer from England to discover why this feeling existed. It was partly due to the school books of the first half of the nineteenth century and to the emphasis that was laid in them on the revolutionary struggle of 1776-83, and also on the war of 1812. It was also partly due to the attitude of England towards the North during the Civil War of 1861-65, and to the attitude of the politicians and official classes in the Canadian Provinces during that great crisis in the history of the United States.

Canada suffered more directly from this feeling arising out of the troubles of 1861-65 than England. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854-66 was never wholly satisfactory to the United States. The Americans felt that in the Elgin-Marcy Treaty they gave more than they received; and also that the Government of the United Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, when they set up a protective system in 1858 and 1859 for the advantage of Canadian manufacturers, ignored the spirit of the Treaty of 1854 and the promises of Canadian statesmen who had helped to negotiate the Treaty at Washington that as time went on more concessions would be made in the interest of American manufacturers. But it is beyond question that the Reciprocity Treaty was of

enormous advantage to the New England States and to the States in the West that border on the great lakes; and had English and Canadian sympathy with the Southern States in the War of the Rebellion been less pronounced a renewal of the Treaty on terms satisfactory to the United States and to Canada might have been arranged without much difficulty. As it was the Treaty was denounced by the United States in what may be described as a "huff"; and since then each country has made its own protective tariff, and each has gone so far in the direction of high protection that another Reciprocity Treaty on the lines of that of 1854-66 is almost as remote as the annexation of Canada by the United States.

The ending of the Elgin-Marcy Treaty led to some sporadic movement in Canada for annexation; and, at that time, annexation would have been favorably considered in this country. But the Federation of the Provinces in 1867 ended all talk of annexation in Canada, although keen interest in the question in this country did not subside until twelve or fifteen years later. In the early 'eighties the War of the Rebellion was still in the public mind. It was still influencing legislation at Washington and at many of the State Capitols, it was still exercising a strong influence over public thought; and there were not wanting men high in the counsels of the Republican Party—men of whom the late James G. Blaine was typical—who were bent on keeping alive this feeling of antagonism towards England and Canada and turning it to the advantage of their party. These politicians had their satellites in Congress and in the newspaper press; and in those days editorial articles in favor of annexation and of the denial of privileges or advantages to Canada until she would consent to enter the Union were by no means uncommon. Nor were these articles confined to newspapers which were in sympathy with the Republican Party. In those days the New York "Sun" was a Democratic paper; but no newspaper was then more unfavorable to Canada nor more insistent on advocating annexation than the paper of which the late Charles A. Dana was editor.

Since Blaine and Dana, with their generation and school of political thought passed away, all discussion of annexation in this country has completely come to an end; and, to-day, as I have said, the attitude of the United States towards Canada is one of complete indifference. This indifference is often a source of wonder to me. The Americans have a people of six millions as their neighbours. This people is in possession of a wide and magnificent country—a country the development of whose material wealth is as yet only in the earliest stages. Moreover, this nation with its Dominion Parliament, its nine or ten provincial legislatures, and its great cities, is working out a political civilisation much as the Americans have been doing since 1776; yet there is not a daily newspaper in New York which, taking one day with another, prints more than seventy lines of news a week from Ottawa or any of the other large centres of Canada. If there is a shipping casualty on the Nova Scotia coast, a mining disaster in British Columbia, or a railway wreck in Ontario, it is duly recorded in the American daily papers. But as for the factors in Canadian life that count in the making of history they are usually ignored in the American press. Ontario and Quebec are both just now in the midst of electoral campaigns. Each province is about to elect a new legislature; but there is no mention of this activity in the American newspapers. It is the same with the popular American magazines. The quarterly journals which are devoted to political science and economics occasionally publish a Canadian article; but an article on any phase of Canadian life is a rarity in such magazines as Harper's, the Century, Scribners's; and even more rare in the newer and cheaper magazines which have enormous circulations on both sides of the border line. The attitude of the people of the United States towards Canada is much the attitude of people in England towards Scotland. There is a constantly increasing commercial, business, and social intercourse between the two peoples; but each country goes its own gait without attracting much sustained interest from its neighbour.

From the British and Canadian point of view this change in the attitude of the United States towards the Dominion is a beneficent one. Indifference makes for better neighbourly feeling; and to-day this neighbourly feeling is as good as could be desired. It would be still more neighbourly if it were not for issues which occasionally crop up out of the two protective systems, or out of questions which are directly or indirectly incidental to these systems. Even these differences are much less acute than they were; for since the Dingley Act was passed at Washington in 1897, and since the Liberals at Ottawa adopted the National Protective policy which the Conservatives had built up between 1879 and 1896, there has been no serious talk about reciprocity. The American and the Canadian Tariff Acts of 1897 have served to deadlock the reciprocity question, which dates back to 1848. Since 1897 it has been increasingly realised that neither country can give way without making a serious inroad on its protective system; and reciprocity with Canada, as with the United States, is almost as dead an issue as annexation.

Many reasons can be adduced for this change in the attitude of the United States towards England and Canada. One is the passing away of the generation of Americans which was brought up on the old text books of United States history. Another is that the old feeling of soreness between the North and South, due to the Civil War, has passed away with the last of what were known as the "Bloody Shirt" presidential campaigns in 1888.

The issues arising out of the Civil War are now either settled or forgotten; and with this great and wholesome change in the tone of federal politics resentment at the attitude of England and Canada during the Civil War has also quite disappeared. Equally important is the fact that the people of the United States have for nearly ten years realised that their place among the great nations of the world is freely and universally recognised. The old sensitiveness as to English and European opinion no longer survives. Provinciality is less and less a characteristic of the United States except in matters of trade and protection; and this country is now so far ahead of Canada in development and population that distrust and jealousy of the Dominion no longer has a place in American national sentiment. In view of this changed attitude of the United States towards Canada, it was, to say the least, bad taste on the part of Judge Longley to discuss the domestic concerns of Canada at the Canadian Club banquet in New York; but as concerns both countries an error in taste is the worst that can be charged against the Nova Scotia judge.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD PORRITT.

Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.,
May 29th, 1908.

The Drama.

A PARABLE OF LIFE AND ART.

IT is a little surprising to find the critics of the English drama exercising themselves so keenly in disparagement of novelty in form and treatment. For the moment there is nothing that the English drama wants more than freshness, and the writer who strikes out new paths and lets his fancy play freely over the dramatic field is a real benefactor to his kind. This is what Mr. Laurence Housman, following the special vein of his genius, has done in "The Chinese Lantern," which has just been produced at the Haymarket, and straightway he is heavily cuffed and (still more heavily) admonished for his pains. Mr. Housman is flippant and obscure; he is trivial and metaphysical; he means too much and too little. One critic is sure that there is no symbolism in his play; another that there is too little and too much "foolery." Anyway, he has mixed his styles, confounded farce and poetry, prose and verse, satire and pantomime. I will not argue the point whether there is a special vice in the element of "foolery" to which Mr. Housman is addicted, though I might mention in passing that the authors of "Lear" and "Faust" were occasionally addicted to it, and that it haunts nearly all assemblies and utterances of the wise, save, perhaps, a Pan-Anglican Congress. What one is concerned to note is that Mr. Housman has something to say, and that he says it in a certain freakish, charming, irregular fashion of his own; that he takes a truth of

life and art and plays with it; that he is, to use a phrase which Mr. Walkley has passed on to the Anglo-Saxon world, "ondoyant et divers." In a way, no doubt, he is very little concerned about the niceties of forms. He makes one of his Chinese characters talk "pidgin" English, and all the rest discourse more or less correct Anglo-Saxon, scatters cheap puns and art chatter with careless humor, drops into and out of poetry and pantomime with equal facility, and makes the symbolic and the obvious chase each other as capriciously as fauns and nymphs on a Greek vase. But for my part I am so content to be even discussing such things as poetry and life in association with a modern English play that I am not greatly troubled with these bits of wilfulness so long as I feel that Mr. Housman preserves a certain background of reality, and that on this he paints a pattern which is pleasing, and now and then quite beautiful.

"The Chinese Lantern" is produced in a very realistic way. Costumes and scenery are all carefully designed so as to make you think that you are in a studio or art-shop in a Chinese city—not, say, at an art school in Paris. The actors squat in the Chinese way, Chinese street cries come to you through the open door or the sunlit windows, the Chinese Feast of Lanterns—"largely supplied from this emporium of the arts"—is on the evening bill, and there is a mid-day Chinese entertainment in the way of a State execution. Only through "The Chinese Lantern" shines the parable to which Mr. Housman has chosen to give this pretty Eastern dress. Olangstsi, the keeper of the art shop, lectures all day and every day on a famous Old Master, which has the place of honor in his studio. The picture is called "The Threshold of the Muses," an interior looking into a garden, and lighted from above by a Chinese lantern. It was painted three hundred years ago, when its aged author, Wiowani, stepped into it and was lost for ever to the world. The pupils paint the lanterns in the place where art is bought and sold, talk the art jargon, are bullied by the art mistress, and lectured at by the art master, and for the rest are frolicsome students, caring less for art than for executions, but ready enough to strike for their wages. The most commercial of them all is Yunglangtsi, the fat grocer-soul, who is to be forced into the artist world, so that he may marry the little Korean slave girl, Mee-Mee. Of Mee-Mee, born under a fortunate star, it has been predicted that she will turn the man who marries her into a great artist. And so the artist, not being born, must be made.

But all along, in the art-shop, there happens to dwell one artistic soul—Tikipu, the servant who mixes the students' colors during the day, and at night lights a candle, and steals away to the Old Master, which he copies, copies, continually. With him Mee-Mee, the little dancing, serving figure of life, is in love. But Tikipu is absorbed in Classic Art, and prostrates himself night and day before its unlit lantern, not divining the light in Mee-Mee's eyes. But, sharper than his own, they discern the weakness of his own work, its "too busy," self-conscious, imitative striving. And, finally, Olangstsi finds him out at his midnight vigils, tears his canvas in pieces, and leaves him prostrate and despairing before his Old Master. As he lies, conscious that his work has no value, the lantern begins to glow, and Wiowani, passionately invoked by his pupil, himself appears in the centre of his picture, stretches out his arms to Tikipu, and with him vanishes into the world of dreams. There he stays three years, till the time has come for Mee-Mee's marriage with Yunglangtsi, the impossible union of Bottom and Titania, the fairy spirit with the soul that hankers after sugar-plums and groceries. Then Wiowani restores Tikipu after his long draught from the springs of ancient art, and shows him where stands his true partner, Life, and how to look into the eyes from which Art draws its perpetual refreshment. Art and Life, united at last, go out into the world and the sunshine together. And in the studio-shop, where art is bought and sold, and Chinese lanterns produced by the dozen for the crowd to make merry with, whose owner will readily sacrifice his worshipped traditions and life itself only to keep going, the Old Master is put up for auction, and as the Jew bum-bailiff is about to knock it down for an old song—to speak precisely, for ten sen—it vanishes from its frame, and leaves Olangstsi nothing even to lecture from! Is not that a little parable for the times, and not least for the English drama?

I have left out many of the touches of fantasy in this sketch of "The Chinese Lantern," as well as most of its frolicsome setting, which Mr. Moorat's music delicately colors and illustrates. But really it is not so very obscure, and if the criticism of it be the author's waywardness, and his failure to give his story the unity and simplicity which make great symbolism, I answer again that the artistic spirit blows where it lists, and that jesting fun is not alien from serious purpose any more than (to compare great things with small) the revels of the Witches' Sabbath are alien from the purpose of "Faust." "The Chinese Lantern" is delightfully played, and I found the gaiety and freshness of Miss Irene Clarke as Mee-Mee, her "bird-like flutings" and flittings and pretty suggestion of Eastern poses and fashions, quite irresistible, and close to the poetic feeling of the play. Admirable, too, was Mr. Ainley's delivery as Tikipu of the verse assigned to him. But this character played itself; and for the rest, Mr. Housman's fancy was lightly and briskly sustained, and at no time, save, perhaps, for the first quarter of an hour, failed of its charm.

H. W. M.

Communications.

IN THE WOMEN'S RANKS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You may like to have my impressions of Saturday's demonstration in favor of Women's Suffrage. A sprinkling of men were requisitioned to help carry the heavy banners, and a few others walked by the side of the women, mostly husbands or fathers up from the provinces, men of a quiet and steady stamp. Before the start, having had my arm decorated by my womenkind with a red braid stamped "steward," I was accosted by a lady who besought me to bear, in her stead, the banner of H——, a banner seemingly with no followers. But before we had got in motion a score of women flung themselves, hot, breathless, but triumphant, upon the standard. No regimental colors were ever hailed with more fervency than was the banner of H—— by the fragile working-woman, her eyes ablaze with the fever of her devotion, who claimed it from my willing hands. She had lived intensely in her imagination for this great day; she had struggled and worked for it in her provincial branch, spent of her scanty time and energy, if she had not, indeed, broidered the flag with her own hands. Anyway, she seized the standard with an air of indisputable ownership, and though her companions protested that the burden would "kill Emily," the nervous energy in her working mouth, and the flash of her eye deep-sunk in her emaciated face, suggested that, if she fainted on the route, the colors would still be clutched in her grasp. Suddenly the march began. It was curious trying to seize the psychology of the crowd amid the running fire of chaff and cheers, the taunts, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the howls of derision that were levelled pell-mell at the moving ranks. In certain spots, notably round Charing Cross, jeers and cheap witticisms of male hostility thickened the air, suggesting that all the heroes of the saloons and bars, the loungers of the "halls," the medical students, the betting men and bullies of the town had there joined forces, but, after Cockspur Street, there was a surprising absence of hostility. What struck one most in the ranks of faces lining the way was the expression of dumb surprise, of strained and puzzled masculine wonder. It was as though those hundreds of thousands of men had expected to see in "Suffragists" women monstrous, and scarcely to be recognised as such, and that these orderly ranks of women, well-dressed, bright, and intelligent, superior in bearing and appearance to most of the women in the crowd, were forcing into the male head strange mental lights hard to be reconciled. Perhaps it was the unfamiliar

sight of women actually marching through the streets that puzzled the majority, but everywhere along the route that curious gaze of watching wonder predominated.

And in that sense, at least, the Suffragist procession was an education for the Londoner, whether from Lisson Grove, Mayfair, or a "residential" suburb. The psychology of a crowd is difficult to grasp when the general mass of feeling is complicated by the rich shades of sex emotion called forth on the individual's face by the appeal of women. Antagonism, pure anger, and even malice branded some of the faces I marked in the crowd, but the predominant tone in face and voice next to wonder was that of humor or amusement. They were not brilliant these old sallies about the "washing" and "the baby," the "old man" and "the dinner," but they were occasionally funny. "Where 'av yer left yer ole man? Locked 'im up in the coal-hole?" was said sympathetically to a particularly dignified lady. A large percentage of the democracy was out specially to enjoy the humor of the day, and the wags scanned each fresh section of the procession with a professional eye for "copy." On the other hand, the lady doctors, and nurses in gowns and hospital dress, were hailed with roaring applause along the route. One haughty old lady of sixty-five, an aristocrat to her finger tips, walked with perfect dignity and an air of supreme contempt for anything these unending rows of faces, coarse, wondering, or jeering, might express. Holding her dress high with careful hand, she stepped along with erect head, now and then glancing down her nose with a patronising smile for these vulgarians jostling around her. In Lower Regent Street a grey-haired woman in shabby black stood like a statue of Joy, stretching both arms towards the procession, her old wrinkled face shining with welcoming light, as though her deep, long-cherished dream had flowered into miraculous life. One girl, holding a provincial banner, gazed at the crowd with a smile of perfect love and fellowship wonderful to see, and the rare tenderness of her look drew from a City clerk the simple, expressive tribute "Face!" Halfway up Piccadilly a man stood in the roadway with a face wreathed in smiles of ecstatic gallantry—by his look I took him to be a chivalrous Irishman, a retired officer—and as each rank of women passed him he bared his head, and bowed with a gesture of abandoned devotion that told of generations of ancestors devoted to the "fair sex," and was stimulated, perhaps, by a few mid-day drams of whisky. While from Piccadilly balconies descended flowers and hand clappings, men dotted throughout the West End crowds repeatedly doffed their hats, as if they had come specially to show their sympathy to the women.

But for the most part one cannot affirm that the crowd was chivalrous; an open-mouthed and dumb surprise sat in the eyes, and set in the lines of the men's mouths. The women spectators, so far as I noticed them, were amused and sympathetic. The latent feeling of sex solidarity was aroused, and open admiration at sight of the women marching was excited in them, and showed itself in broad contrast to the masculine stare. It was touching to see the enthusiasm of many women in particular, who stood upright in carriages, or on the tops of omnibuses, or standing on the sidewalks fluttered their handkerchiefs frantically. One guessed that these were the women who, forbidden by male prejudice, or their own timidity, from joining in the procession, were showing their rebellious spirit, while yearning to be in the ranks they dared not join. This class of women must be large, as, despite the many expressions of lady-like horror of the Suffrage expressed so often in suburban circles, in all the watching faces of feminine curiosity I did not see a single expression of disgust.

The procession knew its little tragedies. In front of me, on the further side, suddenly a young man sprang forward from the crowd, and tore a smiling girl from the ranks! The man, so her companion said, was the girl's fiancé, who, enraged at her participation, after his vain protestations, had thus successfully lain in wait. Good things were said in the ranks, but not for the ear of the crowd. Thus, a provincial leader kept instructing her little band of working-women from the North, in this wise: "Look over there, Mrs. Greig, those are the Piccadilly clubs, and there is the enemy!" "It's a funny thing, isn't it, why the men in the clubs have all bald heads; it isn't through too much work, I reckon." And, looking up at the windows of clubland, sure enough, they were blocked with bald pates, bald heads with white whiskers, white heads with bald crowns, venerable heads of shining ivory, the egg-shaped craniums, and broad shining domes of masculine intelligence, all gathered from the post-prandial armchair to ponder the spectacle of an earl's daughter leading ten thousand of her sex, and nigh all the distinguished women of the day, marching under seventy flying banners, one of which was symbolically broidered with the device of white doves in flight bearing the legend "Upwards and Onwards." I have been in many large mass meetings, but I have never seen gathered together so great a number of intelligent faces, as passed from the ranks into the Albert Hall.

It was, indeed, a picked body of women, brought together by one tie and by the magnetism of character. The vast majority of faces, slightly above the average in beauty, were thoughtful and interesting faces. The appeal that the women made to the crowd was of dignified modesty in bearing, combined with a quiet determination to go through with the march under any circumstances. The pleasing consciousness of looking well on a fine day helped the women to feel charitable and kindly disposed to the men; it was the subtle reply of the sex to male hostility. Although the demonstration was well organised throughout by its capable and able leaders, it was less the example and speeches of the latter that impressed one than the intense feeling and democratic *esprit-de-corps* in the ranks, and the keen enthusiasm of the whole body of working-women, from the lady doctor to the mill-hand, for the Suffrage.—Yours, &c.,

A Provincial Man.

June 17th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

THE BASIS OF THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Will you allow an Englishman, resident in France, to make some remarks on your leading article in this week's issue? I cannot but sympathise with the objection of many English Liberals and Socialists to the meeting between the King and the Tsar; many Frenchmen dislike the alliance between France and Russia for the same reason. The strong argument on the other side is that which you have already mentioned, namely, that it might be worse for the cause of democracy both in Russia and elsewhere to drive the Tsar into the arms of the German Emperor. It is a case of choosing the less of two evils; and it is by no means certain that both England and France have not chosen the less, even from a wider point of view than that of a purely selfish and exclusive patriotism.

In any case is there not some inconsistency between the attitude of the above-mentioned English Liberals and Socialists towards the Russian Government and their attitude (or that of many of them) towards the German Government? The enthusiasm which so many English Liberals seem to feel for the German Emperor (witness, for instance, the "Daily News" *passim*) has always caused mild surprise in France. After all there are the same sort of objections to a *rapprochement* with Prussian Cæsarism as to one with Russian Tsardom, but one did not hear of any Liberals who objected to the reception of the German Emperor in England; on the contrary, the Liberal Press covered his Majesty with flowers. One was irresistibly reminded of the extraordinary attitude of the Whigs towards Napoleon, an attitude which has hardly been confirmed by the verdict of history.

Now, I do not suggest that the German Government has been guilty of atrocities (the word may be used in your columns, if not in the English Parliament) such as those which have been committed by the Russian Government. But I do suggest that neither the German Emperor nor his Government is a shining example of the "constitutional principle." The Palmerstonian policy would, therefore, exclude an understanding with Germany. In regard to the crimes of the German Government the English Press for the

most part is silent. Yet the government of Prussian Poland is no small crime. THE NATION has protested against the iniquitous expropriation law recently passed, but there was scarcely a protest from the English Liberal Press when Polish children of tender years were being sent to prison and permanently separated from their parents for the offence of saying their prayers in their native language. And what of Alsace-Lorraine? Has the annexation of that province against the will of its inhabitants ceased to be a crime because it is nearly forty years old? Is it nothing that Prussia has not yet given to Alsace-Lorraine anything like the liberty that England has already given to the Transvaal? Someone ought to publish in England all the facts about the government of Alsace-Lorraine, with its vexatious restrictions on ordinary freedom, its petty persecution of the French-speaking people, and so on. It is an indictable offence to place a notice in the French language on one's shop-window, even in a place where few people speak any other.

If, then, we adopt the principle that a democratic country should be guided in its foreign relations by the character of the Government in other countries, England must eschew the friendship of the German Emperor, which seems to be particularly desired by many English Liberals. A Government which decides all questions of foreign policy, of peace or war, without regard to the elected representatives of the nation, is a despotic Government; and in Germany the representatives of the nation are expressly deprived of any voice in such questions. Moreover, the German Emperor is a far greater danger to democracy in Europe than the Tsar, who has not the power to be a danger. What is the pro-German policy of the Vatican but a recognition of that sufficiently patent fact? The advisers of the present Pope may not be very wise in some directions, but they are shrewd enough to see where lies the only hope of an effective barrier against the progress of democracy, that is, of "modernism" in the political and economic spheres.

In regard to the triple *entente* and its effect on our relations with Germany, the issue seems to be a simple one: Are we or are we not to be free to make what arrangements or alliances we please without the permission of William II.? The question whether we are to "isolate" Germany does not arise. The Triple Alliance still exists and, if Italy gives it only a lukewarm adhesion, who but the German Emperor is to blame for the fact? It has been made plain to Italy that the price of German friendship is hostility to England and France, and she declines to pay that price. Nevertheless, Germany has still Austria as a firm ally—or a faithful servant—and, that being so, she cannot be said to be "isolated." The real cause of German irritation is the final failure of her attempt to isolate France, which succeeded for so many years. No other country considers it a cause of offence that other nations should arrange their differences. The time has come when we must make up our minds whether we will submit to this intolerable interference of one Power in the affairs of every other. Nobody could be less militarist than myself, but, if war were the only alternative to submitting to a dictatorship of the German Emperor over the whole of Europe, I should vote for war.

I do not, however, for a moment believe that we have any such alternative before us. The bellicose remarks of the German Emperor, which have been carefully circulated by an arranged "indiscretion," are one more example of his incomparable mastery of the art of bluff. He succeeded in intimidating M. Rouvier, but he will find M. Clemenceau less easily frightened. On this occasion French opinion is perfectly calm, and it will support M. Clemenceau in asserting the right of France to form what friendships or alliances she pleases. It is not the Nationalists or the Royalists who support M. Clemenceau; on the contrary, such papers as the "Eclair" and the "Patrie" have been trying to work up another scare, and the "Gaulois" is hostile to the policy of the French Government. I sincerely trust that English Liberals will pause before they do anything to weaken the understanding between England and France, which is the best hope for the future of European democracy. —Yours, &c.,

AN ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.

June 17th, 1908.

"THE ANTI-INDIAN ENGLISHMAN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Abbott's letter, published in your issue of June 6th, may I say that so far from denouncing the Indian's demand for a share in the government of his own country, I am, and always have been, in favor of increasing the already large and preponderating share which he has in this respect, nor have I ever recommended, as Mr. Abbott says, the suppression of English education, Western literature, freedom of speech, and the newspapers. If Mr. Abbott will kindly read my book instead of drawing conclusions, as he admittedly has, from what your reviewer wrote, he will see that these very comprehensive conclusions are not mine; hardly mine, magnified.

As to Mr. Gokhale, I merely meant that in Russia, whose rule it is the fashion now to compare with our own in India, he would speedily find himself in gaol if he spoke therein of the Government of the Tsar as he does of the Government of the King-Emperor in India.

Mr. Abbott surely must be unaware that all offices in India, except a very small number, are not only open to, but are filled, and, as a rule, very efficiently filled, by Indian gentlemen.

Is it too much to ask Mr. Abbott, however great the sacrifice may be, to read a book before he adopts an abstract of its contents, founded, if indeed it was founded, for I myself should not have said this, on your review?—Yours, &c.,

J. D. REES.

Travellers' Club, S.W.,
June 14th, 1908.

THE MEANING OF "BANDE MATARAM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his letter last week Mr. Rees persists that the patriotic Indian cry of "Bande Mataram" is a direct reference to the Goddess Kali, and not to the Motherland of India. For answer, I can only go back again to the origin of the song in Bankim Chandra's "Ananda Math," a historical romance treating of the Sanyasi or Fakir rising in Bengal at the time of Warren Hastings. One of the characters is introduced singing the now familiar poem that begins "Bande Mataram," or "Hail, Mother!" and when questioned as to the meaning of these words, he answers:—

> "We own no mother but our country. There is a saying, 'One's mother and the land of one's birth are high as heaven.' We regard the land of our birth as nothing else than our mother herself."

So the conversation goes on for pages, in which there is no mention of Kali whatever. Later on in the book the poem is spoken of as the "Hymn to the Motherland."

Or let us take a literal translation of the first few lines: "Hail, Mother! I bow before her who flows with pleasant water, is rich in fruits, and over whom the cool wind blows." The next two verses continue this description of a rich and beautiful country like Bengal. Then the poem speaks of the country's great population, and of their strength in arms. Then of her temples and images, of Durga, the triumphant goddess, of Vani, goddess of wisdom, and of Lakshmi, goddess of wealth, which are the forms or symbols of the country. And lastly, the poem returns to the praise of the land itself in almost the same words as the opening verses.

If in these lines the poet did not mean the Motherland when he used the word "Mataram," we may as well give up language, for it is impossible to express any meaning with it.

In a later scene in the story we are shown an act of worship to Kali as the symbolic goddess of Bengal, just as we are also shown an act of initiation to Vishnu. But the symbol is not the same as the reality; or when Mr. Rees sings "Rule, Britannia," is he worshipping the penny figure of a woman with a trident sitting on a shield?—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

June 16th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his letter in THE NATION of June 13th, dealing with the review of his book, "The Real India," which appeared in your issue of May 23rd, Mr. Rees remarks, with

regard to the meaning of the words, "Bande Mataram," that he has "yet to learn that any person with any claim to being a scholar has put forward the interpretation which your reviewer treats as if it were acknowledged to be correct." This interpretation was that the words, as used in the song from "Ananda Math," are a patriotic invocation to the Motherland, India, or, if I may so suggest, Bengal. Mr. Rees will perhaps accept the authority of Mr. S. M. Mitra, a Bengali gentleman, who is as staunch a supporter of the Government of India and of the policy of the partition of Bengal as he is himself, and who is therefore at least an unbiased witness. In his work, "Indian Problems," p. 67, Mr. Mitra writes as follows: "The Bande Mataram song is in praise of Bengal, and expresses the love of her sons for the mother-country."

These are the words of one who is spoken of in the introduction to "Indian Problems" by no less an authority than Sir George Birdwood, as "a philosophical and scholarly student of Indian politics," and whose claims to Oriental scholarship Mr. Rees will, I presume, hardly dispute.—Yours, &c.,

A. Porteous.

East India United Service Club,
St. James's Square, S.W.,
June 16th, 1908.

"THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Allow me to thank you for the courageous and outspoken article on this subject in your issue of June 6th. It exactly expresses the attitude of this Society, which was formed last autumn for the purpose of combining road-users in self-defence against the tyranny of motor vehicles. Its object is:—

> "The protection of the public roads and all who use them, and the owners and occupiers of roadside property, from the damage, danger, nuisance, and annoyance caused by the improper use of motor cars and any other vehicles."

Relief from the present intolerable state of things, which grows worse year by year with the increase of vehicles in number, speed, size, and weight, can only be obtained by combination; for, as you say, the Local Government Board is indifferent, the local authorities are largely composed of motorists, and the newspapers, with a few honorable exceptions, are entirely in the hands of the motor interest. They will publish nothing displeasing to the advertisers of motor cars, and they ignore the public interest. They are, in fact, debauched, and have flung away the liberty of the Press.

I enclose a pamphlet, stating the case for the public in detail, and I beg to draw your attention particularly to pages 23-28. In view of the gross hardships and injury to health inflicted on the poorer classes who live by the roadside, the absolute apathy of this Parliament, which contains so many professed champions of the poor, is noteworthy. It can only be explained by ignorance of the facts or by sheer hypocrisy.—Yours, &c.,

A. Shadwell.

The Road Union,
47, Victoria Street, Westminster,
June 16th, 1908.

"AN INVASION OF LIBERTY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Will you allow a clergyman who has some experience of work in the East End to thank you for your excellent article on Mr. Gladstone's Prevention of Crime Bill, and to point out one or two misapprehensions under which Mr. J. M. Robertson seems to labor in his defence of that measure? Mr. Robertson, in his article in the "Westminster Gazette" and in his speech in the House of Commons, defended what he calls "the humanity" of the measure, but he seems to confuse the principle of the indeterminate sentence and the principle which will be brought into operation should the Bill become law. "The thrice-convicted offender," says Mr. Robertson, "will be sent to a special prison, where he will be considerately treated on the 'Borstal' lines, and will not be set free until, in the opinion of all those concerned in his supervision, he may be released without risk." The fact is that the thrice-convicted offender will be sent to an ordinary convict prison and there will serve every day of the sentence inflicted upon him, and *only after the expiration of that sentence* will he be sent to the special prison from which Mr. Robertson hopes so much. Again, Mr. Robertson seems perfectly satisfied with the provisions by which the liberty of offenders is entirely handed over to prison warders and officials—a class which, as every advocate of prison reform has always insisted, is least of all fitted for such a delicate task. What is wanted is not the addition of an indeterminate sentence to a fixed sentence, but an enlargement of the system by which offenders may, should their conduct justify it, be released before the expiration of their sentences.

Mr. Gladstone's Bill seems to many Liberals to be definitely opposed to every Liberal principle.

It seems, as you rightly point out, an infringement of the spirit if not of the letter of *Habeas Corpus*.

Although it introduces a principle of momentous gravity hitherto unknown in any European State, it has been introduced under the Ten Minutes Rule with the obvious intention of curtailing discussion.

It finds its strongest support from men of the type of Sir Ralph Littler and Sir Robert Anderson, who seem unable to use the word humanitarian without prefixing to it some depreciatory epithet.

One would have thought that Mr. Gladstone's tenure of the Home Office would have led him to consider the advisability of legislation which would render less likely another Beck or Edalji case, or which would put an end to the flogging of prisoners at the instance of a secret tribunal. Some such measure would be more in accordance with Liberal traditions than the reactionary Bill he has put forward.—Yours, &c.,

A London Clergyman.

London, June 15th, 1908.

DOES THE SUGAR CONVENTION BETRAY FREE TRADE?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Every man now sitting on the Government benches would unhesitatingly have answered this question in the affirmative, had it been put when the Sugar Convention Bill was before the House of Commons in 1903, and the fact cannot be burked that there is deep concern in the country on account of the surrender by the Government of the vital principles underlying Free Trade by the renewal of this Convention; and it is certain that nothing that has happened since the General Election is likely to result in the loss of so many earnest supporters of the Government as this deviation.

The hundreds of thousands of staunch Free Traders to whom the fear of Home Rule was as nothing compared with their horror and dread of the sacrifice of those principles under which our country has progressed during the last three-quarters of a century, cannot look with complacency at this surrender, or be satisfied with the reasons for the same given by Sir Edward Grey.

The avowed object of the late Government in entering into the Sugar Convention was to keep alive the West Indian sugar industry, which was said to be imperilled by the low price at which sugar was finding its way into the homes of our people in consequence of certain countries, from which we imported sugar, giving bounties upon shipments to England. This was, at any rate, a frank avowal of a determination to lay upon the consumers of Great Britain the burden of keeping alive an industry in Jamaica not having the inherent strength to compete with outsiders unless thus supported—a taxing of the many for the benefit of the few—which is the bed rock of Protection. At the General Election the iniquity of this proceeding was prominently placed before the people as an example of the evils of Protection; and certainly no one could then have anticipated the renewal of the Sugar Convention by a Liberal Government having a special mandate to uphold the cause of Free Trade.

The attempt at justification made by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons on the 3rd inst. for the renewal of the Convention, that "the other Powers had agreed to our proposal that our ports should be thrown open," and in

consequence of this concession "it was only reasonable that we should meet them to the extent of remaining parties to the agreement," was far from convincing. I do not remember ever before to have seen it suggested that the throwing open of our ports should be made contingent upon the approval of "the other Powers."

Mr. Villiers, at the foot of his letter in THE NATION, of the 13th inst., says "the matter will not be allowed to remain where it is." May this be taken as indicating that there is room for reasonable hope that this most remarkable *volte face* on the part of this Liberal Free Trade Government may yet be, in some way, remedied?

Earl Percy, in his reply to Sir Edward Grey, voiced the feelings at present disturbing the minds of multitudes of Free Traders when he said, "that the supporters of the Government had been badly served, and that it was impossible for any dialectical ingenuity to cover the fact that the Government had reversed the policy put before the country at the General Election."

To simple-minded people the position of Free Trade candidates at the next General Election appears to have been made most difficult by the action of the Government in the renewal of the Sugar Convention. It hardly seems likely that it will be regarded by the electorate as a sufficient defence to say that this was the act of the Government, and that their supporters in Parliament were not consulted and are therefore not responsible.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES ROBERTS.

Saltaire, Yorks,
June 15th, 1908.

WHAT DOES "VOTES FOR WOMEN" MEAN?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is satisfactory to note that neither of your correspondents who comment on my recent letter in THE NATION welcome the idea of the possible government of England by women, as both endeavour to argue that it is impossible. Miss Black insists that my assumption that the only direct way of achieving votes for women is by Adult Suffrage is unwarranted. The Prime Minister's statement in reference to this thorny topic was undoubtedly cryptic, but he distinctly said that his Government would only give facilities for a franchise for women on "a democratic basis." Whether he would consider such a Bill as that suggested by Miss Black sufficiently democratic it is impossible to say. Adult Suffrage could not be rejected on this score, and may therefore be fairly taken as the basis of an argument. As to Miss Black's statement that the number of women electors will remain inferior to that of men, this depends on her assumption that the Bill passed will be such as she describes. But such a Bill would be scarcely on "a democratic basis," for it would give the vote to a smaller proportion of the total number of women than of men, leaving the women with the grievance of being seriously under-represented. As to her argument that the opinions of women, varying as do those of men on many subjects, the only result of giving votes to the former would be that the country would be governed by a majority of men and women together. I cannot agree that this would avoid the danger I foresee, for this majority might well be dominated by a larger proportion of women than of men, and such men as composed it would probably share the feminine characteristics of judging matters by instinct and emotion rather than by reason and logic. I can imagine serious crises arising, especially in reference to sex legislation or warfare with other countries, when the vote of a considerable majority of women, acting under the impulse of sex antagonism or emotional excitement, coupled with the want of practical knowledge, would cause great disaster. As to women being more expert in many matters now discussed in Parliament than men, I cannot agree, and certainly not in the case cited by Miss Black. While a number of drunken and careless women assert this right to risk their children's lives through overlaying by having them to sleep with them, I can see no "opéra bouffe spectacle," but one for thankfulness when men, most of whom are fathers of families, endeavour to dispute such a right.

Miss Tomlinson has failed to grasp the meaning of my letter, and the question as to whether women are most likely to vote Liberal or Conservative is immaterial to my argument. As regards her final statement that numbers of the existing male electorate have neither administrative nor legislative capacity, surely, if this be the case, it would be unwise to add largely to this class by granting votes to women, who have still most of the arts of government to learn.—Yours, &c.,

FLORENCE TRAVERS.

Tortington House, Arundel, Sussex,
June 15th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his letter appearing in your issue of last week, Col. Grimshaw Haywood raises the question of married women voting in Parliamentary elections, were women entitled to vote on the same terms as men.

Every woman householder, whether married or single, would have a vote under the household franchise. A certain percentage of married women, whose names appear on the rate-book, owing to their husbands' disinclination to serve on juries, or for some other reason, would thus be qualified. Married women could also qualify under the property and service franchise.

With regard to the final paragraph in your correspondent's letter, I gather Col. Haywood to contend that, since the Premier has foreshadowed an Electoral Reform Bill to which it will be possible to move a Woman Suffrage amendment, there is no necessity for Suffragettes to press further their claims by continuing to bring pressure to bear upon the Government at bye-elections. But, as the leaders of the militant suffrage movement have explained, this declaration on the part of Mr. Asquith is by no means satisfactory, and so little faith have they in this exceedingly conditional promise of Government neutrality towards a speculative amendment to a problematic Electoral Reform Bill, that they are determined to continue their agitation with renewed vigor until they have Government assurance of the enactment of a Woman Suffrage measure.—Yours, &c.,

N. LIGHTMAN.

40, Hatherley Road, Walthamstow,
June 15th, 1908.

THE TRADE RETURNS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In my letter on this subject last week I advocated the necessity for the difference of values in years to be allowed. Since writing the letter I have received the White Paper of this Session, No. Cd. 4,115. It is a tabulated statement of the imports and exports from 1900 to 1907 inclusive. The former year is taken as a basis for the assessment of the values of all the others. I shall only take one instance as an example. The imports of 1900 were valued at £523,075,000, those of 1907 at £645,904,000. But, although 1900 was a "boom" year, and so was last year, the values of the goods of 1907 had inflated much more than those of eight years ago. Hence the Board of Trade experts, in re-valuing 1907 imports on the basis of 1900, reduce the former to £599,592,000, a reduction of 9 per cent. That still leaves an increase of 14·5 per cent., instead of 23·5 per cent., the nominal one. This position is proved exactly by the tonnages that carried these goods, which was in 1900, 36·1 million tons net register; in 1907, 41·4 million tons net register; increase, 5·3 million tons, or 14·4 per cent. This tonnage was for vessels, both steam and sail, British and foreign nationality, which brought *cargoes only* from oversea.

Of course, owing to variety of loading, it is seldom we get such a result down to a decimal point. In the present case it is so. It proves the accuracy with which this return has been prepared, and, incidentally, it confirms the position which I have taken up in THE NATION.—Yours, &c.,

W. T.

June 13th, 1908.

THE PAN-ANGLICAN CONGRESS AND DIVORCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems regrettable that on an occasion of reunion such as that afforded by the Pan-Anglican Congress, such language as was yesterday used in regard to the remarriage of divorced persons should have been encouraged

or permitted by any responsible person. Considering that for fifty years the ecclesiastical Courts of England actually granted divorces a *vinculo*, and for at least 150 years afterwards granted decrees of separation as stepping stones to divorce by Act of Parliament, considering also that the Bishops of the Church of England did not unanimously oppose the Divorce Act of 1857, it seems incredible that Mr. G. W. E. Russell should have ventured to denounce the re-marriage of divorced persons as being in theory a "doctrine of the devil" and in practice "legalised concubinage," which terms he also applied to marriages with a deceased wife's sister.

By what logical principle does Mr. Russell dissociate himself from the early Christians, who regarded the re-marriage of widowers and widows with the same abhorrence as Mr. Russell expresses in regard to the re-marriage of divorced persons?

On what theological principle does he fail to denounce the Roman Church for deriving money from granting dispensations for marriages which he stigmatises as being diabolical in character? On what ethical principle does he denounce the laws of his country? Many members of the Church of England, and many of those to whom the Church is dear as the Church of their country, cannot fail to be deeply wounded by expressions of opinion which are not only unsupported by any civil or ecclesiastical authority, but which are also as unreasoning as they are uncharitable. —Yours, &c.,

RICHARD T. GATES,
Hon. Secretary, the Divorce Law Reform Union,
20, Copthall Avenue, E.C., June 17th, 1908.

THE CRUX OF "THE TEMPEST."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While scarcely hoping to convince your correspondent on this subject, I cannot allow him to object to my making the singular pronoun "it" refer to "labors," when he himself puts on it the burden of a whole sentence something like "indulging in sweet thoughts" (I regret I no longer have his letter by me in order to quote his exact words, but I think I remember rightly). Several conjecturers (ranging from 1853 onwards) have, however, tried to square matters by dropping the "s" of "labors" or omitting "it" altogether, which proves, nevertheless, that I am not alone in my reading. As for the value of the Quarto in this instance, Mr. Aldis Wright does not apparently consider it of sufficient importance to include it among the various readings that he quotes in the Cambridge Edition, though he gives "most busie least" of Folios 2, 3, and 4, besides two columns of emendations.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Shakespeare himself would smile at all this "throwing about of brains."—Yours, &c.,

V. CHURCHILL.

June 15th, 1908.

"THE HISTORY OF THE VOLUNTEERS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his interesting notice of my book last week, your reviewer controverts my statement that the "Corresponding Society of London" was the central organisation in 1794 for the dissemination of republican views and for maintaining the connection with the leaders of France; and he cites the fact that Burke himself was a member of such a body fifteen years earlier as evidence that the patriotism of these societies could not be impugned. It may be largely a matter of opinion at the present time how far the societies formed many years before the Revolution with the object of furthering the cause of Parliamentary reform were responsible for the spirit of unrest which was growing up in England, Scotland, and Ireland during the years 1792-5. The Secret Committee appointed by the House of Commons in 1794 to investigate the matter were, however, unanimous in condemning the methods employed by the Corresponding Society of London in spreading seditious views and exciting the people to rise against the existing constitution. It was then clearly shown that that body was in sympathy and correspondence with the Republican leaders, and that the Paris Convention held constant communication with the branches of the society situated throughout the three kingdoms. It is, of course, open to anyone at this distance of time to maintain that the possible dangers arising out of the activity of the democratic societies in 1794 were exaggerated by the fears of the squirearchy. It is, nevertheless, certain that the original methods of these bodies had been supplanted to a great extent by others of a less constitutional order, and that the wholesale contamination of the lower classes by revolutionary ideas constituted in itself a serious danger to the internal peace and safety of the country. It was to counteract the spread of this evil, quite as much as to ensure the country against invasion, that the Volunteers of 1794 were called into being.

Your reviewer has himself supplied an excellent reason for my having "roamed" rather widely in my treatment of the subject, for, as he truly remarks, "the chief interest of the Volunteers is social rather than military."—Yours, &c.,

CECIL SEBAG-MONTEFIORE.

June 18th, 1908.

Poetry.

IN THE PINE WOOD

BETWEEN the sombre pine tops lie
Blue strips of dreaming tranquil sky,
And flakes of fleecy cloudlets creep
Over the azure lakes asleep
Between the sombre pines.

Between the sombre pine tops flash
Long slanting sunbeam spears, which dash
Across the stately stems and throw
Their burning shafts down here below.
Into this silent shadowy deep,
Cascades of glittering sunshine leap
Down to the dusky floor, and flow
In golden-glowing pools below;
While in the branches' spreading net
Stray sunbeams captured, glint and fret:
In flickering threads some break away
Joining the busy shadow-play.

Beyond the pines, a quivering haze
Hangs over all the greenwood maze,
Where alleys dim, through secret shades,
Wind down to deep mid-forest glades.
Out in her Court of glimmering green
The slender silver birch is Queen;
And as the wanton winds come by,
The lordly pines look down and sigh
With envy, for the breeze has kiss'd
Her trembling tresses into mist.

These lofty pines shut in a pool
Of darkened Silence, deep and cool.
The stems rise through to upper air,
The woods beyond are all astir;
But here it is so very still,
That should the o'er-hanging branches spill
A single cone, it rattles in
From bough to bough with spreading din.
Stilled are these depths, but up above
Runs rippling from a brooding dove,
A murmuring monotone of Love.

All through the golden summer day
Within these aisles I gladly stay,
Between the spreading pillars see
The depths of His infinity.
I laugh with joy, I have no fear
Even of Him who is so near,
With each rapt sense, the Spirit's eyes,
I feel His presence, recognise
Behind the veil and splendid dress
The Vision of His loveliness.
And though He is great beyond all thought,
And I so small, so near to nought,
I dare to thank Him who has given
Through love of Earth, the joy of Heaven.

—J W. FEAVER.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE news that Mr. Swinburne is at present engaged upon the final revision of what he regards as his greatest prose work, "The Age of Shakespeare," is certain to rouse expectation to a high pitch. In spite of intervals of unbalanced eulogy or vituperation, Mr. Swinburne's critical prose is far from being the least valuable part of his work. The fine enthusiasm shown in his studies of the Elizabethan dramatists has done more to revive interest in the great names of Elizabethan drama than has been done by any writer since Lamb. In its fire and energy of imagination, its passion for pure literature, Mr. Swinburne's mind is more akin to the Elizabethan age than to our own, so that his study of "The Age of Shakespeare" can hardly fail to be a remarkable book.

* * *

MAJOR MARTIN HUME has just finished a book called "Two English Queens and a Spanish King," which will be published by Messrs. Methuen in the early autumn. It is a history, drawn entirely from contemporary sources, of the efforts made by Philip II. to obtain control of English policy during the period from the death of Edward VI. to the catastrophe of the Armada. The relations during thirty years between Philip and Mary and Elizabeth are dealt with fully, and the gradual decline of Spain is explained as an inevitable consequence of the impossibility of maintaining the traditional alliance between England and the House of Burgundy in the new circumstances created by the adhesion of England to the Reformation. Much new information will be contained in the book with regard to Philip's action as King Consort of England and his life whilst here, the efforts he made to win popularity in England, and the consequent jealousy and disappointment of his own Spanish courtiers. The narrative also relates the personal efforts of Philip's various agents in England to attain their ends at first by pacific means, then by the promotion of rebellion and the plots for the murder of Elizabeth, and, lastly, by the attempted invasion and conquest. The material for this part of the story is drawn from the Spanish diplomatic correspondence which Major Hume has calendared for the Record Office, and from other contemporary manuscripts. Major Hume's former books prove that he does not belong to the school that regards dullness as essential to a serious historical work. His coming volume may, therefore, be expected to be entertaining as well as scholarly and authoritative.

* * *

AN unknown work by Ibsen has recently been discovered, and will probably be included in an edition of his unpublished pieces which is now in preparation. The title of the new discovery is "Song at Akershus," Akershus being the name of a fortress in Christiania. It dates from Ibsen's early years, and is in form a romantic tale. A plan for transforming Ibsen's house into an Ibsen museum has been put forward of late, and is said to have met with support, but Madame Ibsen, who still lives there, thinks that the time has hardly come for realising the project. Ibsen was fond of art, although perhaps no very fastidious critic, and his house contains a fairly large—not remarkable—collection of pictures, and, of course, numerous objects intimately connected with his life and work. It was furnished in his lifetime in a rather formal French style, hard and cold, but elegant.

* * *

As a sort of companion volume to his "Memories of Eight Parliaments," Mr. Henry W. Lucy has just completed a book of private reminiscences which will be issued in the autumn by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The book should be full of interest. All Parliamentary men of note during the last thirty years have known Mr. Lucy, and he has known them, and his luncheon table has long been one of the most interesting of their resorts. He has also the rare gift of the diarist. The opening chapters will appear in the July "Cornhill Magazine" under the title "Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way."

* * *

ALTHOUGH the Australian bushrangers have formed the theme of innumerable novels—Boldrewood's "Robbery Under Arms" and Henry Kingsley's "Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn" will occur to everybody—no authentic account of their exploits seems to have been published. The subject is, however, to be dealt with in "The Story of the Australian Bushrangers," by Mr. G. E. Boxall, a book which Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue within the next few weeks. While of considerable interest for the light which it throws upon the old transportation system, the book should also appeal strongly to all lovers of sensational adventure. The careers of Pierce the Cannibal, of Jacky Jacky, the gentleman bushranger, of John Lynch, are as exciting as any novel, and these are only a few of the worthies dealt with by Mr. Boxall.

* * *

THE same publisher is about to issue an English edition of a Socialist novel by Mr. Ellison Harding, an American writer, which has had a great success in the United States. It attempts to describe a state of society in which Socialism has triumphed, and the author's aim has been to bring out the fact that the idea of the Socialistic state is not a cast-iron Utopia, but is continually undergoing development. The title of the English edition will be "The Woman Who Vowed."

* * *

MANY of the ladies who enlivened the Court of Louis XIV. can at least claim the posthumous merit of having given rise to a number of readable biographies. Louise de la Vallière, who preceded Madame de Montespan in the affections of the Grand Monarque, is known to most readers from her engaging but rather shadowy appearance in Dumas' pages. An excellent biography of Louise de la Vallière, by M. Jules Lair, has appeared in French, and as Messrs. Hutchinson are bringing out a translation in a few weeks, English readers will have an opportunity of learning the true facts about the lady whom Dumas made the playfellow and *fiancée* of Raoul de Bragelonne until the young Louis fell in love with her.

* * *

A WRITER in the current "Quarterly Review" remarks that "in the English language there will soon be as many monographs on Napoleon as there are German treatises on Hamlet." There certainly seems to be no slackening of the amazing interest shown in whatever bears even remotely upon Napoleon's career. Indeed, the demand for books in any way relating to him seems to be on the increase, and publishers are not slow to gratify this taste. Messrs. Methuen, for instance, have in preparation two important works, "The Men Bonapartes," by Mr. A. H. Atteridge, and "The Women Bonapartes," by Mr. H. Noel Williams, which will be published during the autumn. A feature of both books is to be the illustrations, which are to be many in number and carefully chosen.

* * *

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY asks us to say that "Villa Rubein," announced as a new book on this page, is an early novel which was published by him under a pseudonym in 1900. It is now to be published in America for the first time with the author's name. This led to our mistake.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Making of Ireland and its Undoing, 1200 to 1600." By Alice Stopford Green. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"The Works of W. E. Henley." (David Nutt. 7 vols. Two guineas net the set.)

"Essays, Political and Biographical." By Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B. Edited, with a Memoir, by Francis Holland. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Daughter of Louis XVI.: Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte de France, Duchesse d'Angoulême." By G. Lenotre. Translated by J. Lewis May. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Empire of the East." By H. B. Montgomery. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Peru." By C. Reginald Enock. With an Introduction by Martin Hume. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Red Lily." By Anatole France. Translated by Winifred Stephens. (Lane. 6s.)

"Captain Margaret." A Romance. By John Masefield. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire." Par G. Lenotre. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)

"Boccace: Poète, Conteur, Moraliste, Homme Politique." Par E. Rodocanachi. (Paris: Hachette. 7fr. 50.)

"Le Vaisseau des Caresses." Roman. Par Jules Bois. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)

"Heine und seine Witz." Von E. Eckertz. (Berlin. M.4.)

"F. H. Jacobi, sein Leben, seine Philosophie, und seine Zeit." Von Dr. F. A. Schmid. (Berlin. M.9.)

Reviews.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.*

The impact caused by our country upon three Frenchmen so potential as Voltaire, Rousseau, and Montesquieu is a worthy subject for independent study. It might be treated in a variety of ways. The blend of two cognate systems of common sense, the philosophic consequences of the fusion, the point of view of comparative or evolutionary literature, might easily have been given a front rank in such a volume. Professor Collins is content to emphasise the biographical interest first of all. He considers the visits of the great philosophers as episodes in their careers, and he uses the episodes to reflect a little light upon certain aspects of English society when the century was in full swing. The obvious and common-sense method of treatment is, perhaps, after all the best. For as Mr. Birrell truthfully says, it is often so much easier to be odd, intense, overwise, enigmatic, than to be sensible, simple, and to see the plain truth about things. Mr. Collins sees the plain truth and puts it forcibly. He has put the same case to us before, and never without a frank and positive insistence upon the facts which he wishes us to underline. He sets the matter before us more fully, and, if possible, more conclusively, in the present volume, with three nice portraits and two indifferent views of Wooton Hall—at least, Mr. Collins calls it Wooton, the illustrator calls it by a name of his own.

To parallel the importance of what these three Frenchmen thought of England we should have in the nineteenth century to evoke Renan, Taine, and Hugo. The sum total of what Rousseau, Renan, and Hugo thought about England could be enclosed in a small parcel, but with Montesquieu and with Taine, and, above all, with Voltaire, the case is quite otherwise. Voltaire it was, of course, who set the example of crossing the Channel to take a graduate course in natural and political philosophy. Descartes, Pascal, and Leibnitz were great abstract thinkers, no doubt, but for modern applications and uses all Europe must henceforth sit at the feet of Newton, Locke, and Bolingbroke. The revelation is the more remarkable, inasmuch as sixty years had barely elapsed since the *Roi Soleil* had instructed his ambassador in England to make inquiries about the native literature, in very much the sort of terms that a government might instruct a consul at the present day to collect the runes of a remote island of Polynesia. The result in this case was the discovery of an epic poet preferred by the bigoted self-love of the rude Englanders to Corneille himself. His politics were unspeakably savage, and his chief work was a poetical Leviathan in the style of Du Bartas on the Fall of Man! Voltaire changed all this so completely that it became as much a practice of Frenchmen to take lessons in English liberty, and to breathe the strong air of equality before the law over here, as later in the century it became the practice of popular native writers, such as Hume and Smollett and Sterne, to ratify their reputations in Paris. But Voltaire went further than this when he decided that he would prosecute his observations to the point of focusing and summarising once for all the distinctive peculiarities of our national character. Shakespeare and the character writers, not to speak of Arbuthnot and Swift, had already attempted something of the sort, but it had never amounted to much beyond a caricature, brilliant or satiric it might be even to the point of genius, but never much more than a thumbnail sketch. Burke once said that you could not frame an indictment against a whole nation, and the same might be said of a normal national type. Voltaire, however, attempted it, and, in making the endeavour, initiated a type of literary composition far more amusing than convincing.

No type of book of the more recently evolved and complex order is more attractive to a student of history and human nature than this offshoot of the department of topography and travel. Few recent works have had more enthusiastic advocates, perhaps, than such as Taine's "Notes on England," the chapters which Mr. Bryce devotes to the colour and character of American life, Wallace's chapters on Russian idiosyncrasies, Smith's "Chinese Characteristics," Fielding Hall's "Soul of a People," Hamerton's "French and English"; a good many others could easily be cited, but these will suffice. Voltaire conspicuously set the fashion of making national character a thread on which to hang a series of observations on human life, penetrating, humorous, sardonic, epigrammatic, and occasionally wise. To a large extent he invented the Continental convention of the English character and the English climate. The Englishman became the typical eccentric and hypochondriac, the typical thinker and the practical man, and the politician *par excellence*. As to English history, "the hangman should be their historian, for he has generally settled their disputes," and he compared our countrymen to a hogshead of their own strong beer, the top of it froth, the bottom dregs, and the middle excellent. The praise of these laudatory foreigners, it must be admitted, is generally double-edged, and often rather cruelly so. We remember a Frenchman in conversation laying stress upon the fact that the English clergy were the most respectable in the world. And, when we pressed for further elucidation, his point was that their money credit was superior to that of any other priests, and would carry them farther in any strange house of entertainment. Very similar is Voltaire's praise when he insists that the English clergy are more virtuous than the ecclesiastics of France. English clergymen are educated, he points out, in the comparative simplicity and rustic remoteness of Oxford or Cambridge; it is late in life before they can reach the dignities of the Church, and by that time they have scarcely any other passion but avarice. Their manners are so awkward, and their opportunities for intrigue are so few, that it is a usual thing in England for a bishop, perforce, to be content with his own wife. Well-beneficed clergymen may go to taverns, for custom allows it, but if they get intoxicated, they will do so in a serious way which will cause no scandal whatsoever. Hearing stories of the licentious habits of French abbés, the Englishman may well shudder and thank God he is a Protestant. Commencing with his experience of Greenwich Fair one fine evening, and the King's birthday, when he took England for another Garden of Eden, Voltaire's impressions of England are persistently funny, flattering, penetrating, and amusing: but they bear evidence in every line of the absurdly narrow *a priori* basis upon which all such generalisations are founded. Who can read Emerson's "English Traits" without blushing at the disparity between Emerson's Englishman and the average Englishman of reality. Many good parodies of Taine's English notes have been penned, but none more exquisitely comic than some of his *bonâ-fide* observations upon subjects so little remote from his regular sphere of understanding as Oxford and Cambridge. Smollett's coarse abuse of the French in his Notes on France and Italy is perhaps not more extravagant than the eulogy of Taine, yet it provokes Frenchmen of to-day to convulsive laughter. The notes accumulated by Buckle for his drastic and comprehensive generalisations upon the Dutch, French, Scotch, and Spanish character are instructive from this point of view, and remind us of a clever French writer who reared a highly complex synthetic study of English characteristics from a placard exposed in the window of a small eating-house in the Tottenham Court Road, bearing the inscription: "As nice as mother makes it." The dangers and absurdities of jumping to conclusions about national character have led many thinkers into contradictory extravagances. Thus Jean Finot, in his able book on National Prejudice, came to the conclusion that national character was a thing so elusive and elastic as to become practically a nonentity. And he was almost justified by some of the attempts he made to elicit precisely what constituted the famous *esprit français*. To get it in its perfection, one man of letters wrote, you must apply to the English philosopher Hamilton, the Swiss Rousseau, the Italian De Maistre, the German Heine, the mulatto Dumas. The greatest French writers, such as Rabelais, Michelet, and Hugo, are singularly lacking in the sense of the mean, the nice taste and the lucidity which are supposed to be the infallible differentiating signs of it. Constant, Prevost, and Lamarck anticipated at many points Lyell and Darwin; it was the superior clearness and precision of the English writers which achieved for them the superior credit of discovery.

* "Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England." By Professor J. Churton Collins. Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d. net.

Such contradictions of received generalisations might be multiplied to any extent, and have led Hamerton erroneously, as it seems to us, to minimise the discrepancy between national types, and other more paradoxical speculators to turn the accepted symbols upside down. According to this theory, the typical Irishman is the cold, contemptuous, practical, impregnable Wellington, the typical Englishman is Lord Nelson. John Bull is the very image of your Welshman, while the perfervid Scot is an equal mixture of Figaro and Nick Frog. The results of all these attempts to depict national character are slender enough when the purpose in hand is not either compliment or abuse, but serious historic or ethnic study. But the form is an excellent one for an agreeable variety of literary exercises and diversions. In these Voltaire bears a highly distinguished part, and what he said of us, whether true or false, can be shown to have influenced the destinies and ideals of half Europe. What Montesquieu derived from England was mainly book knowledge and all that survives of the personal contact may be summed in one or two epigrams such as that "one should travel in Germany, sojourn in Italy, and think in England." Voltaire said more flatteringly that he half believed he was really meant to be an Englishman. Rousseau in England was a man dwelling not among facts and persons, but among dreams and illusions. He might just as well have sojourned in Kamschatka for all that he mastered of English usages or characteristics. Neither instruction nor amusement is derivable from the narration, but there are the elements of a painful story of mental derangement such as the author of "Dr. Austin's Guests" might have interpreted for us, and of these Professor Collins has made the most.

THE CONQUEST OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.*

Some of us had almost forgotten that the route for ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the north of America has been conquered for the first time by a brave Norwegian. On the monument in Waterloo Place is inscribed: "To Franklin and his brave companions who sacrificed their lives in completing the discovery of the North-West Passage. A.D. 1847-8." This inscription is inaccurate inasmuch as it gives an erroneous impression that the discovery of the North-West Passage was "completed" by Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions. Captain Amundsen was the first man to conduct an expedition successfully through Davis and Rae Straits along the north coast of Canada to Behring Strait. This book is a document of absorbing interest. Franklin and the Franklin expedition proved that a strip of open sea bathed the whole coast of North America, but neither Franklin nor his many skilled and hardy successors succeeded in tearing away the dark veil of mystery until Amundsen, in a herring boat launched thirty-two years ago, won the prize of victory. The desire to reach the Pacific Ocean by the North-West Passage has inflamed many noble minds. For nearly a hundred years, the British Parliament offered twenty thousand pounds for the discovery. The Royal Navy made many stirring and all but successful attempts to claim the money. From 1743 to 1818 the reward was unconditional, and in the latter year it was modified by a promise of £5,000 when 110°, 120°, or 130° West longitude should be passed. One of these payments was made to Sir E. Parry. Eight Englishmen were knighted for their efforts to navigate the North-West Passage, but Parry, Franklin, Ross, Back, Richardson, McClure, Nares, and McClintock successively failed where a young Norwegian skipper with six men in a herring boat has succeeded. Captain Amundsen does not tell us these things in his book, but they are true. He credits Franklin with signal capacity, but admits that the hopes of success confidently looked for from the expedition of the "Erebus" and the "Terror" were not realised. Amundsen attributes to Admiral Sir R. Collinson and to Dr. John Rae especial credit for the most important steps towards the final achievement of the North-West Passage. Sir Richard Collinson appears to him to have been "one of the most capable and enterprising sailors that the world has ever produced." It was Collinson and not Franklin who found the North-West Passage both practical and navigable for vessels of the size of the "Gjoa"—Amundsen's boat—but not for ordinary navigation. Dr. John Rae's work is admitted by the author to have been of "incalculable value to the 'Gjoa' expedition," while Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock predicted that if the North-West Passage were ever accomplished it would be through the channel discovered by Rae. Captain Amundsen writes of his predecessors and competitors with taste and modesty, and thus wins the sympathy of his readers.

The conquest of the North-West Passage was victory by the higher discipline. The crew of the "Gjoa" was a republic. Strict laws and red tape were banned. The work was done under a system of freedom. Every one was independent in his own sphere.

> "This," says Amundsen of the greatest of naval and military problems, "creates among sensible people a voluntary spirit of discipline of far greater value than enforced rules. Every one thus obtained the consciousness that he is a man who is depended upon as a thinking being and not as a wound-up machine. The zeal for work is doubled and so is the work itself. I can recommend to all the system adopted on board the 'Gjoa.' My comrades also seemed to value it, and the voyage of the 'Gjoa' was far more like a holiday trip of comrades than the prelude to a serious struggle lasting for years."

We have no space to describe the nature of that "serious struggle."

To accomplish that which brave men of all nations have vainly tried to do for centuries is, in itself, a distinction sufficient to place Amundsen in the ranks of Immortals from Drake to Nansen. To discover and determine by prolonged observation the magnetic North Pole is also a splendid service to science and humanity, but the most impressive feature in Amundsen's story is the unconscious self-revelation of victory over natural inclinations and the wisdom and gentleness that characterised his dealings no less with his companions than with the Esquimaux. The most interesting part of the book is contained in the chapters describing the inhabitants of the North-American coast-line and islands. When uncontaminated with civilisation they seem to be a simple and trustworthy, though an extraordinarily filthy, people. Amundsen won their confidence, learned enough of their language to obtain some knowledge of their ideas, and is able to carry us several thousand years back into the stone age, where manners and customs are determined by other considerations than those of fashion or taste. The Esquimaux mother performs the toilet of her baby as a cat treats a kitten, by licking it all over. They lick everything they wish to clean—these Esquimaux—even the teacups, when picking up the rudiments of civilisation.

The psychological moment arrived when Amundsen was off watch and had turned in below. He had been asleep some time when he became conscious of a rushing to and fro on deck and felt annoyed that his people should go on like that for the matter of a bear or a seal. Then Lieutenant Hansen came rushing down into the cabin and called out the ever memorable words:—

> "'Vessel in sight, Sir.'"

Amundsen says:—

> "He bolted again immediately, and I was alone.
> "The North-West Passage had been accomplished—my dream from childhood. This very moment it was fulfilled. I had a peculiar sensation in my throat; I was somewhat overworked and tired, and I suppose that it was weakness on my part, but I could feel tears coming to my eyes. 'Vessel in sight!' The words were magical. My home and those dear to me there at once appeared to me as if stretching out their hands—Vessel in sight!"

The vessel in sight is an American whaler, commanded by the senior Captain of the whaling fleet. She hails from San Francisco. The "Gjoa's" crew receives a present of potatoes and onions which became the centre of joy, dashed, however, by the report of war having broken out between Norway and Sweden. How Amundsen struggled through three Polar winters, how he and his fellows killed seals and bears, built snow huts, and conquered the forces of the inscrutable North, will be found in this book. Amundsen is a great commander, and reveals a personality of singular charm. The book is well illustrated and well printed, and ranks with the best books of travel.

* "The North-West Passage." By Roald Amundsen. Constable. 31s. 6d. net.

LONDON IN THE 'FORTIES.*

When Mr. David Masson wrote his life of Milton, that great monument to a great man which we count among the glories of Victorian literature, it was frequently charged against it that the book was too long. Mr. James Russell Lowell, in particular, complained bitterly of the prodigious canvas that the author had used with which to present the poet of Puritanism. Be that as it may, Mr. Masson made up by an even undue restraint in the years that followed. There was no superfluity of words in his charming little book on Chatterton, nothing redundant in his "Life of De Quincey," or, indeed, in his finely edited set of De Quincey's writings; and now that he is dead one regrets that the first book published under his name is all too short. Of late years we have had many lengthy biographies and autobiographies of distinguished men who have been our contemporaries. Most of these books have been prodigious. Some of them made tedious reading. Six months after their publication they have frequently become mere waste paper. But there is not a dull page in "Memories of London in the 'Forties," as edited from her father's papers by Miss Flora Masson. One suspects a little, from casual notes, that the daughter has used the pruning knife too much. What remains is, however, delightful. There is a picture of Carlyle as we like to think of him. It shows him to us in his home with his wife by his side—the learned, sardonic man, the witty, sarcastic woman. Mr. Masson discovered in the lady a certain physical resemblance to Voltaire, and not a little of his nature. One learns from Masson, as from so many other quarters, that the two were really a devoted couple, in spite of the quips and cranks that misled Mr. Froude so entirely, and tempted a genius lacking in humor and discernment to a picture that for a time did real damage to Carlyle's memory. Here, also, we have by far the best portrait we have seen of John Carlyle, the admiring elder brother, who survives for us in his admirable translation of Dante's "Inferno."

From the chapter on the eating-houses of London one learns that Mr. Masson, who spent a large part of his life in and about Fleet Street in the 'forties, was only twice in The Cheshire Cheese. He does not tell us whether the tradition about Dr. Johnson's association with that hostelry had then been invented. Cyrus Redding's "Recollections," which first gave currency to the idea, were not published until the 'fifties. With so great a multitude of taverns around Fleet Street, there was no special reason why Johnson should have entered The Cheshire Cheese, and certainly there is no contemporary statement that he did so. Mr. Masson recalls a note in Peter Cunningham's "Handbook of London" concerning another restaurant. "For a chop or steak and a mealy potato," says Cunningham, "there is no place like Joe's in Finch Lane, Cornhill, but the beer is bad." He wonders whether the blame outweighed the praise in the eyes of the proprietor. But he himself does an injustice to another tavern. He records his frequent visits to the Cock when it was on the right-hand side of Fleet Street, stepping westward, at the time when Tennyson had written about its "plump head waiter" and praised its port. He suggests that it is extinct to-day; that the Cock has crowed his last. This is far from being the case. Most of the old furniture was removed to the opposite side of Fleet Street, and the Cock, whether the same bird or another we do not know, still shines resplendent in brass over the doorway. Budding barristers and busy journalists still partake of their noonday meals on the quaint, old benches upon which Tennyson and Masson may have sat; and, indeed, we have seen in these very rooms men who were to become Cabinet Ministers and judges while the rest of us still languish in the byways of journalism.

Many amusing stories are scattered through this volume, of which the following may be taken as an example:—

> "Two boys of strict Free Church parentage and upbringing in a Scottish town were comparing iniquities. One boasted that he had furtively been at a circus-show. 'Ah, but I have done worse than that,' said the other, 'for I have been once in the pit at the theatre and twice in the Established Kirk.'"

Mr. Masson gives us interesting glimpses of the London that he saw from Down Street, Piccadilly, where he lodged during those years. Perhaps, however, the best chapter in his book is that devoted to Mazzini, to whose single-minded enthusiasm of humanity he does full justice. The account, indeed, of the struggle of Italy for freedom throughout the life of Mazzini is most succinctly described, and Mazzini's share in that effort quite brilliantly stated. One wonders in reading this that the author could have been charged with treating another great fighter for liberty, John Milton, with too great a redundancy of words. Masson did not apparently know, however, of the great quarrel between Mazzini and Giovanni Ruffini, the novelist, whose work, "Dr. Antonio," is still read with interest. Yet there was such a quarrel, for which Ruffini was entirely to blame.

The final chapter of this pleasant book is devoted to London clubs, to some account of "Our Club" and of "The Garrick," of meetings with Thackeray, with Dickens, with Douglas Jerrold, and many another distinguished man who flourished in the 'forties. It was in Clubland that he met Mr. T. K. Hervey, who asked him to contribute to "The Athenæum" with the remark: "When I send you a book, say exactly what you think of it; and if you don't like it, if you think it bad, say so—even if it should be my own brother's." That "even if" recalls to us that Rogers once observed to a friend, "Why, you and Mr. —— live like two brothers." He replied, "God forbid!" In any case the most exacting critic would find it hard to withhold almost unqualified praise from "Memories of London in the 'Forties," although the notes are redundant and there is no index.

* "Memories of London in the 'Forties." By David Masson. Arranged for publication and annotated by his daughter, Flora Masson. Blackwood. 3s. 6d. net.

A STUDY OF SIN.*

Madame Viebig has, it is said, the reputation in Germany of being one of the most sober and accomplished of women novelists. For her novel, "The Sleeping Host," a study of an emigrant German peasant family in Poland, she has won, we are told, a position little inferior to that held by Thomas Hardy among us. It is a pity that Mr. Raahange has not prefixed to his translation a short critical account of Madame Viebig's writings, as our English public, not to speak of our reviewers, not infrequently judge a foreign work of art on too low a plane, æsthetic and spiritual. "Absolution" is not a novel for babes or sucklings, and, indeed, we do not commend its pages, some of which are terrible in their force, to any but cultivated and mature minds. But the best class of readers will be grateful for this sombre study of a woman's temptation and yielding to commit a nigh unforgivable crime.

Of the two attitudes to sin which may yield good fruit, the first is the healthy attitude of giving it a wide berth, and the second, which is very rare, is of understanding it. The superiority of the latter is that while humanising us by bringing us nearer to the sinner, it lays bare for us the whole chain of circumstances and causes which have generated the crime. And the man who has fathomed the dark workings of a criminal impulse is the last man likely to feel any attraction in the crime. In this respect, "Absolution," which is a boldly realistic, pure work of art, is extremely moral in its fidelity to life. We see Mrs. Tiralla's sin less as something monstrous and abnormal, than something of which even the finest among us carry the dormant seeds, and we realise that the sudden impulse and the violent fruit of a crime are of merely sensational interest in comparison with the slow sapping and undermining of principle all along the invading route of the waning and waxing temptation. In Mrs. Tiralla's case, her intense desire that her unattractive husband, whom she hates, shall die, and her abortive efforts to remove him by poison, spring from her mother's sin, who has sold her as a pious young girl of sixteen, "sold her like one sells a young calf," to the coarse, elderly, rich farmer, Mr. Tiralla. Her mother's sin has been generated by poverty, and the crime against nature which Mrs. Tiralla's marriage entails, is punished by fifteen years of suffering, during which the girl's acute wretchedness slowly crystallises into intense hate. The authoress has contrived, with admirable skill, to indicate how Mrs. Tiralla's feverish hunger for the happiness of love denied her, her ecstatic power of ardent religious fervour, her nervous in-

* "Absolution." By Clara Viebig. Translated by H. Raahange. John Lane. 6s.

READY NEXT TUESDAY.

MISCELLANIES. FOURTH SERIES.

By JOHN MORLEY.

Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Contains papers on Machiavelli and Guicciardini, John Stuart Mill, and other pieces.

MRS. J. R. GREEN'S NEW BOOK.

The Making of Ireland and its Undoing. 1200-1600.

By ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. With Map. 8vo, 10s. net.

These studies open up an entirely new field of Irish history. The book presents a cumulative picture of Irish civilisation from 1200 to 1600, and explains how it happened that this civilisation has been ignored, denied, and finally forgotten.

The Government of England.

By Professor A. LAWRENCE LOWELL. In Two Vols. 8vo, 17s. net.

An exhaustive examination of the English political system and the processes by which it has come into being. The author has been assisted in his work by many eminent English writers and statesmen.

Impressions of India.

By SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P. Crown 8vo, 3s. net. [*Tuesday.*

Records the impressions of a visit to India during the past winter and discusses Hindu unrest, the North-West frontier, education, and many other aspects of Indian life.

1908 ISSUE NOW READY.

The Statesman's Year-Book.

Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D. With Maps. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The Story of the Guides.

By Col. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B., Queen's Own Corps of Guides. With Illustrations, 2nd Impression. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

United Service Magazine:—"To say more about this charming book is needless, except that every man and woman should read it."

By SIR CHARLES SANTLEY.

The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation.

By SIR CHARLES SANTLEY. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

A book of instruction of the highest value to the student, with interesting personal recollections of a brilliant professional career extending over sixty years.

VOLUME IV. OF THE NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.

Edited by J. A. FULLER MAITLAND, M.A. In five Volumes 8vo.—Vol. IV., Q—S., 21s. net. Previously published—Vol. I., A—E; Vol. II., F—L; Vol. III., M—P.; 21s. net each.

H.M.I. Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools.

By E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, formerly H.M.I. North-West Division. 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

The Athenæum:—"He has provided in this volume, which is a treasury of good stories excellently told, a delightfully humorous account of the daily experiences of a more or less vagrant official."

Sicily in Fable, History, Art, and Song.

By WALTER COPLAND PERRY. With Maps. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

The Wheat Among the Tares.

STUDIES OF BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.

By REV. A. LLOYD, M.A. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Published for the Research Defence Society.

EVIDENCE OF LORD JUSTICE FLETCHER MOULTON before the Royal Commission on Vivisection, July 24th, 1907. Sewed, 1s. net.

THE EXTINCTION OF MALTA FEVER. (A Lesson in the Use of Animal Experiment.)

By COLONEL DAVID BRUCE, C.B., M.B., D.Sc. Sewed, 3d.

MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., LONDON.

NOW READY. At all Libraries and Bookshops.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

BY

ROALD AMUNDSEN.

BEING THE RECORD OF A VOYAGE OF EXPLORATION OF THE SHIP GJÖA, 1903-1907.

With 140 Illustrations and 3 Maps.

Two Volumes. 31/6 net.

The *Observer* says: "The two splendid volumes which tell the story of the threading of the North-West Passage will, of course, rank among the classics of Arctic adventure, and since Amundsen and his companions quietly achieved at last what Franklin has so greatly dreamed, the book is of more interest to Englishmen than to other nations."

THE LATER YEARS OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI. By EDITH SICHEL. Uniform with "Catherine de Medici and the French Reformation." Illustrated. 15s. net.

SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORD AND MONMOUTH. By A. G. BRADLEY, author of "Highways and Byways in the Lake District," "North and South Wales," etc. With sketches of the country by W. M. MEREDITH, and a map. 5s. net.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

GLAMORGAN AND GOWER. With sketches of the country by W. M. Meredith, and a map. 3s. 6d. net.

In response to a wide demand "In the March and Borderland of Wales" has been reprinted in two separate volumes, after being revised by Mr. A. G. BRADLEY.

BY THAMES AND COTSWOLD. Sketches of the country, by WILLIAM HOLDEN HUTTON, B.D., Fellow of St. John Baptist College, Oxford. Cheaper edition, revised throughout and with four new chapters. With over 100 Illustrations by W. M. MEREDITH. Demy 8vo, 5s. net.

NEW 6/- NOVELS.

PAULINE.

By W. E. NORRIS, Author of "The Square Peg."

MAROTZ. By JOHN AYSCOUGH, author of "Admonition."

"One of the most striking novels of the year. A book worth reading, and to be read."—*British Weekly.*

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By R. W. CHAMBERS. Author of "The Younger Set," "The Fighting Chance," &c.

"Those who followed the fortunes of Philip Selwyn and Eileen (in "The Younger Set") will gladly meet their compeers in 'The Tree of Heaven.'"—*Literary World.*

ROSE MACLEOD. By ALICE BROWN, Author of "The County Road," "King's End," etc.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR'S NEW NOVEL

KITTY TAILLEUR

Will be published on Tuesday Next.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co. Ltd.

10 Orange Street, LONDON, W.C.

tensity and refinement, all work together, with her misery, to deaden and annihilate her moral perceptions. It is a most remarkable feat of the creative imagination this placing us so intimately in relation with Mrs. Tiralla's despair, hatred, fervour, and devotion, that while we shudder at her mental processes, we can identify ourselves readily, and must, perforce, sympathise with her moods. Although the majority of English readers may dismiss the subject hastily as too painful or "repulsive," "Absolution" is one of those rare books which deepen and fortify the sense of our common humanity. Given this woman's temperament, her cold pride, her glowing ardours, her capacity for hatred, her spiritual exaltation, her mismating with her coarse, dense, stupid husband is bound logically to result in tragedy. How could this tragic web of sin and suffering have been averted? This is the moral problem to be considered, one that perpetually arises when the rigid framework of social law clashes with the inexorable laws of nature. The authoress is clearly of opinion that her Catholic faith, so far from hindering Mrs. Tiralla in her crime, is used by her as a sort of sleeping partner in her sin. The study of religious ecstasy in the dreamy girl, Röschen, Mrs. Tiralla's daughter, gives a meaning depth of tone to the picture, suggesting that in a neurotic family stock only a hair's breadth may divide the good impulse from the bad, and that the pressure of circumstance to which conduct reacts determines whether the saint in us shall give place to the sinner.

Turning from the moral problems raised by the novel from which both divines and doctors may learn a great deal, the psychological intensity of the book is masterly. Mr. Tiralla, this coarse, good-natured, stupid husband, who is infatuated over his Sophia, and knowing, subconsciously, of her desire to poison him, is yet hypnotised by his passion into giving the poison into her hands, is drawn with an extraordinary sureness of touch. The scenes between the uneasy and suspicious man, who fears to probe his own thoughts, and the coaxing, terrible woman, who changes from hour to hour, desperate, ingratiating, remorseful, gay, now "longing for innocence and purity, for a blameless, peaceful life," have the force of nature. The persistence of the woman's fixed idea of living a good and innocent life, *after* the happiness has come to her for which she is scheming, is the corner-stone of her crime. Once this is firmly laid, stone by stone does the edifice of her guilty impulses rise till there is no possible solution for her but that Mr. Tiralla *must* die, *somehow* his death must be brought about. Sin breeds sin, and the village schoolmaster, little Böhnke, who comes nightly to drink with the farmer, becomes a pliant instrument in Mrs. Tiralla's hands; then the handsome young Martin Becker, who comes to stay at the farm, in his turn is filled with pity for "the poor, dear woman," whom he yearns "to carry away from all this foulness," and at last Mrs. Tiralla drinks of the love for the sake of which she has descended into hell, and dragged her family after her. But still Mr. Tiralla refuses to die. By the irony of life it is his wife who saves him from suicide.

The title of the novel "Absolution" must, we think, be meant to bring home to us that the only absolution for our sins lies in our sufferings. And if the reader sets to work to picture the mental agony that Mrs. Tiralla lives in night and day, he, too, will echo the closing sentence: "Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis." It is from her suffering that her sin springs, and it is through it that she is absolved, when her husband lies dead by his own hand, and her lover has fled away. The justice of man would be superfluous here, and nothing could strike deeper than the divine mercy.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Shakespeare Apocrypha," edited by Mr. C. F. Tucker Brooke (Clarendon Press, 5s. net), is a real boon to students of Elizabethan drama. It contains the fourteen plays which can, "without entire absurdity," be included in the "doubtfully Shakespearian class." These plays vary greatly in literary merit, "Arden of Feversham" being, as Mr. Swinburne said, a tragic masterpiece, while "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and "Locrine" contain passages of rare poetical beauty. Others, such as "Mucedorus" and "Fair Em," are specimens of Elizabethan drama at its worst, though Mr. Brooke tells us that both of them were bound together into a volume for the library of Charles II., with the label, "Shakespeare. Vol. I." Mr. Brooke seems to us somewhat hasty in ascribing "The Two Noble Kinsmen" to Massinger and Fletcher. So ripe a Shakespearian scholar as Professor Dowden upholds the Shakespearian authorship of some portions, and this view finds strong support from the metrical tests. In some respects one of the most interesting plays in the collection is "Sir Thomas More," which was discovered in a mutilated manuscript in the British Museum as late as 1844, and first printed by Dyce for the Shakespeare Society. The play is of value, apart from its artistic merit, for the glimpses it gives of Elizabethan domestic life, particularly in the scene where More is pictured in the midst of his family circle. Of the way in which Mr. Brooke has edited the plays there can be nothing but praise. His introduction is both fresh and scholarly, his text wisely conservative—all variants, not purely orthographic, in accessible sixteenth and seventeenth century editions and later emendations of value being registered in the footnotes. His explanatory notes have the great merit of brevity, and he adds a fine bibliography of works bearing upon the subject. We may note that Mr. Charles Crawford's articles on "Arden of Feversham," "Locrine," and "Selimus," referred in the bibliography to various periodicals, were issued in volume form by the Shakespeare Head Press in 1906. Both in plan and execution this edition of "The Shakespeare Apocrypha" is a contribution to English literature of sterling value, for which Mr. Brooke is entitled to the warmest thanks of students.

* * *

The autobiography of a man who, retiring from the Navy with the rank of captain after twenty-one years' service, entered Oxford as a married undergraduate, took two first classes, was elected Professor of Modern History, and remained for many years a unique figure in the academic and ecclesiastical life of Oxford, could hardly fail to be an interesting record. But, interesting as is the "Autobiography of Montagu Burrows, Captain R.N." (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net), the title raises hopes that are not fulfilled. Most of the book is taken up with an account of Burrows' life in the Navy, which, though readable and full of incident, is far less attractive than are the two concluding chapters which tell of "the Commander's" career at Oxford. Like other writers on the subject, Burrows describes the Navy in early Victorian times as "vicious and debased." There was much drinking, discipline was poor, and an officer who took his profession seriously found himself one of a small minority. Before Burrows retired from the service a change had set in, and most of his strictures would be unnecessary to-day. The happiest part of Burrows' life began when he entered Oxford. Though already of middle age, he took a first class in classics and in history, and settled down as a coach. He might now have seemed to have reached the summit of his academic ambitions, but in 1862, when the Chichele Professorship of Modern History was instituted, Burrows was appointed to the chair, although Froude, Freeman, and Stubbs were candidates. Bishop Wilberforce seems to have been responsible for this piece of flagrant jobbery. As a sturdy High Churchman averse from "ritualistic nonsense," and a violent Tory throwing himself heart and soul into University and general politics, Burrows filled his post to the entire satisfaction of those who engineered his appointment. Whether his tenure of the Professorship advanced the study of history at Oxford may be doubted. He was, however, a picturesque and breezy figure, honest, uncompromising, and kindly, and if he was not an ideal don he certainly was a popular one. "He was," says his son, who edits the autobiography, "accorded a University funeral, perhaps unique in the fact that the sword of a naval officer reposed on the coffin of a Professor, and that the flags at Portsmouth were dipped for a Fellow of All Souls."

* * *

Miss Winifred Stephens' object in "French Novelists of To-day" (Lane, 5s. net) seems to have been to bring English readers into touch with the work of the best living French novelists. From this point of view her book is an undoubted success. The eight writers she chooses, with the

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON **BIBLE** WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from **6d. to £10.**

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

406 pages, 8vo, cloth, 2s. post free.

HEAVEN AND HELL:

Things Heard and Seen.

By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER wrote:—"There is one grand and beautiful idea underlying all Swedenborg's revelations or speculations about the future life. His remarkably suggestive books are becoming familiar to the reading and reflecting portion of the community."

LONDON: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1, Bloomsbury St.

NOW READY

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Midsummer Term Number.

CONTENTS:

A NEW POEM BY

GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M.

ENTITLED—**THE CALL**

Military Memoirs of a Confederate Col. Gordon McCabe

The Nation: Oxford & Cambridge - J. A. Venn

A Russian Mystery Play - - Hon. Maurice Baring

The Last Great Fight at Eton A. G. D. Crawshay

The Croatian Deadlock - - - V. Hussey Walsh

Humanism True and False - - - - G. M. Young

The Glories of Salamanca Don Julius César Sanchez

The Frenchwoman of the Eighteenth Century R. F. Smalley

The Nature and Function of Poetry Maurice Browne

Price 2/6 Net.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review is published thrice yearly—to correspond with the Academic terms—and has for its object the presentation by the most competent observers of various administrative and educational problems which to-day confront Oxford and Cambridge. It also endeavours to represent the characteristic energies of the two Universities in thought, research and action.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO. Ltd. 10 Orange Street, W.C.

FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and of the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

possible exception of Pierre de Coulevain, who is read more in England and America than in France, have an established reputation in their own country. As a guide to their works, Miss Stephens' book is likely to serve a useful purpose. Her criticism is mainly "sign-post" criticism, but this is in accordance with her plan, and now and then we come on phrases showing that Miss Stephens has a real appreciation of the author under discussion. The best essay in the book is that on Anatole France, though we cannot agree with the verdict that "Histoire Comique" is "the only one of his works we could have done without." Félice Nanteuil is a fine creation, so is Trublet, and the whole book in its grim tragedy is undeniably a powerful criticism of life. With the view taken of Bourget—an estimate of that writer more generally held in France than in England—we are in perfect agreement. Bourget's later work is full justification for the phrase Miss Stephens applies to him, "the apostle of arrested development." Maurice Barrès, though in ideas almost as reactionary as Bourget, is a far more finished artist and his wonderful style places him side by side with Anatole France. Miss Stephens shows some want of power to appreciate an antagonistic point of view in discussing Pierre Loti. That writer's dislike of England and America is temperamental. In all his writings Loti is the egoist concerned only with his own sensations and impressions. His Anglophobia is an essential part of his temperament, and to be irritated by it is to lose the balance that a critic ought to preserve. Miss Stephens' book is a clear and, on the whole, judicious treatment of her theme. The English reader who requires a guide to contemporary French fiction can find nothing better.

* * *

"Judging by what Baxter on many occasions says, his great ambition from the outset was to reproduce mechanically, but artistically and economically, the painter's art." In this sentence from "George Baxter, Colour Printer: His Life and Work," by Mr. C. T. Courtney Lewis (Sampson Low, 6s. net) we have the indication of what really gives George Baxter his high place in color printing—namely, his success in "picture printing." He was, indeed, the pioneer of the cheap artistic reproduction, which was only less cheap than the German chromo-lithograph and infinitely more artistic; and this alone gives interest to his work at the present time, when we are immersed in the cult of the three-color and other processes. As to Baxter's patent, it is not at all clear, even after reading Mr. Lewis's interesting book, what it consisted of, or why exactly it was granted; for, though he was no conscious plagiarist, he seems to have employed very much the same methods as his predecessor, Savage, tried to practise, and Thomas Bewick preached; with this difference—that he not only brought the eye of an artist to his work, but also a genius for invention that enabled him to thrust aside the practical stumbling-blocks to achievement that had lain in others' way. It is his combination of the qualities of the painter and the practical scientist that gives his art its charm. Mr. Lewis writes eloquently and enthusiastically on the many phases of that art, and his Catalogue of Prints should be invaluable to the collector, whether he regards Baxter's output from the point of view of the artist, the historian, or the topographer. The catalogue is divided into chapters, and each chapter refers to the work either of a well-defined period—such as the Missionary Society period—or a particular class of subject. This arrangement has obvious advantages over the straight-away chronological one, and renders the volume a really useful manual of reference.

* * *

There is evidently a demand for English translations of French historical biographies, if we may judge from the number of such books that make their appearance. One of the latest is M. Louis Batiffol's "Marie de Médicis and the Court of France in the XVIIth Century," translated by Miss Mary King, and edited by Mr. H. W. C. Davis (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net). The book, says M. Batiffol, "aims at presenting the picture of a French queen surrounded by her Court, between the years 1600 and 1617, when Marie de Médicis was queen and queen-regent." With this end in view, M. Batiffol has brought together from historical documents and other sources such a mass of detail bearing even on the most trivial matters, that we are able to follow the Queen's progress from day to day almost from hour to hour. Indeed, were it not for M. Batiffol's marvellous power of arrangement and presentation, so much detail would be wearisome. As it is, the book is as entertaining as it is learned. Marie de Médicis herself is hardly an attractive figure. She had no sense of humor and she was cursed by a sulky temper, and both contributed in no small degree to her estrangement from her husband. Henry IV. had neither of these faults. It would be hard to write a dull book about that easy-going, mercurial monarch. We naturally see a good deal of him in M. Batiffol's pages, and we see something, too, of Marguerite of Valois, Henry's divorced wife—all three seem to have been on excellent terms—of Henriette d'Entraignes, one of his many mistresses, and of Léonora Galigaï, who through her ascendency over Marie de Médicis was for a time the most powerful person in France. Miss King's translation is remarkably good, and the book is produced in the excellent style which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have now taught us to expect.

* * *

Mr. A. MacCallum Scott has written a pleasant and, in some respects, a remarkable account of his journey "Through Finland to St. Petersburg" (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d. net). While we are not sure that the much abused "average British reader" thinks of the country "as a snowy waste where the few fur-clad inhabitants contrive to prolong their existence on whale-blubber," it is quite true that a good many erroneous impressions exist as to the rigor of its climate and the character of its people. Mr. Scott's book sets one right on these points and—half guide-book, half literary essay, as it is—gives information on topics that have not hitherto received the notice bestowed on Finland as a political entity or as a sportsman's paradise. The system of inland navigation that prevails in this Land of a Thousand Lakes, the natural features of the country, the varying characteristics of Abo, Helsingfors, Viborg, and other towns through which the writer passed, and the recent renaissance in Finnish art and literature, are all touched upon in this comparatively short volume. Finnish architecture, in its relation to that of the Orient, provides material for a most interesting study. The expression of a national genius that is even less European than is the Russian, it displays itself in domes, spires, and cupolas that seem to belong rather to Asiatics than to the people of a far north country. For this reason it has been denounced as an affectation, the riot of an unbridled imagination; whereas the truth is that it can be fully explained by the Turanian ancestry of the Finns themselves. They are as much aliens in Europe as the Moors in Spain, or the Tartars in Russia. Of the piecing together of the *Kalevala*, the great lost epic of Finland, and of the whole movement in Finnish folk literature which began with Porthan in the eighteenth century, Mr. Scott has much to say that is eloquent and instructive. The book, with its solid facts for travellers, its excellent and alluring photographs and its sympathetic style, contains no blemishes of importance.

* * *

The reader in search of a good travel book could hardly do better than take up "A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador," by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Jun. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net). The country described is bleak and desolate in the extreme, inhabited by a few Indians and Eskimos who with difficulty manage to exist in that dreary climate. An attempt to explore the district was made in 1903 by Mrs. Hubbard's husband, accompanied by two guides. They mistook the Susan River for the Nascaupee, and, after meeting with many difficulties, had to retire. Provisions ran out, and Mr. Hubbard died from starvation when only twelve miles from safety. To prove that her husband's theory was right, Mrs. Hubbard, with three companions, set out on another expedition in June, 1905, and brought it to a successful conclusion the following August, having traversed 576 miles of unexplored country. The book is made up of the narratives of both expeditions, and is an interesting record of a spirited resolution to overcome great difficulties. From a geographical point of view the expedition was of some value, since Mrs. Hubbard surveyed and mapped the courses of the Nascaupee and George Rivers, discovered that Seal Lake and Lake Michikamau are in the same drainage

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's
Navy Cut
Tobacco and
Cigarettes

Sold only in the original Packets and Tins, and may be obtained from all Stores and Tobacconists of repute

0487.

TANGYE
OIL ENGINE
AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.
NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING
TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE
RED WHITE & BLUE
Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

Liver troubles
are speedily and effectually cured by LIVERETS. The great disadvantage of most liver medicines is that they have a distinctly debilitating effect on the health.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) Liverets
STRENGTHEN & WHILE THEY RELIEVE

Are especially compounded to overcome this evil. Prepared, as prescribed by an eminent physician, from purely vegetable ingredients, they thoroughly cleanse the liver of all impurities and leave it perfectly healthy. And the valuable tonic properties they possess, stimulate the liver while they relieve it, and, finally, make it sound and strong enough to enable it to perform its functions in a healthy, natural way. Of all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free, 1/1½, from

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. Beware of spurious imitations.

BIRKBECK BANK
ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD
(Viâ NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. / OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. / TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the
GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,
London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

"PYRENO"
(REGISTERED)
A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it
WILL BE REPLACED.

basin, and established that the North-West River, hitherto supposed to be distinct, is really a part of the Nascaupee. There are also notes on the topography, geology, flora, and fauna of the country traversed. The book is fully illustrated from photographs, and a map showing the routes taken by both expeditions is appended.

* * *

A Novel-Reader's Guide.—"The Black Bag." By Louis Joseph Vance (Grant Richards, 6s.). An excellent tale of mystery and adventure, which, unlike many books of the type, shows undeniable literary power.—"Chateau Royal." By J. H. Yoxall (Smith, Elder, 6s.). A vivacious romance in which a motor-car plays a considerable part. The author has a sense of humor, and shows skill in managing his plot.—"The Meeting of the Ways." By J. D. Baxter (Greening, 6s.). An historical novel of Roman Britain in the fourth century, touching on the wars with the Picts and the conflict between Christianity and Paganism.—"The Tavistocks." By E. Aceituna Griffin (Werner Laurie, 6s.). The theme is the perils attending wives temporarily separated from their husbands and the vices of smart society. The book is commonplace in plot, but shows some power towards the end.—"The Magic of May." By Iota (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.). A novel of character and analysis, feminist in tone, but not so markedly so as the author's earlier work.—"The Honor of X." By Graham Hope (Smith, Elder, 6s.). A melodramatic tale of a Russian prince who joins the Inner Circle of Nihilists with the object of betraying their secrets. The book shows a strong bias against the Russian revolutionists.—"The Shadow of a Vendetta." By Archibald C. Gunter (Ward, Lock, 6s.). This is a sequel to "Mr. Barnes of New York," written in the same style of semi-picaresque adventure. It will please those who care for novels of the type.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, June 12.	Price Friday Morning, June 19.
Consols 2½ per cent.	87 11/16 ...	87½
German 3 per cent.	82½ ...	82
Russian 5 per cent.	95¾ ...	95¾
Great Eastern Railway ...	70¼ ...	69¾
Union Pacific Railway ...	151½ ...	150⅜

At the end of last week the American railway market was badly shaken by the news that the Erie was not yet through its difficulties, the decline in earnings having been so severe that it is unable to pay its fixed charges. In view, however, of reviving trade and good crop prospects, Wall Street is not disposed to regard the trouble as more than temporary, and after the beginning of the week the tone began to improve. Speculation, however, has been checked, and political uneasiness in Berlin and Paris has been another factor of depression. In London the new issues have been large enough to absorb a good deal of the money which would otherwise have supported a rise. Cheap money is still the main source of strength, and may yet prevail over unfavorable tendencies, especially if American investors are satisfied with the results of the Republican Convention; and probably they will be, as there seems to have been a general desire among business men for the nomination of Mr. Taft. The Berlin Bank Rate has been reduced to 4 per cent., but Paris is still accumulating gold—apparently for Russia.

Trade and the Crops.

The American harvest has now begun, but the last crop report of the Washington bureau is less satisfactory than its predecessors. However, apart from some unexpected disaster, the wheat crop of the United States should be good, and that of Canada exceptionally good. Indeed, the Canadian reports are so optimistic that there has been quite a strong rally in Canadian Pacifics; and even Grand Trunk stocks are recovering a little. It is almost certain that the wheat crops in Russia, Roumania, and Hungary will be far better than last year, while in Germany and France the weather has been favorable. Owing to last year's deficiency, stocks of grain are abnormally low, but the decline in the price of wheat during the last few weeks shows that merchants expect a gradual return to normal values. This must lead eventually to a recovery of trade, as the poor will be able to buy more of other things when their food becomes cheaper. As a Mark Lane authority put it: "I expect to see wheat go back to a thirty-shilling basis." Some people think that the American crops will be large enough to cause considerable pressure on the money market, but I doubt this very much. When general business is depressed and speculation dull, there is sure to be plenty of money to finance the crops. The English and Scotch harvests promise fairly well, and the hay crop is proving a very heavy one. So the farmers ought to have another good year, though it is to be hoped that they will not get such high prices for their corn as they secured last year.

Amalgamated Copper.

I fancy that, of all the classes of speculators who lost fortunes last year, speculators in copper and copper shares must have come off worst. And undoubtedly the violence of the break in price was due to the roguery of those who control and manipulate the copper mines of the United States. People who had the bad luck to buy Amalgamated Copper shares at 95 or thereabouts last July, on the faith of President Rodgers' statement that there was no reason to expect lower prices for copper, and three months later saw the metal selling at 12⅛ cents a pound, and Amalgamated quoted at 41¾, "will find little consolation"—I quote the City Editor of the New York "Evening Post"—"in the abbreviated and contradictory annual report." Recent changes in the Amalgamated board have led to the inference, in some quarters, that the management of the company has been turned over to the younger generation. The "Evening Post" observes that if it is the desire of the new management to have the securities of the company considered seriously by investors, no better way could be found than to issue quarterly and annual reports that will make a repetition of the 1901 and 1907 stock jobbery impossible. If, in addition, the "new blood" were to infuse a broad and intelligent policy in regard to prices, and were to manage their trade with a view to the copper market rather than the Stock Exchange, a genuine reform would have been achieved. The way in which copper was emptied out into Europe after the panic was remarkable. As soon as the price of copper collapsed, Europe began to buy, and exports from the United States increased rapidly from 9,036 tons in May to 37,685 tons in December. From the low mark of 11,729 tons in May of 1907, the visible supply of copper in Europe increased until it reached 26,643 tons on April 30th last, the largest figure reported since April, 1902.

Germany's Commercial Status.

Dr. Paul Arndt, a young German economist, who used to be Secretary to the Berlin Chamber of Commerce, has just published a brief but illuminating sketch of Germany's economic position in the world. It is called "Deutschlands Stellung in der Weltwirtschaft." Some of his conclusions are worth summarising: Nearly half of Germany's imports consist of raw materials, and food supplies make up a quarter of the remainder, while two-thirds of her exports are manufactured goods. Her chief dealings, both in buying and selling, are with the United States, England, Russia, Austria, and Holland. Germany has the largest railway system in Europe—56,477 kilometres—though Russia is not far behind with 54,974 kilometres. Both look insignificant beside the 351,000 kilometres of the United States, which is some 50,000 kilometres greater than the whole European total. England stands easily at the head of the world's shipping, with a proportion of 48·4 per cent., and Germany is a poor second with 10·6 per cent. But in 1898 the German share was only 7·9 per cent., and in 1875 only 5·2 per cent. The Hamburg-Amerika and Norddeutsche Lloyd hold the second and third places among the great international shipping companies with 605,954 and 546,056 tons gross register.

Since 1890, despite the movement of Germans to the United States and Argentina, the population has grown rapidly. In fact, "German territory has become too small for the German people. It is impossible for the existing population to win sufficient products from German soil for its support; it must be helped by other lands. Germany from her own resources cannot, even in the scantiest fashion, feed, clothe, and house her 61,000,000 children." No wonder that Dr. Arndt is a Free Trader.

Lucellum.

THE NEW NO. 5

OLIVER

Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Has the unique and powerful double Type Bar that made the earlier Oliver Typewriter famous the World over, and, in addition, it bristles with

NEW AND VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

Leaflet N. gives Particulars.

OLIVER TYPEWRITER Co., Ltd.,

75, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Branches, etc., everywhere.

HIGHEST QUALITY

TURKISH TOWELS

AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY

BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;

And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

A LIBRARY OF PEACE AND WAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

F. W. HIRST.

1/- NET.

THE

NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,

14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

EXHIBITIONS.

Franco-British Exhibition, 1908,

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.

THE GREATEST EXHIBITION EVER HELD IN LONDON.

Open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. ADMISSION 1s.
SEASON TICKETS for Ladies or Gentlemen, £1 1s.
Children under 12, 10s. 6d.

GRAND CONCERTS by Four Full Military Bands

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

COUNTLESS ATTRACTIONS NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN LONDON.

Unparalleled Illuminations of the Buildings and Gardens by a Million Electric Lamps.

IN THE GREAT STADIUM—NATIONAL SPORTS

EVERY SATURDAY AT 3.

EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY.

SUPERB FIREWORK DISPLAY

By Messrs. RUGGIERI, of Paris, and JAMES PAIN & SON, of London.

The London Missionary Society.

THE ORIENT IN LONDON.

A GREAT MISSIONARY EXHIBITION,

Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, N.

JUNE 4—JULY 11.

Open Every Weekday, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Admission, before 6 p.m., 1s.; after 6 o'clock, 6d.

100 FOREIGN SCENES, TABLEAUX,
THE HALL OF RELIGIONS, &c., &c.

Seats may now be booked by letter to the Pageant Box Office, Agricultural Hall, or by telephone, North 1,133, for the

PAGEANT OF DARKNESS & LIGHT.

FREE CHOIRS AND ORCHESTRAS. 800 PARTICIPANTS.

Every Evening, at 8; Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3.30. 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s., & 6d.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description, high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words, prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Meat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

COUNTY OF LONDON.

The London County Council invites applications for the post of ASSISTANT MASTER, specially qualified to teach Latin, at the Brockley Secondary School for Boys.

The salary will commence at £150 a-year, and will rise by annual increments of £10, subject to satisfactory service, to a maximum of £300 a-year.

A commencing salary higher than the minimum stated above will be allowed if the person appointed has had satisfactory experience, and in this connection two years spent in a school approved by the Council for the purpose will be counted as equivalent to one year spent in one of the Council's schools, provided that (1) periods of less than two years in any one school shall not be counted, and (2) not more than ten years' outside service in all shall be taken into account.

Applications should be made on Form T.S. 56, to be obtained, together with particulars of the appointment, from the Clerk of the London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., to whom applications must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on July 6th, 1908, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed "Assistant Master—Secondary School," and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will be held to be a disqualification for employment.

G. L. GOMME,
Clerk of the London County Council.

Education Offices,
Victoria Embankment, W.C.
June 17th, 1908.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities, Citizenship Course, Leisure Hour Work (Natural History, Archæology, Carpentry, etc.).

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

SCHOLARSHIP ENTRIES DUE JULY 1ST.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

MILL HILL SCHOOL,

LONDON, N.W.

The Next Examination for Entrance Scholarships (value 15 guineas to 60 guineas) will be held on Thursday, July 2nd, and two following days. For further particulars apply to the Bursar.

WILLASTON SCHOOL, NANTWICH.

In the Cheshire Plain, four miles from Crewe. Opened in 1900. Modern Buildings, standing in 24 acres of grounds. Preparations for University Scholarships and Matriculation, or for Professional and Commercial life.

NEXT ENTRANCE EXAMINATION JULY 21st, AT THE SCHOOL.

For prospectus and particulars of admission on the Foundation, apply to the Head Master, H. L. JONES, M.A. (Oxon.), or to the Clerk to the Governors 38, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION, July 1st and 2nd.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.
Each packet is dated with the year of issue.
ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.
All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.
One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.
One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.
One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.
WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.
67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.
THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.
BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.
ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.
THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.
BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.
BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.
CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.
ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EXETER.
DELLERS CAFE. Cathedral Close, and at Paignton.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.
THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.
COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.
HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.
COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.
CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.
HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOOK.
SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).
SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.
PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.
GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

PORTSMOUTH.
SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647.

SOUTHSEA.
STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.
"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.
REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.
WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.
WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager

THE WORKS OF ANATOLE FRANCE IN ENGLISH

IT has long been a reproach to England that only one volume by ANATOLE FRANCE has been adequately rendered into English; yet outside this country he shares the distinction with TOLSTOI of being the greatest and most daring student of humanity now living.

THERE have been many difficulties to encounter in completing arrangements for a uniform edition, though perhaps the chief barrier to publication here has been the fact that his writings are not for babes—but for men and the mothers of men. Indeed, some of his Eastern romances are written with biblical candour. "I have sought truth strenuously," he tells us, "I have met her boldly. I have never turned from her even when she wore an unexpected aspect." Still, it is believed that the day has come for giving English versions of all his imaginative works, and of his monumental study JOAN OF ARC, which is undoubtedly the most discussed book in the world of letters to-day.

MR. JOHN LANE has pleasure in announcing that he will commence publication of the works of M. ANATOLE FRANCE in English, which will be under the general editorship of Mr. FREDERIC CHAPMAN, with the following volumes—

1. THE RED LILY.	A Translation by WINIFRED STEPHENS	(*June* 16)
2. MOTHER OF PEARL.	A Translation by the EDITOR	(*June*)
3. THE GARDEN OF EPICURUS.	A Translation by ALFRED ALLINSON	(*June*)
4. THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD.	A Translation by LAFCADIO HEARN	(*July*)

DURING the autumn and next year will appear the remaining volumes, including JOAN OF ARC. All the books will be published at six shillings each with the exception of JOAN OF ARC. The format of the volumes leaves little to be desired. The size is demy 8vo (9 by 5¾ in.), and they will be printed from Caslon type upon a paper light of weight but strong in texture, with a cover design in crimson and gold, a gilt top, end-papers from designs by Aubrey Beardsley and initials by Henry Ospovat. In short, these are volumes for the bibliophile as well as the lover of fiction, and form perhaps the cheapest library edition of copyright novels ever published, for the price is only that of an ordinary novel.

THE translation of these books has been entrusted to such competent French Scholars as Mr. ALFRED ALLINSON, Hon. MAURICE BARING, Mr. FREDERIC CHAPMAN, Mr. ROBERT B. DOUGLAS, Mr. A. W. EVANS, Mrs. FARLEY, Mrs. JOHN LANE, Mrs. NEWMARCH, Mr. C. E. ROCHE, Miss WINIFRED STEPHENS, and Miss M. P. WILLCOCKS.

AS Anatole Thibault, *dit* Anatole France, is to most English readers merely a name, it will be well to state that he was born in 1844 in the picturesque and inspiring surroundings of an old bookshop on the Quai Voltaire, Paris, kept by his father, Monsieur Thibault, an authority on 18th Century history from whom the boy caught the passion for the principles of the Revolution, while from his mother he was learning to love the ascetic ideals chronicled in the Lives of the Saints. He was schooled with the lovers of old books, missals, and manuscripts; he matriculated on the Quais with the old Jewish dealers of curios and *objets d'art;* he graduated in the great university of life and experience. It will be recognised that all his work is permeated by his youthful impressions; he is, in fact, a virtuoso at large.

HE has written about thirty volumes of fiction. His first novel was JOCASTA and THE FAMISHED CAT (1879). THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD appeared in 1881, and had the distinction of being crowned by the French Academy, into which he was received in 1896.

HIS work is illuminated with style, scholarship, and psychology; but its outstanding features are the lambent wit, the gay mockery, the genial irony with which he touches every subject he treats. But the wit is never malicious, the mockery never derisive, the irony never barbed. Often he shows how divine humanity triumphs over mere asceticism, and with entire reverence; indeed, he might be described as an ascetic overflowing with humanity, just as he has been termed "a pagan, but a pagan constantly haunted by the pre-occupation of Christ." He is in turn—like his own Choulette in THE RED LILY—saintly and Rabelaisian, yet without incongruity. At all times he is the unrelenting foe of superstition and hypocrisy. Of himself he once modestly said: "You will find in my writings a perfect sincerity (lying demands a talent I do not possess), much indulgence, and some natural affection for the beautiful and good."

THE mere extent of an author's popularity is perhaps a poor argument. Yet it is significant that two books by this author are in their hundred and tenth thousand, several are well into their seventieth thousand, whilst the one which a Frenchman recently described as "Monsieur France's most arid book" is in its fifty-eighth thousand.

INASMUCH as M. France's only contribution to an English periodical appeared in "The Yellow Book," Vol. V., April, 1895, together with the first important English appreciation of his work from the pen of the Hon. Maurice Baring, it is peculiarly appropriate that the English editions of his works should be issued from the Bodley Head.

Prospectuses Sent on Application.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 13.] SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Diary of the Week	437
Politics and Affairs:—	
What Votes for Women Should Mean	440
The Saving of South Africa	441
Development in the Church	442
The Plight of the Persian Revolution	443
Life and Letters:—	
John Morley as Interpreter	445
The Power of the Voice.	446
The Single-Flowered Rose	447
Short Story:—	
A Saint. By R. B. Cunninghame-Graham	449
Letters from Abroad:—	
The German War Peril. By Ed. Bernstein	449
The Drama:—	
The Immortal Snob. By H. W. M.	451
Communications:—	
The Hyde Park Demonstration. By H. W. N.	453
Working Wives in Council. By Evelyn Sharp	453
Letters to the Editor:—	
The Pan-Anglican Congress and Divorce. By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell	454
Why Pudsey was Lost. By a Liberal Worker	454
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By Earl Russell	455
Liberalism and Prison Reform. By John M. Robertson, M.P.	456
Natives in the Indian Civil Service. By G. F. Abbott	456
The Rating of Public Houses. By the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert	456
What Does "Votes for Women" Mean? By J. Aberley and (Mrs.) C. D. Rackham	457
"A Distant Drum." By Laurie Magnus	457
The Pan-Anglican Congress. By G. H. Godwin	457
The Problem of Medical Relief. By Francis Buxton	458
The Policemen's Weekly Day of Rest. By J. Fletcher Little	458
Poetry:—	
The Pine by the Lake. By Edward S. Tylee	458
The World of Books	459
Books to be Read	459
Reviews:—	
A Victorian Radical	460
The Story of Jerusalem	461
Anglo-Irish	462
An Heir to Stevenson	464
Books in Brief	466
Liége and the Ardennes	466
The Story of English Diplomacy	466
Municipal Lessons from Southern Germany	466
Fox Hunting, Past and Present	466
From a Hertfordshire Garden	466
The Abbeys of Great Britain	466
A Novel Reader's Guide	468
The Week in the City	468

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

We observe with much regret the statements in the "Daily News" and the "Daily Chronicle" that invitations to the King's Garden Party at Windsor were deliberately withheld from certain Liberal and Labor Members of Parliament on account of their votes in the House of Commons on the Royal visit to the Tsar. If such an exception was made, we are sure that the King was not responsible for it, for it is contrary to his character, and to the spirit in which these gatherings were instituted. It is, of course, true that his Majesty invites, or abstains from inviting, whom he pleases. But we imagine that the idea of the *fêtes* was to establish an informal and pleasant relationship between the King and representatives of various parties and classes in the State, without any reference to opinion. This is clear from the inclusion of many members of the Labor Party in Parliament, as well as from the King's unstudied friendliness in greeting all kinds of guests. If, however, it is suggested that a Member's vote in the House of Commons, on a question of constitutional government, can affect the personal relations between the Sovereign and himself, the list of invitations will need sweeping revision. The suggestion is the more surprising, inasmuch as the King's personal action has never once been under review, either in Parliament or out of it, during the controversy on the Reval visit. That visit was a matter of State policy. Those who approved it praised not the King, but Sir Edward Grey; those who disapproved censured the Foreign Minister, and him alone. There can be no party of "King's Friends" to-day, because the King does not attempt to govern, and because his Ministers act for him.

* * *

The Shah has effected his *coup d'état*. Early on Tuesday morning Cossacks with guns stormed the Parliament House, and wrecked it and the great mosque of Teheran. Other buildings, including the palace of the Zill-es-Sultan, the Shah's uncle, were wrecked, and looting and killing were general. Some deputies were slain in the fighting, and many Nationalist leaders captured, two of whom have already been hanged. Others have taken refuge in the British Legation, the approaches to which are now covered by royal sharpshooters. The Shah has triumphed in Teheran, but the provinces—there has been fighting in Tabriz already—have still to speak, so that the struggle is certainly not at an end. The British and Russian envoys have intimated that they will not support the overthrow of the dynasty or the Magliss. It would appear that they have certainly taken no steps against the Shah, whose fighting general is a Russian officer, and who seems to have been able to get—and hardly from a native source—money to raise and pay troops. The Shah's attack on the Magliss was preceded by declarations on either side. On Sunday the Shah published his terms—the banishment of the Nationalist leaders, the closing of the clubs, the censorship of the Press, and the raising of a Palace Guard of 10,000 men. The Parliament replied the next day with an ultimatum requiring submission to the Constitution within twenty-four hours; but the Shah struck on Tuesday before the Nationalists could rally their forces.

* * *

The Birthday List of Honors, like all such lists, is necessarily commonplace. The Government has created four peers, eleven baronets, and twenty-five knights. The one peerage of distinction is that of Sir Antony MacDonnell. It seems a pity that so brilliant a mind and so remarkable a personal force should be lost to the House of Commons. The other peerages—those conferred on Mr. Whiteley, Mr. Philipps, and Sir Angus Holden—are tributes to great wealth and party services. The Privy Councillorships are all in the nature of recognitions of eminence or unusual talent in the public cause. They properly include Sir Thomas Whittaker. The outstanding feature of the baronetcies and knighthoods is the special favor shown to conspicuous figures in the Free Churches. Thus the baronets include Mr. Perks and Mr. Herbert Roberts, a son-in-law of the late Mr. Caine; the knights, Mr. Percy Bunting, the accomplished editor of the "Contemporary Review," and Mr. Richard Stapley, all in their way men of note and leading. The two figures which most clearly stand out on the ground of service are Sir Lauder Brunton, perhaps the *doyen* of contemporary physicians, and a man of large public interests, who is made a baronet, and Dr. Murray, the famous editor of the "New English Dictionary," who becomes a knight. The political consolations seem to have been judiciously administered.

Two considerable changes have been made in the Committee stage of the Old Age Pensions Bill. The "fixed income limit" has been replaced by a sliding scale, the details of which are not yet disclosed, but will be set out in a schedule to the Bill. As the House will have very little time to discuss this schedule, we trust it will be more carefully considered than some other points of detail have been. Mr. Lloyd George has not yet tabled his new schedule, but he has hinted that it would correspond nearly with a scale put forward by Mr. Goulding, the effect of which is to level up incomes above 8s. a week to 13s. The effect of this is to make all saving within these limits of income entirely useless to the individual. We would urge once again the more gradual scale, which would at every point yield a reason for thrift. For example, if incomes of 8s. to 9s. 11d. inclusive are levelled up to 13s., those of 10s. to 11s. 11d. could be raised to 14s., and so forth. This gives the man with 9s. a motive for reaching 10s. Any other method will, we are certain, be found to work out badly for the friendly societies.

* * *

Another large concession was made on Wednesday when Mr. Lloyd George withdrew the differentiation made in the case of married couples. Unfortunately, this concession was accompanied with a kind of bargain, or suggested bargain, that it should be taken as a *quid pro quo* for the exclusion of paupers. This is a much more serious matter. As the Bill will stand with the sliding scale adumbrated by Mr. Lloyd George, a man and wife with an independent income of 10s. a week each would be eligible for pensions of 3s. a week each. That is to say, an old couple with a combined income of £52 a year would receive a total pension of upwards of £15. Meanwhile, the widow of an agricultural laborer left destitute, say, at sixty or sixty-five, and driven on to the rates at seventy, will get nothing at all. The exclusion will undoubtedly press very hardly on the class which the pension scheme was primarily intended to benefit. The inclusion of outdoor paupers in the pension scheme, with refunding of the relief money by the guardians, would cost, according to Mr. Lloyd George, another million. This is within the estimate which we put forward last week. It is clear that the extra cost will have to be faced next year, and it will save much bitterness and misunderstanding if the Government make up their minds to it in advance.

* * *

Pudsey has been temporarily lost to Liberalism, Mr. Oddy, the Protectionist candidate, being returned by a majority of 113 over Mr. Ogden. The election, however, cannot be called a defeat for Free Trade or for the Government's social policy, which was equally supported by Mr. Ogden, the Liberal, and Mr. Benson, the Socialist. These two candidates together polled 6,735 votes, against 5,331 for the Protectionist. The seat was undoubtedly lost by the intervention of the Labor man, which, incidentally, ensured the election of an opponent of the Eight Hours' Bill for Miners. Mr. Benson's candidature was disapproved by the heads of his party, who, however, failed to secure his withdrawal. The General Election will, we hope, see a renewal of the Liberal-Labor understanding of 1906, but these interventions make bad blood, and weaken the prestige of the Government with the Lords. We note that Mr. Benson naïvely suggested that he would have been returned but for the non-residential vote, an anomaly which only a Liberal Government will remove.

The Pan-Anglican Congress came to a brilliant and impressive close on Wednesday, with a Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's, opening with a procession of 250 Archbishops and Bishops, headed by the Cross, and wearing their rich Coronation robes. The service, which was not less simple in ritual than the opening ceremony in Westminster Abbey, ended with the Te Deum, and with the blessing of the great congregation by the Primate. Its main object was the presentation of a thanksgiving fund from the Anglican dioceses, amounting to £333,208. The result compares somewhat unfavorably with the Wesleyan fund of a million, and it is singular that the Diocese of London, which holds so large a proportion of the uncounted and uncountable wealth of the world, should only have contributed some £34,000. The results from nearly all the great urban dioceses were poor. We suspect that the flow of charity among the well-to-do is diminished by its association with amusement; also, a voluntary church has the habit and method of giving in greater degree than a semi-endowed body, which first looks to the State.

* * *

The really remarkable feature of the week's discussions has been the freedom and breadth of the debates on Socialism and Biblical criticism. On Socialism, Mr. Temple, the son of the late Archbishop, thought that Christianity would not be able to accept a competitive industrial system, while Mr. Selwyn said that much of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" was "arrant nonsense," which workmen would not accept. Most of the speeches urged compromise with points of Socialist doctrine, and only one—that of Lord William Cecil—was absolutely hostile. On Biblical criticism the traditional views of Dr. Wace and Prebendary Webb-Peploe were opposed by almost the entire weight of scholarly and even episcopal opinion. The general tone of the Congress was also far more liberal than at the opening meetings.

* * *

The probability that the Lords will reject the Licensing Bill on the second reading is enhanced by Mr. Balfour's speech on Thursday at the Albert Hall. It was intransigent in tone, taking the familiar and contradictory ground that the Bill confiscates "property," and at the same time is hostile to "true temperance." Mr. Balfour's reason for this second argument is that the Bill deals only with on-licences, and takes no account of the trade in off-licences, and the unsupervised traffic in clubs. He declared that the scale of compensation was only one-fifteenth of that provided under his own Bill, which, he seemed to consider, reached the exact point when the reduction of licences promoted temperance without offending the moral sense. He spoke of licences as a property, ignoring his own statement on the Act of 1904 that they only involved "an equitable right to consideration." Mr. Balfour's only positive suggestion was that the public-house should be encouraged to expand on the lines of the Continental *café* or Bier-halle, a line of experiment to which the Bill will open the way.

* * *

The Kaiser has supplied a modified version of the semi-apocryphal Döberitz speech in a curious address at the dinner of the North German Yacht Club on Wednesday. He guaranteed the soundness of the scheme for the reform of German finance, hinting at a coming tax on "bachelors," at which so many highly civilised countries are aiming. He thanked the people of Hamburg for welcoming him with the "swelling strains of our old German war song" ("Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles"), interpreted it as meaning that the

German people and he understood and sympathised with each other, and concluded that "peace with honor" would be maintained by the army and navy. The speech may be in the nature of a "storm-warning," but its immediate concern is probably with German, rather than with European, policy.

* * *

Mr. Grover Cleveland, twice President of the United States, died on Wednesday, at Princetown, New Jersey, in his seventy-second year. His career once brought him into sharp conflict with this country, but its main significance lay in its association with the revival of the Democratic Party and his ultimate failure to give that revival a national basis. Mr. Cleveland first came into power in 1884 as the conqueror of Mr. Blaine, one of the most brilliant, but not the most high-minded, of Republican politicians. The defeated party stood at its lowest in *morale*. Mr. Cleveland took a conservative view of the situation, declined to link his party with its more popular instincts and movements, and made no advance towards Free Trade. The result was that the control fell from his hands into those of Mr. Bryan, while the Republican Party, under Mr. Roosevelt, renewed touch with progress. An impulsive act in Mr. Cleveland's exterior policy had some profound consequences, hardly intended by him. His fiery message on the Venezuelan difficulty, for which Lord Salisbury's supineness gave some excuse, revived the Monroe doctrine in a form which seemed to question British sovereignty over Canada. The danger, thanks to a powerful peace movement in England, gave place to the Anglo-American *entente*, involving the cessation of naval rivalry between the two countries, and the final setting up of a limited rule of arbitration. The Monroe doctrine, however, remains in its application to Central and South America, while from the momentary peril of war with England arose the movement for a great American fleet. Mr. Cleveland was a man of strong and upright character, touched with waywardness.

* * *

M. Clemenceau managed on Thursday, by hard and brilliant riding, to force the Senate to debate his Bill for the State purchase of the Western Railway of France. The Senate, which is more anti-clerical than the Chamber, tends to the individualist view of questions of property. The critical vote occurred on that part of the resolution of the Railway Committee which postponed the Bill to the autumn sittings. This the Government opposed, and won by a majority of three, which may be reduced to one. M. Clemenceau took the general line which a Liberal-Radical Premier like Mr. Asquith adopts. That is to say, he repudiated collectivist doctrine, declaring that he was not an "*étatiste*," but insisted that the Republic must be progressive, or fall a prey to anti-social forces at home and enemies abroad.

* * *

On Friday the French Chamber discussed Moroccan affairs. The Government again secured a large majority, but one less by 150 votes than on previous occasions. The abstentions were by advanced Radicals, so that M. Clemenceau had to look for help to the Conservatives, upon whom he has repeatedly declared he will not rely for support. The terms of the motion and the tenor of the speeches were not less significant of the lack of Parliamentary approval of the policy of adventure, for both emphasised the necessity of non-intervention in the dynastic struggle. Mulai Hafid continues to absorb Morocco. Tetuan has gone over to him, and Tangier it is expected shortly to follow.

The second reading of the Eight Hours Bill for Miners was moved by Mr. Gladstone on Monday, the Government wisely permitting the adjournment of the debate. They also announced a large concession. As the Bill stands, it sets up an eight hours day from bank to bank, excluding one winding time. This change, however, is not to come into operation for eighteen months, during which time a nine hours' stage will prevail. Now the Government propose that for five years to come the working day shall consist of eight and a-half hours, the eight hours day, with the exclusion of one winding, then coming into force. This will seem to exclude the possibility of any appreciable rise in the price of coal, and should ensure the passage of the Bill, for it gives the coal owners ample time to adapt their industry to the change.

* * *

The Portuguese Cortes adjourned on Tuesday for a short recess after a series of stormy debates, which will be renewed when the Session is resumed. A Parliamentary Committee has been inquiring into the finances, and it has discovered some extremely ugly facts. The illegal advances made to King Carlos, which roused so much popular bitterness, were only part of a wholesale system of Treasury plundering. The Queen Mother, it is now proved, received illicit drafts to the amount of £200,000, although her legitimate annual allowance is only £12,000, and the "Seculo" says that other members of the Royal Family and their friends did the like, while loans were made to bureaucrats which they could not repay in a hundred years. What makes these revelations the occasion of Parliamentary disturbance is the fact that most of this plundering went on during previous tenures of office by the present Finance Minister, and with his approval. The Republicans and the Dissidents are pressing home these discoveries, and though they are ineffective in the Cortes, they are damaging the Monarchy in the country.

* * *

The Asiatic immigration problem has once more come up in Canada. The Lemieux agreement of last year is bankrupt. Under it Japan was to do her best to keep Japanese coolie immigration down to 600 a year. Already this year 3,500 are said to have entered, and the exclusion agitation in the West is being renewed. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has expressed his intention to denounce the commercial treaty unless the Lemieux agreement is observed, and the Japanese difficulty is likely soon to enter on a more serious stage. With Indian immigration Canada has dealt without ceremony. Not satisfied with setting the machinery of the Indian Government in operation, and with insisting on the unbroken passage, she has just directed that the Indian immigrant must have £40 in his possession.

* * *

The British Medical Association has decided to ignore the curious objections raised in certain newspapers to some nude male figures which adorn its new building in the Strand. There seems no moral or artistic objection to the posing or meaning of the figures, unless it be on ground which would equally apply to the David of Michael Angelo, or of Donatello. Sir Martin Conway, in a letter to the "Times," suggests, probably correctly, that the dislike of the nude in art proceeds largely from the instinct of a northern race, more accustomed to clothing than southerners. But it is fair to remember that Ruskin shared this dislike, and based it partly on the moral partly on the customary grounds of which Sir Martin reminds us.

Politics and Affairs.

WHAT VOTES FOR WOMEN SHOULD MEAN.

Our constitutional machinery affords no adequate means of testing the opinion of the electorate on any single question, and no means at all of testing the opinion of the unenfranchised. But, after the two great demonstrations of women—the procession representing professional women, and the great Hyde Park meeting the mass of women workers—we do not think that the existence of a widespread demand for the franchise among women can fairly be denied. Moreover, it is clear that the demand has strengthened greatly in the last two years, or that it is still growing. For our part we do not see how it can be said that the extension of the franchise to women on democratic lines is not fully in keeping with the general principles of Liberalism. Such an extension Mr. Asquith has gone far to accept. It is known that a large majority of Members of the present House of Commons are favorable to the principle of Women's Franchise, and when, under these circumstances, Mr. Asquith tells us that in their Reform Bill the Government will leave the question open to the decision of the House, provided always that democratic principles are safeguarded, it is as good as saying that he is prepared to accept the incorporation of a democratic form of women's suffrage in a Government Bill. The qualification is, of course, all-important. On one side a great part of the Women's Suffrage movement has been undemocratic, and even anti-democratic. It undoubtedly appeals to those who desire to see the property vote reinforced. This would in fact be the effect, though it may not be the intention, of Miss Pankhurst's proposal of votes for women on the same terms as men. The adoption of that proposal without any alteration in the basis of the male franchise would be a thoroughly undemocratic and reactionary measure. It would have no chance of acceptance at the hands of the present House of Commons, and the danger is that it may in the future be adopted in the interests of political reaction by a Conservative Government. As engineered by the Women's Social and Political Union, in fact, the suffrage movement is in danger of becoming a mere reinforcement of the power of the few. Seeing this danger, many Liberals have urged adult suffrage as an alternative. But adult suffrage, though so far as men are concerned it would introduce no important change of principle into our electoral system, would be a very large order for a beginning in the enfranchisement of women.

Fortunately, there is, as we pointed out long ago, a middle course. It is possible to enfranchise women on a basis which shall be broad and democratic without being absolutely universal. What is necessary for this purpose is to recognise that the simple logic of "the same terms as men" is, like most simple logic, quite delusive. The majority of adult women are wives who have every whit as good a title to a voice in public matters as their unmarried sisters, but who could rarely, except in the case of the wealthy classes, obtain a qualification on the present basis independently of their husbands. Supposing the "disqualification of coverture" removed, the man of property could obtain a vote on one of his houses and put his wife in as lessee of another. But the working-class couple who occupy a cottage and own no house property could, of course, enjoy no more than one vote. That vote would go to the husband as now, if, as usual, he pays the rent, and the wife would find herself disenfranchised. As a mother she has certainly not less "status in the country" than her unmarried sister. As a worker she has no less important a function to fulfil. If she does not earn the rent she saves it. Her management of the house is every whit as important a function socially, as valuable a function economically, as her husband's work in the factory or the mine. The occupation franchise is no longer effective, nor is it intended, as a property test: it is retained as a convenient basis for registration. Why should not husband and wife be recognised in electoral law as what they are in actual fact—the joint occupiers of the common house? Why should they not both be registered on one and the same qualification? The effect of this proposal would be to place women's franchise on the same basis as that of men, not in name, but in fact. Single women would be registered on their own qualifications, as men are, married women on the qualification on which their husbands now depend. Class relations and the influence of property would be unaffected. The enfranchisement of women would not be reserved for a small minority, but would be extended on wide democratic lines.

This reform, which has long since been advocated in The Nation, is explained in detail in an able pamphlet published by the Women's Co-operative Guild. The Guild is indubitably favorable to the suffrage, but unlike some notable suffrage organisations it practises the principles of democracy which it preaches. It is, in fact, a representative body. Its constituents are from 20,000 or 30,000 workers, women of the pick of the artisan class, the wives and daughters of the co-operators, who have built up that wonderful system of democratic enterprise which has done so much for the North of England. No one can suggest that the proposals of the Guild are put forward with the Machiavelian intention of wrecking the suffrage by making too big a demand. They are proposals put forward in the name of a serious and practical body of women, who have for years been concerning themselves with questions of women's wages and conditions, and who recognise clearly enough that those conditions are not likely to be improved by the enfranchisement of women of the middle class. They recognise, moreover, that in pleading with

a democratic House of Commons, not a small but a large and democratic measure will most readily find acceptance. "The thin end of the wedge at present is not *few* women, but women of the class from which Liberalism and Labor draw their strength." They justly deride the narrow logic of the Social and Political Union. "At first sight it is an attractive proposal that women should vote on the same terms as men. It looks so like equal justice. However, the question is not whether it looks like justice, but whether it is justice in effect; and taking into account the fact that most women marry, it is no very great exaggeration to say that giving women the vote on the same terms as men is like admitting them to a choir on the same terms as men, by allowing them to sing tenor and bass parts."

The existing Suffrage Societies have done good pioneer work by insisting on the removal of the sex disqualification. This is the first point to be argued before the question could enter the arena of practical politics. But since Mr. Asquith's declaration the question has entered into practical politics, and the problem of ways and means at once becomes all important. There is no such thing as an abstract right to vote, whether for women or for men. The right of suffrage is based on, and conditioned by, the general good, and those who have the general progress of the community at heart are bound to look at every question of the franchise in all its aspects, and not in one alone. The great political question of our day is not the sex question, but the property question. It is the case of wealth *versus* Commonwealth that is being tried over and over again in the Press and on the platform, at the polling booths and on the floor of the House of Commons. Those of us who are for the Commonwealth are not going to walk with our eyes open into a plan for reinforcing the electoral army of wealth. We are anxious that women should take a direct part in the life of the community, and that their voice should be heard in affairs which interest them no less than men. But we are not prepared to pay the price of a shifting in the class balance of power. If in the name of democracy we are to give the franchise, let the franchise that we give be democratic.

THE SAVING OF SOUTH AFRICA.

It is a curious fact that when the British nation does a really splendid and striking thing, arising directly from the strength of its character and the truth of its political conceptions, it seems more or less ashamed of it. To most Continental observers, for example, the pacification and the approaching unification of South Africa seem to be in the nature of a miracle. They can hardly understand so quick a recuperative movement following on the waste and embitterment of the war. We on our side, proud of a war without glory, take little account of a peace full of honor. We fail to draw the full moral of this pregnant event, based, as it is, not only on essential principles of Liberalism, but also on a bold and right understanding of human character. The grant of free government to the Dutch States was, indeed, a plain act of good faith, a point of public credit. But it also involved a reversal of the spirit, and of most of the actual machinery, of Lord Milner's policy after the war. That policy was based on a definite and tenaciously pursued theory of ascendency for the British stock. It had three main instruments. The first was the suppression of the Dutch language. The second was the plantation, on a semi-Roman plan, of bodies of English or Australian colonists as a make-weight to the Dutch element. The third was the construction of a network of official machinery calculated to restrict the free working area of Colonial democracy, with its Dutch majority. All these purposes have been set aside. The equality, or the virtual equality, of the Dutch and English languages has been re-established. The free Colonial Governments have regained, or are regaining, control of their tariffs and railway services. The plantation policy, stripped of its perverse political coloring, has virtually disappeared.

What has been the result of the resolve of the Campbell-Bannerman Government to trust the Dutch? A success so astonishing that even the Canadian example is overshadowed by it. Mr. Rhodes once told a British statesman that if the Australians ever cut the painter, the Dutch would certainly come to the rescue of the Empire. To-day, thanks to the Boers, South Africa stands on the threshold of unity under the British Crown, and an historic aim of British statesmanship is in sight of its goal. The prime mover, the most powerful individual agent, in that result was the Commander-in-Chief of the Boer forces during the war. It is safe to say that without General Botha's constant and loyal forwarding of the project, the unification of South African government would have been impossible. No Progressive Government could have attempted it with the hope of success. But General Botha has not stood alone. Mr. Merriman and Mr. Fischer have answered with equal zeal for the adherence of the Cape and of the Orange Colony. The Prime Minister of the Cape was one of Lord Milner's most resolute opponents; Mr. Fischer, the ex-Secretary of the Dutch State, was a few short years ago a political exile seeking repatriation, and seeking it for some time in vain. Against two of these Governments, resting in the main, but not entirely, on Dutch support, the only charge of the smallest significance has been that in the reduction of the impossible weight of officialism which Lord Milner's recklessness imposed upon the new Colonies, too little regard was paid to the English element in the services. The charge is in itself untrue and absurd. The process of reducing the number of appointments with which Lord Milner encumbered the Transvaal and the Orange Colony was a necessary process. In several cases the cost of more than one department was multiplied sixfold or sevenfold. For example, under the old rule in the Orange Free State, the policing of the country was done for £300,000. Even four years after the war it was costing £230,000 a-year. The imperative need for economy in a country laid waste by drought and cattle disease, as well as by a devastating war, was perfectly understood by Lord Selborne and Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, and the Commissions which instituted

it, and whose work General Botha has continued, sprang from the period of Crown Government. Under it the cost of the South African Constabulary was cut down by some hundreds of thousands of pounds, and hundreds of British officers and men were "sent adrift" before a Dutch Ministry in the sub-Continent was thought of. With what face, then, can Lord Milner come forward, and, breathing out the bitterness of his disappointment on men whom he never tried to understand, affirm that the plea of economy is a pretence? The licence of Lord Milner's tongue has its uses. It serves as an illuminating guide to the incurable defects of his mind and heart.

Meanwhile, the three Governments, in whose hands the solution of the problem mainly rests, have acted in the matter of the National Convention on Confederation or Unification, which is to meet in October next, with the fairness and circumspection which has marked their general policy and their treatment of the interests, so lately sundered by war, now committed to their charge. The delegations from the Cape Parliament include, not only strong Opposition partisans of the type of Dr. Jameson, Mr. Smartt, and Mr. Walton, but moderate Progressives and representatives of the mercantile community like Mr. Jagger, while in the Transvaal not only Sir George Farrar, but the less temperate and balanced Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, are to be represented. The resolutions in favor of delegation at Capetown and Pretoria appear to have been unanimously carried, and no suggestion of unfairness found expression on the Opposition benches. The critical problems of the Convention lie, of course, before it, and must be remitted to its constituents. But we may take it that, in putting himself at the head of the movement, General Botha has done the British Empire an historic service. Without unity the economic failure of the Cape can hardly be avoided. Nor could there be any guarantee that an isolated Transvaal, leaning heavily on the Delagoa Bay route, and cutting itself free from the long thin line of railway from Capetown, would or could have remained a unit of British South Africa. Lord Milner did nothing to avert the tendency to disunion; his railway policy rather accentuated it. The railway difficulty calls for unification; and the movement for economy in administration lends weight to the plea for a form of unified, central government, rather than for a mere combination of the existing machinery. Two other problems are vital. The first—that of the constituent basis—may be easily settled. Population is no doubt the fairest ground for a federal franchise. But the basis of voters was taken in the case of the Transvaal and the Orange Colony, and if manhood, or, possibly, adult suffrage, were adopted, the country party might accept it. The second crucial problem is that of native policy. Can Cape Colony find a basis of agreement with the three northerly States? Can they be persuaded to give due weight to her experience of the possibility of a fairly successful experiment in a limited colored and black vote, backed by an imperfect, if honest, system of native education? Will a united South Africa consent to leave Basutoland in the hands of the Imperial Power, and to deal fairly with Zululand? Is the black man, who is as four to one of his white brethren, to have no direct voice in the government of the sub-Continent, which he supplies with most of its manual labor? Is he to pay a steadily increasing burden of taxation, while he reaps an infinitesimal share of the services which it sustains? We wish we could think that on this matter England and white South Africa spoke the same voice.

DEVELOPMENT IN THE CHURCH.

The later work of the Pan-Anglican Congress has certainly given cause for encouragement to those who are working for Liberalism in thought and social reform in action, and were concerned at its earlier tone and method. To these, the possible influences of one of the largest religious communities amongst the English-speaking peoples cannot be a subject of indifference. We cannot waive aside the Established Church and its allied communions beyond the sea as irrelevant and negligible, and, though the Church does not even now lead the battle for social reform, it is no longer fair to describe it as a useless weapon or an instrument of opposition in the unending "warfare of humanity." This Church, as all Churches, must ever remain, on the whole, a Conservative factor in public affairs. New faiths are always explosive; old faiths are always sedative. Napoleon restored religion in France because, as he declared, without the hope of redress in another world for the inequalities of present fortune, it would be impossible to maintain any tranquility amongst the poorer members of society. All Churches with thought directed beyond visible horizons exercise this soothing influence towards quiet and content. In Established Churches this element has been reinforced powerfully by a deliberate acceptance of, and adherence to, the recognised social hierarchy. The affirmation of the Divine right of Kings of the sixteenth century persisted for two centuries later in the affirmation of the Divine sanction for the established Order. It is only within the last sixty years that a spirit has arisen within the "Church of England" which finds in social inequalities a subject for penitence rather than for praise. That spirit is undeniably exercising influence at the moment. It has, we are glad to see, been powerfully reflected in the deliberations of the recent Congress. The section committed to the study of social questions occupied the largest hall, drew the largest audiences, excited unusual interest and discussion. Day after day assemblies of many thousands of persons, drawn from all parts of the world, followed intently discussions on Capital and Labor, Sweating and Luxury, Socialism, Unemployment, Monopoly Control, Poverty and its cure. The speakers represented the advanced wing: the more advanced the sentiment, the greater the approval of the audience. Labor leaders and clergymen equally advocated Socialism as the Christian ethic interpreted in its economic aspects. Representatives of the North of England guaranteed the existence of a new movement, spreading far and wide amongst the artisans of the manufacturing cities, of which London—that city of frivolity and random bewildered action—had no real

apprehension. This Socialism, which has gripped hold of the younger men, and comes with the conviction and energy of a new religion, has come to stay. The priests and laymen of some poorer parishes, filled with generous revolt against the oppressions tolerated there, are openly proclaiming themselves it allies. They adopt its phraseology concerning the futility of the struggle between the two great political parties, its demand for legislative action upon social affairs. They are not afraid of the denial that men can be made moral by Act of Parliament, and insist upon the attention of the whole Sovereign people being diverted to an actual warfare against the diseases of poverty and starved human life. And the audience—international in character—endorsed this appeal, with Australians announcing—perhaps too complacently—that they had solved the problems still perplexing "this old Europe" by legislation for diffusing the materials of human comfort, and Americans complaining of the failure of the dream of economic freedom and universal happiness in their own land, and all recognising the serious concern of the Church in an international Social Discontent, which it is impossible for intelligent observers either to appease or to forget.

And if the tone was thus actual and even hopeful in the world of action, the signs on the whole were encouraging in the world of thought. Liberal ideas have not indeed advanced beyond a certain level; and many critical affirmations, commonplaces to all exact scholarship, still excite something like a shock in these large and miscellaneous gatherings. But on the other hand, a general attack on the critical method was everywhere severely discountenanced. A few years ago any oration could draw approving cheers from such multitudes by cheap sneers and denunciations of those "higher critics" who had disproved the Flood, or dissected the Pentateuch, or divided Daniel into fragments. To-day, such attempts, when essayed, evoked no corresponding approval. The audiences were revealed as representing a community, cautious, reserved, anxious as to the ultimate results of criticism of the Bible, clinging desperately and often defiantly to faiths and affirmations which have long been regarded as sacred. But it is a community also which has moved, and moved remarkably, both in the acceptance of results held to be heretical a generation ago, and also in toleration for the method by which such results have been obtained. This transition has been undoubtedly assisted by a change in the general character of the Church. As the High Church movement, gradually developing into a mixture of Broad and High, has prevailed over the old Evangelicalism, so the necessity for affirming the accuracy of Biblical inspiration has become less manifest. The idea of a Society has taken the place of an Authenticated Document. Rome has thrown itself back upon a doctrine of exact Biblical inspiration, unknown to the early theologians of the Christian Church. The Anglican Church appears to find possibilities of advance in the opposite direction. One hundred years ago it represented a religious body consisting of a section of the upper classes, allotted to the function of religious observance; protestant in character, individualistic in temper, limited in sympathy, an inveterate foe of the new movements of social aspiration. To-day it appears more in the likeness of a Society, catholic in temper, asserting its sacerdotal claims, but also turning its energies to social problems, and even tending in some quarters to find allies amongst the new Socialist and Labor upheavals. This change is heavily modified by the old conservative attachments, and in the end may not go very far. But there is certainly a section of the clergy which is more liberal than its laymen, and some Bishops who are more liberal than many clergy. The Church seems inclined to fight tenaciously for its own privileges, for the maintenance of its own schools, for the right to assert its own system of moral condemnations, for its clean-cut separation from other Christian communities, larger in numbers, and none the less excellent in good works. Its tone and temper are alike more generous and more arrogant, harder and yet more compassionate, more liberal and more intolerant, than the tone and temper of a past generation. If Liberals think that the extravagance of its exclusive demands are sometimes exasperating, and its pretentions to a particular and special privilege and enlightenment cannot stand, we can recognise also its increasing acceptance of Reason as a necessary ingredient in all vital affirmation of doctrine as a guarantee of wisdom, and its increasing occupation with the condition of the poor as some justification of power.

THE PLIGHT OF THE PERSIAN REVOLUTION.

That revolution is fortunate which contrives to time its real moment of trial, when popular opinion is fresh and hopeful. Two years ago the Persians were enthusiastic in the cause of their democratic reforms. They won their Parliament by a species of general strike; the priestly caste was on their side, and even the women in the harems gave their jewels to avert the sale of their country to the foreigner. It is hard to say how much of this enthusiasm remains. The Parliament has been engaged in an incessant struggle with the young Shah. Five times he has sworn fidelity to the Constitution, and five times at least he has broken his oath. Preoccupied with these intrigues, Parliament has done comparatively little for the regeneration of the country. The Treasury is still empty, the officials still unpaid, the army useless against a foreign enemy. Foreign complications darken the horizon. The Turks are still encamped on Persian territory along the Western frontier. From the North the Russians have conducted at least one punitive expedition, which burned a town and slaughtered peaceful villagers. More recently a Russian gunboat has been taking soundings at Enzeli, the Caspian port of Persia. Meanwhile, within the Parliament itself, the inevitable cleavage of opinion has taken place. Islam has always sat lightly on the mystical and speculative temperament of the genuine Persians, and the steady growth of Babism, in spite of savage persecutions, proves how weak is its hold on a race of poets and metaphysicians. The priestly caste, as commonly happens in Mohammedan countries, led the democratic movement. But no sooner

had the Parliament come together than a powerful Left Wing was formed, which began to talk about toleration and the secularisation of the State, very nearly succeeded in admitting non-Moslems to the franchise, and did succeed in divesting the priestly caste of some of its most profitable functions as the interpreter of the law of inheritance. Meanwhile the Court Party recovered from its panic, and when, in December last, Parliament proposed to establish a fixed Civil List, all the underworld of spies and lacqueys and bravos, which swarms about an Oriental Court, urged the Shah to make a counter-revolution. He tried and failed. The Parliament barricaded itself; the people armed for its defence, and the soldiery proved to be on the popular side. Six months have passed, and the Shah has this week renewed his attempt, with more success.

It would be mere guesswork to attempt at this distance, with the meagre news before us, to explain why the Shah is stronger in June than he was in December. Possibly the failure of the Parliament to achieve reforms has depressed the courage of public opinion. Probably the priesthood has realised that its interests must ultimately range it rather on the side of the Court than on that of the people. It is possible, also, that the Shah is leaning on Russian support. He received a money gift from Russia when he first entered Teheran to ascend the throne; that favor may have been repeated. If so, it would be possible to explain why the Persian Cossacks—a native force organised and commanded by Russian officers—has transferred its loyalty from the Parliament to the Shah. His tactics have been confident and bold. He fled the capital, joined his army outside it, made a speech in which he declared that he would hold by the sword the throne which his fathers had won by the sword, and then proceeded to demand the surrender of the popular leaders—a claim which he has backed with cannon. A civil war has begun, and it remains to be seen whether the secret societies, which have arms and numbers behind them, are really prepared to fight. The capture of Teheran would not necessarily settle everything. It is an isolated town, with no ancient associations. The real power of the popular movement is at Tabriz, among the sturdier and denser population of the North-West, which is Turkish by race and language. One does not readily picture the genuine Persians of the South, whom Professor Browne has described for us—the literati who talk mysticism in rose gardens while they are sober, and sheer atheism when they are drunk—making a formidable revolution. But the Turco-Persians, like all peoples of Tartar stock, are positive, worldly, and Philistine. Every traveller, from Morier onwards, has descanted on the physical cowardice of the Persians. But there are mysteries about the valor of Asiatics which no European historian has yet set himself to solve. It was currently said in the early eighties among Englishmen that the Egyptians are cowards; yet under Mehemet Ali they defeated Turkish armies and Wahabi fanatics, and would certainly have overthrown the Turkish Empire if Europe had not intervened. There are similar passages in Persian history, for even so recently as the last century Persian armies have overrun Afghanistan and held Herat. One may say of such races that they have not the habitual and reliable courage of Europeans; but it is clear that, under favorable conditions, with a great leader or a great cause, they do develop bravery. The disciples of Babism certainly showed high courage, both active and passive. Events will show whether a purely political cause can call forth among contemporary Persians the same devotion and the same physical gallantry as did that deeply interesting religious movement.

But it is probably no mere lack of physical courage which led the Persian Parliament to temporise and compromise during the months when it seemed to have the people on its side and the Shah at its mercy. It might have deposed him in December. To-day it is counting the heaps of corpses at its doors. The main reason for its hesitation was its dread of Russian intervention. We are afraid that the Anglo-Russian Convention has made the Tsar the arbiter of Persian destinies. The Parliament may have preferred to face the risk of domestic reaction, rather than incur the graver danger of a Russian occupation. It understood that any civil turmoil must jeopardise foreign interests, and that this would be used in St. Petersburg as a pretext for a Cossack invasion. In spite of all its caution, or rather perhaps because of its caution, the disaster it dreaded has come about. As yet there is no active intervention. But the Shah has been informed by Great Britain and Russia that he is held responsible by them for the maintenance of order. The Shah doubtless knows what is the meaning of "order" in the Russian official vocabulary. His troops have carried out a manœuvre in Teheran, which almost deserves to be called a pogrom. They have looted, and slaughtered, and burned. It was for such maintenance of order that the Tsar thanked his own soldiers, after the scarcely less efficient pogrom at Bialostock. If these Russian-trained troops continue to do honor to their instructors, Persia may yet escape invasion. If, however, the provincial reformers, and more especially the secret societies of Tabriz should continue the struggle, and attempt to realise that other sort of "order," which depends on freedom, we may doubt whether the Russian Foreign Office will be equally satisfied. It is almost superfluous to enquire what our own Foreign Office thinks of these proceedings. It has recognised Teheran, and all the living north of Persia, as part of the Russian sphere of influence. Mr. Lynch is not too pessimistic, in the two able letters which he has contributed to the "Morning Post," in dismissing Persia, as already a dependency surrendered to Russia. The total result of Sir Edward Grey's Asiatic policy has already been sufficiently depressing. The alarms and suspicions of Afghanistan have cost us a frontier war. A remarkably hopeful reform movement in Persia has been sacrificed in Russia's interests. The gravest consequences of all will doubtless develop, as Mr. Lynch predicts, in Turkey. The more closely Russia and Great Britain unite in a league from which Germany is ostentatiously excluded, the more inevitable becomes the Sultan's dependence on the Kaiser. The old policy of supporting struggling nationalities has been abandoned for a series of "deals" between expanding Empires.

Life and Letters.

JOHN MORLEY AS INTERPRETER.

It is some testimony to the judgment and the moderation of our educated classes, as well as to the merits of the writer, that a political thinker and worker so persistent and outspoken as John Morley in his attachment to opinions and policies which the large majority of his readers probably reject, should have secured during his lifetime so firm and unquestioned a place among our standard writers. It is worth while seeking to understand how this has come to pass. That qualities of literary treatment go far in securing such a place is obvious, and certain special gifts of Lord Morley commend him particularly to the favor of his countrymen and enable him to handle many matters of hot controversy without offence. Vigor, lucidity, easy restraint, a liberty of brief discursiveness, these are qualities which establish confidence, enabling us first to pardon, then to admire, the richer qualities of utterance which may accompany them. We live in an age of so much bad writing that merely to assert of any writer that he never pens a paragraph that is tame, copious, ornate, uncouth, is to claim for him a high diploma of distinction. But we place Lord Morley on a higher level of literary distinction by claiming that his readers soon come so closely to identify the thought of his discourse with the style as to dismiss from their mind all separate consideration of the latter. Though we owe much to his earlier contemporaries among the great writers who have concerned themselves with current criticisms of life, to such men as Carlyle and Ruskin, Arnold, Goldwin Smith, or Froude, is there any one of them who has not tried at times to storm our judgment instead of convincing it, or has not bewildered our mind by some perversity or extravagance? This Lord Morley has never done; he never leaves us in doubt about his meaning, motive, or method. We always understand "where we are with him." The chief reason why he is a standard writer is that he is a standard mind, and at a time when standard minds are rare. Such a man gives us a sense of safety; making no pretence to possess a system of philosophy, he brings us to recognise that it is the temper not the formulæ that makes the philosopher; and his sparing use of wide generalisations and of regulation labels enables him to teach politics far more effectively than by wielding more scientific instruments. We feel that we are dealing with "an entirely honest merchant" in the traffic of ideas.

The scope of that traffic is clearly marked. Lord Morley has made his wide range of various learning and his many interests contributory to one main task, the performance of which will mark his place in the history of thought, namely, the interpretation and the defence of modern Liberalism, particularly in the field of politics. To this he set himself in his masterly studies of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and the moulders of the revolutionary thought in France, in the age before Liberalism was linked with any clear belief in progress, and long before progress had received its rational justification in any doctrine of social evolution. With widely informed mind, rigorous but sympathetic judgment, he sought to assess the tendencies of thought and feeling flowing through the representative men and events who went to the formation of the liberal conception of Society and State. The method employed throughout his work has greatly contributed both to its fruitfulness and its popularity. Handling facts and forces which, in their primary import, were mostly loosening and even destructive, he has, partly by historic evidence, partly by interpretative faith, extracted and exposed to thoughtful minds their binding and constructive values.

This could only be achieved in one convincing way, by showing the operation of these liberal ideas and sentiments in the character and work of typical modern Liberals whose faith was embodied in their lives. Though he fortified the result of his studies of great liberal thinkers and statesmen in France and England by other studies of a less personal and a less political nature, his eye and his heart never wandered far from his central theme. Though we may not all accept his exact appraisal of Burke, or even of Cobden and of Gladstone we recognise the happy union of circumstances and of choice which has given us such a linkage of political interpretation. The labors of none of our other modern political thinkers have been more profitably employed, for no one moving in such controversial fields has concerned himself so little with mere polemics. This has been due, we apprehend, partly to the necessity, upon which we have dwelt, of exhibiting Liberalism through its positives and not its negatives, involving a selection of sympathetic subjects, but partly also to a loftiness of mind which disliked and even disdained polemics. For Lord Morley is a man of intellectual peace, though not at any price. Not at the price of truth in things that matter.

That no one can fight better when fight is needed, is illustrated by one study in the new volume of his "Miscellanies" (Macmillan), just published, in which he deals out justice without mercy to Mr. Lecky's shallow and inaccurate book upon Democracy. But this is exceptional. The thought and even the writing appear to us to rise in value, as a rule, with the exact degree of active sympathy between Lord Morley and his subject. Nowhere in his earlier work, not even in his Burke, do we find more luminous and elevated thought than in the appreciation of John Stuart Mill, his friend, written two years ago for the anniversary of his birth. But even where his sympathy is less complete, as in the Romanes Lecture upon Machiavelli, reprinted here, it is the effort to explain and intellectually to justify the man and his work, rather than to confute and disparage, that gives power and conviction. A writer must realise the dignity, even the magnitude, of his subject to handle it with such elevation. It is here that the thing called "manner" comes in. Lord Morley can, upon occasion, lift his readers to a higher plane of appreciation by a single opening sentence. "The greatest of the Florentines has likened worldly fame to the breath of the wind that blows now one way and now another way, and changes name as it changes quarter. From every quarter and all the points of the historical compass, veering gusts of public judgment have carried incessantly along from country to country, and from generation to generation, with countless mutations of aspect and of innuendo, the sinister renown of Machiavelli." Who can resist such an opening?

We move with Lord Morley always on mountain paths, breathing an invigorating air, never sinking into the jungles of mysticism, or dragged along dull, weary high roads of platitude; if caution, or economy of power, forbids him from leading us to follow him up the inaccessible peaks of some intellectual Andes or Himalayas, even of these we get many admirable glimpses—and save our lives to boot. For in the related fields of politics and morals many grave problems are opened which he does not pretend to solve, and not the least profitable essays in this volume are those which suggest and state the doubts and dangers that lie ahead in the path of democracy. Education, the franchise, and the formal wielding of power by the people, have not achieved as much as was expected for the peace and inner prosperity of nations: shadows seem to fall athwart the future of Liberalism. Indeed, we may well apply to Lord Morley the words which he himself applies to Mill, when he says that "one of the objects that he always had most at heart, in his capacity of publicist, was to set democracy upon its guard against itself." This guardianship is especially apparent in the long concluding essay of this volume, reviewing Mr. Hobhouse's powerful work "Democracy and Reaction." Two dangers, indeed, may be said especially to occupy his mind; one which he dwelt on in the essay on Machiavelli, the recrudescence of "reason of State" as the paramount principle of politics; the other, not unrelated to it, the paralysing influence of bureaucracy. It is, perhaps, this latter fear which weights his judg-

ment, as it did Mill's, against some of those movements in democracy which seem to involve a fuller and more complex activity for the State than earlier Liberalism foresaw or desired. It is this visible reluctance which has sometimes led labelmongers to style Lord Morley an individualist. But this much abused term, never truly applicable to the philosophic Radicals whose lineal descendant he is sometimes held to be, is quite inapplicable to him. He is no theoretical precisian, like Herbert Spencer, in assigning the right functions of a State and the limits of individual liberty. If he hesitates, as he evidently does, to don the new livery which some social reformers of his party recommend, it is because he distrusts the company of large, loose social doctrines and of bureaucratic practices into which he fears he may be led.

These apprehensions seem to us excessive, and to involve in some degree a failure to take adequate account of certain truths which in their earlier bearings Lord Morley himself has most profitably exposed. Of the revolutionary ideas in eighteenth century France he wrote: "How came these ideas to rise up and fill the whole air? The answer is that, with all their contradiction, shallowness, and danger, such ideas fitted the crisis. They were seized by virtue of an instinct of national self-preservation. The evil elements in them worked themselves out in infinite mischief. The true elements in them saved France by firing men with social hope and patriotic faith."

Is it not possible that Liberalism from time to time must continue to feed her hope and faith with new revolutionary ideas if she is to do her saving work? May not the failure of formal political democracy hitherto to fulfil the bright expectations of internal stability, growing collective intelligence, and international goodwill, be due largely to the tardy accomplishment of that economic democracy which has within two generations forced its way as the most exigent of the practical problems confronting Liberalism? We do not believe, and Lord Morley assuredly does not, that the work of that Liberalism, whose history during two centuries he has written, is done, or that the new modern belief in social progress, which he dates from Montesquieu, has won its full contents. It is the very temper of tolerant receptivity which has been Lord Morley's greatest contribution to the interpretation of the Liberal process in the past that is needed now. For, though the formal doctrines of social evolution in the mouths of Socialists or scientific sociologists are alien from the spirit of his inquiries, his political teaching is touched by no note of finality. "Nobody," he writes, "with an eye in his head believes that the accommodation of old social institutions to a state of society in which the political centre of gravity has finally shifted, is a completed task, or that the gravest problems involved in that task are not left outstanding and inexorable." The liberty of Liberalism to grow and gather new contents he leaves intact.

THE POWER OF THE VOICE.

More swiftly, perhaps, than anything else, a nice address commends the stranger to us. There is a rare power of the voice. The lips open, and in a moment we are conscious of sympathy, self-confidence, authority, timidity, insolence, menace, servility, or entreaty. Does the voice fall pleasingly upon the ear? It is a more immediate passport than face, figure, or attire. Of the first and late Lord Acton it was said that in his deep tones there seemed to sound the accents of history. Gladstone, rising at a Guildhall banquet at which the King of Greece was the chief guest, rolled out the titles in his splendid burr—"Your Majesty, Your Royal Highnesses, my Lord Mayor, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen"—and the listener was held forthwith. Who that ever heard it could forget the caress of Joseph Jefferson's voice in Rip van Winkle: "Here's your goot healt', unt your family's!" Many years ago, in his chambers in Grafton Street, Henry Irving read to an audience of two, in his quietest, most simple manner, some scenes from the play of "Vanderdecken," which he was then studying. The writer, the sole survivor of the three, recalls, after thirty years, every moving accent of the reader.

But good speaking, which includes accurate pronunciation and truth of accent, does not depend upon the voice alone. A true ear has much to do with it. Is it not through the ear that we learn our mother tongue? We speak by imitating. What is the main reason of our difficulty in acquiring a foreign language? It is that the ear is so seldom taught the exact sounds which the voice must reproduce. The printed word, the symbol of the sound, is nothing to us if we have never heard it pronounced; and if, when it is pronounced, the ear receives it imperfectly, we cannot speak it as it should be spoken. Many, if not a majority of, teachers fall into the error of beginning with the pupil's mouth instead of with his ear. They implore him to produce sounds that he has never really heard. The study should begin with the elementary sounds of the language, sound by sound; and the first duty of the teacher should be to open the pupil's ear and get these sounds in. Pronunciation and accent are not, of course, the same thing. No language can dispense with pronunciation, but many languages dispense with accent. Pronunciation is merely the employment of certain voice-sounds in certain combinations; accent, most simply considered, is the means of rendering syllables conspicuous. In Arabia, Persia, and elsewhere, quantity, or the length of the syllable, is the principle. Pitch is used to distinguish the syllable in Sanskrit, and it is generally agreed that pitch rather than accent guided the Greeks and Romans. We have pitch in our own language, but it concerns acting and oratory more nearly than colloquial speech. With us, pitch in speaking is allied to oratorical emphasis; and emphasis is to a phrase or sentence what accent is to a word.

A felicitous and exact pronunciation, which is a touchstone of general culture, does not come by nature. Speaking, as those who saw and listened to the remarkable oratory of Miss Christabel Pankhurst in Hyde Park last Sunday will readily discern, is among the fine arts. Morell Mackenzie used very properly to insist that it is also a physical performance, requiring both "wind" and "muscle." You cannot, he said, talk in a drawing-room until you have learned how to do so; in other words, the commonest conversational exercise of the voice implies an effort, apart altogether from its specialised employment in the pulpit, on the platform, or the stage. Thomas Sheridan (Brinsley's father), of whom it was facetiously said that he traced every evil of the Commonwealth to the neglect of elocution, invented a system with which, in 1758, he crossed St. George's Channel, to revolutionise British education. He has at any rate had the satisfaction of seeing it plagiarised in sundry modern manuals. Sheridan would suffer no one to speak or read a sentence until he had taxed himself with the question: "How should I deliver this?" and the great scheme (which was by no means an idle one) embraced a peculiar set of marks to indicate the different pauses and emphases. He applied it to the Liturgy, and not a few clergy might at any time with profit apply it to themselves. One eminent divine and rhetorician would, however, have none of it. Archbishop Whateley, he it was, insists in the "Rhetoric" that no system has ever yet taught anyone a good delivery; that we must therefore eschew method, and trust wholly to nature. The Archbishop had probably been bored by spouters. Nevertheless, since we all learn to speak in some manner, there must be rules for so doing, and it is better to study rules wisely than to flout them. But let us beware of affectation. As, in learning to dance, it is not necessary (with Sir Toby's leave) to go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto, so, in seeking a correct delivery, it is not praiseworthy to give tongue at afternoon tea, while it is fatal to do so in the smoking-room. Still, in avoiding mannerism and the pedantic, we may justly aim at propriety.

The right utterance is hard, the slovenly is all too easy; and in many thousands of English speakers slovenliness has become an ingrained habit. Such persons are born into a language too good for them. An American gentleman, Mr. Phyfe, confronts us with a list of 10,000 words "often mispronounced"; but even mispronunciation is less distressing than the style which is habitually careless and deliberately vulgar. This style is not confined to the uneducated, the quarter-educated, or the half-educated. More rankly almost than anywhere else it flourishes in society called polite. A learned German, as we understand, has recently declared that he will import, or would like to import, Americans into Germany as teachers of standard and classic English. They do not, he says, talk cockney, as the English do. The Herr Professor, in his visits to this country, must have been oftener in fashionable than in academic circles. For, to be plain, it is not the instructors of youth who talk cockney, it is the errand boy and the smart set. Now, in the errand boy and others, cockney is really a traditional and inherited form of speech. In certain classes it is fixed and ineradicable. Forty years of board schools have scarcely modified it. In the smart set, on the other hand, cockney is a vice, studiously acquired and sedulously cultivated. The German gentleman, perhaps, did not appreciate to the full the fearf'ly rippin' time he had in this set, whose highest conversation is "a rippin' sort of lingo—what?" The vocabulary of this class is as limited as (and far less natural than) that of a Kentish laborer, who has scarcely one-third of the number of words which the peasant in the West of Ireland turns to such mellifluous account.

So far as mere pronunciation is concerned, we have to note that usage is always more or less in a state of fluctuation. One generation will accent certain words in one way, and the succeeding generation will accent the same words in another way. So completely in three centuries has the pronunciation of our own language changed that, whereas the printed plays of Shakespeare are as easily read as ever, he himself, were he to play the ghost's part to the Hamlet of Mr. Forbes Robertson or Mr. Tree, would be utterly unintelligible.

The grammarian lays down for us laws of pronunciation, and those of the compiler of dictionaries are even more precise; but neither the one nor the other can say that the laws are absolute. Like grammar, speech is in some degree a convention. It is of our own making, and is always undergoing alteration. Every profession, moreover, every trade, every calling, has peculiarities of pronunciation for certain words, which are sometimes in flat opposition to the authority of the dictionary.

It may be objected that the solecisms which offended the strict ear of Germany are not of the least importance; that the language is able in the long run to take care of itself. But no language is able to take care of itself. It is wholly at the mercy of those who make and use it; and in proportion as it is well or ill employed does it increase or diminish in strength, efficiency, and beauty.

If, however, there is no immutable, Median rule, if rightness of utterance is only, like grammatical exactitude, the established and prescriptive usage of "a particular body of speakers at a particular time in their history" (the phrase is Professor Sayce's), what should be the closing word upon the subject? Possibly this, that the usage of the largest body of speakers, if sanction by the most intelligent authority of the time, is the nearest approach to accuracy which the generation has attained, and therefore—so far as that generation is concerned—the best. Such an approach to accuracy should be the preoccupation of us all.

The slangy or slipshod manner, when it is not merely vicious, as it is with the smart set, proceeds in the main from a carelessness that admits of easy cure. "Is it not," a young actress asked of her teacher, "frightfully difficult to say 'Ham and eggs'?" "I should think," was the answer, "it would be frightfully difficult to say anything else."

THE SINGLE-FLOWERED ROSE.

Those who find delight in the sight of great trailers of dog roses sprawling over a hedge, with the grey-brown stems of hazels and the dark twigs of the wayfaring tree for support, will have open hearts for the exquisite single roses which the last few years have brought into popularity. These lovely flowers clothe arbours with glowing gonfalons, fling glittering sprays over pergolas, and touch the crinkled bark of larch pillars with gold.

The lightsome blossoms have all the attributes of youth and grace. The austere majesty of the great pines, the sombre gloom of the yew alleys, are lit with shining flower lamps. They come, they live their brief hour, and they are gone. To compare them with the mighty varieties of the show tents would be to compare shooting stars with planets. They flash out before the last snowflake of hawthorn has fallen, and they pass while the odours of the hayfields are still young. The single roses are children of sunshine. See a thatch of Paul's "Carmine Pillar" on the roof of a summer-house with a background of Austrian pines in the heart of a June day's splendour. Colour seems to leap from the flowers, as trout flash from water. The petals glow with life. Or survey a column of the Penzance brier, "Anne of Geierstein." Flowers cluster in hot, burning masses up the pillar which supports the plant. Every little twig or side shoot is ablaze. And over the top of the pillar is a slender twirl of soft young growth carrying triumphantly aloft its beacon of fire. But over all the single roses lies a veil of grace, of elegance. They please as sweet peas please, or Shirley poppies.

One of the earliest of the single roses is *altaica*, a species from Central Asia, with flowers that are sometimes white and sometimes lemon tinted. It is often in bloom in May, and it is a cold garden that does not see it in flower by mid-June. It is a hardy, free-growing rose, that needs no pruning. A little later, and even more beautiful, is *macrantha*, the large, flesh-coloured flowers of which are adorned with a prominent brush of yellow anthers. It is excellent for a pillar. There is a variety of *Rosa Sinica* called "Anemone," which is full of beauty and charm, and only requires to be known to find its way into a thousand gardens. Its myriad flowers are brilliant, shining pink. Its leaves are dark green, smooth and shiny, and they generally hang on the tree throughout the winter. "Anemone" grows with a lusty and refreshing vigour, rapidly flinging a cloud of shoots around its supporting pillar. *Rosa lucida* is hardly less admired for its warm, red foliage than for its bright flowers. Growers of tea roses know well what pleasure they get from the ruddy tints of the young stems and leaves in spring, and will agree that the rose is not to be admired merely for its flowers.

In a box of garden roses at a show one is sometimes fortunate enough to see a cluster of exquisite white single roses with yellow anthers, under the unfamiliar name of "Himalayica." This gem of roseland is a variety of the old *Rosa moschata*. It grows strongly, and may be cultivated successfully on an arbour or arch. "Electra" can only be included amongst single roses by courtesy, as it is half-filled with petals, and would be more correctly described as a semi-double. But "Leuchstern," bright rose with white centre, and "Paradise Rambler," carmine with white centre, are both pure singles. The latter was exhibited at the Temple Flower Show in 1907, and won the hearts of many rose lovers. "The Lion" is a splendid single, with crimson flowers in clusters. These are new roses, and they are taking the place of the old singles such as the "Austrian Copper," which rare John Gerarde grew over 300 years ago.

The briers (*Rosa rubiginosa*) will be grown alike for the beauty of their flowers, the perfume of their foliage, and the cheerful autumn colour of their bright red hips. The common sweetbrier is perhaps the most richly perfumed of all, but it cannot vie with Lord Penzance's exquisite hybrids in beauty of flower, and these, be it remembered, have fragrant foliage, too. The rose

lover is torn by conflicting preferences in the presence of these charming flowers, and ends by growing them all—"Amy Robsart" and "Anne of Geierstein," "Flora Mac Ivor" and "Julia Mannering," "Lady Penzance" and "Lucy Bertram," "Meg Merrilies" and "Rose Bradwardine." And as he plants, perhaps, on some chill and sunless November day, the stirring scenes of Scott's great dramas pass before his eyes.

Some beautiful single roses are late bloomers. There are, for instance, the varieties of the hairy Japanese rose, *rugosa*. There is *Rosa Wichuriana*, that glossy-leaved, strong-caned rambler, which will cover banks with a thicket of foliage and flowers. And there is a trio of Hibernian hybrids, "Irish Beauty," "Irish Glory," and "Irish Modesty," the first white, the second pale pink, the third coral red, which have large and beautiful flowers. These will carry on the torch which *altaica* and "Carmine Pillar" have lit.

Short Story.

A SAINT.

The days of saints are past. We never see them in these latter times. Our eyes are just as slow to mark them as were the eyes of those who slew and tortured them in days gone by, giving them thus the chance of immortality and of a place apart, in calendars.

I knew one though, that is, if stripes and prisons oft, the scorn of men, a life of poverty and a pure nature, with a soul afire at all injustice, constitute a saint. As many of the breed were born in most unlikely places and surroundings, so was the one I knew, for I feel certain that he was a saint in truth, in deed, and thought and life, although no church has canonised his name. The race has sprung before, in palaces, in hovels, farms, in armies, convents, and again in towns, in country districts, and perhaps in gaols. But Cadiz, "Improba Gades," the laughing, whitewashed, sea-bound, salt-ringed town, which rises from the waves and seems to float, just as a nautilus lies rocking in the trades, does not at first sight strike one as a cradle for a saint.

The little town of Hercules, built on its tongue of land jutting far out into the sea, and with the great black shoal, Las Puercas, standing sentinel just in the fairway of the port, with its long rows of dazzling houses chequered with bright green jalousies, its streets in which a crowd is never seen, in which the tramp of horses is not heard, sans trade, sans manufactures, peaceful, and seeming far removed from all the troubles of the world, does not seem fitting for the birth of one destined to struggle all his life.

Your perfect rebel, and there can be no saintliness without revolt in some shape or another against the myriad meannesses that dwarf mankind, makes his own struggle, if he but strives against himself. Easier far it would have been to have sunk into mere resignation (by that sin men have fallen deeper than even angels fell by pride), and to have found all fair, as did the Lord in Eden, till man appeared to break the spell. In the soft wind-swept, sea-lapped town, where stars come out like fireflies, pale, and sink back into the sky, and where day melts into the night as imperceptibly as if it were a tide, it is so easy to forget.

Dressed in his unsubstantial, southern children's clothes, made out of stuff like bed-ticking, he must have gone to school, to some poor starveling schoolmaster (the hunger of a schoolmaster is a stock jest in Spain), or some old snuffy priest. Still, in his youth he could not but have showed the promise of his life, just as musicians and great painters composed and painted as soon as they could speak, for saintliness is of the nature of an art.

Even in Cadiz, with its quiet ways, its streets so shady in the heat, so sunny in the cold, its grass-grown plazas and its air as of a woman, fair in youth and yet more beautiful in age, the ordinary injustices of life must have revolted him.

The over-laden ass, girth-galled and patient, treading its weary Calvary which leads it to no heaven except the rest from toil that death affords, must have stirred all his blood. Cats tortured and dogs stoned no doubt set all his childish nerves a-tingling and his sympathies on edge, as they do those of many children, but with the difference in his case that the indignation lasted all his life, and did not settle down into that careless acquiescence that makes cowards of us all.

Whether he stood and whispered at the grated window, when he grew older, to some girl half seen, or, standing on the pavement, formed with his lips dumb words to some fair Gaditana on a balcony, I do not know, but I imagine that his only love was his old mother, and that, although throughout his life he never knew the name of fear, with women he was timid and did not know the worth of his timidity in women's eyes.

Fortune had given him a little manufactory of playing cards, left by his father, which in a year or two of philanthropic management soon went to ruin, though I remember now and then, long years ago, to have remarked upon the ace of gold, in Cadiz packs, his name, and to have thought the cards were dingy and looked like blotting paper. This hindrance to his life having been thus removed, the way was clear for him to run his course. Never again did he own property or any money, but what was necessary for the subsistence of his mother and himself and that from day to day.

Thus being independent of the world, he naturally, after the fashion of his brother-saints, set out on his career to redress injustices, make things grown crooked, straight, and generally to court the martyrdom mankind is ever ready to inflict on all who do not put their necks beneath its yoke.

How he became an anarchist, that is to me unknown; but probably, after the fashion of his countrymen, more by experience of life than by long poring upon books.

In such a little town as Cadiz, where everything is known, nothing but vice is possible to hide, and that but by the complicity of others, who shield their fellow-sinners for the need they have of them, his views were known to all, and he became a sort of bugbear to the population, who, in the vegetarian dreamer, saw a dangerous revolutionist, and yet received a pleasurable qualm as he passed by, feeling a pride their city had produced so terrible a man. As he walked through the streets, dressed in his threadbare suit of shoddy Barcelona tweed, a soft grey hat upon his head, with his weak eyes shielded by neutral tinted spectacles, people stepped off the narrow pavement on to the cobble-stones and murmured, "there goes Antichrist." Strange rumours that he maintained a correspondence with the murderers of the Czar gained ground, and sounded terrible to those who had the vaguest of ideas what a Czar really was, and in what portion of the globe Russia was situated. The police began to dog his footsteps, and to endeavour to get proof against him of some mysterious crime. Was it not patent to mankind that one who lived on bread and milk, who never smoked, or went to bull-fights, and whom no soul in Cadiz had ever seen emerge from out the narrow lane that leads down from the Paseo de Apodaca to the house where dwells La Barquillera and her nymphs must be a man who cherished dark designs? No Christian ever would have taken to his house lost dogs or kittens, or stopped light-hearted boys from putting out cats' eyes, and pouring paraffin upon them and setting it ablaze. Such practices the church itself does not condemn, at least by precept, for it knows well that animals are not endowed with souls, and he who seeks to mitigate the torture of their lives is a mere heretic and well deserves the stake.

So, by degrees, the hero of my tale became unpopular with all right-thinking men, and though he shared his pittance with the poor, the very men he helped distrusted him, for charity, although it suffereth long, is never popular.

A famine broke out in the south, with lack of rain for months, so that the earth dried up and cracked, and in the cracks millions of field rats bred, that, issuing from their holes, devoured the remnant of the crops

that locusts and the drought had spared, and the sun turned to fire. Month after month it blazed upon the fields, drying the springs and rivers, and parching up the trees. Water was dearer far than wine, and in the little laughing town a hush fell on the streets, whilst in the country hunger stalked abroad and struck men to the ground. Then came the movement of "La Mano Negra," and the authorities, anxious to pay in full all that they owed to one who, in and out of season, always opposed all governments, arrested him and shipped him off incontinently to the Peñon de la Goméra, with shackles on his feet.

For years he sweltered in the sun, wearing the blue and white striped drill in which the Spanish Government dresses its convicts, on the coast. The little money that his mother sent him he laid out to buy tobacco for the other convicts, who, used to what they called "the vice," were mad for want of it, and by degrees his fellow prisoners grew to know him as The Saint. The school he started, teaching the rudiments of education on an old slate, is not forgotten in the wretched little place, which stands up like a miniature Gibraltar, united to the shore by a mere tongue of land.

Somehow or other he escaped, and wandered up and down for months amongst the tribes upon the Riff. Though as a general rule the Moors give up all convicts, except those who, as the phrase goes, "throw away their hats" and join their faith, they seem to have been impressed with the inherent goodness of this prisoner in especial, and passed him on from one tribe to another until he reached Tangier. The Spaniards, in their human, careless way, did not repatriate him to complete his sentence, but let him live as best he could by writing, teaching, and the other little industries of the unlucky man of education compelled to toil for bread.

Something took place in Spain—perhaps the unnecessary birth of some unnecessary prince, the marriage of a princess, or the like event of national importance, and what is known as an "Indulto," that is, the letting out of prisoners (who should never have been sent to gaol) occurred, and once more he was free. His name was growing as a saint, that is, a man who had no vices and spent his life in doing good, but still was quite unfitted for the world he lived in by his outrageous love of truth.

Then came a half rebellion, and though the saint of Cadiz was not in the town, some speeches he had made, served as a pretext to arrest him, and, once arrested, he was doomed to be condemned. Again he found himself in prison, though with the feeling of half Spain upon his side, after his speech in his defence.

Years dragged along, and though from time to time accounts leaked out of all that he endured, he might have rotted and been buried in a ditch had not a general pardon once more taken place. Broken in health and prematurely aged, he wandered back to Cadiz, just as a wounded animal returns to die where it was born, and as instinctively.

Those who had shunned him all his life now stopped him in the street, and warmly wrung his hands. Prosperous citizens saluted him, and he became an object of respect, just as a conqueror is worshipped, after the victory is won.

As the sun rose he walked down to the beach, bathed and then basked a little in the sun, and wandering back again, ate with good appetite his bread and milk; and, sitting down to work, translated English scientific works for the Madrid or Barcelona Press at miserable pay.

Death took him quietly, coming as a friend, and in his only clothes, a worn and battered shoddy suit of tweed, his mother seated by his side, dressed in the livery of black that Spanish widows wear, her worn merino shawl setting her walnut-coloured face in a dark frame, he lay upon his bed.

All Cadiz blocked the street, and through the little white-washed, flat-roofed house a long procession filed. Ladies in mourning, and workmen in their ordinary clothes, passed through and gazed at him and his mother sitting silently.

Some kissed his hand, and others, patting his mother on the shoulder, essayed to comfort her, just as a horse nestles its nose against the shoulder of its fellow, when he sees it is in pain.

Outside the house the "Comrades" waited in the sun, smoking and talking and spitting in the dust, without the show of grief we in the north affect, but taking everything as natural which happens to a man.

Juan, Pedro, Gil, and Saturnino, taking off their hats, shouldered the bier, still smoking, and the procession took its way through the dark street of Columela, to the cemetery. Emerging on the alameda by the sea, where espinillo grows, that calls back Entre Rios, and the sandy crossings of the streams in Corrientes, it halted, and another band of "Comrades," brown, bullet-headed, and with their cigarettes either behind their ears or in their mouths, relieved the bearers, pushing their way through the thick crowd that swarmed on every side. Women in black, on every balcony, gazed silently, and as the body passed, signed themselves with the cross, making it first upon the breast, and then in miniature across the mouth. Again the bearers changed, and as they passed the cemetery gates, the civil guards, sitting like figures cut in walnut, on their high crested horses from Jeréz, saluted almost as if by instinct, their captain looking vacantly before him, so that discipline was saved.

Pushing its way through the dense mass of people, the bier arrived before the grave.

Around it stood a group of workmen, with here and there a person like a schoolmaster out of employment, dressed in black, faded clothes. When the grave had been filled, the sandy soil falling like hail on the cheap coffin lid, a man stood out, and plunged immediately into a maze of words about the virtues of the dead, the rich, the poor, the social revolution, and the glorious red flag. He ceased, amid some rather faltering applause, and a rough comrade took up his parable, his eloquence at times just touching folly, and his folly rising occasionally to eloquence. He finished, sweating and hoarse, muttering, " . . . he was a saint . . . Adios Firmin . . . long live the social revolution . . . long live anarchy."

The ground was beaten in upon the grave, on which the blows of mattock and of spade fell heavily, just as the blows of fortune had descended all his life on the man resting underneath. The crowd dispersed, and in an hour, once more the town had taken on again its air of emptiness, and in the streets the women walked swinging and balancing upon their hips, just as a square-rigged vessel sways and balances before a gentle, leading wind.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

Letters from Abroad.

THE GERMAN WAR PERIL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The written constitution of the German Empire contains in its eighth article a paragraph saying that there shall be formed in the Federal Council of the Empire a Committee for foreign affairs, consisting of the representatives of the kingdoms of Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg, and two representatives of other Federal States to be annually elected by the Federal Council, and that this Committee shall be presided over by the representative of Bavaria.

There is nothing said about the rights of the Committee, but if its creation was to have a sense at all it could only mean that the board was to exert a controlling influence on the direction of the foreign affairs of the Empire. Such an influence had been claimed in 1870 by Bavaria as a condition of her entrance into the proposed German Confederation, and the claim had been met by the insertion of the paragraph in question. But it was only a concession on paper. In fact, there is nothing of such a control, the Committee for foreign affairs is a mere shadow, it has never had

a real existence. When, in December, 1874, the Bavarian Catholic leader, Joerg, in criticising in the Reichstag Bismarck's foreign policy, ventured to ask whether the Committee was going to be put to life or not, Bismarck made a most violent speech, which provoked quite a Parliamentary scene, and during the Chancellorship of the father of the Imperial Constitution nothing more was heard of the Federal Foreign Committee. It was again talked about in 1900 on the occasion of the Chinese trouble, this time with less dramatic effect, but with the same negative result. Prince Buelow, then in his first year as a Chancellor, made one of his obliging but non-committal speeches, and the matter rested where it was. The Imperial Foreign Office lets the Governments of the Federated States of the Empire have transcripts of the important reports and documents it receives, and of the circulars and notes it issues, but of a deliberating Federal Board on Foreign Affairs there was no more in 1900 and is no more in 1908 than there was in 1874.

Now, it is easily understood why four years after the foundation of the Empire people were not very eager to see the so successful Iron Chancellor controlled and possibly handicapped by a body of officials of doubtful proclivities. It is different to-day. On the one hand, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and one of the two States nominated for the Committee by the Federal Council, Baden, to wit, have democratised their Parliaments so that an influence of the democracy could be exercised on the representatives of these States in the Federal Board. On the other hand, the foreign policy of William II. and his present Chancellor is far from being particularly successful, and its ways are distasteful to a steadily-growing section of the nation. And since the Reichstag has never shown decision in discussing foreign affairs, their eyes turn again to the Parliaments of the States for such criticism and for the demand of some control over the whims and the vagaries of the manager of the foreign affairs of the Empire. His recent utterance—the famous Döberitz speech—has caused Bavarian Socialists to consider the advisability of asking the Bavarian Government whether it has duly insisted on the rights conferred on it in this respect by the Constitution of the Empire. The question has not been decided yet, but the Berlin "Taegliche Rundschau," the only Berlin paper, it is said, which is read by William II. daily in full, whilst of the other papers only cuttings are submitted to him, writes with a broad hint to Münich: "We presume that the Bavarian Government will insist on its Constitutional right not to reply to questions only suggested by a desire to poison the political wells." The unreality of the Federal Committee on Foreign Affairs cannot be better illustrated.

But I doubt whether the Committee, even if it was put on a true working status, could or would do much to impede the present personal direction of Germany's foreign affairs. Quite apart from other reasons, its official character would prevent it from being more than a political circumlocution office. If the Bavarian Socialists interpellate their Government only good can result. For the discussion will turn out to be a demonstration for peace and goodwill between the nations. But otherwise the step will prove futile. The Bavarian Government will, in fact, if not literally, act as the "Taegliche Rundschau" suggested. There are stronger means wanted to protect the safety of the nations against the consequences of the follies or artifices of those at the helm of States and Empires.

For the present an inspired article published on Friday night in the semi-official "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" takes pains to persuade people that the conduct of the foreign affairs of the German Empire is in the best possible hands. It declares as absolutely unfounded those intimations which accuse the German Government of provoking the Turkish Government to a warlike attitude, of treating secretly with Muley Hafid, of sowing anarchy in Persia, sending military agents to Afghanistan, and inciting the Islamic world at large to resistance to Europe. It denies emphatically the rumour of an intention to revoke Baron von Marschall from his post at Constantinople, and to replace him by Baron von der Goltz, the General Instructor of the Army, and it declares that William II., in his speech of Döberitz camp, has said nothing of encircling and of bringing to bay, but has only "expressed his conviction that the Army, faithful to the spirit of Frederick the Great, will remain equal to its task."

So far, this sounds pretty well, but the question remains how the said rumours could arise, and—which is of greater weight—how they could find so many believers that an official denial was considered necessary. I will not lay stress on the somewhat cheap adage that there is no smoke without fire. The article of the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" itself furnishes the explanation. Its language is not reassuring. It begins with stating that "it would be a mistake to deny that precarious diplomatic discussion may arise," and it ends by pointing out that "we will not shut our eyes to possible dangers. Our soldiers do not carry on their caps the unwarlike motto of the Hildesheim section of the former Imperial Army, 'Da pacem, domine, in diebus nostris.' The consciousness of our strength can give us the confidence and the tranquillity which alone behoves a great peaceful nation." A strange way of silencing disquieting rumours. The language recalls almost to the letter the notorious strophe: "We don't want to fight." At the Stock Exchange it has caused almost a panic. Was it necessary, people asked, to refer to the—supposed—warlike spirit of the German Army? But this has always been the language of William II. and his Chancellor. Nobody doubts that they are perfectly alive to the dangers and risks of a war with one of the Great Powers, and will not lightheartedly adopt measures that would lead to such a conflagration. But they cannot resist the temptation to rattle the sword lest the world may forget that "we are a great and strong nation." In this way they always foster Jingoism anew when people begin seriously to reflect upon the costs of military array.

This seems to me the very danger of the moment. Nobody knows for certain what our diplomatists will brew at the end, and with contentious matter being heaped together and the medieval conception of honor everywhere driven into the mind of the makers of public opinion, an international crisis is possible at any time. Articles like that of the "Norddeutsche" are not of the kind to reassure us in this respect, and possibly they are not written for the purpose. But, all things considered, war seems not more probable than it was at any time in the last two decades. Too little is to be won and too much to be lost by it to make the thought of it very attractive. Much more serious is the danger of new increases in the costs of what is now euphemistically called peace.

It appears that each new move of our diplomatists tends to be accompanied by a new increase of the War Budgets of the nations. Papers are full of reports about the construction of new implements of war, first of all of the new giant battleship with gas engines which England is building. If all these reports and statements are true, we are sure to hear soon of new demands for Army and Navy. The German "Flottenverein" will look to that. This powerful organisation which in numbers and means leaves the British Navy League much behind it, has last week had in Danzig its General Assembly, and made its mind and aspirations known by stating in a motion that it refuses to be regarded as a mere appendix to the Imperial Naval Board, but insists on its right to propagate its own views on the acceleration of the growth of the Navy. This means that the "Flottenverein" will continue to work public opinion in favor of still more and bigger ships than the Government dares to demand. These people are surely the most dangerous enemies of the peace. It seems quite unthinkable that, if political conditions remain as they are, the increase of the burdens of armaments can go on much longer without driving the nations to the desperate attempt of making an end of it all by means of a war.

And where are we at present? Herr von Lydow, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, is still on the look-out for new sources of revenue to cover the big deficit of about 400 millions of marks. Apart from some extension of the Imperial succession duty which, however, if such as proposed would not bring more than the sixth part of the money wanted, one hears only of new taxes on articles of consumption. In particular tobacco and spirits are to furnish higher contributions. With spirits this would be quite possible without any harm to the consumers, if only the existing unjust mode of taxation which benefits the agrarian producers at the expense of the State and the consumers

would be reformed. But this the agrarian friends of the Government will not permit without being fully compensated, and instead of it, a kind of monopoly of the sales of spirits is planned which is likely to have rather obnoxious features in increasing the influence of the officials. To turn to cigars they are, it is true, not quite as highly taxed in Germany as in England. But they are here in a much higher degree a luxury of the masses, and to make them dearer than they are would be the more unjust since the German people has to pay already such high taxes on life's necessaries. Besides, an increase of the duty would greatly damage a most flourishing trade, which at present occupies more than a hundred thousand workers. But with the strong aversion to an Imperial income tax and proper death duties it will, with the present Government, always be either enhancing the price of some food or enjoyment of the masses or sacrificing some trade, or both. The failure of the so-called financial reform of 1906 which went on these lines is regarded as no sufficient reason for ceasing experimenting in the same direction. One of the greatest failures was the tax on railway tickets. It drove people by hundreds of thousands into the lower railway classes. Incredible as this may seem, it is now reported that the fault shall be put right by an imposition on the *fourth railway* class—the class of the *poorest people*—which had been left free.

In this connection English readers may be warned against accepting too willingly the glowing accounts of the great surpluses the Prussian Exchequer draws from the nationalised railways. It is, of course, only just that the railways should belong to the community, and experience has shown that the old prejudices against State management will not hold in our days. But it must not be overlooked on this account that the big surpluses of the Prussian railways are, in a degree, made possible by low wages for the railway employees. According to a table drawn by a member of the Prussian Diet, Herr Macco, of the 291,369 employees of the Prussian State railways, 160,445 had an annual income of less than £52. Even the average income of the 61,625 more or less skilled workers employed in the railway works of the State was not more than £60 a year. Engine drivers are paid from £70 to £110 at the highest. If you consider that bread, meat, and other foods are now considerably dearer in Germany than in England you will admit that a good deal of the surplus the State makes is the result of the underpayment of its employees. The same is the case with the revenue from State mines. The workers of these are paid less than those occupied in mines of private owners or companies. The State is, in Prussia, far from being a model employer.

Unfortunately, the reactionists are almost as strong in the new Prussian Diet as they were in the old one. With the exception of one division, where a Freisinniger and a Social-Democrat fight a second ballot, the elections are now everywhere over, so that a balance could be struck. It shows that the three decidedly anti-Democratic groups—the two Conservative groups and the National Liberals—although they have lost ten seats, command still 274 votes in a house of 443 members. The principal winners in regard to seats are the Catholics, who have 105 seats where before they had 96. The Freisinnige have won four seats, and the Social Democrats will be six or seven where formerly they were wholly unrepresented. Altogether a shifting of the centre of gravity towards the left side of the House, but not strong enough to make the balance go down that side. It could have been otherwise if the Freisinnige had co-operated with the Social Democrats. Their flat refusal to coalesce with the working-class Democracy is, in the first instance, responsible for the maintenance of the plutocratic and clerical character of the Prussian Parliament.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin, June 23rd, 1908.

The Drama.

THE IMMORTAL SNOB.

THERE is an interesting description in the "Times" by Mr. Walter Harris, of what he calls the "vast, inappropriate, and expensive conglomeration of useless and inartistic trash," which the half-deposed Sultan of Morocco accumulated in his palace of Fez. It consists, according to Mr. Harris, of a great assemblage of refuse, including

> "a studio packed from floor to ceiling with warped cameras and decaying photographic materials; a state coach, moth-eaten within, which the damp and rain of three years have almost turned to pulp . . . an enormous collection of biograph films, many of subjects which the London County Council would never permit in London; cases of imaginary and fantastic uniforms invented and evolved by expensive tailors; stores full of broken mechanical toys . . . ladies' underclothing and false hair; pianos, harmoniums, and street organs; stuffed birds, and a thousand other miscellaneous atrocities, one and all corrupted by moth and dust, eaten by rats, and covered with mildew and cobwebs."

Mutato nomine, this is a truthful catalogue of the material of which the fashionable British drama is largely made up. Every season scores of new plays appear, produced at enormous expense, stuffed with the dresses and furniture of the hour, filled with its slang, echoing its gramophone thought. Thousands of articles appear, criticising these works, praising them, discussing them at enormous length. Inexhaustible as is this product, it has one characteristic. Born of the hour, it perishes with the hour. A few months cover it, like the rubbish-heap in the Sultan's palace, with "moth and rust"; and the interminable procession of shadows—Merry Widows and Belles of New York, Mimosa Maids and Muscular Christians, Toddleses, Explorers, Flag Lieutenants, Prisoners of Zenda—vanishes like the figures on a bioscope; to give place to other figures similarly constructed. As with the season's plays, so with its songs and its books. All are constructed on a few models, like the women's hats from Paris. Some show a certain degree of adaptive or imitative skill. But nearly all minister alike to pride, sensuality, or *ennui*; despise Nature and Truth; are unfeeling, or shallow-feeling; are utterly bad as art.

And now and then, in the midst of this *brouhaha* of nonsense, there appears some profound and sincere conception of the dramatic art, distinguished from its false companions by its directness, its simplicity of method and apparel, its appeal to the affections of men, its clear realisation of the evils or the follies of their society. And this work of genuine art survives, even when its meaning, like the meaning of the Bible, is obscured by much repetition. Such a work is "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," now being played at too rare intervals at His Majesty's Theatre by M. Coquelin *aîné* and his company. It is quite impossible that the London theatrical season can witness anything so perfect as this play, or any dramatic representation which approaches that of M. Coquelin as M. Jourdain. And yet our dramatic critics do not devote to it one third of the space which they give to the absurdities I have described. One of these gentlemen, indeed, carries the average *naiveté* of his profession to an excess when he informs us that "an Englishman may read the play without feeling at home in it," that "the period and the society are foreign to our habits of mind." Now "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," being a satire on Snobbery, probes the specially English foible, the central vice of character and deportment which paralyses the English hand and atrophies the English brain and heart. It might conceivably be said that France, with her Revolution and her levellers, had made Molière's masterpiece obsolete. But it is too much to hint that the pranks of M. Jourdain have nothing to say to us—with our Court, our Dorantes and Dorimènes, our very House of "Mamamouchis" gloriously flourishing through the centuries, and still securely enthroned in the centre of Imperial democracy. Let us at least confess our kinship with M. Jourdain while he drives in troops through Bond Street, occupies whole streets and squares in the neighborhood of Hyde Park, stores them with acres of pictures and tons of furniture, sups with Dorimène at the Carlton, begs for a baronetcy at Westminster, and makes the "troisième révérence" at Buckingham Palace, and so long as we keep a public school system for the express benefit of Jourdain *fils*, and discipline his little mind in the principles of the famous lesson in orthography and the polite arts.

It is not necessary, therefore, to regard "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" as out of date or out of harmony with the most cherished forms of our civilisation. Molière, indeed, most inveterate of preachers and lecturers, chose, as all great artists choose, themes that are permanent, that belong to the web and woof of human nature, not merely to social artifice. He had also a gift of gentleness, rare in the satirist, and it is this special quality which M. Coquelin so delightfully illustrates. M. Jourdain is not the Snob Particular so much as the idealised, the universal Snob. There is nothing vulgar about him; he is engaged in an act of ritual, culminating in the Beatific Vision of himself as a Mamamouchi, who has at the same time been mercifully delivered from the haunting spectre of a draper-father. This exquisite process is reflected in every tone of M. Coquelin's voice and every line of the wonderful comic mask that he puts on. The whole man is absorbed in such revelations as of the true nature of prose. His lips are parted, his cheeks deep-lined with care or puckered with desperate earnestness. Now and then M. Coquelin, rogue that he is, must turn his solemn face, rapt in the great business of ceasing to be a man and becoming a gentleman, and show it to his audience, so that they may see the joy that transfigures it. But this is not often. M. Coquelin's art is too refined to be prodigal of such devices. The play, full of agreeably bustling action as it is, has its centre in the progress of M. Jourdain though the enchanted domain of Snobbery. The more extravagant his follies, the more contained is the actor's expression of them. At the critical passages of the immortal lesson Coquelin's voice hardly rises above a whisper, and it is with a certain dignified tolerance that he pushes aside Madame Jourdain's suggestion that it is more important to talk sense than to know what name the learned give to the faculty of speech. In the Mamamouchi scene, with its burlesque of ceremony, he is as a man entranced. The unreality of the Snob's existence penetrates him. The absurd has become to him as natural as Nicole's shriek of laughter at his "gentlemanly" appearance seems unnatural. He is the pure, the sublimated Snob, disinterested in his worship, and even ennobled by it. And in this he resembles us. Napoleon revived Snobbery as a mere instrument of government. We retain it for the joy of it, for the "thing in itself."

In such representations, therefore, appears at once the whole purpose of dramatic art, and it is only a sign of the decline of our own drama, that we who, as a nation, live most by trade, and are at the same time most ashamed of it, can produce no satiric reflection of this great national fault, and cannot even perceive the relevance of an immortal representation of it, designed, as it was, for other times and other manners. Contrast, indeed, the whole apparatus of such a play with the garb assumed by our own feeble and prostituted art—the simplicity and clearness of the action and dialogue, the absence of all elaboration in the scenery, the due subordination of each actor, even the greatest, to the lines and tone of the general dramatic picture. And examine the wealth of M. Coquelin's *repertoire*, as compared with the poverty of resource displayed by our leading artists. We have Shakespearian players in abundance. But who among our actors of the first rank plays Shakespeare, *and* Goldsmith, *and* Sheridan, *and* (let us say) Congreve at his best, *and* aims at exhibiting the general riches of our store of dramatic literature, as M. Coquelin exhibits the wealth of the French theatre? Such a range and choice of effort will never come under our present managerial system; we must look to the coming National Theatre to ensure it. H. W. M.

Communications.

THE HYDE PARK DEMONSTRATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Such a crowd had never been seen in Hyde Park, not even for a Tyburn hanging in the good old days when no woman claimed a part in public affairs Perhaps no such crowd had ever been gathered in the world's history on so small a space. It was as big as the German first line that in case of war would spread from Trier to Mühlhausen. It was as big as a dim barbaric host into whose flesh the Roman sword hacked its way for days together. The women in the processions had come from all the winds of the island and all the famous cities of our home—from Edinburgh and Newcastle, from Halifax and Manchester, from Carnarvon, Exeter, Portsmouth, Canterbury, Colchester, and half a hundred more, bringing with them in the names of their old fortresses and the dragons and mottoes on their flags a long memory of our persistent conquest of freedom. As an army with banners the Social and Political Union, and many outside supporters, converged upon the Park in seven great columns from the stations and mustering points of the largest city. Thirty special trains had brought the country people up, three thousand standard bearers carried their flags. Punctual to time they came, and exact in place, without fluster or excitement, quietly ordered by general, chief marshals, group marshals, banner marshals, and banner captains without the aid of men. When Mr. Haldane's Territorials can throw two Army Corps through the streets with as little fuss, the British voter's confidence in his right to sleep in peace should be restored.

Women from all classes had come—graduates and writers, wives of "professional" men, clerks, shop-girls, factory hands, tailoresses, sweated things, workers in all the trades and labors which have produced the wage-earning woman of our cities—an appearance still new in the world's history. Driven by an obscure or sharply realised sense of wrong, they had come to maintain the words inscribed on the French banner—"La Solidarité des Femmes." It was a new "Insurrection of Women," a new appeal, not to a helpless Monarch in Versailles, but to a power that is supposed to guide the world. Surely thousands on thousands of human beings, touched with a sense of wrong, whether obscure or sharply defined, could not appeal in vain to the power of justice that, however roughly, is in the end supposed to guide the world! With drums beating and banners flying, the seven divisions entered the awaiting crowd and were merged in it. Like the currents of streams pouring into a lake, they were distinguishable for a little way, and then they disappeared. The banners were rolled up, the music ceased. The processions became inextricably mingled with that enormous audience. Only on the twenty platforms were seen the speakers, marked out by the purple, white, and green of the Union that had done it, and almost the only banner that remained unfurled displayed on its purple, white, and green the words, "From Prison"—the means by which the thing had been done.

It was those two words that had brought together the greatest crowd of our history. They were the ultimate appeal to the power that is supposed to guide the world. Two years ago, how many citizens of London, or free-born voters of our islands, would have cut two minutes off their Sunday dinners to attend a meeting for Woman's Rights? Now the moderate estimates tell of 300,000, and one or two want to double the number. Most of them, to be sure, had come for something to do, for something to talk about. They had come in hopes of seeing something queer, or because it was a fine day and the Park was not far. They camped in families round the outskirts, and put the children to sleep on the nice dry grass, by mistake for the country. They sang, and sucked sweets, and wandered up and down, and struggled, and pushed, and made love, and tried to hear the speeches, and gave it up, and walked round again, and talked of people's dress and people's faces, and sat down, and smoked, and ate oranges, and laughed to defend themselves from seriousness, and behaved as a London crowd always would, whether on Derby Day or the Day of Judgment.

That was the crowd—casual, careless, afraid of something new, weaker in their contagious mass than any man or woman among them—the same as other crowds, only larger. But "at the back of their heads," as it were, lay a sense that something unusual and significant was happening, a feeling that this was a day in history and things would never be quite the same again. They dimly knew that a cause for which people are prepared to suffer anything without counting cost or comfort or shame has to be considered, and there were the words, "From Prison,"

to remind them. As usual, their private opinions about methods and tactics and lawlessness and unconstitutional ways had been obliterated by penalties freely suffered for crimes that the Irish call "clean." For some high and unselfish cause alone the offence is not only expiated by the punishment, but glorified; and everyone in the crowd knew in his heart that it was so. Here, in this Park, another step was being taken in the long effort of mankind to free itself from the trammels which it had unconsciously imposed for its preservation through long-forgotten ages of savagery. It was a step like the rebellion against the absolutism of tyrants, or the oppression of nobles, or the inquisition of priests. Those evils also had their roots in some far-off necessity by which for centuries they were justified, and on the banners of those who shook the grasp of them loose from the world were also inscribed the words, "From Prison." For in all such contests there is a point where reason has done its work and it is only by action and a willingness to suffer everything that the assurance of faith can be demonstrated to a world that cares very little for reason by itself.

The contest signified by that incalculable assembly sprang from a still greater depth in the forgotten strata of history out of which we have emerged, for nothing is so slow to change as the common ways of daily life. There before the very eyes of the crowd was exemplified the stage that the ancient difference between might and right had now reached. On one of the platforms stood the woman who had brought the cause to the front of political life—slender, frail, possessed immovably by her idea. On another stood her daughter, humorous, imperturbable, an orator such as hardly a man in our generation has been. And close around both platforms were gathered organised bands of youths from political clubs and shop-assistant common rooms—pathetic testimonies to the overwork and deprivation and hardship that their mothers had undergone. Such as they were, they represented might. With rattles and bells and toys and whistles, and songs in chorus, they illustrated in concrete form the philosophic argument of the "Times" and the "Spectator" that only men can have the vote, because only men go out to war. With laughter and clamour they appealed to the chivalrous instinct on which we are told society is founded, that it is unwomanly for a woman to have a voice in the laws that govern her, but not unwomanly for her to empty the morning slops.

Dimly the crowd was conscious of all this. As the hour and a-half of speaking went by, all the platforms but one conquered an audience as far as a woman's voice could reach. They heard uncomfortable things they had not known or realised before—things about the English laws on women, and workhouse cases, and the sweating wage, and children whom their own mothers may not claim as their own. But it did not much matter what they heard. The look of things was more persuasive than any words. To be sure, it is disconcerting to have an unquestioned and unconscious idea disturbed when it has seemed to lie in the very nature of man, like the inferiority of women, their want of seriousness, their incapacity for politics, their inability to fight. But there the proof was before all people's eyes. Inability to fight? Well, men were incapable of motherhood, a more useful and a more dangerous service; yet men had the vote, though often they were obviously as incapable of fighting. Inferiority, incapacity for politics? Look at the platforms and the thing became ridiculous. And as for seriousness, there stood the banner inscribed, "From Prison." It was all very disturbing, and in a disturbed, uneasy mood men and women went home to tea when the bugle had sounded and the biggest of meetings passed into history.—

Yours, &c., H. W. N.

June 24th, 1908.

WORKING WIVES IN COUNCIL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—This year, when the insistence of Woman Suffragists has forced into prominence all matters affecting the lives of women, the annual Congress of the Women's Co-Operative Guild has received the recognition it has always deserved. Coming away from it, one is conscious of having gained two chief impressions from the deliberations of these married women workers—the majority of them were wives and mothers—an impression of their sincerity, and an impression of their practical common sense. Here were eleven hundred women who had carried on the struggle for existence almost as long as they had been conscious of existence, sitting in council to discuss the factors that make the struggle so hard and so incessant, and determined with the instinct of the mother to make that struggle less hard for those who came after them; it was not conceivable that they should be anything but practical and sincere in their manner of tackling things. So there was no time wasted over eloquence, no attempt at making an effect; the literary tricks of the half-educated would have fallen lamentably flat in this assembly of political housewives, who had met to seek a solution of real problems. Yet the interesting thing was that the eloquence was there all the same, and that the effect was made as surely as if it had been rehearsed beforehand.

It is not easy to analyse the temper of that packed audience of women workers. There was nothing tense about it; good humor, good fellowship, unfaltering attention were its prevailing characteristics. But now and then a flash of plain truth from the platform, that went straight home simply because it was true, sent a wave of emotion all over the hall that you could not call approval or indignation or dissent; it was just a human cry. One of these dramatic moments was reached during the debate on unemployment, when one of the speakers said simply, "You know what life means with that terrible fear of unemployment always before you"; another, when child labor was mentioned, and it was declared to be "deplorable that we have so many children among us to-day that it tears the heart to look at"; or again, when a Northern mother, making an appeal for the children to stay longer at school, though the mothers might have to work harder to keep them there, said parenthetically, "God knows we are hard worked enough just by being mothers." More eloquent than literary periods was the remark of the woman who, trying to voice her advocacy of Government workshops, added quietly: "I don't seem able to get the power of speaking, but I know what I say is true." And the same sense of unanimity was in the air when true facts were given about sweating, the seizure of wives' savings by their husbands, the bitterness of waiting for an old-age pension, and then losing it through being in receipt of poor relief. And while all these matters were discussed from the woman's point of view, any hint that this meant no antagonism to the men was always received with loud approval.

Perhaps it is natural that the outlook of those who are always grappling with a certain set of life's difficulties should in some respects be less broad than that of the intellectual and leisured outsider. One felt this slightly in the education debate, when the feeling of the Congress was by no means unanimous as to the desirability of raising the school age. The economic obstacles, being ever present to the mother of wage-earning children, not unnaturally blind her to the ultimate advantage to be gained; and the only wonder was, in this case, that so many delegates appealed earnestly for the better education of girls, and that a resolution calling for the full discussion of this by all Guild branches should have been unanimously carried. It was impossible not to feel sympathetic with the dissentient who, crying out against someone who had called upon them "to work their fingers to the bone to keep the children at school till they were sixteen," said grimly: "Most mothers' fingers are at the bone already when the bairns are but fourteen."

The Woman Suffrage debate, again, when a resolution was passed with only a few dissentients, calling upon the Government to enfranchise women "on terms that will include the married working-woman," showed, I thought, a similar disinclination to see beyond what was wanted to what might ultimately be gained. The women were good enough politicians to see that the time was not yet ripe for full adult suffrage, though most of the speakers were adult Suffragists in theory; but the point of view of those who, while equally anxious that working wives should be enfranchised, claim that an immediate demand for their enfranchisement would probably postpone the prospect of any woman being enfranchised, was not really put before the Congress. I thought this a pity, because, just now, when

all the Suffrage Societies, except the adult Suffragists, are asking for the so-called Limited Bill, on the grounds that to ask for more would not be practical politics, it would have been interesting and helpful to hear on what grounds the Women's Co-operative Guild support the expediency of the wider scheme. The vote taken seemed to me consequently an academic vote, a mere statement of the measure of enfranchisement that co-operative women would like to have, and not their opinion as to whether this was the most practicable measure to ask for. It must be added, though, that their real expression of opinion with regard to Woman Suffrage was only to be gathered from attending all their meetings. The Congress was itself a two days' Suffrage debate. Again and again, speakers said, amid enthusiasm, that this or that question would never be settled until women had votes—whether it was a matter of unemployment, wives' savings, old-age pensions, a minimum wage for Co-operative women workers. One heard it in speeches and in conversation, during the Congress, and after it, coming away in the train. It is a fact that has burnt itself into the consciousness of the woman worker.

I should like to touch finally on the International side of Co-operative work, as the women see it. It was impossible not to be struck by their readiness to accept the idea of international citizenship. They listened in heroic silence while friendly foreigners spoke to them in Finnish, Swedish, Hungarian, and French; they applauded generously when such utterances were translated and found to contain many references to the Women's Guilds that have been formed in other countries on the model of our English one; they rose to a fine point of enthusiasm when Mr. Naitila, of the Finnish Co-operative Society, stammered out an English farewell, or when Madame Renaud, the French Socialist, made them understand by a kind of magnetic impulse what she meant when she said: "Compatriotes! je dis compatriotes, parce que pour moi il n'y a pas de frontière!'" They sent away the foreign delegates wondering why the English race is said to be shy and reserved; and if I have said that in some respects the outlook of the working mother may be slightly limited, let me end by saying that in others it is a good deal wider than that of the intellectual observer—and it is nearly always more human.—Yours, &c.,

EVELYN SHARP.

June 24th, 1908.

[Letters under the above heading deal with important present topics, but do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the paper.—ED., THE NATION.]

Letters to the Editor.

THE PAN-ANGLICAN CONGRESS AND DIVORCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Pray give me space for a brief reply to Mr. Gates. When I spoke at the Albert Hall, I did not apply St. Paul's phrase—"doctrines of devils"—to the re-marriage of divorced persons, but to the glorification of Prostitution. I did not apply the phrase, "legalised concubinage," to marriage with a wife's sister, but to the re-marriage of persons having a husband or a wife still living. Mr. Gates should be careful to quote accurately before he protests.

Mr. Gates goes on to ask why I "dissociate myself from the early Christians," why I "fail to denounce the Roman Church," and other conundrums. The answer applies to them all—because my speech was limited by rule to fifteen minutes.—Yours, &c.,

June 22nd, 1908. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

WHY PUDSEY WAS LOST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The loss of a Government seat, never previously captured by the enemy, is very galling at this juncture, especially in view of the fact that at the General Election the Liberal majority was 3,502.

The last election must, however, be totally omitted from any consideration of the circumstances of the case. Exceptional everywhere, nowhere was that election more so than in the Pudsey Division. Mr. Whiteley, who had considerably strengthened his hold on the constituency during the five and a-quarter years since the "khaki" election, was opposed by Col. Ford, who came forward at the eleventh hour, virtually unknown to a single elector, who did not display any great political sagacity during the contest, who was handicapped by a ludicrously inefficient organisation and by a neglect of registration work as great as that of the Liberals in East Wolverhampton from 1906 to 1908. In all these circumstances, with his prestige as the newly-appointed Chief Whip, and with the tide running so strongly in favor of Liberalism, it is hardly to be wondered that Mr. Whiteley polled two to one.

The proper comparison is with 1900, when the Tories fought under much the same conditions as now, with a strong local candidate who had been nursing the constituency for some little time, with the backing of an excellent organisation, after careful attention to the register, and with public opinion for the time being in their favor. How is it that a Tory minority of 549 in 1906 has been turned into a majority of 113 in 1908?

It was not, as in some of our recent losses, due to neglect of the constituency. Mr. Whiteley had been, especially considering the claims of his arduous post, assiduous in his attention to it. It may be doubted, indeed, whether any Chief Whip has ever visited his constituency so frequently when, as in this case, he lived at a distance from it. Nor had there been any supineness on the part of the local organisation. The Tory activity was not allowed to go uncounteracted, and much spade-work had been done during the twelve months preceding the election. A visit from Mr. Lloyd George had even been arranged for, but was postponed on account of the railway dispute calling for all that Minister's attention. Registration, too, had been as thoroughly looked after as if the Liberal majority had been only 350 instead of ten times that figure. I must pause here to pay a tribute to the work of the Liberal agent, Mr. J. H. Linforth, one of the ablest organisers the Liberal Party possesses. It may be doubted whether there is any constituency where the registration work is done better than in the Pudsey Division or in the City of Leeds, for which Mr. Linforth is also responsible. Nor was there any mistake in the choice of candidate. Mr. Ogden, it is true, did not please everybody—what candidate ever did?—but the number of abstentions on the Liberal side on personal grounds would fall far short of one hundred.

He enjoyed the advantage—possessed in both its aspects by neither of the previous Liberal candidates—of being a resident in the division, and also of being in business in Leeds, of whose City Council he is a prominent member, having been chairman of the Waterworks Committee (now engaged on some huge extensions) for the last two years with conspicuous success, so that he was well calculated to appeal to the Leeds freeholders. In the division itself he was, generally speaking, remarkably popular, and to great political knowledge he added a rare gift of oratory.

Nor was there any over-confidence on the part of the workers. Every one, from the Chairman (Mr. P. H. Booth, W.R.C.C.), and Mr. Linforth downwards, recognised the stiff nature of the contest, and worked accordingly. The only defects that can be pointed out in the management of the election are that, as at Manchester, the Liberals were rather late in replying to the glaring misrepresentations as to the effect of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, and that too much attention was paid to the Tory attack and too little to the Socialist; but the latter point was one of those instances where it is so much easier to be wise after the event. Rarely, at any election anywhere, has there been a more thorough canvass. Without going into committee-room secrets as to exact figures, it may be safely said that the proportion of voters of whom the canvassers gave no report was ridiculously small.

Was the reverse, then, due to a feeling of disgust with the Government? The most bitter opponent of Liberal policy will hardly contend that the Licensing Bill, the Education Bill, and the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, all taken together, have brought more odium on the Liberal Party than the South African War did, and Mr. Oddy only polled twenty more votes than Mr. Beckett Faber, swimming on top of the khaki wave, did, out of an increased poll of 669.

It may be suggested, however, that the Liberal candi-

date was handicapped to a greater extent than previous Liberal candidates had been by the Leeds freeholders' and outvoters' votes. As the Liberal Agent stated at the outset of the contest, the electorate consists of freeholders in the appalling proportion of 43 per cent., and the Tory Agent made the most desperate efforts to bring these up to the poll. The Leeds freeholders were circularised almost every day—I had nearly said almost every post—during the last week of the contest, and the outvoters were all wired to on the eve of the poll. But, though this proportion is probably only equalled in the two hopelessly Tory constituencies of Wimbledon and Hornsey, in which the South and North London freeholders respectively vote, it is by no means such a handicap to Liberalism as might be imagined. Of all the large towns in England, Leeds is probably the most Radical. At the General Election of 1895 it was the only town returning more than two members to send a majority of Liberals. It would have done the same in 1900 but for a split in the Progressive vote in the Eastern Division. In 1906 it shared with Manchester the distinction of being the only town returning more than three members which sent an unbroken Progressive representation. This attitude of the city at large is shared by the resident freeholders, and, to a lesser extent, by the outvoters. At the General Election they gave Liberalism an estimated majority of 500. Of what other body of freeholders except, possibly, those of the Stretford Division of Lancashire, could the same be said?

The abnormal circumstances which have marked all recent English bye-elections, of course, swelled the Tory vote among the occupying electorate, but the total increase in the Tory poll being, as shown above, only twenty over that of 1900, when they had an adverse majority of 549, it is clear these factors did not avail, of themselves, to put Mr. Ogden in a minority. The respective—and conflicting—claims of the Tariff Reformers, "the Trade," and the Suffragettes to the glory of Mr. Oddy's victory thus fall to the ground. The last-named, indeed, were even more ineffective than in South Leeds, where competent observers estimated they did not influence a hundred votes. Only in one small township, comprising two per cent. of the electorate, can they be said to have done the Liberals any harm.

Having thus discussed and, with good warrant, dismissed all the above possible causes of Liberal defeat, there remains one, and only one—the presence of the third candidate.

Of course, surer ground is wanted on which to rest this assertion than the Socialist Party's own declaration that it was they who put Mr. Oddy in—for nobody talks more twaddle of the "alone I did it" type than your average Socialist—and it can be found. Throughout the contest, I estimated that the Labor candidate would draw two-thirds of his poll from the ordinary Liberal voting strength, and one-third from the Conservative. This opinion was confirmed by estimates, arrived at quite independently, of other members of Mr. Ogden's election committee. As matters have turned out, the estimate is probably too low, for, of the four townships from which the Labor candidate drew his chief support, two were, in the past, Liberal strongholds, and in the other two, Liberalism had, at any rate, always held its own, if no more.

In all likelihood, Mr. Benson drew 1,000 of his votes from the Liberals and only the odd 291 from the Conservatives. Take the estimate as it stands, however, and we find that the Conservatives lost 430 votes to the new party, and the Liberals lost 861. In other words, but for Mr. Benson's presence in the field, the Liberal majority would have been 318, or not greatly below those of 1895 and 1900.

The Labor candidate, of course, stood for Free Trade, popular control of Education, Licensing Reform, Old-Age Pensions, and the Eight Hours Bill, so that, however much ink the Tory Press may shed in trying to prove the contrary, however disingenuously they may manipulate the figures of the contest in the same way as they do those on the fiscal question, the fact remains that the majority of the constituency backs up the Government on these questions; but, owing to the split in the Progressive vote, that majority fails to make its voice heard in the House of Commons. The Labor Party has, of course, a perfect right to contest Pudsey or any other constituency in which it can get ten voters to sign a nomination paper, but all things which are lawful, we know on excellent authority, are not expedient.

It is not merely inexpedient, it is positively idiotic, to sacrifice the welfare of the people at the present juncture by running a candidate who has not the remotest chance of election, and it is a strange way of supporting the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, on the eve of its second reading, to help to return a candidate who makes opposition to that measure one of the chief planks in his programme.

The heads of the Labor Party wisely recognised this, and declined to indorse Mr. Benson's candidature, but a negative attitude is hardly sufficient. On similar occasions Liberal headquarters have taken pains to spread broadcast through the Press their repudiation of the locally selected candidate, while prominent Liberals have taken sides against him.

As Labor, equally with Liberalism, stands to suffer from ill-considered action, it is not too much to ask that similar steps shall be taken by the heads of the Labor Party in all future cases where a third candidature, without benefit to Labor, threatens to injure, not merely Liberalism, but the commonwealth.—Yours, &c.,

A Liberal Worker.

Leeds, June 23rd, 1908.

THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Whoever wrote the article called the "Lost Liberty of the Road" in your issue of June 6th was supremely ignorant of the subject which he was discussing. I will first deal with the actual mis-statements of fact. It is not true that the horse vehicle, the cyclist, and the pedestrian are almost driven off some of the main roads, as he could see if he knew the main roads as well as I do. It is not true that property is depreciated. Personally, I have never heard of a butcher's boy being punished for furious driving, though I quite agree that he often deserves it. It is not true that twelve miles an hour is the utmost limit of pace in towns and villages that is consistent with the comfort and safety of the public. It is not a most necessary change "to substitute imprisonment for a fine at the third offence"; it is already the law. It is not any longer true that motoring is a form of sport. It is not true that the average respectable motorist belonging to the natural aristocracy behaves like a hooligan road hog.

After this absurd exhibition of prejudice and ignorance of the subject he is dealing with, I cannot wonder that the writer of your article goes on to suggest that the Press is corrupt because it is "in the hands of motorists"; that the Magisterial Bench and the County Councils are corrupt for the same reason; that Mr. Burns and the Local Government Board are indifferent to the common rights of the people, and that the present law has completely broken down. I can only tell him that he will find no one who knows anything about the subject, whether he be motorist, magistrate, or chief constable, to agree with a single one of his propositions, and if your readers like this sort of exaggeration, it is perhaps hardly worth while dealing with it.

To this sweeping indictment I ought to make one exception. When he says that prosecutions ought to be for driving to the common danger instead of for exceeding an artificial speed limit he is on firm ground. This is what everybody who knows the subject has been crying out for, and the powers under the existing Motor-Car Act of 1903 are ample for the purpose. Once a man is convicted of driving to the common danger, it is possible to fine him, and it is possible to suspend his licence and to remove him from the wheel of a motor-car for any period the magistrate thinks fit. No motorist denies that there are some drivers who ought not to be on the road, and the 40,000 organised motorists of this country, consisting in the main of considerate drivers, have over and over again urged this course of conduct upon the police. The writer of your article should learn something of the subject. Let him familiarise himself with the conditions obtaining in Surrey, where the towns and villages are left unprotected, and where motorists are forced into the lanes and byways because every straight, open, and safe stretch of road is infested by concealed policemen, put there not to protect the public but to convict the motorist, considerate and inconsiderate alike, of technical offences and rake in fines. This conduct on the part of the police does more to encourage inconsiderate driving than

anything else, since it turns every motorist into an enemy of the police in the county.—Yours, &c.,

RUSSELL.

June 15th, 1908.

[The writer of the article lives in Surrey. He is himself a cyclist, and finds himself driven off the main road, and practically debarred from cycling as an amusement. The depreciation of property on main roads is a fact familiar to everyone but Lord Russell. If he has never heard of prosecutions for the furious driving of horses it is quite possible he is equally ill-informed on other subjects. His denial that motoring is any longer a form of sport can only cause a smile. As to the substitution of imprisonment for a fine, we are concerned less with the law than with its administration. Lord Russell seems to think that no one but a motorist has any experience on this matter. He ignores the bitter difference between the experience of the man inside the motor and that of the man outside. We must add that the manner in which he deals with the whole subject most aptly illustrates that very spirit among motorists which has caused the growing demand for stricter administration of the law.—ED. NATION.]

LIBERALISM AND PRISON REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If the moral value of the judgment of "A London Clergyman" is to be gauged from his assertion, in your issue of June 15th, that the Prevention of Crimes Bill "has been introduced under the Ten Minutes' Rule, with the obvious intention of curtailing discussion," there can be small profit in discussing with him. I have seldom seen a more wanton aspersion. As you, sir, are well aware, a Bill might be introduced without any speech at all; and Mr. Gladstone's Bill has been very fully discussed at the proper time—on the second reading; while the Committee stage is yet to come.

Your correspondent alleges, quite erroneously, that under this Bill "the liberty of offenders is entirely handed over to prison warders and officials"; and then asks for "an enlargement of the system by which offenders may, should their conduct justify it, be released before the expiration of their sentences." And how is that now done, save on the testimony of warders and officials?

I am perfectly aware that the present Bill does not fully and strictly apply the principle of the indeterminate sentence; I have expressly said so. But, in view of the kind of criticism that is being passed upon the Bill, it is abundantly clear that British intelligence is not yet prepared for the systematic application of any rational principle to criminal treatment. It is being denounced, with all the confidence of a first impression, by people who have evidently never before considered the problems involved.

I have some little difficulty in believing, on the authority of your correspondent, that you have declared the Bill to be "an infringement of the spirit, if not the letter, of *Habeas Corpus.*" Is it possible that you suggested that a writ of *Habeas Corpus* would not run in a Borstal Institution? Or that while a death sentence and a sentence of imprisonment for life are compatible with *Habeas Corpus*, an indeterminate sentence is not? I must confess myself mystified.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

June 24th, 1908.

[We do not see the grounds of Mr. Robertson's mystification. We think it is contrary to the spirit, though not to the letter, of *Habeas Corpus* to keep a man in prison indefinitely, while not alleging against him a definite crime for which he has not yet received punishment.—ED. NATION.]

NATIVES IN THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Rees complains that I have misunderstood his views. If so, I am deeply grieved. I know how annoying it is for a writer to find himself criticised for opinions which he never entertained. But the blame for the misrepresentation, if misrepresentation there has been, is not mine but your reviewer's. What I said was frankly based on what I read. Nevertheless, I offer to Mr. Rees my sincere apologies for my share in the injustice done to him.

This, however, is a minor issue. My criticism was directed not at Mr. Rees, but at the views attributed to him; and, as those views are widely held among the representatives of British rule in India, I see no reason for modifying my attitude towards them. To come to matters of fact, I am not at all unaware, as Mr. Rees supposes, that "all offices in India, except a very small number, are not only open, but are filled, and, as a rule, very efficiently filled, by Indian gentlemen." Yes, they are filled to overflowing—so much so that I venture to express the opinion (I hope agitators in India will not act on the hint) that, if those Indian clerks chose to go on strike one morning, the whole of the administrative machine in India would collapse before noon. But this fact does not in any way meet the case. The grievance of the Indians is not that they are excluded from the Government service, but that they are excluded from a share in the control of that service. The legions of Indian clerks employed in the public offices confers upon them no more share in the management of the State than the legions of sailors and servants employed by a navigation company confers upon them a share in the management of a ship. The percentage of natives in really responsible positions is infinitesimal when compared, not only with the percentage of European officials, but with the number of natives who consider themselves qualified to fill such positions. That is the point of the whole argument and the gist of the Indians' demand—to raise the percentage of native members on the higher grades of the Civil Service in proportion to the advance of native education.

The only genuine exception to the exclusion from high employment, of which the Indians complain, is offered by the judicial branch of the administration. A fair proportion of seats on the Bench is filled by Indian judges. This, I believe, is a privilege that might very well be extended to other branches. One often hears that the Indian lacks many of the qualities for rule upon which the Englishman prides himself. Among these qualities are a high sense of duty, impartiality, incorruptibility, independence of judgment, and moral courage. Now, I submit, no better test for the possession of those qualities could be devised than the placing of the Indian in a position which demands the constant display of those qualities. Such a position he already occupies in the Law Courts. Every day the Indian judge is called upon to pass sentence in a variety of cases calculated to test his sense of duty, his impartiality, his integrity, his independence of judgment, and his moral courage. How has he stood the test? By the confession of every European in India—including, amusingly enough, those who deny to the Indian the possession of those virtues—the Indian judge is not a jot inferior to his English colleague. The admission of the Indians to the Bench forms a practical experiment, the success which has attended that experiment ought to supply a precedent. When that precedent has been followed on an adequate scale, then Mr. Rees will be perfectly justified in pointing to the numbers of Indians in the Government offices as an index to the measure of the Indian's participation in the management of his own country.

How the Indians who, apart from the Judicial branch, enter the Civil Service through the ordinary competitive examination annually held in England, acquit themselves I do not know. In the course of three years' residence and travel in India I never met one. During the same period I met, up and down the country, dozens of old English college acquaintances, in addition to scores of new faces. Of the existence of Indian members in the Indian Civil Service proper I am convinced, as I am convinced of the existence of microbes in the water of the Indian tanks—by hearsay. In both cases the statement could only be verified by the use of a microscope.—Yours, &c.,

G. F. ABBOTT.

Royal Societies Club, St. James's Street, S.W.,
June 20th, 1908.

THE RATING OF PUBLIC HOUSES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It has been stated in the course of the controversy on the Licensing Bill that licensed property is rated at three times the amount the same property would be rated at

if unlicensed; and, relying on that statement, an appeal is made to ratepayers to oppose the Bill for "pocket interests." With a view of ascertaining what truth there is in the above statement I have prepared a return for all the houses in the county of Herts, the renewal of which has been refused since the 1904 Act.

It will be seen from the enclosed return applying to forty houses that they were assessed as follows:—

Sch. A. When Licensed.	Sch. A. When Unlicensed.	Gross Value Poor Law Licensed.	Gross Value Poor Law Unlicensed.
£902	£847 18s.	£840 5s.	£740 7s.

The compensation paid amounted to £23,701.

Numerous deductions may be made from these figures, but the appeal to the pockets of the ratepayers will, I think, lose its force, anyhow, so far as county districts are concerned—indeed, the result of this looking into matters may be that the ratings of licensed premises, and certainly Schedule A, will be raised, and the ratepayers may thus get relief instead of alarm by the passing of the Bill.—Yours, &c.,

A. Holland-Hibbert.

Munden Park, Watford,
June 19th, 1908.

WHAT DOES "VOTES FOR WOMEN" MEAN?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—"Votes for Women" means another twenty years of Tory Government and all that *that* means. If the movement had been engineered by Mr. Balfour, it could not have been more effectively designed to carry him back to power. The only measure of Woman's Suffrage likely in any case to pass the Lords is the limited one which would present the Tory Party with a million new voters and prepare the way for its triumph at the next election. If the Government insist on a suffrage on a "democratic" basis, and go to the country on that question, disaster awaits them, and the triumphant Tories would certainly pass the limited measure and thus further buttress up their power. To get manhood suffrage would be difficult enough, to load the question with adult woman suffrage would be to court annihilation. It is not the vocal people who attend meetings and organise demonstrations and arrogate to themselves the name of Public Opinion, that form a majority of the populace, but it is the man in the street that decides elections. And depend upon it, the man in the street won't hear of adult woman's suffrage. The utmost he would do would be to extend the franchise to widows and women householders.

Such being the facts, is there any way out of the difficulty? Why not concentrate on a purely household suffrage—one household, one vote? Extend the franchise to women householders, taking steps to prevent the manufacture of faggot votes, but balance the matter by abolishing the property qualification, plural voting, joint occupation of houses, and such like. If the so-called lodger franchise went also, I do not think much would be lost.—Yours, &c.,

J. Abberley.

Ipswich, June 22nd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your correspondent of last week says that under adult suffrage, as the votes of women would outnumber those of men, "Great Britain will be governed by women." But what ground is there for assuming that on any political question all or most women would be united against all or most men? On the contrary, women are as much divided into political parties as are men. It would be as reasonable to divide Great Britain by an imaginary line north and south so that the population to the east of the line outnumbered by a million that to the west of the line, and then to say that Great Britain was governed by the east.

It is stated that women "have no experience at all of the sterner side of life"; tell this to the five-and-a-half millions of wage-earning women—most of whom are engaged in physical toil—and they will laugh at you.

If women "know nothing of finance and of the sources of the great trade of the country," neither do the enormous majority of men from their own experience; while women have as much opportunity as men of informing themselves upon such matters. Nor with regard to finance must it be forgotten that women contribute their share to the Exchequer exactly as men do.

To have served upon a jury is not at present a necessary electoral qualification; there are thousands of male voters who have never done so. But women as well as men commit crimes and suffer from their committal by others, and should, therefore, have a voice in criminal legislation.

As for social questions, in what sense are men more interested in them than women? More women than men are engaged in social work among the poor; and social legislation in so far as it affects the home and the children is the special interest of women.

The vast majority of male electors "have not been and are not likely to be soldiers, sailors, or policemen"; and the same is true of the members of Parliaments and Cabinets who decide "questions of peace and war, the movements of armies and fleets, and the preservation of order." Women as well as men pay to maintain the Services.

In short, women are responsible human beings, and, as such, they desire to be full citizens.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) C. D. Rackham.

4, Grange Terrace, Cambridge,
June 22nd, 1908.

"A DISTANT DRUM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your excellent article on Henley ("A Distant Drum," June 20th), do you note that the writer drops unconsciously into blank verse?

> "That did not matter. Henley had hit the ideal
> That every man of peace should wish to be . . .
> To catch the City train no more, no more
> Bring home the skewered basket with the fish,
> But, sword in hand,
> Stride slaughtering through a free, lascivious world,
> Strike to the heart, and feel the hot life spurt."

Perhaps this alliterative and metrical prose is likewise a "protest of the uncontrollable spirit of man against his confines"; but the protest against Henley and Mr. Kipling might have been more effective in more sober style.—Yours, &c.,

Laurie Magnus.

8, Craven Hill Gardens, Lancaster Gate, W.,
June 21st, 1908.

THE PAN-ANGLICAN CONGRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I, as a Liberal speaker and worker of some years' standing, and as a subscriber to The Nation, express my regret at the unsympathetic and ill-informed article, entitled "The Weakness of Anglicanism," which appeared in your last week's issue? I say unsympathetic because your writer's complaint as regards the impulse towards reform is that the Church "follows society, and does not conspicuously lead it." Well, the circumstances under which society became interested in social problems certainly reflect no discredit on the Church, and if—as one well may do—one defines society as a congeries of churches, what happens when one compares, say, the general tone towards Socialism and social questions of the great Pan-Anglican meetings of June 22nd with that of the series of articles which such a representative Nonconformist paper as the "British Weekly" has lately been publishing on the subject of Socialism? Which of these two parties has its face more clearly towards reform?

And I say that the writer was ill-informed because his general idea is that the chief matter before the Congress is one of authority, and of relation between the Roman and Anglican Churches, which, as a matter of fact, was a side issue in an unimportant section; and because he states that "the Congress can hardly come to any dramatic decision as to unity," whereas the fact before his eyes was that the Congress existed for discussion and conference alone, and could not come to a decision on any point because no vote could be taken.

Finally, I would urge these two points. Whatever the attitude of the Liberal Party towards the English Church,

it was quite unworthy of the leading Liberal weekly to take this cold and negligent attitude towards the largest representative religious conference ever assembled in this country, and to place the expression of its opinion in the hands of a badly informed and, presumably, Romanist correspondent. Secondly, that this attitude of contempt towards the Church means the indefinite postponement of all Liberal legislation. Whatever may happen when a gust of popular feeling blows, there are not enough non-Church Liberals to keep the Liberal Party in power. And that there are certain constituencies which never go Liberal simply means that in them the electors have been taught, sometimes by Tory squires and parsons, but much more often by the Liberal Press, that a Churchman cannot be a Liberal. I had looked to THE NATION to do something to root out this heresy, and I found its article on the Pan-Anglican Congress.—Yours, &c.,

The University, Durham, June 23rd, 1908. G. H. GODWIN.

[We print Mr. Godwin's letter, but we do not admit that the article of which he complains was "unsympathetic," and we are quite sure that the writer was not a "Romanist." As to the question of the Church's attitude to social reform, while we gladly admit a signal advance, to which, indeed, we refer elsewhere, we would ask what great social movement, from the abolition of slavery to the reform of the penal law and the Factory Acts, was initiated by the Anglican Church?—ED., THE NATION.]

THE PROBLEM OF MEDICAL RELIEF.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In these days, when so many schemes are being discussed for State support and relief of the poor, it is refreshing to read the letter from "G. C. C." in your issue of May 23rd on the above subject.

"Charity has somehow gone wrong" when you find that during last year there were more attendances in the out-patient departments of our great London hospitals than half the population of London. Of course, they were not so many separate individuals, but it may well be that "G. C. C." is correct in saying that "something like a million persons in London attended, practically saying that they were unable to pay for the smallest amount of medical attendance."

The sad part of it is that the hospitals seem proud of it, and each one tries to outdo the others by advertising the great number of their out-patients. But I do not quite agree with "G. C. C." that all these persons "say they are unable to pay." I believe it is the fault of the system rather than the fault of the man. The belief that hospitals are "free" institutions, open to the public, is almost universally held in London, and it is small blame if the belief is acted on.

But surely there is a better way, and one which should be universally preached—that it is the duty of all to lay by something for the inevitable day of sickness. The Metropolitan Provident Medical Association (5, Lamb's Conduit Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.), of which I have the honor to be chairman, has twenty-three provident dispensaries scattered throughout London, with a membership of over 30,000. For a payment of 6d. a month members can get the attendance of first-rate medical men, of their own choice, either at the dispensary or, in bad cases, at their own homes.

Besides these twenty-three, there are perhaps twenty or twenty-five other provident dispensaries scattered throughout London, and I trust that in these days of grave financial stress of the London hospitals there may be far more attention paid to these provident dispensaries than there has been in the past.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS BUXTON.

42, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.

POLICEMEN'S WEEKLY DAY OF REST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Committee appointed by the House of Commons to consider this question has commenced its sittings, and everyone who wishes to see the police justly treated will take an interest in its proceedings.

When a man from the higher ranks of the artisan class thinks of joining the Force, he finds on inquiry that he has to give up fifty-eight days, or two months' holidays, in the year. He has to give up fifty-two Saturday half-holidays, which equal twenty-six days; Christmas Day, Good Friday, and four Bank holidays, equal six, and instead of fifty-two Sundays, he receives thirteen and thirteen weekdays, which mean a loss of twenty-six days. So that he loses 26 + 6 + 26 = 58 holidays.

There is no class of skilled labor whose duties are more dangerous or delicate, and that require greater courage and resource than the work of the police, and they have the right of equal treatment with their fellows.

In some of the counties in Wales it is almost impossible to get recruits.—Yours, &c.,

J. FLETCHER LITTLE.

Harley Street, W., June 18th, 1908.

Poetry.

THE PINE BY THE LAKE.

By fair Killarney's greenest mead,
Long since, there grew a lofty pine,
Which well could serve a diver's need,
When boyhood's golden hours were mine.
For on one ample branch at eve
My giddy station I would take,
With shining body bared to cleave
The surface of that silver lake.

The summer sunset's fading glow
Dwelt on dark wood and fairy isle;
And forty headlong feet below,
I saw the beckoning waters smile.
A moment 'neath those flushing skies,
Glorying in youthful might I stood,
Then with tense limbs and covered eyes,
I plunged into the crystal flood.

Above, one tiny ripple curled!
The circling eddies sank to rest—
But I was in a darker world,
With groping arms and laboring breast;
Down where the nixie spreads her coils
Of water weed along the deep,
To seize and strangle in those toils,
The bold intruder on her sleep.

But I had found my earliest school
And kindest teachers in the wild;
The chill recesses of the pool
Had been my playground from a child.
And fearless could my practised strength
Yon dim and shadowy realm explore;
Till from its twilight depths at length
I rose upon the pebbled shore.

The pulses of that glorious strife,
Beat in my temples like a flame,
As swift and warm the tide of life
Rushed back into my glowing frame.
I seemed to breathe enchanted air:
A brighter azure shone the sky;
And every cloud that floated there
Swam in a heaven of ecstasy.

O youth! O passionate trumpet song!
O golden days, supreme, superb!
When life was like a courser strong,
Achilles' hand could hardly curb!
A higher and a deeper joy,
My hastening years may yet attain;
But not the wild heart of the boy,
And not his reckless bliss again.

EDWARD S. TYLEE.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

AN interesting feature in connection with the Edgar Allan Poe centenary next January is to be the revival of "The Southern Literary Messenger," the magazine which Poe edited, and in which so much of his best work appeared. We learn from an American source that the revived periodical will aspire to be the chief literary organ of the Southern States. Poetry, criticism, history, biography, and fiction will all be dealt with in its pages, and as a large number of Southern societies have promised to support the project, it will start under favorable auspices.

* * *

IN the meantime American critics are bewailing the downfall of the short story, the literary form with which Poe's name will always be associated. A writer in "Harper's Weekly" gloomily looks forward to the moment when the short story will "fall into class with the despised and rejected 'best sellers'—the modern cheap, flimsily-built novel." Of the majority of short stories this is already true. The demand created by the popular illustrated magazines has called into existence a mass of machine-made short stories which may be divided into less than a dozen well-defined groups, the stories in each group differing from each other in little except the names of the characters. But this is no ground for urging that the short story is a literary form doomed to early extinction. We have still amongst us M. Anatole France, two of whose short stories, "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame" and "Le Procurateur de Judée," are among the finest short stories ever written. Of English writers there are Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Masefield, all of whom have produced work of a quality that shows the form is still a living and effective artistic medium.

* * *

THE discussion on "The Church and Literature," opened by Canon Rawnsley at the Pan-Anglican Congress, cannot be said to have dealt in any illuminating or effective manner with the subject. The spread of indecent books is a serious evil, but it has not yet assumed the proportions which Canon Rawnsley imagines. To say that "the sale of the nasty novel was not only developing, but neutralising education, poisoning the home, and endangering the very existence of the nation by tending to reduce the birth-rate," is a wild exaggeration. Pornographic novels form a very small proportion of the total output of fiction—certainly not more than the one per cent. at which Mr. McClure estimated it—and, were it not for the advertisement given to such books by well-meaning but scarcely judicious persons, their number would be even smaller. The Congress would, as the "Times" points out in an able leader, have done a service to religion and to life if, instead of concerning itself with minor evils, it had asked why the great books on our shelves are secular, and why the religious are so seldom great, save in their capacity as books of religion. It is a significant fact that the greatest imaginative writer of our time, whose books no member of the Congress would deny to be religious, is outside the pale of any orthodox communion. There is something wrong in the relations of the Church and literature when Tolstoy's services to Christianity are unrecognised by the Church.

* * *

THE Fabian Society is bringing out a new edition of the famous "Fabian Essays in Socialism," first published twenty years ago, with a new preface by Mr. Bernard Shaw which aims at co-ordinating the Socialist ideas of to-day with those expressed by the essayists. It will be remembered that Mr. Shaw was the original editor of the book. He contributed two essays to the volume, the other contributors being the late William Clarke, Sir Sydney Olivier, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Annie Besant, Mr. Graham Wallas, and Mr. Hubert Bland.

* * *

WE learn that Mr. George Moore is at work upon a book which, under the title "Hail and Farewell," will give his views of Irish life and society, the Irish literary movement coming in for special notice. The book will, we believe, take the form of an autobiography covering the period of Mr. Moore's stay at Dublin. As he met most of the figures who take a leading part in modern Irish life, and as Mr. Moore writes both with a free and a frank pen, the coming volume is likely to be of great interest.

* * *

"THE Sphere" announces that one hundred and thirty-eight new poems by Emily Brontë have been discovered in manuscript and that they are to be issued in a volume by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton within the next few weeks. This is a great addition to Emily Brontë's poetic output, since only about sixty of her poems have been published up to the present. Should the coming volume contain anything as fine as "The Stoic" or the famous "Last Lines," it will be a valuable addition to English poetry. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who, according to the same authority, has nearly completed his biography of Ian Maclaren, is preparing an edition of "The Complete Poems of Emily Brontë," which may be expected in the autumn. These works, together with Mr. Clement Shorter's "The Brontës: Life and Letters," also announced for the autumn, will probably exhaust the amount of Brontë material still unpublished.

* * *

IN "The Magic Casement" Mr. Alfred Noyes has hit upon a delightful title for his coming anthology of fairy poetry. Anthologies have been rather overdone of late, but Mr. Noyes' idea is a fresh one. His choice will cover the whole field of English poets from Elizabethan times to our own day, and the right to print several copyright poems has been secured. The appearance in book form of the final section of Mr. Noyes' "Drake: An Epic Poem," may be expected during the autumn.

* * *

ALTHOUGH M. Maurice Barrès has long been a combatant figure in French political life, he does not intend to give up literature for politics. He has just finished a new novel, which is a sequel to "Au Service de l'Allemagne" and with that work forms part of a series of which M. Barrès formed the conception some years ago. "Colette Baudoche" is the title of this new novel. The scene is laid in Metz, and the book is mainly concerned with the fortunes of a young girl in that city. It will probably be published early in October.

* * *

A BOOK likely to provoke criticism is "The Hundred Best Hymns," which is to be added to Messrs. Routledge's series of "Golden Anthologies." The editor, Dr. Cullen, has made his own selection, but he has added in an appendix some thirty hymns that have been included by others among the hundred best. Most people will be inclined to think that Dr. Cullen's difficulty will not consist in excision. To find a hundred hymns that are even passable is a heavy task.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Miscellanies." Fourth Series. By John Morley. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Louise de la Vallière and the Early Life of Louis XIV." By Jules Lair. Translated by E. C. Mayne. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

"Tragedy." By Ashley H. Thorndike. Types of English Literature Series. (Constable. 6s. net.)

"Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1890." By C. R. L. F. (Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Gardens of England." Painted by Beatrice Parsons. Described by E. T. Cook. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Leaf and Tendril." By John Burroughs. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

"Sicily in Fable, History, Art, and Song." By Walter Copland Perry. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"India Through the Ages." By Flora Annie Steel. (Routledge. 4s. 6d.)

"The Fundamental Truths of Christianity." By Dr. Reinhold Seeberg. Crown Theological Library. (Williams & Norgate. 5s.)

"Kitty Tailleur." By May Sinclair. (Constable. 6s.)

"La Philosophie de Taine." Par Paul Nève. (Paris: Lecoffre. 4 fr.)

"Les Sciences Philosophiques: Leur Etat Actuel." Par Abel Rey. (Paris: Cornély. 12 fr.)

"Goethe et le Drame Antique." Par Georges Dalmeyda. (Paris: Hachette. 10 fr.)

"Les Femmes d'Esprit en France." Histoire Littéraire et Sociale. Par le Comte du Plessis de Grenedan. (Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 3 fr. 50.)

"L'Eve." Roman. Par Eugène Joliclerc. (Paris: Lemerre. 3 fr. 50.)

"L'Anima del Nord: Studii e Viaggi attraverso Norvegia, Svezia e Danimarca." Di Gino Bertolini. (Milano: Treves. L. 12.)

Reviews.

A VICTORIAN RADICAL.*

The active life of George Jacob Holyoake was, roughly speaking, co-extensive with the whole reign of Queen Victoria. He was born in 1817 in the troublous period succeeding the Napoleonic war, when the problems of modern democracy had as yet hardly been broached; he died in 1906 during the elections which resulted in the second triumph of Free Trade and the new Liberalism. In most of the great social movements which have reconstructed the industrial and civic life of England Holyoake played a part. A many-sided man of boundless energy, a participant in social work in London and the provinces, a keen journalist, an organising politician, he was one of the men who cannot be lost sight of in history. In a certain sense he was the embodiment of early Victorian Radicalism. History tells us vaguely of the thousands of working-men whose hardships and discontent nearly precipitated revolution at the time of the first Reform Bill, of the Chartist riots, and throughout the "Hungry 'Forties." There were thousands of poor men like Holyoake who endured and hated the tyranny of the industrial machine, of the Church, and of an oligarchic Government which stamped out the free expression of opinion; but history speaks of them *en masse;* at the most they are statistical figures, or the efficient causes of changes in government and new departures in policy. That is why the life of a man like Holyoake is important. He is one of the few in whom the many become individual and vocal. By his energy and personal character he rises head and shoulders above the rank and file of the agitators and their sympathisers who revolutionised England; but it is through him, and such rare men as him, that the rank and file become intelligible.

Mr. McCabe does not altogether realise this aim of the biographer—to show the man for what he was as an individual, and what he stood for as a type. Let us admit at once that his work is a peculiarly difficult one, for the life of Holyoake is very nearly the history of English democracy in a peculiarly complex epoch. From this intricate web of history the author has to disentangle the part played by his hero. It is no wonder that he often loses his way; that he sometimes repeats himself; that he goes backwards and forwards in time to the destruction of continuity; that he finds it hard to emerge from the mass of detail; and fails to emphasise the relative importance of events. The nature of Holyoake's work in the co-operative movement is never sufficiently made clear. Mr. McCabe gives us a scrap here and a scrap there, and leaves us, from his scattered narrative, to piece together for ourselves the real character and extent of Holyoake's work. And again, in reference to the occasion when Palmerston had brought in a Conspiracy-to-Murder Bill, directed against French refugees, when his huge majority and Government were overthrown largely through Holyoake's Anti-Conspiracy Bill agitation, Mr. McCabe admits that this "was the most triumphant piece of agitation in which Holyoake was ever engaged." Yet he dismisses the matter in two pages in the middle of a miscellaneous chapter! However, though the biography is confusing, poorly proportioned, and excessively bulky, the author is to be congratulated for the industry with which he has collected so vast a body of facts and the enthusiasm with which he throws himself into his subject.

We are reminded that Holyoake was born two years after Waterloo and two years before Peterloo, in the very year in which "the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and his Majesty's officers were empowered to imprison any subject they thought fit, without a trial." Though he himself, the son of an artisan, did not in extreme youth suffer from severe poverty, his life in Birmingham brought him into direct contact with the distress caused by factory life, insanitary conditions, dear food, and a repressive, inept system of government. One of the first things that impressed him was the discrepancy between religious professions and religious practice. Fined half-a-crown for being in arrears with the Church rate, his mother, alarmed lest the furniture should be removed, left her sick child at home, hurried to the office to pay, was kept waiting for five hours, and returned to find her child dead. Before he was twenty Holyoake had ceased to believe in the Christian religion, and he had come to identify himself with the Owenite principles of co-operation in industry and the improvement of material conditions of life as the best means of perfecting character. Here we have already in germ the principles which guided him throughout life; freedom from tyranny was his first rudimentary ideal—freedom from the captain of industry who controlled the bodies of his workmen, from the bigoted and generally ignorant clergy of his time who claimed to control the soul, and later, when he became a Chartist, freedom from the arbitrary decrees of a Government which was out of touch with popular feeling.

His regular employment at Birmingham he gave up when he found himself drawn to the study of social questions. He had already schooled himself in mathematics, science, and especially that "social science" which was anathema in the eyes of the authorities. At length he threw himself into the propagandist work of the Owenites and became lecturer at the "Hall of Science" at Worcester, which was the *rendezvous* of "the new moral world" in that city. His followers "met twice on Sundays for service in it. A few naturalist or humanist hymns (poems by Shelley, Elliott, &c.), and a reading from some edifying work, preceded the lecture." "They fraternised with the Chartists everywhere, and often worked in the anti-Corn Law movement." "Nearly a century ago," says Mr. McCabe, "Holyoake—

> advocated infant schools of a kindergarten type (the first London infant school was founded by his disciple, Wilderspin, in 1820) and the legal suppression of child-labor; an eight-hour day for the adult worker; co-operation in production and distribution; the general diffusion of the elements of science and art; the corrective treatment of the criminal, and the reform of jails; the substitution of arbitration for warfare; greater freedom and a wider life for woman; the emendation of the divorce laws, the poor law, and the licensing law; the suppression of the national lottery; the collective ownership of the land; and the admission of Jews, &c., to Parliament."

Later, when the Owenite movement was decaying, Holyoake's colleagues sometimes reproached him for diffusing his energies over so wide a field, and not concentrating them on the general principles of the society. Mr. McCabe contends that he knew the movement was already decaying, and that he even hastened its end by putting forward other and more immediate reforms. In like manner, in the early 'fifties, it is suggested that Holyoake, by his insistent moderation, "precipitated the fall of Chartism," and that, "in his half-conscious acceleration of its dying he was acting in the spirit of progress." Holyoake was of too active and alert a mind to remain in one groove of thought when times and circumstances had changed. He cared more for principles than for methods, for the success of his objects than for worn-out party cries. Certainly, till the end of the 'fifties he continued to develop with the spirit of the time, and from being a revolutionary agitator readily adjusted himself into a constitutional Radical.

In the matter of religion, however, he never escaped from the natural prejudices of his youth. He had been only twenty-five when he had suffered imprisonment for expressing his views. In addition to our taxes, he had said, "we are charged twenty millions more for the worship of God. This is Utilitarianism *versus* Divinity, and I appeal to your heads and your pockets if we are not too poor to have a God? If poor men cost the State so much, they would be put like officers on half-pay. I think that while our distress lasts it would be wise to do the same thing with the Deity." He had been imprisoned for six months, and declared by a visiting magistrate to be the "worst felon in the jail and the most atrocious."

It is not, perhaps, surprising that he should have continued to be a militant atheist, or, as he preferred to call himself, a Secularist. He was driven into this position, not so much by an independent study of theology and philosophy, as by hatred for the exactions of the Church, of the privilege for which it stood, and the fact that it seemed to be in the way of moral and social reform. When some of these reasons for hating the Church were removed, his old hostility remained. The subject is the occasion of

* "Life and Letters of George Jacob Holyoake." By Joseph McCabe. Watts. 2 Vols. 16s. net.

many interesting letters. One is from Mr. Gladstone. Another, of no less interest, from Mazzini, who writes:—

> "We widely differ as to the *how* and *why*. You, sir, are a Secularist. I can scarcely understand the word. Everything seems to me meaningless, worthless, unintelligible, unless it be a step to something higher *usque ad infinitum*, a line of the everlasting Power which extends from the depths of creation to God. You find before yourself a form of creed spurning earth, and you answer by spurning heaven. Heaven and earth are to me the two poles of the axis. I spurn neither. I want to relink them both. You reject God as a mystery. I feel myself surrounded by mysteries, *life* being the first of all. I do not pretend to solve them, but I cannot deny them. They are to me like rays coming down from far-distant stars, which neither naked eye nor telescope can now discover. You do not understand Immortality: I do not understand Death."

But if for the cry of "No Popery," Holyoake preferred to substitute "No Poverty," he remained true to his ideal. Flinging himself with all his energy into the promotion of the Radical cause through journalism, through lectures, through committees, whilst never forgetting the co-operative societies which he had help to start, or had encouraged, he championed in turn the cause of free speech, a free Press, and the freedom of foreign nationalities. In the course of time he became the friend of nearly all the distinguished people who were interested in progress and social reform. He was more successful in protest than in constructive work, so that he figured somewhat less prominently in the later Victorian period than in the earlier. At the end, in a hale old age, he remained a picturesque figure who reminded the world of the fierce conflicts through which this country had to pass before it secured its present moderate prosperity.

There is one serious neglect for which the author is hardly to be excused. Holyoake's letters are vigorous and interesting, but Mr. McCabe has cut them down to the most meagre proportions. We could well have sacrificed some of the new text for the convincing virility of the original letters.

THE STORY OF JERUSALEM.*

One has only to read the full title of these volumes in order to realise that they belong to the small class of books which cannot properly be reviewed except by an expert familiar with some restricted portion of their field or by a comparative outsider who is content to sum up the general impression which their eleven hundred pages leave upon his mind. In the latter case, the verdict is easily reached. Richter once observed that the German sentimentalism of his day "inculcated a universal love for all men and all beasts—except reviewers." Professor Smith is no sentimentalist, and he will probably have little difficulty in cherishing affection, even for his reviewers. Not many of them are fit, even were they willing, to trouble him. He has produced a work, not only rooted in scientific and historical research, but flowering with literary charm. It is a supplement to his standard volume on "The Historical Geography of the Holy Land," and the same combination of scholarship and verve distinguishes the later as the former work.

The first of these handsome volumes is devoted to the intricate and debatable problems of the topography, the economical and the political features of the city. The second volumes covers the chequered fortunes of Jerusalem from its capture by David down to the opening of the first century A.D. Most readers will regret that Dr. Smith has been obliged, by considerations of space, to stop short of the Roman siege in 70 A.D. It is to be hoped that the author has only postponed a treatment of this dramatic period. A third volume upon the story of Jerusalem under the Romans, from Titus to Hadrian, would form a singularly apt subject for Dr. Smith's historical imagination, and we trust that he will be persuaded by his publishers to embark upon this further and congenial enterprise.

Perhaps the uppermost feeling in the mind of a reader, as he lays down these volumes, is the comfortable sense of having been in the company of a trained scholar, who, for all his original contributions to the subject, has no private theories to push. Balance of judgment, in a subject of this kind, is rarer than width of reading. The geography of Jerusalem, in particular, has been a zone of contention for many years. But Dr. Smith has the courage to abstain, where necessary, from being ingenious or dogmatic at the expense of fairness. Thus, he declines to adopt any of the rival theories as to the site of Calvary and the sepulchre of Jesus. "It may disappoint some readers that I offer no conclusion as to this. But after twenty-seven years' study of the evidence I am unable to feel that a conclusion one way or another is yet possible, or, perhaps, ever will be possible." A similar temper of judicial caution characterises his discussion of recent criticism upon the Nehemiah period and of Professor Budde's metrical theory—to name but two instances, taken at random from different sides of the subject Professor Smith is too accomplished a critic to be the partisan of any school, and, however one may venture to disagree with some of his judgments (as, for example, upon the character of Jeremiah), the tone of his writing is octaves apart from those facile generalisations or *outré* exaggerations of detail which betray an untrained, ambitious writer. It is a great thing for an historian to inspire enthusiasm. It is greater to inspire confidence. It is greatest of all to inspire both, and Dr. Smith accomplishes this feat.

If any part of these volumes is to be singled out as of special value to modern students of political and economic problems, it is the section assigned to the industrial aspects of the city. Jerusalem became the capital of a kingdom, after starting as a petty highland town, fed by her local trade. She also gathered the worship of the nation gradually within her walls, so that her scanty resources, in water and finance, had to meet a double drain which only a site of greater economic fertility could be expected to stand. The problems of administration which thus arose form a topic of supreme interest which has been strangely overlooked, and they are allied to the internal growth of a strong democratic spirit within the city herself. Dr. Smith once more calls attention, in the latter connection, to the remarkable services rendered by the prophets with their protest against the unfair land-laws of the aristocracy and their religious support of all measures for the political enfranchisement of the masses. "It was with reason, therefore, that the pioneers of democracy in Europe appealed for their principles and sought their precedents rather in the Old Testament than in the New (which does not concern itself with the liberties of a nation), and chiefly in the history of Israel under the Kings. The pilgrim to Jerusalem from the free communities of the West, as he contemplates the few remains of her ancient walls or treads the great platform on which in face of the temple her people once gathered to listen to their prophets, and make covenant with their God, cannot but be stirred by emotions even deeper and more grateful than those aroused upon the Areopagus or among the ruins of the Forum. The student of the prophets, as he realises their equal insistence upon the Word of God, upon the need of strong and just rulers, upon the religious and economic rights of every common citizen, and upon the substitution for confidence in ritual of the ethical service of men, must recognise principles, of which all social philosophies and systems since constructed present only the fragments and details" (vol. i., p. 439).

It will be obvious, from this quotation, that Professor Smith's history, crowded as it is with the *minutiæ* of linguistic and archæological research, is more than a dry, detached piece of historical investigation. It is interesting, because, for all its stiffness and demand on the mind, it opens problems, civil and religious, which affect civilisation still. And the literary power of the author—the distinction and freshness of his style—has made it comparatively easy for the reader to travel untired through the rough, long passages of the city's story. The renderings of Hebrew verse are particularly fine. We have only space to cite that of Jeremiah ix., 16-21, but it will serve as a specimen of the author's skill in this department of his work.

> "Call ye the keening women to come,
> Send for the wise ones,
> That they hasten and sing us a dirge,
> Till with tears our eyes run down,
> Our eyelids with water. . . .
> For death is come up to our windows,
> And into our palaces;

* "Jerusalem. The Topography, Economics, and History from the Earliest Times to A.D. 70." By George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. Hodder & Stoughton. 2 Vols. 24s. net.

The children are cut from the streets,
The youth from the places;
And the corpses of men are fallen,
Like dung on the field,
Like wisps that the reaper has dropped,
And nobody gathers."

The volumes are furnished with maps, photographs, and plans. They are fully indexed, and the publishers have equipped them as they deserve.

ANGLO-IRISH.*

Since Tennyson's death there has been nothing in our imaginative literature to compare to the influence of the Irish spirit and the appearance of the Irish poets who use our language. Of course, they may say they have no more connection with our literature than the American writers have; but we should be sorry to assume that amount of separation, and, indeed, the Irish poets seem inclined to be generous, since they allow their work to be included in British anthologies like the "Oxford Book of Verse." What we shall do with the poems many of them are now writing in their own language is another question. Perhaps we shall all take to learning Irish for the pleasure of reading them, and that would be useful, too, if in ten years' time English is used over there only for business and tourists.

It is not so very long since Irish poets used to write English as a foreign language. In prose the Anglo-Irish have often been masters, but for verse they accepted an artificial style as properly poetic. Burns did the same when he was not writing Scots; and Moore, with all his real beauty and pathos, never entered the heart of the English as Wordsworth did, or even Byron. He has a false estimate of the value of our words, as all foreigners have, and even Mangan showed complete mastery of our language only three or four times. It is different now. No English poet uses English with more subtle intimacy than Mr. Yeats, the chief of Anglo-Irish poets, or than the Mr. Russell who writes as "A. E.," and some half-dozen more of the younger men. It is in prose that they are departing from the true genius of our language now; not that they have a false notion of English, but that, like Lady Gregory, they insist on deliberately writing it as though it were Irish, which it never will be.

Mr. Graves, who now publishes his collection of "Irish Poems," stands between the old and new—one hand stretched out to Moore, or rather to Lover, the other to Mr. Yeats. Every Irishman acknowledges his great service to his country's literature. He was a pioneer; he did the pioneer's rough work, and he shares the rough destiny of pioneers. After a life spent in trying to reveal the charm of Irish poets to a patronising audience that remained quite unruffled in its self-complacency, he now sees himself dragged along in the trail of a movement which has far surpassed anything he could have expected, or, perhaps, have wished. He describes these songs as written under the influence of the Gaelic Revival, and Dr. Douglas Hyde, whom Irish people delight to think of as the Craoibhin Aoibhin, is kind enough in his preface to say that the poems show a significant and suggestive change, which he traces to the growth of the Gaelic spirit. But, to our thinking, it is very seldom the change appears. Mr. Graves remains what he has always been, one of the most facile and charming writers of Anglo-Irish songs, a model poet for music, and so touched by a rather superficial side of the Irish manner that no one can wonder his verses are welcome in English concerts and homes. With what a swing his versions of "Awake, awake, Fianna!" or "The Return from Fingal" go to the old marching tunes, or his "Flight of the Earls" to "The Boys of Wexford"! And if you want an Irish story, told in the easy-going, old-fashioned canter, you can begin:—

"O, the happiest orphan that ever was seen,
Was Norah Maguire at the age of eighteen."

and so on. The poem has all the pleasant qualities that the English call Irish because they are so rare over here.

As to the versions from the real Irish language everything of the sort is of interest, especially if the poem has come down from the great days before St. Patrick arrived. Take this on coming winter, the original of which, we believe, dates from the age of Fionn, not much later than the time of Christ:—

"Take my tidings!
Stags contend;
Snows descend—
Summer's end!

A chill wind raging:
The sun low keeping,
Swift to set
O'er seas high sweeping.

Dull red the fern;
Shapes are shadows;
Wild geese mourn
O'er misty meadows.

Keen cold limes each weaker wing
Icy times—
Such I sing!
Take my tidings."

That is very pretty, but still we prefer Dr. Sigerson's old version, which keeps to the eight lines:—

"List my lay: oxen roar,
Winter chides, summer's o'er,
Sinks the sun, cold winds rise,
Moans assail, ocean cries.

Ferns flush red, change hides all,
Clanging now, gray geese call,
Wild wings cringe, cold with rime,
Drear, most drear, ice-frost time."

Mr. Graves does not know Irish, so that at best his versions are at second-hand. But that would not so much matter if it were not almost always, as we think, a mistake to translate the poetry of one language into the poetry of another, especially into rhymed poetry. Good as these versions generally are, and well as they sing, we should, for ourselves, rather have the bare and simple prose, as Dr. Hyde often gives it in his "Love Songs of Connacht." Mr. Graves has condensed a long Irish poem into four verses, one of which runs:—

"She is my glittering gem of gems,
Who yet contemns my fortune bright;
Whose cheek but glows with redder scorn
Since mine has worn a stricken white."

It is all clever—the way the middle rhymes are kept and all. But how much finer is the literal prose:—

"She is my treasure, oh, she is my treasure, the woman of the grey eye, she like the rose, a woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, a woman who would not go with me for gold."

There is an inner depth, a magic enchantment—something "on the phantom verge of things"—about Irish thought and in the recent Anglo-Irish poets to which Mr. Graves only seldom approaches, steady as his devotion to one phase of the Irish genius has been. As to the Irish, take two verses from Lady Gregory's prose version of an Aran girl's grief:—

"It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

"You have taken the east from me; you have taken the west from me; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me; and my fear is great that you have taken God from me!"

And for Anglo-Irish, remember any of the great lyrics sung by the poet of the "Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World," or some of "A. E.'s," such as the verses of "Dana" beginning, "I am the tender voice calling 'Away.'"

Or, for another example of what the Irish spirit may do with the alien tongue, read the new little book of Miss Alice Milligan, one of the strongest of the new Irish singers. It is hard to choose, but among the best we should put "The White Wave Following," the two Wake Feasts, and "A Benediction"; or, perhaps, for best of all, "A Country Girl"—just a simple scene of what is called domestic service, with Ireland waiting at the table. Some of the poems ought to make us poor Saxons feel rather uncomfortable, but under the charm of a magic spirit in our own tongue we somehow forget to be Saxons, and savagely join in denouncing the oppressor. The separate verses do not quote well apart from the whole, but we may take the last stanza of a young man's Wake Feast:—

"They will praise your comeliness,
The strength of your hands,
Say 'There was not known his like
In nine townlands.'
They will not tell how nobleness
Had won you hate,
And that you had no praise of friends
Till now, too late."

* "The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves." Dublin: Maunsel & Co., 2s.
"Hero Lays." By Alice Milligan. Dublin: Mannsel & Co., 2s. 6d.

DUCKWORTH & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

A HANDBOOK FOR SOCIAL WORKERS.

THE WORKER'S HANDBOOK.

By GERTRUDE M. TUCKWELL and CONSTANCE SMITH.

A comprehensive volume giving information as to the regulations and enactments in force for the protection of industrial workers, also particulars of the voluntary organisations for the assistance of the working classes, planned mainly for those in touch with the industrial world, it should also be of service to the workers themselves.

Crown 8vo, cloth, pages ix. and 233. Index **3s. 6d.** net.

Prospectus on application.

A HISTORY OF ART.

By Dr. GIULIO CAROTTI, of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Milan, and the Royal University of Rome. English Edition. Revised by Mrs. S. ARTHUR STRONG, LL.D., Vol. I. —Ancient Art. 540 Illustrations. Now Ready. Crown 8vo, **5s.** net.

*** *An indispensable book of reference. Prospectus on application.*

A New Volume in the Popular Library of Art.

WHISTLER.

By BERNHARD SICKERT. Leather, **2s. 6d.** net Cloth, **2s.** net.

A full list of the volumes in the series will be sent on application.

ADAM CAST FORTH.

A Drama Founded on a Legend of Adam and Eve. By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. **4s. 6d.** net.

"Its spacious imaginings move in a world as austere in its lines as the desert itself. But like the desert they have the grandeur, and at rare intervals a green oasis. In the latter scenes, especially, there come passages of a simple human beauty, like herbage round a spring in a bare land. We had expected magnificence from Mr. Doughty, but we do not know whether his moments of tenderness are not more impressive than his heroics. He has written a noble poem which will be welcomed by all who are worthy of an art that makes no concession to popularity."—*Spectator.*

THE DAWN IN BRITAIN.

By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY, Author of "Travels in Arabia Deserta." 6 vols., crown 8vo, **4s. 6d.** net each.

"This strong, strange poems fulfils aspirations. . . . . This is no ordinary poem, such as minor bards, endowed with a cultivated taste and a select and recondite vocabulary, could write. It is work of an altogether higher order."—*Times.*

WANDERINGS IN ARABIA.

By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

With a Portrait and a Map, 2 vols. 16s. net.

Second Impression in the Press.

"One of the greatest travel books in literature."—*Spectator.*
"In many respects the best book of travel even written."—*Punch.*
"One of the great books of our own time."—*Observer.*
"Surely belongs to the classics."—*Daily News.*

A clever new novelist. SOPHIE COLE.

RACHEL CHALFONT.

One of the best "first novels" of recent years.

Crown 8vo, **6s.**

No recent novel has depicted the emotional experience of a woman with such telling effect.

"The author has looked deep into the mysteries of the human heart, and her portrait of Richard Chalfont, one of the most subtle and complete characters attempted in recent fiction, is unforgettable."

A WELSH NOVELIST.

By CAPT. OWEN VAUGHAN (Owen Rhoscomyl).

Crown 8vo. **6s.**

"His works are romances which impress one with a sense of their reality and absorb the attention from first to last. The tone is always vigorous, healthy, and exciting, and to read him is to feel the thrill of life and action."

ISLE RAVEN.

By OWEN VAUGHAN (Owen Rhoscomyl). Crown 8vo, **6s.**

"Decidedly the best writer of adventurous and virile and sometimes romantic fiction—writing of course in English—that Wales has produced. 'Isle Raven' is not a story of the old times, but of the new, and its local colour is wonderfully effective."—*The Manchester Guardian.*

A new volume by ELINOR GLYN.

Author of "Three Weeks," "The Visits of Elizabeth," etc.

THE SAYINGS OF GRANDMAMMA.

With a Photogravure Portrait. Half-Bound in vellum. **2s. 6d.** net.

London: DUCKWORTH & CO., Covent Garden, W.C.

MISCELLANIES. FOURTH SERIES.

By JOHN MORLEY.

Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Contains papers on Machiavelli and Guicciardini, John Stuart Mill, and other pieces.

MRS. J. R. GREEN'S NEW BOOK.

The Making of Ireland and its Undoing. 1200-1600.

By ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. With Map. 8vo, 10s. net.

The Times:—"A book of great interest and permanent value."

The Government of England.

By Professor A. LAWRENCE LOWELL. In Two Vols. 8vo, 17s. net.

Impressions of India.

By SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P. Crown 8vo, 3s. net.

Records the impressions of a visit to India during the past winter and discusses Hindu unrest, the North-West frontier, education, and many other aspects of Indian life.

H.M.I. Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools.

By E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, formerly H.M.I. North-West Division. 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

The Athenæum:—"He has provided in this volume, which is a treasury of good stories excellently told, a delightfully humorous account of the daily experiences of a more or less vagrant official."

Sicily in Fable, History, Art, and Song.

By WALTER COPLAND PERRY. With Maps. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

The Wheat Among the Tares.

STUDIES OF BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.

By REV. A. LLOYD, M.A. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

The Logic of Will. A Study in Analogy.

By HELEN WODEHOUSE, D.Phil. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Published for the Research Defence Society.

EVIDENCE OF LORD JUSTICE FLETCHER MOULTON before the **Royal Commission on Vivisection, July 24th, 1907.** Sewed, 1s. net.

THE EXTINCTION OF MALTA FEVER. (A **Lesson in the Use of Animal Experiment.**) By COLONEL DAVID BRUCE, C.B., M.B., D.Sc. Sewed, 3d.

WORKS BY THE LATE

MISS MARY ELIZABETH HAWKER

(LANCE FALCONER).

Cecilia de Nöel. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Old Hampshire Vignettes.

Globe 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price, 1s. 4d. Annual Subscription, 16s.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. VIII. By MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

MOONRISE OVER TYRINGHAM. By EDITH WHARTON.

THE RED CITY. VII. A Novel of the Second Administration of Washington. By S. WEIR MITCHELL, author of "Hugh Wynn," etc.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

AN HEIR TO STEVENSON.*

One of the many good reasons why critics have earned a bad name is their custom of dwelling on the demerits of a work, without giving praise to its quality. The more original is the quality, the less possible is it for criticism to convey it, and the critic, after using despairingly a few stereotyped phrases, such as "spell of romance," "elusive poetry," "haunting sense of beauty," hastens on gaily to point out at length the flaws in the author's conception, his weakness in construction, his faulty technique, &c.; and so, by the time the criticism is concluded, it is itself a lop-sided performance. In "Captain Margaret," Mr. Masefield has written a brilliant romance of a rare spiritual beauty, and, following their rule, it is likely that the critics will take the book's rare quality for granted, and enlarge on its unconvincing passages. They might, indeed, say to the author, "Why should your exquisite heroine, Olivia, have fallen in love with the repulsive blackguard, Stukeley?" "How is it possible that with this total disparity of their natures, she can continue to idealise him, when everything he utters on board 'The Broken Heart' is brutal, coarse, or violent?" And Mr. Masefield might reply that Olivia is blinded by her own loving tenderness, and that she reads her own virtue into her husband, where everybody else knows that he is base throughout. It is a poet's conception, this mating of a gracious and refined nature to a libidinous and boorish man, "with his handsome body, red face, and thick, black hair," who only "by the accident of birth is a gentleman," and Mr. Masefield may plead that we have all known such cases, and that, however inexplicable it seems that such a woman should continue to love such a man, the fact is that she *does*. But being critics, and so a little more than human, we object that, with this evidence of Stukeley's brutality, we have a right to demand at least one private scene between him and Olivia to show us how it is that his love does not revolt her. And this scene is lacking. It is a poet's conception we repeat, framed, perhaps, overmuch on the sharp contrasts of the Elizabethan poetic drama, but, as is often the case, the artistic blemishes are inseparable from the spiritual essence of the achievement.

For this reason we do not quarrel with the artistic instinct that has led the author to let his two chief characters, Captain Margaret, the dreamer, and Olivia, who, by rejecting his suit has spoiled his life, stand in the shadow, where they appeal to us as spiritual entities rather than as creations of flesh and blood. It is the idea—the compelling idea—of Captain Margaret's spiritual passion for the woman who has preferred the blandishments of a coarse blackguard to his own devotion, that is the core of the romance. And, as a subtle painting contains many gradations of tone, from high lights to faint shadows, so the depth of a romantic composition may, indeed, lie in its rich chiaroscuro. After laying the story down it is these half-shadowy figures, Captain Margaret and Olivia, that live strongest in the memory: they have captured our imagination the more because their faces all the time have been half turned away. They live as the inner heart of this voyage of "The Broken Heart," through the glimmering seas and palm keys fringed with reefs and blue, glassy breakers of the Spanish Main.

Romance is the essential spirit of "Captain Margaret," and the spiritual melancholy of the story is admirably set off by a series of brilliantly etched descriptions. Perfect in atmosphere and the illusion of hard reality is the description of Captain Margaret's farewell visit to the newly wedded Olivia in Salcombe town, and the pursuit of his ship, "The Broken Heart," by the boats from the harbour, one of which bears Tom Stukeley, Olivia, and their broken fortunes, and the other the King's officers. Captain Margaret takes the fugitives on board at his peril, and at Falmouth, where he touches and escapes arrest, he learns what it is he must conceal from the young wife—that her husband has escaped the gallows by boarding "The Broken Heart," which is bound on a trading and Empire-building enterprise to the Spanish Main. The scene is laid at the close of the seventeenth century, when the glorious days of the great buccaneers of Captain Morgan's type, have already passed, and only disillusionment awaits the settlers on the sun-steeped Samballoes islands, this blood-stained paradise. Apart from the credibility of Olivia's belief in her husband, and of the latter's overweening, unchecked insolence to Captain Margaret and his navigator, Cammock, the old buccaneer, the drama is perfectly developed, unfolding naturally, from the situation, with the crises admirably imagined and imaged. The scene in Chapter IX. of the farewell dinner given by the Governor of Jamestown to Captain Margaret and his guests, when the English mail comes in and Olivia learns what manner of man is her husband, is quite masterly. And after the ship has passed from the Virginian coast on the passage to the Samballoes, the quality of the narrative is rare and exquisite in beauty. Mr. Masefield is a poet fortified by a seaman's knowledge and experience, and where Stevenson, as an amateur, failed with his sea romances, our author succeeds. The last hundred pages that see Captain Margaret and his adventurers established in their little fort on Springer's Key, their enforced co-operation with the buccaneers, Captain Pain and Captain Tucket, in an attack on the Spanish town of Tolu, after Stukeley has turned traitor and prepared for them an ambuscade, are brilliant in color. The scene of the sack of Tolu by the drunken buccaneers, and their flight back to their ships is extraordinarily actual, a thing of to-day, not of two hundred years ago; and the sense of movement, of expectancy, of hurrying action shows a most sensitive perception and artistic skill. And here it is that the critic, perforce, fails to give any adequate idea of a book's quality, and must call on the latter to speak for itself, through the poor channel of a single, inadequate quotation:—

> "The days dragged by slowly. The 'Broken Heart' crawled like a slug, leaving a slug's track on the sea. The bells struck, the sails slaked. The sun arose greyly in mist, then turned the mist away, a spilling spring of light, in a sky like blue fire. Then in the glare of noon the chart was marked, the pencilled dot moved forward in its zigzag, past the Serranas, past Roucifs, past the Roucadores. Then the wind came fair for a few days to help her to the South, her bows in a heap of smother. Presently, when the first land-wind came to them, in a faint breath, smelling, as they said, of arnotto roses, there came drifting butterflies, white and blue, very lovely, settling and dying on the deck, like petals from a fruit tree in spring. A strange bird sailed past them, drooping her legs, her wings beating like a mill-wheel, rhythmically, her fierce eyes looking ahead, searching the sky. A tree trembled in their wash, rolling over and over. A creeper from the branches sank in the wake, its leaves like little green hands, clutching out, far down, among the globes of the bubbles. Then, when the sun was sinking, when the air was intense and clear, like the air in a vision, far ahead a bluish mist showed, so dimly, in such blue faintness, that one could not make sure. Till dark they watched it. When the dawn made each cloud a scale of scarlet, edged with fire to the mid-heaven, the mist took outline. Long before sunset the land lay clear, a long purplish line of land, with a gleaming peak or two, round which the cloud streamed. It stretched away on each side of them, like an army in rank. Parts of it were dim; its wings were dim; but ahead the hills were gathered close; one could count each fold in them. . . ."
>
> "They sailed past Golden Island, and past Sasardi, watching the color of the sunset on the rocks and woods. The brilliant birds flew homing, screaming. A faint smell, sickly sweet, came to them in puffs from the shore. Now and then, in the quiet, they heard the wash of breakers bursting on reefs. The noise kept them company at intervals through the night, as they drove on, under the stars, past Pinos, past Zambos Gandi, towards the point of San Blas. It burst upon them mournfully, like the blowing of a sea-beast, a wash, a breathing of the sea. When the dawn broke, flashing the flying-fish into silver arrows, they were at their heart's desire. The palms in the light air were trembling, in the light air, before them. The ring of reef on the key's north side stood up black amid the surf that toppled tirelessly. Pelicans flew past to fish. Macaws screamed from the fruit trees. Two Indians, with gold in their noses, waved to them from their canoe as they paddled softly, to spear cavally. Beyond them at anchor off the Key was a small sloop. Her men were filling water ashore, wading slowly up the beach with puncheons. Her saluting gun, fired by Cammock's order, made them gather together in a group."

* "Captain Margaret: A Romance." By John Masefield. Grant Richards. 6s.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from 6d. to £10.

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. Telephone Central 329.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and of the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

NOW READY

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Midsummer Term

CONTENTS

"THE CALL." A POEM BY
George Meredith, O.M.

Military Memoirs of a Confederate — W. Gordon McCabe
The Nation; Oxford & Cambridge — J. A. Venn
A Russian Mystery Play — Maurice Baring
The Last Great Fight at Eton — Arthur Crawshay
The Croatian Deadlock — V. Hussey Walsh
Humanism True and False — G. M. Young
The Glories of Salamanca — Julius César Sanchez
The Frenchwoman of the Eighteenth Century — R. F. Smalley
The Nature and Function of Poetry — Maurice Browne

Price 2/6 Net.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.

10 Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C.

BUDDHISM:

Primitive and Present in Magadha and in Ceylon.

By REGINALD STEPHEN COPLESTON, D.D.

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

SECOND EDITION REVISED. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net. (Inland postage, 5d.)

The book as now published in a Second Edition has been entirely re-written. Notice has been taken of such recent discoveries as have become known to the author; but the alterations are chiefly for clearness and better arrangement.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

ARMADIN.

By ALFRED BOWKER.

(Mayor 1897-8, 1900-1).

A Tale of Old Winchester, of Absorbing interest.

Published by
SIR J. CAUSTON AND SONS, LTD., London.
Now Ready. Price 2s. 6d. net.

JULY No. JUST OUT.

SOCIALIST REVIEW

6d. net.

CONTENTS.

THE KING AND THE CZAR.
I. THE INTERNATIONAL ASPECT. Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M.P.
II. THE CZAR AND HIS PEOPLE. H. N. Brailsford.
III. WHAT I SAW. Henry W. Nevinson.
THE REMEDY FOR UNEMPLOYMENT (Second Instalment) By Dr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.R.S.
THE WASTE OF CAPITAL. By L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.
GARIBALDI AND SOCIALISM. By J. H. HARLEY, M.A.
AT THE MERCY OF THE LANDLORD. By Mrs. FORDHAM.
THE CURSE OF THE YELLOW PRESS. By R. DIXON KINGHAM.
RULERS OF THE QUEEN'S NAVEE. By ONE FROM WITHIN.
THE RAND—BLACK AND GOLD. By A Johannesburg Journalist.
SOCIALIST REVIEW OUTLOOK. By THE EDITOR.

The Review may be obtained from all Booksellers and Newsagents, or direct from the I.L.P. Publication Dept., 23, Bride Lane, Fleet-st., E.C.
Subscription Terms, 7s. 6d. per year, or 1s. 9d. per quarter, post free.

SOCIALIST REVIEW 6d. net.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The modern town of Liége has not, perhaps, the features of archæological interest that make many another city of the Netherlands so attractive to travellers. But the old principality, of which that town was the hub, was the scene of some of the most thrilling episodes in Continental history, and several of these are described by Mr. G. W. T. Omond in his "Liége and the Ardennes" (Black, 7s. 6d. net). Indeed, he devotes the bulk of his book to a historical retrospect, and in the last chapter only makes passing reference to the Belgian manufacturing town as it exists to-day in the sober glory of its iron works. Throughout the Middle Ages Liége was ruled and misruled by generations of Bishop-princes, St. Hubert having founded the Bishopric there about the end of the seventh century. Being virtually a buffer State, it received constant attention from the contending monarchs of this quarter of Europe, while the warlike spirit of its Walloon population, complicated by a pretty talent for treachery and, perhaps, a more than ordinary disregard of human life, further encouraged a condition of perpetual turmoil. Liége town had its darkest days in 1468, when Charles the Bold of Burgundy, exasperated by a constant series of rebellions, massacred the inhabitants and burnt the place to the ground. It arose again, however, to take its share in the wars of the Duke of Alva and of Louis XIV. In 1793 the principality was drawn into the vortex of the French Revolution and was annexed, the territory that had been ruled by Bishops since the seventh century being merged in four of the nine departments into which the National Convention divided the Austrian Netherlands. With that event, which was celebrated rather wantonly by the destruction of St. Lambert's Cathedral at the hands of the revolutionaries, its political influence ceased. Mr. Omond has made good use of his material. The dramatic tales of William de la Marck, "the wild boar of Ardennes," of the tragic banquet of Warfusée, and others illustrative of the wilder phases of feudalism, have a grimness that has rarely been equalled in fiction. Mr. A. Forestier's pleasant water-color drawings of Liége and the hills and forests of Ardennes form an effective and peaceful background to the spirited and interesting text.

* * *

So many severe things have been said about the business of diplomacy that a considerable number of simple people regard a diplomatist or a Jesuit as a man who, if need be, will accomplish his ends without punctilious regard for considerations of truth or honor. It was, indeed, a diplomatist, Sir Henry Wotton, who uttered the famous description of an ambassador, "an honest man sent abroad to lie for the good of the commonwealth." The phrase is quoted by Mr. T. H. S. Escott in his interesting book, "The Story of English Diplomacy: Its Makers and Movements" (Fisher Unwin, 16s.), but he adds that Wotton gave conclusive proof of his own integrity by returning to England a poor man after twenty years as English representative at Venice. It is difficult to separate diplomacy from foreign policy, and Mr. Escott's book might, with equal truth, be called a history of English foreign relations. This history is traced by Mr. Escott, particular attention being given to the evolution of our Foreign Office machinery. The greater part of the book is naturally taken up with the later eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries, and Mr. Escott is particularly informing when discussing the great personalities who moulded our foreign policy during that period. The most interesting chapter in English diplomatic history opens in 1782 when Fox was appointed to be our first Foreign Secretary. The antagonism between Fox at the Foreign Office and Shelburne at the Home Office is related, and there is a good chapter, "The Beginnings of Non-Intervention," dealing with Canning's career as Foreign Secretary. The book ends by a discussion of new views and ventures in which The Hague Conference of 1907 is treated and stress laid upon the informal diplomatic influence of King Edward VII. Incidentally Mr. Escott shows the absurdity of the rumours, usually current in the Tory Press on the accession of a Liberal Ministry, that Liberal diplomatists are unpopular at Continental Chancelleries. The book is a useful addition to the few works bearing upon the history of our diplomatic relations with foreign countries.

Dr. H. S. Lunn's "Municipal Lessons from Southern Germany" (Unwin, 2s.) contains a useful and interesting account of the visit made last year to several German towns by the British Municipal Society. Although German local self-government is far from perfection, and in constitution falls behind our own municipalities, a study of its administration can hardly fail to be profitable. Sir John Gorst, in an introduction to this book, praises the principles on which the local finance of German cities is based, the intelligent supervision exercised by the Central Government, and the system by which business is placed in the hands of expert administrators. About half of Dr. Lunn's book is given up to Frankfürt-on-the-Main, its educational system, town planning, street cleansing, and sewerage being considered in detail. There is also a full account of Munich, while Heidelberg, Mannheim, Königswinter, and Cologne are treated in brief compass. The book is thoroughly useful, and should be read by everyone who wishes to see how the problems of local government are dealt with by the country which has shown itself most progressive in municipal work.

* * *

The author of "Fox Hunting, Past and Present" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), has attempted, and not without success, to write in popular form a brief history of English hunting from its commencement in the neighbourhood of Melton a century and a-half ago. The author estimates that no less than £9,000,000 is spent annually on hunting in this country alone. This sum includes the up-keep of rather more than two hundred packs of hounds, some of which represent a yearly cost of quite £10,000, and the maintenance of many thousand studs of hunters. Some interesting figures concerning the cost to the individual are given, and, considering the health and pleasure that hunting affords, it cannot be considered a very expensive sport. Three days a fortnight in a fair country can be comfortably done on about £80 for the season, while by riding a "screw," or hunting in an unfashionable neighbourhood, where the sport is often equally good, this figure can be materially reduced. The author finds room for a discussion of the feeding and conditioning of horses, the important question of saddlery, the manners and discipline of the hunting field, and the class of horse and country to select. The book also deals with cub and stag hunting, and concludes with some pertinent remarks on hunt subscriptions. There are eight full-page illustrations, which, while well reproduced, do not add much to the interest.

* * *

"From a Hertfordshire Garden," by Mr. W. Beach Thomas (Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.), is the work of a keen lover of out-door life who is enabled to communicate to the reader something of his own pleasure in watching the habits of birds and animals, the growth of trees and flowers, and the effects of clouds and sunlight. A nature book written by one who is not an enthusiast makes tame reading, but is superior to the dreary attempts at word-painting in which many writers on nature subjects indulge. Mr. Beach Thomas is a close and loving observer. He is also a straightforward writer, and his book will be read with enjoyment by all interested in the subjects of which he treats. It is impossible in brief compass to review a book dealing with so great a variety of subjects. We can only assure the lover of open-air life that he will find in Mr. Beach Thomas an entertaining companion from whose hints he may learn to take his own walks abroad to better advantage.

* * *

If Dugdale's "Monasticon" is responsible for a good deal of the information contained in Mr. H. Claiborne Dixon's "The Abbeys of Great Britain" (Werner Laurie, 6s. net), the author is entitled to all credit for his painstaking and exhaustive treatment of a very big subject. Beginning with a brief introduction descriptive of British monasticism from Roman days to the Oxford Movement, he gives a concise account of every well-known abbey—and of many that are far less known—throughout the kingdom, grouping the subjects according to their localities. Probably monasticism, as a religious and educational factor in our national life, reached its most flourishing state during the two centuries that followed the Norman Conquest; but it should not be forgotten that Saxon legend attributed the foundation of Glastonbury to St. Joseph of Arimathea, and that, dubious as this particular ascription may be, there is

EXHIBITIONS.

The London Missionary Society.

THE ORIENT IN LONDON.

A GREAT MISSIONARY EXHIBITION,

Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, N.

JUNE 4—JULY 11.

Open Every Weekday, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Admission, before 6 p.m., 1s.; after 6 o'clock, 6d.

100 FOREIGN SCENES, TABLEAUX,
THE HALL OF RELIGIONS, &c., &c.

Seats may now be booked by letter to the Pageant Box Office, Agricultural Hall, or by telephone, North 1,133, for the

PAGEANT OF DARKNESS & LIGHT.

FREE CHOIRS AND ORCHESTRAS. 800 PARTICIPANTS.

Every Evening, at 8; Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3.30. 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s., & 6d.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

The Daily News

Founded by

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846.

Honored tradition and the spirit of modern enterprise are combined in "The Daily News." Matters of serious interest are reported at length. Place is also found, in shorter form, for the lighter news items which are a feature of 20th century journalism.

"The Daily News" is the **only** London Liberal newspaper that devotes every day a whole page to Financial and Commercial matters, Trade and Market reports and Stock Exchange Intelligence.

Its daily Parliamentary report is far more detailed than that of any other ½d. paper, and nearly a column is given to the Law List.

If you do not read "The Daily News" it is impossible for you to follow the progress of Liberalism.

HEAD OFFICES—

Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Dr. W. H. FITCHETT and PUBLIC OPINION.

Dr. W. H. Fitchett, M.A., the author of "Fights for the Flag" and "Deeds that won the Empire," who lives in Melbourne, Australia, sends the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION:—

DEAR MR. PARKER,

I get your PUBLIC OPINION regularly, and find it most interesting and valuable, a matchless bit of journalistic work. It ought to find a place, for one thing, in every newspaper office outside London, for nothing else I know gives such a reflex of the thought in the current history of the world.

Yours ever,
W. H. FITCHETT.

PUBLIC OPINION A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.

Every Friday Twopence

EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION, 30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

SPECIMENS FREE ON APPLICATION.

historical evidence for the existence of religious houses in the third and fourth centuries, while several of our most famous abbeys, such as Lindisfarne, Jarrow, Whitby, Sherborne, and St. Mary's, York, enjoyed a previous existence as places of importance long before the Danish invasion of the eighth century. Broadly speaking, the monasteries of Great Britain fall into two classes, the first consisting of those established previous to the Conquest, and the second of those founded by the Cistercian and other orders, who were drawn in the wake of the Normans from the Continent. "The former were national houses—in every way belonging to the English people and untouched by Papal influence; while the latter, which were under the immediate control of the Bishop of Rome, were essentially of foreign foundation." At the Dissolution, English and foreign monasteries were alike destroyed, but it is a fact, and rather an interesting one, that the abbey churches that were spared were generally of pre-Norman origin and English foundation; many of them serve the purpose of parishes churches at the present day. Some of these abbeys have a twofold interest. The Cistercian house of Buckland, founded as a religious establishment in the thirteenth century, was eventually reconstructed as a manor house, and became the home of Sir Francis Drake. Similarly Newstead, on the borders of Sherwood Forest, was transformed in its later days into the private residence of the Byron family. The volume is full of entertaining historical anecdote, and its illustrations, reproduced from careful wash drawings, form a useful accompaniment.

* * *

A Novel-Reader's Guide.—"Pauline." By W. E. Norris (Constable, 6s.). A pleasant example of Mr. Norris's careful art and competent style. Pauline, the heroine, is sympathetic and engaging, while Lady Drake is an amusing creation.—"The Heart Line." By Gelett Burgess (Grant Richards, 6s.). A long and rather incoherent story exposing the frauds of spiritualism and palmistry, written in the American language.—"The Door of Darkness." By Maud Annesley (Lane, 6s.). A clever adaptation of the theme of the Wandering Jew.—"Lady Lee." By Florence Warden (Werner Laurie, 6s.). An effective example of the sensational novel.—"The Passion of Paul Marillier." By Adeline Sergeant (Methuen, 6s.). A readable story abounding in incident, with a strong love motive.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, June 19.	Price Friday Morning, June 26.
Consols 2½ per cent.	87¼ ...	87 13/16
German 3 per cent.	82 ...	81½
Russian 5 per cent.	95¾ ...	95½
Great Eastern Railway	69¾ ...	68
Union Pacific Railway	150⅝ ...	147⅛

Although the last Stock Exchange account showed a pretty general depreciation in the value of securities, this is assigned by most people to temporary causes, the chief being the large volume of new issues, and the fact that many people will not realise until the beginning of July, when their bank accounts are made up, how little they are getting in interest on their deposits. Everything points to money remaining cheap and plentiful for a long time to come, and good harvests in the United States and Canada should put a little more confidence and renewed enterprise into the New World.

The Last Account.

The set-back in stocks was quite general, though special causes could, in most cases, be assigned for relapses that occurred. With the exception of London and North Western, which rose a point, most Home Railways were from 1 to 3 per cent. lower. American Railways suffered more, owing to the bad traffics and reduced dividends. The renewed difficulties of the Erie created momentary consternation; but there are signs of recovery, as a feeling exists that in Mr. Harriman's hands the line might be pulled round like the Union and Southern Pacific. Grand Trunk stocks fell heavily on the traffic decreases, which have been enormous, and must continue until the crops begin to be moved.

Russian Finance.

The weaker tendency of Russian bonds is caused by a vague dread that the new loan will be a very large one, and also among the few who know the real state of things by a perception that the Government of Russia is still postponing, and therefore making worse, the evil day of reckoning. The annual interest on the debt already amounts to forty-one millions, and the expenditure on both army and navy is still growing. The Duma has evidently been squared both as to the Amur Railway and the naval programme, and there is no money for either of these futile projects, except what the thrifty French peasant can be induced by the banks of Paris to contribute.

The New Canadian Loan.

While Canada's revenue falls her expenditure grows, and she is now borrowing money in England, partly to bounty-feed her unsuccessful industries, party to finance new railway projects. The total amount of the new loan is £5,000,000, at 3¾ per cent. interest, and the price of issue £100 per cent. The Bank of Montreal, the financial agents of the Government of the Dominion, is authorised to offer to the holders of the £3,648,500 outstanding Four per Cent. bonds and stock, due November 1st next, an extension at 3¾ per cent. until May 1st, 1912, and is further authorised to offer for subscription in cash at par 3¾ per cent. bonds to an amount sufficient to make up, with the extended bonds and stock, the total of £5,000,000. The loan is redeemable at par May 1st, 1912, so it will be seen that it is only a short dated issue, not very attractive to ordinary investors. However, it is a gilt-edged security, and holders of 3¾ per cent. bonds and stock will have the option up to September 30th, 1910, of conversion into 3 per cent. Inscribed stock, 1938, on the basis of £106 of that stock for every £100 of the present loan, which is a rather valuable option from the investor's point of view. The loan is, of course, mainly for the purpose of providing for maturing obligations, and only £1,350,500 represents new borrowing.

The Outlook in the United States.

Although, owing to the low stocks of wheat, the foreign trade and general business of the United States are at a low ebb, the outlook is considered promising by so good a judge as the financial editor of the New York "Evening Post." At the moment, as he points out, foreigners are holding off buying orders, because wheat prices are still high and they expect a decline. "But the strong probability is that all the wheat raised throughout the world will be wanted at prices that will pay growers a good profit, although the demand may not come until August or September. There have been years when the foreign buying did not start until late in August, and some of the best-informed speculators are not now anticipating any heavy foreign buying until that time. After that period, they believe that there will be a steady demand, and they expect that Europe will take as much wheat the coming twelve months as in the twelve months past, which was 196,000,000 bushels, from America, including Canada." The writer continues:—

> "What such results would mean to our foreign trade, our home consumers, and our internal trade, needs no demonstration. A small but steady improvement in the business situation is already noticeable. It can hardly be said that it was noticeable until the last ten days, but since that time has become perceptible to keen observers. A few optimists who are trying to talk a boom into existence, rather than permit it to work out in the regular way, are predicting all kinds of rushing prosperity for the autumn, after the conventions get through, and the harvest is over. Those who are able to see conditions clearly, however, do not look for any boom. Their verdict is that the growth will be slow but permanent."

One factor that is bringing around a change for the better is the progress made in the heavy liquidation that has been, and is still, going on in the manufacturing and jobbing industries. Large stocks have been almost worked off, and distributers are down to a point where they are in the market for small lots of goods. True, American merchants are buying frequently rather than heavily, and seem to prefer to go slow and await election results, as well as the harvest, before taking any large chances on the future. A couple of weeks ago, however, when this forecast was written, more advance orders were being placed than at any time since the beginning of the year.

Lucellum.

THE NEW NO. 5

OLIVER

Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Has the unique and powerful double Type Bar that made the earlier Oliver Typewriter famous the World over, and, in addition, it bristles with

NEW AND VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

Leaflet N. gives Particulars.

OLIVER TYPEWRITER Co.,Ltd.,

75, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Branches, etc., everywhere.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.

Each packet is dated with the year of issue.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.

All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

MAPLE & CO

ARE SPECIALISTS FOR COMFORTABLE

CLUB & LOUNGE CHAIRS & SETTEES

Inspection invited, or Illustrated Catalogue of Chairs sent free

LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

LONDON PARIS BUENOS AIRES

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and AROUND THE WORLD

(Via NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO),

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the

GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,

London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.; City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.; And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Moat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business transacted

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

COUNTY OF LONDON.

The London County Council invites applications for the post of ASSISTANT MISTRESS to teach Mathematics at the Peckham Secondary School for Girls, Sumner Avenue, Peckham.

Applicants should have had experience in good secondary schools and of modern methods of teaching.

The salary attaching to the post will comence at £120 a year, and will rise by annual increments of £10, subject to satisfactory service to a maximum of £220 a year.

A commencing salary higher than the minimum stated above will be allowed if the person appointed has had satisfactory experience, and in this connection two years' satisfactory service in a school approved by the Council for the purpose will be counted as equivalent to a year spent in one of the Council's schools, provided that (1) periods of less than two years spent in any one school shall not be counted, and (2) not more than ten years' outside service in all shall be taken into account.

Applications should be made on Form T.S. 56, to be obtained, together with particulars of the appointment, from the Clerk of the Council, L.C.C. Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m., on Monday, 13th July, 1908, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed "Peckham Secondary School," and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will be held to be a disqualification for employment.

Full particulars of appointments in the Council's service are given in the "London County Council Gazette," which is published weekly, and can be obtained from the Council's publishers, Messrs. P. S. King & Son, 2 and 4, Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W., price (including postage) 1½d. an issue, or, for the year, a prepaid subscription of 6s. 6d.

G. L. GOMME,
Clerk of the London County Council.

Education Offices,
Victoria Embankment, W.C.,
25th June, 1908.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities, Citizenship Course, Leisure Hour Work (Natural History, Archæology, Carpentry, etc.).

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

SCHOLARSHIP ENTRIES DUE JULY 1ST.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundry work and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb. Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

WILLASTON SCHOOL, NANTWICH.

In the Cheshire Plain, four miles from Crewe. Opened in 1900. Modern Buildings, standing in 24 acres of grounds. Preparations for University Scholarships and Matriculation, or for Professional and Commercial life.

NEXT ENTRANCE EXAMINATION JULY 21st, AT THE SCHOOL.

For prospectus and particulars of admission on the Foundation, apply to the Head Master, H. L. JONES, M.A. (Oxon.), or to the Clerk to the Governors 38, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION, July 1st and 2nd.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

HIGHEST QUALITY
TURKISH TOWELS
AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, *Near the British Museum.*
Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

THACKERAY HOTEL,
Opposite the British Museum.
Great Russell Street, London.

These well-appointed and commodious **Temperance Hotels** will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS *(including attendance)* **from 3/6 to 6/0.**
Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, From **8/6** to **10/6** per day.
Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
Telegraphic Addresses—
Kingsley Hotel, "Bookcraft, London." Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.
HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

A LIBRARY OF PEACE AND WAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
F. W. HIRST.

1/- NET.

THE
NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:
HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:
13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.
WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.
67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.
THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.
BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.
ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.
THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.
BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.
BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.
CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.
ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.
THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.
COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.
HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.
COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.
CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.
HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.
SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).
SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.
PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.
GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

PORTSMOUTH.
SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647.

SOUTHSEA.
STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.
"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.
REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.
WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.
WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager

Whisky and Soap.

Comparisons for the Curious.

Doctors, Scientists, and others have had much to say of late on the subject of Whisky, and its effect on the health and—the pocket. But is not the question also worth considering in its relation to Soap?

Here is a comparison: The cost of only a single glass of whisky a day will average, say, 2/4 a week. Now the use of Pears' Soap for the same period *will not cost more than Twopence.* As a comparison of economic results the difference is great.

A comparison of personal effect shows a similar disproportion. The delight of Whisky, however good the brand (even if it's Dewar's), is only for the moment, or, at least, for but a short time; whereas the beneficial effect of Pears' Soap is spread over a prolonged period.

Whisky is for internal application, Soap for external, and here again many curious comparisons might be drawn. To sum the whole matter up into a nutshell: Let your taste for Whisky be what it will, don't forget to use—

Pears' Soap.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 14.] SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE DIARY OF THE WEEK ... 473

POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—
An Untoward Incident ... 476
Poverty and the State ... 477
The Destruction of a Myth ... 478
The Character of the London Police 479
Lord Morley's Indian Reforms, III.—The Mischief of Over-Centralisation. By Sir William Wedderburn ... 481

LIFE AND LETTERS:—
The Sameness of Fashion... 482
The Case of Samuel Butler 483
A Lost Child 484
Over-Delicacy of Speech ... 485

SCIENCE:—
The Latest Conception of Matter. By Prof. George M. Minchin 486

SHORT STORY:—
One Point of View. By May Kendall 486

PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS:—
The Cult of the Monster Warship. By Admiral Sir Cyprian A. G. Bridge ... 488

PAGE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—
Votes for Women. By R. N., H., Frank Bowly, and A Radical Ex-Soldier 490
The Meaning of "Bande Mataram." By J. D. Rees, M.P., and S. M. Mitra ... 492
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By Peter Macdonald, H. E. Gribble, Stuart J. Reid, D.C.L., J.P., and Viator 494
"An Invasion of Liberty." By A London Clergyman ... 494
"A Distant Drum." By the Writer 494

POETRY:—
A Song of Semiramis. By Ethel Talbot 494

THE WORLD OF BOOKS ... 495
Books to be Read 495

REVIEWS:—
An American View of English Politics 496
Some Great-Little Lawyers... 498
A Quaker Citizen 500
The Problem of "Kitty Tailleur" 500

BOOKS IN BRIEF 502
A Novel-Reader's Guide ... 504

THE WEEK IN THE CITY ... 504

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The Shah continues faithful to the Russian model. All Persia is now under martial law administered by Colonel Liakhoff, the Russian Cossack chief, at his absolute discretion. In two rescripts the Shah puts all the blame on the Societies, the newspapers, and the Megliss, summons a new Parliament of "upright, pious, and patriotic deputies" to meet three months hence, and pardons all "suspects," except those who are to be tried by a special court. Meanwhile, arrests are being made by the hundred, the soldiery are looting shops and palaces, a host of Nationalists have been executed, and the sufferings of the prisoners in the royal camp exceed "those of the Prophet's family at Kerbela." The British Legation in Teheran is still surrounded by troops despite repeated protests. In Tabriz the Nationalists have been fighting with some success, but Rahim Khan, a bandit chief, has entered the town to vindicate law and order. There has been a direct interchange of telegrams between the King and the Shah—an episode the correctness of which Sir Edward Grey will have to justify, all the more because the news of it first leaked out from a German source. The "Times" Teheran correspondent, whose telegrams have been singularly brilliant, reports the general belief there that the *coup d'état* is due to the activity of Russia and the inactivity of England, and that the activity of Colonel Liakhoff is a breach of the spirit and the letter of the Anglo-Russian agreement. The Octobrist section of the Russian Press openly boasts of the part Russia is playing in Persia; it calls the profession of neutrality a "superfluous pretence," and declares that Russia must keep a pro-Russian Shah on the throne. All this is a heavy discount on the policy of the Convention.

* * *

It is practically certain that in a few days the Tsar and the Kaiser will meet in the Baltic. The interview has been kept dark, and appears to have been hurriedly arranged, facts which gain increased significance because the Tsar's meeting with the Kaiser comes just before that with the French President. Germany is losing no time in countering the Reval interview and securing that there shall be no triple *entente* with its point against her; while Russia is evidently as eager not to abandon the traditional special friendship with Germany. It was significant that on Monday the French Socialists moved to limit the President's Baltic tour to Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. The motion was rejected by a large majority, but the debate was a demonstration of the feelings of a good section of the French people towards the Russian autocracy; while the Persian troubles are knocking much of the cement out of the Anglo-Russian understanding.

* * *

Lord Curzon raised a debate on Indian policy, in the House of Lords on Tuesday, in a speech calculated, though not designed, to embarrass the Indian Government in its relations with the Ameer, with the Anglo-Indian community, and with the Indian people. He hinted that the Ameer disliked the Anglo-Russian Convention, which is quite possible, that he had dictated the terms of the Dane Treaty, and that he might have been privy to the letting loose of Afghan tribesmen on our border. As to the internal unrest, Lord Curzon's policy was practically that which Lord Morley compendiously described as "martial law and no damned nonsense." He thought the Press Act should be strengthened, and its procedure made more summary, and declared that Sir Bampfylde Fuller's resignation had "taken the heart" out of the British service. He denied that the Indian Civil Service was becoming harder to the natives, but admitted that it might be growing more ignorant of their language and ways, and thought the Japanese victories had deeply touched the race-pride of an Eastern people. It was notable, however, that, while approving the partition of Bengal, Lord Curzon was for minimising his personal responsibility for its form, which he threw upon Lord Ampthill, the Acting Governor-General, and Lord Midleton. This waiver was promptly thrown back upon him by the noble Lords in question. Furthermore, Lord Curzon favored a policy of associating the Indian people with our Government "in wider and more responsible functions than are now open to them." The same line was taken by Lord Cromer, who declared for a "moderate policy of reform," and laid special stress on the necessity for a scheme of primary education; by Lord Lamington; and, in a very impressive speech, by Lord Courtney.

* * *

Lord Morley's reply needs careful reading, but we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be the utterance of a convinced and determined reformer. It had one disappointing passage, that which seemed to close, so far as he was personally concerned, the question of the partition of Bengal. But Lord Morley added that the matter was administrative, and that he could never see why its detailed arrangements should have been regarded as "sacrosanct." He quoted with emphasis Lord Minto's saying that "no anarchical crime would deter him from meeting the political aspirations of honest reformers," and added that if the Government

were turned from reform by bombs and the "blind fury" of extremists, they would disappoint not only the Indian moderates but a great mass of Anglo-Indian opinion. We are glad to see that he definitely foreshadowed an Indian Reform Bill, to be presented to Parliament in the Autumn Session. This is an announcement of vital importance, for the National Congress meets in December, and an Act of Reform, proclaimed on the fiftieth anniversary of direct Imperial rule in India, will do much to fix and color the character of the Indian movement for representative institutions.

* * *

The Old-Age Pensions Bill passed through the Committee stage on Wednesday under the rule of the guillotine, the Prime Minister consenting to re-commit it in order to discuss the new sliding scale of pensions (which we correctly described last week), and to fix a time-limit to the exclusion of paupers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has shown remarkable skill in piloting the Bill, but Mr. Balfour's conduct of the Opposition can only be called unscrupulous. It has consisted, as Mr. Lloyd-George said, in moving "wild, illogical, irrational amendments" with the special object of enlisting sympathisers, to whom the Tory Party can say, "We voted for you, but those wicked Radicals voted against you." Thus Mr. Balfour, who said that the Government were proposing Old-Age Pensions without providing the money, voted for adding some millions to the cost of the plan, and after favoring a contributory scheme, voted for the inclusion of paupers.

* * *

On the latter point we note with pleasure that the Chancellor announced a large concession. The exclusion of the pauper class is not to be indefinite; it is to cease on December 31st, 1910, when presumably the new Poor Law will have come into operation. Medical and surgical relief is also to be exempted. The sliding scale to which he has assented, practically equalises, we regret to see, incomes ranging between 8s. and 13s. a week, and thus cuts off the incentive to exertion within those boundaries. The scale prepared by Mr. Holt, which is on the lines of that proposed by The Nation, seems far preferable. For the rest the Opposition proposed to exempt from the calculation of means sums received from trade unions or friendly societies, and when the absurdity of limiting exemption to this kind of income was pointed out, Mr. Chaplin proposed to except all kinds of provision for old age, sickness, or infirmity. The Ministerial Party held firmly together against these tactics, which were partly obstructive.

* * *

The "New Protection" which was to give the Australian workman some of the benefit of the tariff by partially withdrawing its advantages from bad employers, is dead. The Federal High Court has pronounced it *ultra vires* as encroaching upon the powers of the States and discriminating between States. Mr. Deakin insists that the Government is committed to the policy, but it cannot now be carried out without an amendment to the Constitution. The incident is certain to affect the character of the future South African union. Federalism is suspect there, and now that American experience is justified by Australian experience, the conviction will be strengthened that the Federal system not merely perpetuates the wrangling of the States, but puts serious difficulties in the way of legislation, particularly of social reform.

* * *

The Women's Social and Political Union have resumed the sensational and semi-violent tactics which many of their friends would like to see suspended. As the result of a Convention held in the Caxton Hall on Tuesday, a deputation of thirteen ladies was sent to wait upon Mr. Asquith to hear his further views on the Suffrage question. On the Prime Minister refusing to see them, the heads of the Union brought about a kind of demonstration in front of the Houses of Parliament. This consisted in the main, not of women, but of men and boys "out for a lark." Various bodies of Suffragists penetrated it, one party being shut up in a closed pantechnicon van, while others clung to the railings before Palace Yard, and had to be torn away by the police. As Lady Grove said, it is contrary to the law to walk in procession to the House of Commons, and it is a prime interest of democracy that a Sovereign Parliament should not be liable to invasion by mobs.

* * *

At the meeting at which this fiery propaganda was set on foot, the Union defined the limited character of its political aim in a resolution calling on the Government to give votes to women who "possess the qualifications which now entitle men to vote." We can only point out that the true motto of such a society is not "Votes for Women," but "Votes for as few women as possible," and that the bulk of married women and working women who associate themselves with this special form of the movement can receive no benefit from it, but only, as "R. N." points out elsewhere, an indirect disadvantage. This point is the more important inasmuch as when the twenty-nine Suffragists who were arrested came before the police-courts on Wednesday, one of them, Mrs. Leigh, who, with Miss New, had broken the Prime Minister's windows, admitted saying that "it would be a bomb next time." Now, bomb-throwing may lead to murder, and whatever may be said for violence in politics, we cannot think that it can be seriously defended when, not the liberty of a people, but the giving of political rights to a small and mostly well-to-do class, is in question. Such conduct and language are, therefore, deeply prejudicial to the women's cause. At the same time, we greatly deprecate the continued decision to treat these ladies, two of whom were sentenced to two months' imprisonment without the option of a fine, as ordinary criminals.

* * *

We are glad to see that the Committee of Members of Parliament who are working to secure the denunciation of the Brussels Sugar Convention continues its activity. A valuable contribution to its work has been issued by the Free Trade Union. This is a reprint of Mr. Lough's article in the June "Contemporary," with an appendix giving the monthly prices of sugar for the last ten years, prepared by the Board of Trade. This table is a clear guide to the merits of the controversy. It shows that in the four years before the Convention, between 1899 and 1902, the price of sugar gradually decreased from 10s. to 6s. per cwt. The Convention was signed in March of the latter year, and since that date prices have gradually risen. During the succeeding six years there have been only two occasions in which the quotations fell (1d. and 2d.) under 8s. per cwt., and the price gradually rose to an average of 11s. $4\frac{3}{4}$d. in 1905 and 10s. 10d. in the present year. This clearly exhibits the great success from its promoter's point of view of the Brussels Sugar Convention. It has practically doubled the price of this necessary food and raw material to the people of the United Kingdom. It is no wonder, therefore, that it should have caused a considerable decrease of consumption.

Steps of, perhaps, greater importance are being taken inside the House. A few days since a petition was circulated requesting Mr. Asquith to receive a public deputation, and when this had been signed by some fifty members it was sent to all the unofficial Free Trade members. Up to the time of our going to press two hundred signatures have been added to it. So far as we can judge Free Trade feeling is unanimous against the continuance of the Convention. The object of this petition is to secure that the Government will either denounce the treaty on September 1st, or else submit the matter to the House of Commons in such a form that a vote can be taken upon it. We strongly hope that Mr. Asquith, who has shown himself keenly sensible of the movement of opinion in his party, will not resist this appeal. Possibly he is unaware of the circumstances under which the Free Trade members agreed to the withdrawal of the motion set down for March 26th, 1906, by Mr. A. H. Scott, the member for Ashton-under-Lyne, in favor of denouncing the treaty. We understand that Mr. Scott was only restrained from taking a division on that occasion owing to his having received a clear assurance from the late Prime Minister that the treaty would be denounced, and that a private intimation to that effect would immediately be given to a certain foreign Power. The report of the debate is quite in accordance with the recollection of members upon this point, as not a word was said, either by Mr. Lloyd-George or by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, both of whom spoke, inconsistent with denunciation. The sole point that they urged against a division was that it was discourteous to the Powers to announce the decision of the United Kingdom eighteen months before it was necessary.

* * *

Fighting has taken place this week in the province of Coahuila, in Mexico, but so strict is the censorship that reliable information as to its meaning is not to be had. The official version is that there has been another raid by Mexicans from across the United States border, who have now been scattered and hunted down. The district in which the fighting has taken place is, however, some 200 miles from the frontier, and the raiders have had a strategic purpose, for Terreon, their objective, is the junction of two Mexican trunk lines from north to south and west to east. Further, the Mexican Government seems seriously alarmed, for many thousands of troops have been poured into the disturbed district, and the loyalty of some of these seems to be doubtful. On the whole, "revolution" looks a more exact description than raid, and a revolution is a serious and now a striking event in Mexico, where for many years the iron hand of President Diaz has kept the peace.

* * *

On Wednesday the Linnean Society held an interesting celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the reading of the famous paper by Darwin and Russel Wallace "on the tendency of species to form varieties and on the perpetuation of varieties and species by natural means of selection." The venerable Dr. Wallace was present to explain how, in a measure, this key to the doctrine of evolution came independently into his hands and those of Darwin. The idea had occurred to Wallace "in a sudden flash of insight" during his stay in the Celebes Islands. When he communicated it to Darwin he found that his "flash" had found lodgment in Darwin's brain nearly twenty years earlier, and the idea had been privately worked into a consistent theory, supported by an immense body of facts. So Dr. Wallace insisted, with his famous simplicity and modest charm, that the proportion of merit was not to be equally divided between Darwin and himself, as Leverrier and Adams divided the honor of discovering Neptune, but that the shares of merit were as twenty years to one week. It is curious that the theory of evolution thus started seems to have held rather more firmly in the theological than in the scientific world.

* * *

The Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Daylight Saving Bill has issued a strong report in its favor, backed by a great body of commercial and industrial opinion of almost all types, coming both from employers and employed. Considering the various proposals for giving the British community more enjoyment of the sun, the Committee recommend the simplest of all. Greenwich mean time is not to be interfered with, but from the third Sunday in April till the third Sunday in September of each year all British clocks should be put forward one hour. The change would take place at two o'clock in the morning, which would then count on the clock as three. On the third Sunday in September the clocks would be moved back again one hour. Thus we should begin work one hour earlier, and have one hour more of sun for play, or outdoor life, in the season when Nature seems to invite us to such a habit. The "Times" objects that as the Bill would not be compulsory, great confusion would arise, because some clocks would be changed and others not. But it ignores the body of evidence which shows that society could easily organise a universal habit. The public services, the banks, the great manufactories and shops, would set their clocks forward, and all the smaller organisations would follow suit. Moreover, the Great Eastern Railway, with its large Continental traffic, does not think that any dislocation of it would ensue. A little thought is all that is necessary.

* * *

There has been a considerable set-back to the movement in France in favor of the abolition of capital punishment. The Government has had to abandon its Bill to that effect, the Committee which examined it being hostile, and there being a prospect of its rejection in the full Chamber. This change is due to popular resentment at the action of M. Fallières, who will not inflict the penalty of death, in commuting the sentence on Soleilland, a brutish criminal, and to alarm at the recent increase in the number of charges of murder. The President probably went on a report by the Commission of Pardons on Soleilland's mental state, but opinion in France is now thoroughly frightened, and as long as it remains in this state, the death penalty will subsist. The local councils have petitioned for its continuance and a *plébiscite* in a popular quarter in Paris has yielded an overwhelming majority for retention. Meanwhile, the Senate has wisely passed a Bill making executions private, and probably the best solution would be to give the jury a discretion as between death and penal servitude.

* * *

On Thursday afternoon the "Country in Town" Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery was opened by the Poet Laureate, who gave an address on the moral and physical advantages of a country life. A novel and interesting feature of the Exhibition is a model of an open-air school in its natural surroundings, the "gardening" of the latter being cleverly carried out so as to suggest a clearing in a pine forest. Whilst in Germany this type of school has been in use for some time, it was not till last year that the County Council made the first English experiment on a site at Woolwich. Since then two others have been opened within the London radius.

Next Saturday's issue of The Nation *will be a Special Double Number dealing with Poetry and Fiction*

Politics and Affairs.

AN UNTOWARD INCIDENT.

THE untoward incident of the exclusion from the Royal Garden Party of four members of the House of Commons, one of them, it is suggested, on account of a vote on the policy of the King's visit to Reval, and two others, it seems, on the more general ground of their attitude to public questions, cannot, we think, be dismissed without reference to the important and established constitutional doctrine which it seems to controvert. One of the four members was the leader of the Labor Party in Parliament; another was a Liberal member distinguished for character and ability, closely associated with the late Prime Minister, and less directly connected with the Court. In both cases there appears to be no disguise of the fact that the members were excluded, in one case on account of a silent vote, in the other on account of a vote and of speeches. Mr. Keir Hardie has already expressed his discontent, on constitutional grounds, with this act. Nor, we all agree, can anyone acquainted with the theory and practice of the Constitution defend what amounts to an interference, slight and indirect it may be, with the privilege or the status of a member of the House of Commons. In seriousness the disability inflicted does not, of course, compare with the conduct of George III. in striking Fox's name from the list of Privy Councillors, or his dismissal of the Duke of Grafton and Lord Rockingham from their Lord Lieutenancies for political action of which he disapproved. The penalty inflicted on Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Keir Hardie was purely social. But it was none the less real. Had a selection been made from the more eminent members of the House, or from those personally known to the King, no question of invidiousness could have arisen. But the circumstances were widely different. The invitation was general; the exceptions very few, their cause was known to the three members who were expected to read in them a sign of displeasure with action taken on the floor of the House or elsewhere on matters of public policy.

It will, no doubt, be said that it is ungracious to criticise the social action of the King in a field in which his discretion is absolute, and in which his quality of tactfulness is conspicuous. But any suggestion of Royal censure on a member of Parliament, on the ground of having acted in a way personally displeasing to the King, revives an old seed of bitterness in English history. The moment the question assumes this shape, we see how indefensible such action appears, no matter how slight or conventional the form it may have assumed. The vote of Mr. Ponsonby concerned the Reval visit. That visit was paid on the advice of the King's Ministers. They alone were responsible. "The King," as Erskine said, more than a hundred years ago, "can perform no act of government himself." He has no policy, either at Reval or anywhere else. Therefore, he escapes all criticism from all parties, who concentrate themselves purely on members of the Executive. The suggestion that he can of his own instance dispense rewards or punishments on account of votes in the House of Commons revives the theory of a "King's party," and recalls George III.'s rudeness to Whig lords at the Levée, or the wording of the famous *communiqué* to Lord Temple, who, on the India Bill, was authorised by the King to say that whoever voted for it was "not only not his friend, but would be considered by him as an enemy." The consequences of such a reversion to Georgian times would be that now, as then, the King would be criticised and condemned, that his personality would be thrust into party conflict, and he would be quoted as the supporter or the opponent of this Government or that measure. On one or two occasions Queen Victoria, in her early, middle, and later life, nearly broke through the constitutional veil, and proclaimed herself a partisan. But she never quite emerged in this character, and the King receives in full strength the now old and firm constitutional tradition that he has nothing to do with government, and is merely an impartial organ and witness of action flowing from the Executive and from a Sovereign Parliament, whose members are free men, answerable only to their constituents.

No one, least of all the King himself, seriously desires to alter or to modify this happy position. For it is easy to see how conspicuously the Crown has gained by it. Here we are in the full flood of democracy, with a Republic established in the largest English-speaking community in the world, and in the most civilised European nation. Yet there is no Republican party in England. It has ceased to exist. Why? Partly, perhaps, because, under the forms of democracy, a kind of worship of splendid tradition goes on. But also because the Crown, following the general law of our constitutional development, receives the form and pressure of the times, and yet retains its special character. The political energies and interests of the nation are allowed to flow into the party and Parliamentary system, and the King sits apart, sheltered from all responsibility for errors that drive Liberal or Conservative leaders from power. So far as we know, his tact and long experience of the world and of his country have rather emphasised this view of the Monarchy, and only now and then a foolish, flattering voice has spoken of him as if he were his own Foreign Minister. But it is quite possible to conceive that in the future some young Monarch might come to the throne who, without the King's knowledge of affairs, or his tact and instinctive penetration of character, might aim at reviving Georgian ideas, and by disparaging—let us say—Radical statesmen or measures, revive the notion that the King favored one party and disliked another, and, again following George III., try to re-establish some semi-demagogic connection with "the masses." No more distracting influence could arise in our State. Such a King could only be served by the worst and the weakest, for the atmosphere of a Court can rarely be sincere, and an innovating Monarch would, in our free country, attract only pushing wealth and time-serving ambition. All the strength and honesty of the nation, as well as its most unsettled or extreme elements, would be diverted from the Crown, and politicians would begin to look to some weak form of the Presidential system, not inconsistent with the power of the Cabinet and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. For the peculiar grace of the

Monarchy, its smoothing and conciliating power, would be gone. His Ministers could not trust their King any more than George III. or George IV. was trusted. And such a rule would be impossible in the modern State. An English King could no longer command the power of appointment, of rewarding friends or disgracing enemies, that his predecessors possessed before the party system was thoroughly organised and the command of patronage shifted from the Monarch to the Prime Minister and the responsible heads of the great Departments. The penalties he could inflict would be purely social and very trivial. And it would not be worth while. All that the nation now demands from the Sovereign is a certain reticence, a willingness to substitute indirect influence for the direct power from which the forms and necessities of modern Government bar him out. Someone has blundered in the matter of the Garden Party, and the responsible official, with his long experience of the House of Commons, should have guarded the King from a course sure to arouse the keen jealousy which Members feel of interference, from whatever quarter it may come, with the free expression of their opinions. The incident is merely a distracting one. But it is disquieting, because it was as unexpected as, to use Bagehot's metaphor, would be "a volcanic eruption from Primrose Hill."

POVERTY AND THE STATE.

For better or worse the main lines of the Pensions Bill are now settled. For financial reasons the Government have not felt themselves able to accept all the suggestions which they admit to be of value. But we should be less than just if we failed to recognise that on the three main points here selected for criticism they have gone a long way to meet us. A sliding scale has been adopted—not the best, as we think, but still a sliding scale. By next year it is probable that the experience of the Friendly Societies will have suggested the advisability of modifying it on some such lines as those that we have shown to be necessary in the interests of thrift. The character test has not been wholly excised, but all words of general reference have been omitted, and it has been reduced to an industry test, which will probably come in the long run to a practical compulsion on the poorer classes to join some thrift society. Finally, paupers have not been included this year, but the disqualification on this ground is explicitly limited to two years. We can therefore accept the Bill as an honest experiment, and a valuable instalment, and we do so the more readily for our sense of the unscrupulous tactics of the Opposition. Mr. Balfour, whose record on the whole question is one for which another statesman would blush, is not ashamed to oppose the Bill as a whole on the ground that it is non-contributory, and to court popularity by advocating its extension in detail without the smallest regard to expense. In this case, at least, we think that the public will put its own construction on Mr. Balfour's bid for support.

The Pensions Bill is admittedly a beginning, and it is only as a beginning that its passage in its present form could be desired. It lays the foundation of a broad scheme for removing the aged poor from the position of a dependent pauper-class. But supposing this result completely achieved it would be in turn only one part of a still wider problem. For the solution of this problem the Government awaits the report of the Poor Law Commission, which, we fear, is not likely to appear this year. But it is fully time to pass in review some of the general considerations by which the Government's policy will be guided. More than seventy years have passed since the lax administration of the old Poor Law was replaced by the strictness and economy of the Poor Law Commission. The crying need of those days was to expose the demoralising consequences of well-meant, but misguided, benevolence. It was necessary to preach the virtue of industry, thrift, and self-reliance as against that inverted form of Socialism which placed the responsibility for the poor upon the rich. As compared with the flesh-pots of dependence, the bread and water of economic freedom was worth winning, though it meant a hard struggle and a spare life.

But in a term of seventy years we have made some little advance. The problem has changed and new questions have arisen. The old reformers believed that all who sought work could find it. We know that that is not always so. The old reformers believed that wages found their own level by natural processes. The State might interfere with the healthy action of these processes, but it never interfered to good effect. We have found as the result of the experience of two generations of competition, and of two generations of experiments in dealing with competition, that the whole case is vastly more complex. We have seen large classes of labor rising through trade unionism, through co-operation, through Free Trade in goods and the State regulation of labor, to a considerable degree of material comfort and economic independence. We have seen other classes left behind, and the careful work of statisticians is available to tell us pretty accurately how large those classes are, what is the measure of their need, and in some degree what are the causes of their failure. We have been forced to recognise that it is through no special failure of character, but through the hard, blind operation of grinding economic forces, that some thirty per cent. of the people of the richest country in the world live in a condition of poverty—of such poverty as allows them barely food and house-room for an average family, and no surplus for any other object of expenditure. We have come to recognise that the conditions of poverty tend to maintain and accentuate it, that insufficient food, and bad, unhealthy dwellings breed a race of ill-fed, undersized children; that the struggle for life shortens the education of these children and throws them on the streets to earn their own living when they ought to be acquiring a trade; that the bad sanitary conditions with which the poor must put up sap the vigour which might have redeemed them from poverty, and stimulate the desire for drink which deepens their poverty; that, in fine, in the words of General Walker, "economic injuries tend to perpetuate themselves." Now among the poor, as in all classes, we find wastrels, shiftless, useless, semi-criminal. Inherited wealth shields such men. Poverty reduces them at

once to pauperism. The pauper who is such by character needs discipline and severity. But we are mistaken if, for the sake of discipline to the pauper, we allow widespread social evils to perpetuate and extend themselves. The truer principle is to insist on decent conditions of life, on adequate provision for the children, the sick, and the aged, and to punish idleness, not by leaving it to wallow in its misery, but by setting it to work under discipline.

In many cases the whole theory of responsibility is at present misapplied. Take, for example, the case of children. The child may be ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, through the fault of its parents. That may be a reason for punishing them, but it is not a reason for letting the child continue to go hungry. It is not the child that is responsible. The suffering is vicarious. By punishing the parents through the child the State is guilty of a confusion of ideas, and it practises a short-sighted economy. For the result in all probability is that the child will grow up an undersized man of impaired physique, who will never properly take his place in the industrial ranks. To secure the proper nurture for children is a matter of the highest importance, not merely from the point of view of the suffering child, but of the society into which the child is born. The true line of advance here is not to diminish, but to raise, the standard of parental responsibility. The parent ought to feed the child, but the State ought not any longer to be content with saying so and then passing on to its other business. It is truer to say that the parent ought to feed the child and the State ought to see that it is fed; it ought, at the same time, to know why the parent has failed in his duty, and to deal with him according as his failure arises from causes which he can or those which he cannot control. If inability to find employment is the cause, it may be necessary in the end to send a man to a labor colony. But the children ought to be kept free from any pauper taint, and the mother, if she keeps the home well, is doing the main economic work that society demands of her.

We may be sure that more liberal provision for the children and for the sick, and we hope also for the unemployed, will be attempted in the coming Poor Law reform. One of the conditions of improvement is that while the treatment of idleness is made more definitely punitive, the help given to the deserving poor will be removed, like old age pensions, from the taint of Poor Law associations. It is probable, in fact, that the Guardians will come to an end. Their position is undermined, as was that of the School Boards in 1902, and we hope that more good will come from the change in this case than in the former. But in any case we may be pretty sure that the Liberal Party must scan with the utmost closeness any proposals for removing Poor Law administration from the hands of representative bodies, and making paid officials the pivot of the new treatment. The expert official is a god out of the machine to some social reformers. All difficulties are to be left to his judgment. All control of public affairs is to be gathered into his net. The less he is made responsible the better, for he is responsible only to our ignoble selves, who by right have nothing to do with him except to pay his salary and everything he demands. For our part, if we ever come across the heaven-sent being whom the "expert" seems to some minds to incarnate, we shall fall down and worship among the first. But officials, as we know them, are much like other people, and on the whole do their work very much better when liable to criticism and subject to supervision and dismissal. We do not think the treatment of poverty ought to be broken up into a number of bureaux, each with its own official god, with pigeon holes complete. We think rather that, complex as it is, its various departments need considering as a whole, and fall naturally to the control of the representative local authority. The expert is a good servant, but the representative is his proper master.

THE DESTRUCTION OF A MYTH.

It used to be a matter of reproach to us that we were unwilling to learn anything from the experience of foreign nations. This insularity has yielded much in recent years, if it has not altogether broken down. Latter-day reformers are constantly thrusting before our faces the example of other nations who are superior to us in certain arts of industry, of education, or of government, and there has been a wide consensus, almost a conspiracy, to hold out for our especial envy and instruction the efficiency of Germany. Now these comparisons of Great Britain with Germany are exceedingly profitable in many ways, for Germany has indisputably shown in the last generation an unusual capacity for development in many of those arts of industry and government in which we have been pioneers. Largely profiting by our example, she has advanced since 1870 from a state of almost medieval industry to a foremost place among the great manufacturing and commercial nations, developing with persevering energy her hitherto neglected natural resources, establishing a fine system of transport and of free exchange within her imperial boundaries, and bringing to certain new industries a better scientific equipment than any other nation in the world. In some factors of modern efficiency, particularly in certain branches of technical instruction and public administration, we recognise that we have much to learn from her, and we are learning it. This growing ability and willingness of one nation to learn from another we account the most conspicuous testimony to the growth of a world civilisation, with its central idea, that of a society of nations. The notion, which foolish and short-sighted persons are continually seeking to inject into the public mind, that the progress and prosperity of Germany, or indeed of the United States or any other country, are injurious to our own progress and prosperity, is precisely the most pestilent and poisonous untruth that can haunt the diseased imagination of man. That nations live for ever in a constant struggle for supremacy, seeking each to gain for itself the largest share of a limited world-market, and of a restricted aggregate of powers, is a practical denial of the meaning of humanity or of

the possibility of peace. Supposing it be true, and there is much evidence to support the view, that Germany and the United States, starting at a low level, have increased their national output of wealth and their foreign commerce at a faster rate than this country during recent decades. Why is this to be a sorrow or a detriment to us? Our own internal resources and activities cannot be impaired by the success of others, and so far as we have dealings with them we must suck great positive advantages from their progress. We should feel ashamed to repeat such testimony to the obviously co-operative character of trade, were it not that a great party in this country has committed itself to a view of politics and industry based on the assumption of an inherent antagonism of interests between nations, and in particular between this nation and Germany. If Germany were actually outstripping us in the race for wealth, if her industries were "booming" while ours were dwindling, if her workers were fully employed, higher-waged, better fed, clad, and housed than ours, as they are sometimes represented to be, it would still remain our best policy to cultivate the closest and most amicable relations with a more productive country and a more efficient people than ourselves, so that by the freest access to German goods, German methods and ideas, we might best supplement our own comparative indigence.

In point of fact, neither in her national finances nor in her industrial prosperity can Germany show any such superiority as has been pretended. The best measure of the strength and the wealth of a nation is the condition of its working classes. Now, all reasonable doubts as to the comparative prosperity of German and English workers have been resolved by the important document just issued by the Board of Trade as the result of a close, prolonged inquiry made by able investigators into the wages, prices, rents, and hours of labor of workers in typical trades in the chief industrial towns of Germany. The general result of this investigation, covering thirty-three representative towns, is to show that "in German towns the workmen engaged in these trades receive about 17 per cent. less in money wages in return for a week's work of about 10 per cent. longer duration than the corresponding English workmen. In other words, their hourly rate of money remuneration is about three-quarters of the corresponding English rate, while the cost of food, rent, and fuel (measured by the English standard) is about one-fifth higher." Among the many tables upon which this conclusion is based, one of the most instructive is that comparing retail prices in England and Germany, in October, 1905, of articles of prime importance in working-class consumption. Of these articles, sugar, butter, potatoes, flour, milk, beef, mutton, pork, bacon, coal, and oil, two only—potatoes and milk—are cheaper for the German; nearly all the others are from 20 to 40 per cent. dearer. For wheaten flour the German must pay 40 per cent. more, and his meats cost him from 20 to 25 per cent. more. It is most significant that the only two articles which are cheaper are articles which in neither country are appreciably affected by outside supplies. For every article the supply of which is, or might be, increased by foreign imports, the German workman is heavily fined for the advantage of the landlord and the farmer. Coal is a quarter dearer, oil a third dearer than in this country, a striking testimony to the joint influence, direct and indirect, of tariff and cartels. If account were taken of metal and other manufactured goods, there is every reason to believe that the balance of disadvantage against the German workman would be even heavier than is indicated by the food budget. It is not so easy to understand why rents should be so much higher in Germany, but it is not possible to question the validity of the result of this close investigation, to the effect that "the workman in a German town pays for housing accommodation about one-quarter more than the workman in an English town, for the same number of rooms, exclusive in both cases of taxation."

A recent report from our Consul-General in Berlin has been widely quoted to indicate that, since 1905, the rise of prices imputed to the new tariff has been accompanied by a more than corresponding rise of wages. But the Board of Trade statistics make it very clear that, though other prices may not have risen much since 1905, the price of the German staff of life, rye-bread, has risen twice as fast as wages, inflicting a very serious damage on the poorest classes of the people. A number of subsidiary facts and figures go to make it evident that the standard of living of the German workman, though providing approximately the same amount of nutrition as the English, is less varied, and contains fewer elements of "relish." Farinaceous foods, other than bread, sugar, jams, and other grocer's foods, are far less used by the ordinary working-class family in Germany. Altogether, it is abundantly clear that the "prosperous German workman," held out by Protectionists as the beneficiary of a "scientific tariff," has to work considerably longer hours, for considerably lower wages, and can buy considerably less with his wages. Finally, the myth of his superior security of employment is completely demolished in a short Appendix dealing with the question of the comparability of German and English statistics of employment. Altogether a most informing document, not likely to induce British workmen to quit this country in order to try their fortunes in Germany, or to vote for an experiment in German scientific tariffs as a method of improving the condition of the working population of this country.

THE CHARACTER OF THE LONDON POLICE.

The London police have deservedly been popular with several generations of Londoners. This relationship of cordiality and confidence between police and public is, we think, nearly unique in the experience of capital cities. The Parisian policeman is courteous and very intelligent, but in times of disturbance he is excitable and may run into violence and brutality, and is far from being trusted among the working classes. His colleague of Berlin is detested and feared, even by the middle classes. There are some obvious reasons why the London

policeman should present this favourable contrast. He remains, in spirit as at law, a civilian in spite of his uniform, and his powers are much more carefully limited. But even in his case the working of the causes which make a disciplined police in every country a possible source of danger to society cannot be altogether absent. The spirit of comradeship, the consciousness of danger, the natural contempt for the type of humanity with whom they are most often in contact, must tend to breed a sort of regimental morality among the police. There is always the temptation to support every other man in uniform, by testimony or by violence, against every man out of uniform. Magistrates almost invariably trust their evidence, while that of the accused, usually a poor and unskilful man, is insensibly discredited by the mere fact that he stands in the dock. The governing classes, moreover, are always on the side of the police, if only because they are the professional defenders of property and authority. Given these conditions of opportunity and temptation, the least biassed student of society and human nature would expect to find in the records of any police force a certain percentage of misconduct. We confess that the report of the Royal Commission, issued this week, has taken us somewhat by surprise. For a general vindication of the London police we were all of us prepared. They deserve it. But a report which admits only eight cases of misconduct in the records of recent years of a force which numbers 17,000 men, is a startling, if a welcome, document. A perfection so unblemished is scarcely human; a system which calls for no modification of any consequence is unique in the history of English institutions.

The inquiry opened in the most fortunate way possible for the police. But for the D'Angely case it would never have been held at all. That case was the occasion for much alarm and suspicion in the public Press and in Parliament, and it ended in the completest vindication for which any body of men could have wished. After this beginning, some reaction there must have been in the mind of the Commission against newspapers and organisations that had accused the police on so slender a basis of fact. The other conspicuous case, however, stands on a different footing. Most of us remember clearly enough the broad facts of the affair in which Dr. Gerothwohl and M. Lavalette were complainants. Here there are two stories, each possible, each internally consistent, and of which one or other must be not merely untrue, but a deliberate and elaborate invention. If we believe the police, these two gentlemen, both educated men of position, one of them a University professor, joined arms on Boat Race night with a pack of rowdies, including a little Cockney groom, swept along the pavement of Piccadilly in a drunken and disorderly state, and were very properly arrested there for their conduct. If we believe Dr. Gerothwohl, they were not arrested in Piccadilly, but followed the police to the station in order to protest against the violent and unjust arrest of the groom, a complete stranger to them. If the second version is true, there has been something like a conspiracy of lying on the part of the police. If the first version is true, there lies a grave charge of malicious libel against these two gentlemen. There seems hardly a possibility of mistake. If a man who says he was arrested in Vine Street Station was really arrested in Piccadilly, he has certainly lied. The Commission has handled the case at great length, and with much forensic ability. The case for the police could not have been better put. The conclusion is to exonerate them, and consequently to dismiss MM. Gerothwohl and Lavalette's story as untrue. We have read the argument with care, and confess ourselves unconvinced. If these gentlemen had been drunk, as the police state, their alleged rowdyism and subsequent inaccuracy would be just intelligible. But the one point on which the Commission differs from the police, is in deciding that they were not drunk. On that assumption, it seems to us, the whole police story becomes almost unintelligible, and incidentally the constables, the inspector, and the surgeon, who all adhered to the theory of drunkenness, are partially discredited as witnesses. The affair is now more than ever a mystery. We have to explain how it came about (1) that two educated men, who were sober, behaved on a given occasion with no regard at all for their own reputations, or for the decencies of life, and (2) thereafter showed the keenest concern for their reputations, and developed what looks like public spirit in an effort to unmask an alleged injustice. The theory of an original chivalrous intervention is at least consistent with their subsequent conduct. The theory of hooliganism *plus* sobriety seems to demand a miracle in human conduct.

We have dwelt at some length on this case, partly because it was the most important which the Commission had to investigate, and partly because it throws a slight doubt on the total result of its inquiries. Here, clearly, the facts have baffled the Commission, perhaps because they are themselves inextricably obscure. In many of the other complaints there is less difficulty, and the police were clearly in the right. In others, again, we find ourselves asking whether, if the complainant had been an educated man, the Commission would have found the police story so plausible. The Commission admits that there has been an appreciable amount of bribery by bookmakers. It is also a fact within the personal knowledge of good witnesses that the police receive free drinks from publicans, and, on a much more limited scale, that they have been found to take money, or blackmail, from prostitutes. Doubtless the heads of the force do their utmost to minimise these evils by changing the personnel of the constables who cover the more vicious quarters, or even by transferring a whole division where it has been found to have thoroughly lost character and uprightness. In this sphere there is a natural tendency to laxness in the police, which the Commission find, on the whole, to have been well kept under. They are not cruel; they live, on the whole, in good human relations with the people, and, as our ears and eyes assure us, perform an immense number of acts of unsolicited kindness and helpfulness. But it is human nature that a class which deals with the under-world of a great capital should take on some taint from the association. A wise Commissioner has this fact in view, and keeps a steady outlook on it.

LORD MORLEY'S INDIAN REFORMS—III.

The Mischief of Over-Centralisation.

In his Budget speech last June Lord Morley dwelt on the "great mischief" of over-centralisation, and promised an inquiry into the working of centralisation in India, and how the mischief might be alleviated. A French Abbé long ago described the symptoms of this disease: "Your centralisation is the apoplexy of the centre and the paralysis of the extremities." This medical metaphor is not inapt as regards India. By means of our great centralised departments we draw the blood out of the village communities, and force it upon the central brain, that is, the Viceroy. Thus it is that the Viceroy suffers from official apoplexy, a congestion of work, of power, and of responsibility; while the village organisation, which under native rule was full of life and energy, has been paralysed—atrophy is following disuse. The Commission appointed by Lord Morley has now completed the promised inquiry, and will, no doubt, soon report. In the meantime, let us consider how, by a better distribution of the vital forces, the sufferings of the patient may best be alleviated.

In order to put the problem into concrete form, I will take the part of India I know best, that is, the Presidency of Bombay. The factors with which we have to deal may then be stated as follows: (1) The Viceroy, as representing the Imperial Government; (2) the Government of Bombay; (3) the Collectorate of, say, Poona; and (4) any village within that Collectorate. Now there are two ways of approaching the question of decentralisation; from the top, or from the bottom. We may, of course, begin with the Viceroy, who is the roof and crown of things; and work downwards, devising a scheme of artificial devolution. But in building it is better not to begin with the roof. The wiser plan is to begin with the foundations, and also, if possible, we should found our house upon a rock. Now happily in India we have bed-rock ready to our hand. It is to be found in the ancient village communities, the little rural republics which contain within themselves 80 per cent. of the total population, and have always formed what Dr. Max Müller called "the political unit or social cell" of India. Fortunately, through the writings of Sir Henry Maine and others, the British public are familiar with the main features of the Indian village, as the home of organised thrift, of mutual support, and the domestic virtues. Also the Indian village has proved to be the one element of stability and recuperation throughout the violent convulsions of Indian history. This was well emphasised by Sir Charles Trevelyan, formerly Governor of Madras, in his evidence before the Select Committee of 1873: "The foundation of Indian society," he said, "is the village municipality; that has been the salvation of India. One foreign conqueror after another has swept over India, but the village municipalities have stuck to the soil like their own *Kusa* grass, which they liken it to; it is a kind of grass which it is impossible to tear up by the roots, because it grows in bunches, and they say that the village constitution is like that grass." But it is not only in a great crisis of war or of famine that the value of the village system has been shown. For the villagers, working under their natural leaders, and with the aptitudes inherited from past ages, can manage in their humble way every department of business required for their local wants: The collection of the land revenue, the settlement of disputes by arbitration, the detection and prevention of crime, the trial and punishment of petty offences, the management of the communal forests and pastures, the distribution of water from the irrigation tanks, public charity, the care of travellers, and so forth. All these duties were in old times excellently well performed by the Patel or Headman, acting under the authority of the village elders, and carrying out his orders through the hereditary village servants. In order to be prosperous and happy all that the village community asks from the central power is to be taxed in moderation, and according to custom; to be protected from external violence; and to be let alone in the management of their internal affairs.

Unfortunately, this last condition is exactly the one which an active bureaucratic administration, framed on European models, will not willingly accept. Accordingly, during the last half century, great centralised departments have been organised, and have gradually, but irresistibly, taken out of the hands of the villagers each and all of the functions connected with the village administration. The name of these great specialised departments is legion—revenue, survey, police, public works, forest, excise, salt, irrigation, education, registration, sanitation, vaccination, and others. These have their headquarters at a distant Presidency town, far beyond the reach of the villagers; they act in accordance with rigid and uniform rules; and in the villages are represented by ill-paid and ill-controlled subordinates, each of whom considers himself entitled to the submission and services of the village authorities. Thus under British rule the village organisation has been crushed and superseded; and these little strongholds of ancient local custom and self-government find themselves undermined and shattered by a machinery which they cannot resist, an unseen enemy more powerful and more destructive than Mogul, Mahrata, or Pindari.

The first step, therefore, towards a beneficial scheme of decentralisation is to reconstitute the village organisation. The second step is to reconstitute the administration of the Collectorate. Under the native governments to which we succeeded, the villages were grouped together for administrative purposes, some three or four thousand villages being included in a "Zillah," or Collectorate, which was the unit of the Imperial administration, having its head-quarters at some notable town, such as Poona. A chief officer was appointed to each "Zillah," and to him were delegated all the powers of the Government over the villages within his area. This was the system we inherited from our predecessors, and it was continued under our English collectors in the early part of our rule. But it soon became evident that this could only be a transition stage. The collector could not possibly be an expert in all the branches of the administration, and, accordingly, specialised departments were organised, as already described. As in the village so in the Collectorate, an *imperium in imperio* was thus created; all administrative functions were gradually usurped by the specialised departments, and the authority of the nominal head of the district was reduced to a mere shadow. No wonder Lord Morley is told that the district officers have lost their influence.

How can a restorative process be best carried out? The method is indicated in the Minority Report of Lord Welby's Commission, which recommends that British districts should be administered on the model of a well-administered native state. The British Collector would be the "Raja," he would be provided with an experienced Indian colleague, who would correspond with the "Divan" or Prime Minister; and so long as they carried with them the assent of their local representative council, contributed their quota to the Imperial exchequer, and conformed to the general principles of British rule, they would be given a free hand to realise the revenue in the ways least irksome to the people, and to develop the resources of their little kingdom on the lines best suited to its special conditions. Any subordinate of the centralised departments deputed to serve in a Collectorate would take his orders from the Collector and his colleague, reporting on technical questions to his own departmental chief. Such a joint administration was carried on, with the happiest results, in the State of Bhaunagar, during the minority of the young Raja, by Mr. Percival, of the Bombay Civil Service, and his wise and experienced colleague Divan Gaurishaukar, C.S.I. They jointly exercised the powers of the "Durbar"; and at the end of their term they handed over the State to the young Raja, having a contented people, and a full treasury, besides having provided a bountiful water supply for the State, hospitals, and other public works. Why should not the Collectorate of Poona enjoy the same peaceful development as the State of Bhaunagar?

If, under a decentralisation scheme, the village and

Collectorate are reconstituted on a sound basis, a real foundation will be laid for the well-being of the people. The form of the superstructure is less important. But in settling the financial relations between the Imperial and Provincial Governments, it should be borne in mind that, as a rule, provincial expediture is the more beneficial, being directed to internal improvement, whereas Imperial expenditure is mostly unproductive, being directed to objects of foreign policy and military preparedness. If, however, Lord Minto desires to distinguish his term of office by a practical measure of decentralisation, which will gratify the national sentiment and endear him to the people of India, he will propose the restoration of the old Province of Bengal with a Governor in Council, giving to Assam, Behar, and Odessa Chief Commissioners with representative Councils and extended powers.

W. Wedderburn.

Life and Letters.

THE SAMENESS OF FASHION.

The sense of the sameness of modern "fashionable" life, vividly expressed in the new number of the "Hibbert Journal" by M. René Gérard, is never more present than than during the seeming variety of the London season. What we appear to see in this great annual show is a kaleidoscopic glitter; what we really discern is a pattern of rather drab monotony, the separate figures of which are as much alike as the little red taxi-cabs that dive in and out of the medley of London traffic. Thousands of hotels, drawing-rooms, bedrooms, boudoirs, smoking-rooms, tables set out for meals or ornament, furnished all alike in a style imitating refinement, but always characterless; thousands of women dressed after a very few models supplied from Paris, their male companions still more closely resembling each other; their plays, songs, pictures, and novels, constructed on about half a dozen kinds of artifice; dinner-table talk, all running on one tone, tea-table talk on another, or on a slight alteration of pitch; the commonplaces of greeting, meeting, parting exchanged on fixed lines; the same curt slang on the lips of men and women; the popular newspapers echoing the thought that their conductors imagine reflects the common mind of all classes—peers and peeresses, shop-boys, City men, clerks, tradespeople—these are the signs and characteristics of the crowd which thinks itself distinguished.

From this mass all idea of an aristocracy is eliminated, an aristocracy either of intellect or of manners. This is effected by the power of money to simulate exclusiveness of taste, possession, habit. Thousands of houses can now be filled with copies or imitations of famous or beautiful styles of pictures, pottery, furniture, "antiques," "art" productions of every kind. Skilled service, no longer the possession of the few, can be hired by the *parvenus* of all the civilised Continents. True culture—the power of receiving and assimilating ideas—is necessarily absent from such a society, and is, indeed, repugnant to it. But the counterfeit of culture is everywhere. Opinions on all subjects are, as M. Gérard says, entertained by all the members of the crowd. They are turned out ready-made, like its *objets d'art*, and have the same neat, formal, affectation of truth. Apparently refined talk, apparently refined entertainments, apparently refined presentations of actual life on the stage, abound. The aim is everywhere material. The illustrated papers which these people affect have lost their old artistic character, and now deal only in photographic reproductions of events, scenes, or personalities, the latter chiefly Royal or titled or *soi-distant* artists. These figure in thousands and thousands of pictures every week, though all the men and women in the country, except perhaps some unlettered countrymen, know what their appearance is like. The whole body lives under a form of mob-law, mysteriously conveyed by a few Mahatmas of its faith, sitting in dim corners of the Rue de la Paix, and re-written from year to year as to certain of its minor articles. Within this code only slight variations of speech, dress, or habit are permitted.

The plan of life of the fashionable crowd is a simple one. It is based, as M. Gérard says, on "a limited circle of immediate and tangible satisfactions, which can be bought with money." These enjoyments must be constantly renewed and multiplied. Intellectual or æsthetic pleasures, which require study, reflection, careful examination of ideas and objects, are set aside. But as true variety can only be obtained by such means, the riches of Nature and the mind being inexhaustible, the pleasures of "smart society" are necessarily few and monotonous. Thus it converts its favorite city resorts into likenesses of each other. London gets more and more like Paris, Paris more and more like London. Homburg and Marienbad, Cannes and Biarritz, are all built on the same plan, or grow into it, yielding the same, or nearly the same, small daily scheme of pleasurable devices. All society plays golf and bridge. It all talks at once on the same person or subject. This year it is Maud Allan's dancing; a few years ago it was Arthur Roberts's songs; a little later, among a more restricted and partly refined crowd, it was Wagner's music-dramas. One season society rides in green-painted motors; next year it affects red; and each fancy in turn seems instantly to carry with it a certain inevitablity and rectitude, and to make all other preceding fancies seem absurd, or even wrong. And as artificiality proceeds, so the elements of true enjoyment lessen. The pleasure of charity, or of helping others, is denied the crowd, for this again is regulated as part of the great science of amusement, and all opportunity is barred of hearing about the characters, experiences, and sorrows of their fellows, with the enrichment of knowledge and feeling that such communications bring. Thus the running of motors takes the place of the driving of horses, and the accompanying joys of watching the paces and habits of these animals, supplying their wants, tending them in sickness. So many places are visited that none are seen in their essential differences and characteristics. Not the owners, but their gardeners, plant and enjoy the flower-settings they just see in week-end rushes of varied excitement. An empty business absorbs them, the eyes being so fully occupied that the mind and feelings hardly act, and everything seems alike, and moves past in a blurred mass. Character, too, suffers. It is impossible, for example, to imagine our aristocracy producing to-day types so original or beneficent as Lady Huntingdon, or Mrs. Fry, or even the great ladies of mid-Victorian drawing-rooms. The stamp of commonness is increased by the way in which all the "fashionable" classes, from the highest to the lowest, seek advertisement, submit themselves to be interviewed and photographed, report their movements and private interests to the halfpenny Press, glory in identification with the mass, hate to be alone, delight to meet the same faces, and hear the same conversations repeated, much as a child repeats a simple one-fingered tune on the piano.

Higher interests must be eliminated from an existence so self-absorbed and yet so remote from the reserved life that bears its highest fruit in religious and philosophic thought, and has its commoner product in the countryman's slow steadiness, and healthy scepticism of mind. "Do you never think of God?" says the laborer in one of Tolstoy's short stories to his overseer. There can be no thinking where all is sensation and physical impulse. This life, or rather the most palpable, seizable things of this life, must be all; the life of the soul, now and afterwards, is voted down, not as a matter of reason, but in a kind of half-conscious *plébiscite* of the careless. M. Gérard seems to think that a counter-movement can be set up if the "aristocracy of intellect" will only "combine" for the defence of the menaced culture of mankind, and especially in the interests of "art and beauty," and he thinks that women, who find special need of the ideal, and for whose satisfaction art largely exists, may stem the tide of vulgarity. But an aris-

tocracy of the mind never combines; and it would not affect the fashionable crowd if it did. It works alone and on individual lines. On the other hand, the discontent of women with an existence spent on a plane of low interests is a perceptible feature of modern civilisation. From them may come a movement vehemently religious and awakening, shattering, for a time, the great business of amusement, or producing a secession of enlightened folk driven into forms of semi-monastic life, or a Rule of conduct under which the soul would again have space to exist and grow.

THE CASE OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

It has frequently been made a matter of surprise that as a nation we have produced so many great humorists. Indeed it sometimes seems as if we produced them in no other sense than by offering them an incomparable butt. For it is possible that the sort of failure we exhibit in our attitude towards humour is one of the conditions that evokes its finest quality. Consider, for example, the exquisite naïveté of a people who, with an open Shakespeare, have solemnly expressed and handed down the astonishing discovery that "There's many a true word spoken in jest." A "jester" still remains for them a silly, merry creature who, in his rambling talk, just happens occasionally to say something true without meaning it. This arises in no small measure from our departmental view of life, itself the product of the cautious plodding which has been the secret of our "getting on." Our humorists we value for recreation: we like them to play whimsically with trifles, or, when they touch serious matters, to give us the sort of sentiment we understand. Humour is not for revelation or discovery of truth: for such purposes we keep philosophers and men of science. It is true that we will sometimes allow a humorist to pretend to be a philosopher, or even a man of science, but we know he is pretending all the time. Otherwise we should not let him do it. For when occasionally a humorist comes along who kicks against our view of him as jester, and pretends that his philosophy or even his science is real, asserting that his humour is a truly scientific instrument, we recognise at once that this is carrying a jest too far, and squelch him. If he is a writer, we say that he is either dull or impertinent, and refuse to read him. Occasionally one escapes, assisted by special circumstances, and lives to play a curious part in the amenities of our standard literature. Swift escaped, not for his genius, but because of the high value which just then happened to attach to one of his by-products, his ability as party pamphleteer. Defoe learned better how to repeat his "True Born Englishman."

The case of Samuel Butler, a cheap edition of whose practically unknown works has just been published by Messrs. Fifield, is much to the point. One of his books, "Erewhon," surprised the public into reading it when it came out in 1872. For it was cunningly coated with an upper crust of tasty pleasantry, of audacious whim, and clever topsy-turveydom, pretending to describe a people who were so absurdly wrong as to imprison persons for being physically instead of morally ill, and to condemn machines as enemies and destined tyrants of mankind. But it never reached a wide public, and was quietly smothered when readers found that, biting through the crust, they came upon a thick stratum of pure and poignant irony, the real humour, a serious criticism of our accepted and approved standard of values. That the Erewhonians should try a man on the charge of pulmonary consumption, the line of defence being that the prisoner was simulating consumption in order to defraud an insurance company, is very "funny," so long as it is not seriously suggested that sound health is a more fundamental basis of a sound society than conventional morality of any sort, and that wilful, careless, or even unlucky propagation of disease is worse, in the only sense bad has, than any similarly motived moral infection. But when we come to recognise that this is the sort of "truth" that the "humorist" intends to convey, and that he affects a mission to rip off this make-believe from whole big departments of conventional thought and feeling, we recognise him for a dangerous man and drop him. There is nothing base or contemptible about this action of the public: society must defend her accepted standards, and this is her instinctive method of defence. For Samuel Butler, the most brilliant and penetrating, and even the most fruitfully constructive critic of his generation, it meant not absolute oblivion during his life, but a sort of reputation better devised than any other to dam up his legitimate influence, that of a paradoxical utopian, the champion of a ridiculous notion that a woman wrote the Odyssey. So, although he wrote many brilliant, some of them closely-reasoned, works on science, art, and morals, it is safe to compute that his intellectual influence on his age did not amount to one tithe of that of, shall we say, the late Dean Farrar, or the late Duke of Argyll. This is how the public, the educated public, be it borne in mind, does and apparently must treat its greatest humorists, if they insist on using their humour for its highest purpose, that of the discovery and assessment of human values. For much of the topsy-turveydom of Erewhon is not mere playful perverseness, but prophecy. Perhaps, indeed, as Lord Rosebery's interesting speech on Tuesday on comparative legislation suggests, the spiral of civilisation works this way: at any rate it looks as if we were entering an era when pulmonary consumption will be treated as a crime and homicide or theft as diseases, when what happens before birth will be accounted more important than what happens after death, and when machinery will be put under severe restraint.

A greater book, however, than "Erewhon," is Butler's posthumous novel, "The Way of All Flesh," which has probably been rescued from hasty burial by the powerful encomium of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has thus expended a little of the adventitious fame which he, like Butler in the Erewhon days, has won by the cunning of his upper crust. An "uncomfortable" book, with its uncompromising process of disillusionment pursued into the very sanctuary of our inner respectability, the clergyman's profession as it works out in home life, with an illustration of the relations between the worship of Ydgrun (Grundy) and the orthodox religion, the whole picture of a certain tough, enduring type of British family life, illumined by flashes of profound and serious wisdom which tell certain truths never told so boldly and so well before. Our genius for avoiding the disturbing and uncomfortable enables most of us to set aside such a book as bitterly unfair distortion. But the sober fact is that it tells us a larger quantity of more important things we ought to want to know about ourselves as human beings and as educated Englishmen than any other recent book. That satire and sometimes even a more mordant brand of humour are employed, carrying some necessary alloy of extravagance, is true, but in no other way can certain subtly-hidden truths be got out. But irony and satire with Butler were not surgical instruments, wielded with grim satisfaction by a skilled operator: just and noble sympathy with men and women, a wonderfully loving interpretation of children, inspiring his subtle criticism of the process called "education," a large and benevolent toleration of folly and frailty—such feelings underlie the irony of the philosopher.

There is, however, another quality of Butler's genius which in his life-time went to his undoing. Our "departmentalism" has operated with peculiar force in recent times to set aside and to specialise "men of science" who, however much they wrangle among themselves and contradict one another, are authoritative revealers of the reigning truths within their provinces. Even the attempts of non-humorous philosophers to meddle and ask awkward questions are bitterly resented. What, then, shall be done to a mere literary man, a jester, who comes into the sacred ring and plucks the high-priest himself by the beard? That the author of a comic skit, with no scientific credentials, who is not even an F.R.S. like Mr. Balfour, should set about to tackle Darwin upon the logic of his explanation of the process of evolution, and, what is worse, convict him of a hopeless entanglement of inconsistency, is not to be endured. It

is one thing for a bishop to try and strangle a scientific monster in infancy, but when the monster has become a reputable member of society and has even been "confirmed," there is only one condemnation to be applied to such disturbers of the intellectual peace. It is shocking. We doubt not that many, even among those who admire Butler's critical humour in his social and artistic studies, think he might better have let science alone. And yet the least reflection will show us that no modern humorist can let science alone, not even the lighter jesters like Mark Twain or Mr. Dooley. For the new reign of awe which science has set up in "educated" man is the richest subject in our time for deeper humorous reflection. Concerned primarily with the feeling and thinking processes of "educated" man, Butler was obliged to test the methods of the new hierarchy. And so he came to steep himself in mazy controversies about instinct, inheritance, and the wild logic by which biologists have striven to convert chance variation into organic progress, sinking out of sight his lighter humour in the zest of the intellectual hunt, or thinning it down into a brilliant dialectic. No cleverer exposure has been made of the strange proclivity of scientific men to become charlatans from an eagerness to improvise sonorous doctrines out of the new facts they have so diligently gathered. But humour is not a merely or a finally destructive power, and Butler uses his in positive constructive ways that are full of rich suggestion. His theory of embryonic recapitulation as a literal exercise of race memory, and other ingenuities of his genius for analogy, may find no great acceptance as contributions to scientific interpretation. But he laid his finger with unerring accuracy upon certain crude defects of the Darwinian theory which later scientists are even now struggling to repair.

His "philosophy," the intellectual mould his humour takes, is idealistic, as is that of other great humorists. But his ethics, or practical attitude towards life, veer round towards "common sense," regarding actual conduct as more important than motive, and normal utilities as better guides than formal principles, humane instincts than the elaborated arts of individual or social government. Taken all in all, he is, perhaps, the keenest, broadest, and most fearless mind of our age, playing freely and brilliantly on matters of the most urgent importance, and almost reduced to the hazardous fame of a single ill-read and half-forgotten book. Such is the case of a great modern humorist.

A LOST CHILD.

Dumas has immortalised this figure, the child of sixteen who became the first mistress of the Great Monarch and found herself, in her little joy and long repentance, with an immortal place in history. But the story of Dumas himself, with his riotous imagination and unflagging spirits, is scarcely more moving than the actual facts; the life history of a woman and of an age as set forth in M. Lair's fascinating pages. ("Louise de la Vallière," by Jules Lair. Hutchinson.) The King is the central figure, and one naïve confession the secret of it all. His mother was one day begging him, in consideration for his soul's salvation, to *will* at least to break the chains which bound him. He replied that "he knew his errors, that he sometimes felt grieved at them and ashamed of them, that he had done what he could to keep himself from offending God, but he was obliged to confess that his passions had overstepped his reason, he could not resist them, and could not even say that he desired to do so." Amidst such candid confession the Court life continues—intriguing, love-making, merry-making; dancing happily towards that Revolution which was to convert this whole society into dust and a dream. Guiche, making love to Madame, is surprised by Monsieur, and compelled to hide in a fireplace with double doors. "As ill-luck would have it, what did Monsieur do but begin to eat an orange, the peel of which he plainly proposed to throw into Guiche's hiding-place. One of Madame's maids, accustomed to these extra duties, adroitly exclaimed, 'My Prince, please don't throw away the peel, I love it.' Monsieur gave it to her, and so the Count and Madame had a narrow escape." The days pass in splendid fêtes—at Vaux, at Fontainebleau, at Versailles: with hunting and bathing and processioning all day, and dancing and music half the night: with the revenues of France expended in similar fashion as the revenues of an Indian Prince in fireworks or air balloons. When they are tired of pleasure, they all attend the Abbé Bossuet's conferences concerning religion, well pleased, as the wealthy society of to-day is well pleased, to hear, in eloquent phrases, denunciation of all their works and ways. He inveighs against the endless pleasure-seeking of the Court, for ever on the road from Saint Germain to Versailles, and from Versailles to Saint Germain. He openly addresses the King—undoubtedly to the infinite edification of the courtiers—reminding him of his responsibility and insignificance in the sight of God. He speaks trenchantly against "those delicate passions which, in ordinary people, are called vices," against "treacherous attentions," against "evil living." "There is a God in Heaven," he cries, "who avenges the sins of peoples . . . . but above all, the sins of Kings." From such pleasant and bracing interludes they all return again to the dancing and love-making and merriment. Death—that audacious intruder—can interrupt but for a moment. Anne of Austria perishes of a terrible disease. Monsieur, her son, "was as utterly grieved as he was capable of being. He was utterly overcome at first, but in four or five days he was quite himself again." Fêtes and masquerades are suspended: instead we have a review of the troops: "Many ladies come. Although they were in mourning, they amused themselves very successfully. The King was in great spirits, and sang songs along the road on the way back." Occasionally a man or a woman proves tiresome. M. de Montespan, on learning that his daughter-in-law has become the King's new mistress, piously remarks, "Thank Heaven, some good luck has come our way at last!" But the husband himself, "a highly intelligent man," but, in "our opinion," "a very extravagant and eccentric kind of husband," made "a desperate fuss about the King's liking for his wife": creating endless scandal. He reads Louis a homily with allusions to Holy Writ—especially to the case of David—to "prove that the King *must* give up the Marquise or fear the judgment of God." "The harangue was admirable." These efforts failing, having "plenty of wit," he celebrates with pomp and splendour the obsequies of Madame de Montespan, wearing mourning for her, solemnly announcing her death.

Outside, the common people struggle to bear this burden laid on their patient and unending labor. Only the few resist and complain. A woman ruined by the taxes of a "Court of Justice" "awaited Louis in the passage and heaped insults upon him, calling him 'the libertine, the intriguing King, the tyrant.'" The King could not believe his ears: he asked if she was speaking to him, to which she replied that she was, and continued. They seized the creature and threw her into prison, having first had her whipped in public "with extreme rigour, during which she did not utter a cry, suffering this cruelty as does a martyr for the love of God." Soon after a man bursts out in similar speeches. He is condemned to the galleys, and to have his tongue cut out. The majority acquiesce, with bowed heads, working and enduring, that these few may rejoice and be glad and (again) become wearied of gladness. La Bruyère could reveal a few years later the discovery of "certain wild animals, black, livid, all burnt by the sun, bound to the earth which they dig and turn with unconquerable pertinacity. They have a certain human aspect, and when they stand upright, reveal a human countenance, and, indeed, are found to be men." There was to follow years of the splendour and glory of France, triumph in war and the arts of pleasing, a life of gaiety, temper, and enjoyment, appearing in record as a kind of pitiful protest of the pathos of the follies of mankind as a vision between a sleep and a sleep. There was to succeed the long period of grossness and decline, the vices losing their brilliance in a naked, sordid ugliness, the sceptre evidently falling from hands nerveless and impotent and futile. And the whole was to vanish

in a furnace flame, in which that astonishing company of kind and foolish people were to be consumed utterly and for ever. But the end was embedded in the beginning. While Versailles is being embellished and Guiche hiding in the fireplace, and the Court concerned with the ballets of the Muses or of the Naissance de Venus, the people in the fields are cutting their crops green to be baked in the oven because their hunger could not wait, or cowering whole days in bed because misery was there less unendurable. The empty halls of those splendid palaces, the quiet gardens which cover the sites of palaces rudely destroyed in a night of delirium, proclaim the unsuitability of such an existence to such a creature as man.

La Vallière stands in it all, among them, not of them: a frightened child, bewildered, having lost its way in the company of grotesque and eager occupants of Vanity Fair. She was thrown into the whirlpool at the age of sixteen, a victim in a plot of dissimulation in which, by chance almost, she had been selected as a cloak for the pursuit of higher game. She had the misfortune to fall in love in a realm where love was an alien: she suffered from the inconvenience of such a sane emotion, amid a company essentially insane. For a couple of years she was happy; at twenty she was a discarded toy of which her master was weary; five years after she has made an end of it all. Even the masqueraders had some pity for her. "No one can be more loved than she is at the Court," writes the Prince of Condé to the Queen of Poland, "for she does no harm, and tries to do all the good she can." She is compelled to the depth of humiliation, attendance upon her successor. Madame, at the age of twenty-six, dies in extreme agony, goaded into repentance by her confessor. "The Church implores God, Madame, to forgive you all your sins—your evil words, your joy in perfumes and odours, your illicit looks and speeches, your slanders, your concupiscence, your evil deeds, forbidden by the law of God." "Will this fearful anguish never cease?" is the moan of the dying Princess. "Madame! you forget yourself," is the stern reply. "You have offended God for twenty-six years, and your penance has only lasted six hours." This background of terror and reality—the dance of Death—is visible at intervals behind the glitter and gaiety. La Vallière will expiate, not in six hours, but in thirty-six years of austerity, the brief months of pleasure. "She shows only the pain she *cannot* conceal," was the verdict of her Prioress. She died in the days of defeat, when the decorations of the Chapel of the Carmelites are being sold to pay for the cost of disastrous war. "Virga tua et baculus tuus ipse me consolati sunt," she cried at the end. "When they told the King of Louise de La Vallière's death, he did not seem touched. He had lost even that faculty of weeping which had formerly given him an appearance of sensibility. To account for his indifference, he thought it necessary to say that "from the day Louise had given herself to God, she was dead to him." "Men are like that," concludes M. Lair. The last word remains to the excellent Madame de Motteville. "The misfortune of our sex is such," she writes, "that men, who have ever made the laws, have removed all rigor from them as regards themselves: and it is only in Heaven, where all are equal, that each shall be rewarded according to his deserts."

OVER-DELICACY OF SPEECH.

What one misses in twentieth century English is a certain racy smack of the joy of living which comes from life in the open air. Our speech has no taste of Flora and the country green—there is about it no smell of Mother Earth. The age seems to affect all its children in the same way. Optimist and pessimist write and speak alike. Mr. Chesterton's English is certainly more poetical than Mr. Bernard Shaw's, but they both alike write a language learned from books, and not derived from direct contact with things. This language is not very robust. It is not the tongue of Shakespeare. With all Mr. Chesterton's sympathy, for instance, with mellow Burgundy and old October, and his subtle insight into their magical effects you will hardly find him describing one of his characters as "pot-valiant." Mr. Belloc might, perhaps, do so. The vocabulary of the English spoken in polite circles becomes ever more and more restricted. Everything is "nice"—we have nice books, nice curates, nice cakes. Mr. W. J. Locke has some excellent remarks somewhere about people who only know one adjective. Mr. Locke himself, by the way, is one of the few modern writers who write the old, out-door, merry, variegated English. It is curious to compare the talk of Shakespeare's young men and boys—Court gallants or lackies or pages—with its many colored variety and vivacity of expression, with the talk of the young men of the present day, of almost any class, ringing the changes as they do on "what ho!" and "a little bit of all right."

It is, no doubt, too much to expect that dwellers in twentieth century London should talk as they talked in the forest of Arden. Thirty years ago, in bustling market towns and pleasant villages, people still spoke the forest language, the tongue of Touchstone and Jaques. Borrow wrote it, Dickens wrote it, Mr. De Morgan still writes a Victorian English which is in great part Elizabethan. In the talk of the people there was then still found the old touch with nature, the personification of things, the intimacy with birds and beasts, the knowledge of the traditional lore about them. The crow, for instance, in times of drought was said to "cry against the rain." The power was attributed to it of keeping the rain from the thirsty earth by its cries. It is curious to find in "As You Like It" the same power ascribed to the parrot. "More clamorous than a parrot against rain," says Rosalind (Act IV., Scene 1). There is more, we think, in the phrase "against the rain," than the dislike of the gaudy stranger from rainless lands to wet weather and grey skies. The old country sayings about the snail "with his house on his back," and the like, are all in Shakespeare. He is full of the characteristics which our medieval forefathers ascribed to birds and beasts. There is a delightful ironical proverb in the "Comedy of Errors," which we have never heard or met with anywhere else, but which must have been current in his day. "Fly pride, says the peacock" (Act IV., Scene 3). This is a most picturesque variation of the saying about "the devil rebuking sin." One finds in Shakespeare all the old proverbs like "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the old phrases which at one time were used constantly and were always so pleasant to hear. Arthur says in "King John":—

> "So were I out of prison and kept sheep,
> I should be merry as the day is long." (Act IV., Scene 1.)

As a child the writer remembers many Shakespearian phrases still surviving. "Old Father Antic" would occasionally be spoken of. He has heard the proverb "He doesn't know a hawk from a handsaw." "He doesn't know a great A from a bull's foot" is in the same vein. "For every Jack there's a Jill" was a thoroughly Elizabethan bit of English.

> "Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
> Jack hath not Jill,"

says Biron in "Love's Labor's Lost." (Act IV., Scene 1.)

That old English, the speech of Arden, was full of similes, full of personifications. A crying child was "a little Misery," like a personage in a morality play. The most graphic phrases were constantly used. "Like so many small birds at an owl" in one which we remember. It suggests a crowd of Tuscan minor poets rhyming spiteful sonnets against Dante. There is something like it in the Bible. "Mine heritage is to me as a speckled bird; the birds that are round about her are against her" (Jer. xii., 9). "Rich as a Jew" was delightfully full of medieval suggestion. One never hears it now, and never comes across it in print. No sooner do we open an old book than it catches the eye at once. "He's lost his tongue" is full of homely kindness and wide-eyed childish wonder. It calls up visits to farmhouses in the country and maiden aunts in old-fashioned towns. "To cut off one's nose to spite one's

face" is an admirable piece of popular simile, happily still current. We cannot remember anything answering to this apt and felicitous phrase in any other European tongue. "To make mountains out of mole-hills," again, one still hears very often. The Russian equivalent of this is very picturesque, "To make an elephant out of a fly."

The language of the present-day pulpit is wearisome in the extreme. We hear of "privileges," of "responsibilities," of "problems," of "tendencies." Dr. Neale has long lain in East Grinstead Churchyard, and the only living preacher we can think of who talks outdoor English is Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh. "All the spiders in Scotland," he will say, "had conspired to weave their webs that morning upon that hillside." This is the kind of preacher we should like to sit under.

Our English at present is suffering from a certain anæmic refinement. Does anyone ever speak now of "kicking up a bobbery," or "Dick's delight," or doing anything "quick sticks," or say "it sticks in my gizzard"? The language of the people is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Board School education. To-day, if one uses such a word as "pottle-bellied," one feels that it is suspect. It smells of the faggot of indelicacy. A certain wholesome coarseness adds greatly to the vigour and expressiveness of a language. We have nothing in English like "tirer les vers du nez"—more's the pity! This most felicitous phrase must have been coined in Burgundy. It smacks of the wine country, and comes from a time before phylloxera laid waste the vines.

It is vain to quarrel with Fate, or fight against the whole trend of one's time. Our civilisation is against all these things. It is a civilisation with little leisure, not living much with outdoor things, cut off largely from tradition. This cannot fail to influence the language that people speak. The old English was the language of the country; the present-day English is the speech of towns.

Short Story.

ONE POINT OF VIEW.

They were all in her own hands—his life, and hers, and Clare's, to make or mar. It was a great and real responsibility; and she must not be led away by any melodramatic instinct of self-sacrifice. It had seemed inevitable, in the first agony of her knowledge that Bernard loved Clare, to set him free to marry her. But life and duty are more complex. She must be wise, must look before and after, for them all. Anyone could do the obviously unselfish thing; but there was an inner citadel of selflessness, which she must guard for Bernard's sake, because she loved him with a wonderful love, passing the love of most women, certainly passing the love of Clare. She had met Clare at garden-parties and afternoon teas. Clare had a very lovely face, something between a Greuze and a Madonna of Raphael; but she had no depth of character. Miriam had seen that at the first glance, and it was one of the factors with which she must reckon. Those haunting dark eyes were not really homes of silent prayer, or of profound reflection. Perhaps—it came across her with a sudden rush of bitterness—they had no need to be. For a wild moment, had there been some universal mart at which such bargains were possible, she would have taken her character, which everyone called "strong and sweet," the intelligence which had once made Bernard quote whimsically, "'You have a man's brain and a woman's heart,'" and all her spiritual and ethical attainments, and flung them down, in exchange for a face that would launch a thousand, or even fifty ships, the property of some bored Helen, who coveted moral worth. Beauty is such a positive possession; as for goodness, which had always been Miriam's speciality, she felt less certain of its value than she had ever done. Character is often like a chemical substance which steadily refuses to combine with a hundred elements, and suddenly evaporates, for no apparent reason—some subtle atomic affinity—on being treated with the hundred and first. And it is probable that Miriam was genuinely uncertain whether her own morality, under this ethical test, was evaporating or refusing to evaporate . . . If she had had a Greuze-Madonna face, she would have felt more sure of it.

But that was a digression. Men tired of mere beauty. She pictured Bernard's possible weariness of Clare so vividly that she had no colors left to paint his possible weariness of herself, after six months of her society. She foresaw Clare's exactions; she did not foresee her own, or realise that the sorest exaction may masquerade as sacrifice. Nor did it occur to her, when, at every point but that of physical beauty, she weighed Clare against herself, and found her wanting, that perhaps the balance was loaded.

In the first place, there was no real intellectual bond between Clare and Bernard. To be sure, Clare loved intellect, and intellectual people; and she had collected, one could not say assimilated, a number of incongruous but delightful ideas. She did not think: she looted. It was the kind of mind in which the old theology and the new dwell peaceably together, like the beasts in a Noah's Ark, or in the Millennium—Clare herself being merely the little child who led them. Or again, it was no living garden in which thoughts took root, but a vase of cut flowers. When Bernard looked for real response, real mental sympathy, he would have to walk alone, unless, indeed, Clare suffered Miriam to accompany him on his intellectual pilgrimages. And she wouldn't—that kind of girl never did! It was not her fault: she could not realise a need that she had never felt; but the fact remained, that he would be unspeakably lonely. Men—yes, he could have men; but that was different. There cannot be, between two men, the same delicate, exquisite suffusion of the intellect by the emotion, that gives an added charm to the discussion of the eternal verities between a man and a woman, when the two are more than friends!

And they had been more than friends—Bernard had loved her. No; there had not been in his voice the note of passion with which, in his delirium, he spoke of Clare; but there had been something that a woman, all her days, listens for stealthily in the voice of the man she loves. Lately, it had been absent; but it would come again. Few women, in their hearts, believe that miracles do not happen, or gauge the difference between sleep and death. She remembered how her life, till he came into it, had been like a grey sky—not the blue grey that is lovelier than any cloudless azure—the sullen, leaden grey of a rainy day in a factory town. But she had lived for others—oh! surely she had lived for others—not for popularity, not for praise, although she had won both. And two years ago, when he asked her to marry him, the aloe of sacrifice had blossomed into a perfect flower of joy. It was so just, so fair, so clearly by the ordering of God, that this great happiness should come to her, who had learned, in paths of patient service, to use happiness aright, to treat it as a stewardship. It could not be that God had not meant it after all.

But that was another digression. Spiritually and ethically, what of herself and Clare?

It seemed as if, spiritually, she were an easy first. All her life, on questions of the soul, she had been something of an authority. She had been one of those who suggest the saying:—

> "Das ewig Weibliche
> Zieht uns hinan."

Ah! if he married Clare, might it not be a case of "Zieht uns hinab"? Miriam had really obeyed the injunction to hitch her waggon to a star; but she had also hitched it to a dray-horse, and its freight—provisions enough to stand a siege in either world, was available both for earth and heaven. Clare's waggon—a

flimsy structure—carried red poppies and strawberries, and was hitched to a will-of-the-wisp. Bernard's life, dedicated to humanity, brimming over with sublime aspirations—how could he share it with *her?* A cup will only hold its own measure. One's spontaneous similes do not always rise to the level of one's ethical attainments; and Miriam involuntarily thought of Clare as a delicate afternoon teacup, and of herself as a quart mug. Or she was a whole sea, while Clare was a landlocked bay—only, if the landlocked bay is home!

It wasn't, couldn't be! It was a hostel merely, a hostel, for one day inhabited by the mood of a man—yes, in these life and death issues one must face every fact—by his passion, his earthlier emotion. He did not love Clare with the deep spiritual love that conquered time and death. And for Clare, the terror of it, to marry a man who did not love her with the one love that endures. Every true woman, if she can, must ward that fate from another woman. . . . It will be seen that Miriam did not forget Clare's interests, though she put Bernard's interests first.

Again—perhaps this was the aspect of it that impressed her most of all—only a great love can satisfy a great love. Bernard could love greatly—could Clare? She thought not. She knew that Clare was undeveloped—a mere child, in whom a surge of desire and emotion did duty for a soul. Not a woman, not a strong, white-winged angel! Her love could meet Bernard's in the shallows, never in the depths or heights. She could not choose the better part: she could not annihilate self—as Miriam could. For Miriam might have said with Browning's poet:—

"My whole life long I learned to love."

She knew love in its Alpine heights, and in its deep-sea soundings. And she did not expect, she did not wish, to be loved by Bernard as she loved him. It was enough for her to merge her being in his.

To be sure, it was essential that he should love her to some extent. A man can hardly be happy who does not feel more for his wife than gratitude, affection, and reverence. It was for his own sake, not for hers, that she demanded some share of love. But that would come, even if now it were obscured by a temporary madness—it must come, when they belonged utterly to one another! God would help her to satisfy him, yet never to weary him. Her great devotion should teach her wonderful subtlety. She would reinforce his life, at every turn, so deftly; she would so interweave her personality with every joy that came to him, so break the shock of every pain; she would so spend heart, soul, and brain in his service, that she would become all in all to him—lover, wife, friend.

And if she failed after all, even then her love would not fail. She would not give him up now, and to Clare! But if some other woman came, some woman who could wholly satisfy the mortal and immortal parts of him—she could always die. That thought sanctified her resolve. There was a pale radiance on her face, as she rose, and went back to Bernard.

It was next day that he said:—

"Miriam—when I was delirious, what did I talk about?"

What was in his voice she could hardly tell: it might be a veiled anxiety, or it might be a forlorn hope. Her heart began to beat slowly and heavily. Now was the time to fling the door wide, or to turn the key, and leave it locked. She had made up her mind; but it took all her strength to answer tranquilly:—

"Ever so many things. Your work, that wretched examination—you never would have caught the fever if you had not been working too hard—your friends at college."

"What else?"

Her voice was hardly audible:—

"You talked about—you and me, about our life together, our home——"

The key turned: it was as if soft receding footsteps left the locked door, as she slid her hand into his, and they began to speak of the home that was to be.

MAY KENDALL.

Present-Day Problems.

THE CULT OF THE MONSTER WAR-SHIP.

THE question of the "Monster Warship" has been referred—and not by those who perceive the vices of the type so designated—to the tribunal of the public Press. The adoption—to use a convenient definition—of the "Dreadnought" construction policy was accompanied by a flood of laudation in the columns of the most influential or most widely circulated newspapers. Wherever it may have originated, or whatever may have been its object, this did, undoubtedly, have the effect of inducing the country to believe that we were producing a ship-of-war which would render all existing ships obsolete, or, at the least, would send them a long way on the road to premature obsolescence. Were men—whose prolonged experience cannot be denied, and who, perhaps, may, without vanity, lay claim to such knowledge as that experience would almost necessarily impart—to permit, without attempting to refute it, what they honestly believed to be an incorrect estimate of the belligerent qualities of the new type to be strewn broadcast amongst newspaper readers? The mere fact of appealing to the tribunal of the Press was a challenge to the men to whom allusion is made to show cause in the same forum against hasty acceptance of a serious innovation. The gauntlet thrown down was taken up, with what result has still to be seen.

I do not care to occupy your space or waste my time in repudiating the ignoble suggestions of personal animus which the challengers and their journalistic mouthpieces have not hesitated to make. My own attitude towards the "monster war-ship" has long been known to everyone who thought my opinions worth ascertaining; and that attitude—whatever its importance or insignificance—was assumed before the "Dreadnought" construction policy was announced to the public. The increase in size of modern capital ships till quite recently was supported by arguments the force of which could not be ignored; and it may be said to have been a natural or logical increase. There appeared, however, to be this danger; viz., that a time might come when unreasoning megalomania would exercise a predominating influence on construction and when the essential belligerent qualities of the man-of-war would be sacrificed to an inconsiderate desire to turn out what would look like an imposing or monumental production. That the apprehension of this danger was not unfounded has been proved by the course of events. Detailed technicalities would be out of place in your columns, therefore figures had better be avoided as far as possible. It may, however, be said that, whilst in the pre-"Dreadnought" days battleships' displacement increased in thirteen years by about 15 per cent.; the construction of the "Dreadnought" occasioned in four years an increase of 26 per cent. This was accompanied by an increase in the draught of water of more than 10 per cent., viz., from 28 feet 5 inches to 31 feet 6 inches, a fact of the utmost gravity, as every navigator knows. Nor is this all. There has been an increase on the dimensions of the "Dreadnought" herself in the designs of her immediate successors; and that increase has been further augmented in still later designs. It will not be contended by anyone that the essential condition of naval warfare have changed anything like proportionately to the increases mentioned.

The claim that the "Dreadnought" had rendered all existing ships, if not quite obsolete, at least

obsolescent, was circulated by the newspapers in 1905. It would be difficult to believe, if there were not an official document to prove it, that two years afterwards, viz., in July, 1907, the House of Lords was informed that we had, besides the "Dreadnought," thirty-eight completed battleships which were not considered obsolescent. France and Germany were shown in the same document—the so-called "Cawdor Return"—to have twenty-four completed non-obsolescent battleships between them; whilst the United States had eighteen. Consequently, the three powers together had just forty-two completed battleships not considered obsolescent to put against our thirty-eight. This was an undeniably strong position for us. The claim advanced on behalf of the "Dreadnought" amounted to nothing less than an attempt to make us forfeit that position.

The "Dreadnought" type either is what its advocates in the Press assert, or it is not. If it is, then, so far from being in a position of almost unapproachable superiority, we are now little better than on a level with a previously far out-distanced competitor, and this immense decline in relative naval strength will have been due to our own act. Is, it must be asked, the "Dreadnought" type so predominantly efficient as its advocates loudly and persistently assert? There is no inconsiderable body of opinion against the loud and persistent assertion.

Putting the case in general terms, it may be said that the fighting efficiency of a man-of-war depends upon what she can do in battle. The gun being the principal weapon, her offensive power is measured by the effect that her gun-armament can produce. All naval history since cannon were first mounted afloat, proves—good shooting being, of course, assumed—that the effect of the gun armament is directly proportionate to the volume of fire from pieces of suitable calibre that a ship or a fleet can bring upon an opponent. This was amply corroborated by the experience of the late war in the Far East; which, no doubt, is the reason why the Japanese will not discard the so-called "secondary armament," and, thus, will not adopt the method of arming the "Dreadnought" and her successors with 12-inch guns alone. The more moderate the weight of the gun, and the greater the number that can be mounted in a given ship, the more formidable will be the volume of fire that she can pour into an adversary. It is, of course, unnecessary to arm her with pop-guns; ballistics and power of bursting shell have to be taken into account, with the result that an armament comprising guns of 10-inch, 9·2-inch, or 6-inch calibre has been found to be very formidable. The "King Edward VII." has a broadside of four 12-inch, two 9·2-inch, and five 6-inch guns; and in a given time can direct against an opposing ship a more effective fire than that which could be delivered by the "Dreadnought" in the same period. A part of every armoured battleship's side is unarmoured. In the "Dreadnought" that part is proportionally very large, and at the longest fighting range is quite perforable by shot from guns of moderate calibre. The heavier bursting charges of 12-inch shell must not be left out of account; but there is no reason to suppose that the bursters of 9·2-inch and 6-inch shell are not powerful enough, when poured in in large numbers, to wreck the ship hit. It must be remembered that the "King Edward" also has four 12-inch guns of her own, able to discharge the more powerful shells.

It has been officially stated in Parliament that some officers serving afloat—whose opinion was evidently thought by the authorities worth quoting—prefer the "King Edward" type to the "Dreadnought" type. It would, perhaps, be going too far to assume that they consider the "King Edward" individually superior, or equal to the "Dreadnought"; but one inevitable result of their opinion is that the factors which make up the fighting efficiency of the two ships are far less costly in money in the "King Edward" than in the "Dreadnought" type. This is of great importance, as will be seen directly we contemplate the financial consequences of a "Dreadnought" construction policy. Not only does each ship of that class cost a great deal more than a ship of the earlier class; it is also impossible to avoid a rapidly successive augmentation of cost. From the "Dreadnought" we soon went to the "Temeraire"' and her sisters; and from these to the "St. Vincent" and hers, size and cost increasing in each case. The principle of this construction policy is the out-building of rivals. The nominal 17,900 tons of the "Dreadnought" have already been carried by the Germans to the 19,000 tons (nominal) of the "Nassau" and "Westfalen." If we do not "throw up the sponge" we must go on and out-do these. As it is, merely in order to preserve equality with two Powers, we shall have—if we persist in the "Dreadnought" policy—to turn out each year six monster battleships, costing £2,000,000 apiece; whilst we shall also have to build the usual complement of other vessels, besides meeting the additional expenditure for enlarged docks and basins and deepened channels necessitated by adoption of the monster type. A few weeks ago the Berlin correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette," when reporting the construction of monster ships in Germany, stated that it would be necessary for us to increase our naval expenditure next year to £41,000,000. He left out several things which it will be necessary to provide for. Consequently his estimate is really a low one.

It is argued by writers in newspapers that we must go on with our monster-ship building policy, because other nations have adopted it. This is simply absurd. If other nations go wrong, there is no reason whatever why we, dependent on a properly efficient navy as we are, should continue to go wrong also. It is also argued that as we have embarked on the policy we must stick to it. This is, if possible, still more ridiculous, and, moreover, is opposed to our own experience. I commanded a ship which in her day—twenty-two years ago—was regarded by certain people as of something of the same kind of advanced type as the "Dreadnought" is regarded by some now. The ship in question was submitted to prolonged trials in comparison with other types. The result was not considered satisfactory, and the type of ship was promptly and permanently abandoned. The "Devastation" of the "'seventies" of the last century had been similarly tried, and her design also was not perpetuated. These examples deserve attention. Another argument sometimes adduced is that the time must come when a rival power will have to stop in the race for continuously increasing dimensions and continuously increasing cost. Those who use this argument do not see that as soon as the rival finds it impossible to go on with the increase he will direct all his intelligence to finding some method of neutralising the value of our monsters in other ways. We profess to think much of the torpedo, the submarine boat, and the submerged mine: and yet the more huge the ship the more is she exposed to the danger of injury or destruction by these and—if injured or destroyed—the greater the gap that she will leave in the fleet.

If we allow that every battleship designed before the "Dreadnought" was laid down has been made obsolete, we must face two things—viz., early reduction to an equality with a single rival naval Power, and a greatly increased expenditure of money even if we try no more than to maintain that equality.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

Science.

THE LATEST CONCEPTION OF MATTER.*

M. Lucien Poincaré and Dr. Le Bon have contributed to the International Scientific Series its most recent publications, and these volumes have necessarily a great deal of subject matter in common. The works of this series are addressed very largely to the "popular" reader, and therefore the presentation of the subject must often depart from the strictly accurate expression which is suitable to scientific experts. Nevertheless, it should always be a supreme object with an author (and his translator) who writes for a popular audience to avoid the use of language which is positively erroneous, and which will produce notions fundamentally wrong. This is a principle with respect to which scientific writers allow themselves far too much laxity. Not only inaccuracies of language, but mis-statements of known facts, are presented to the popular reader, and justified on the ground that they are "good enough for him." The two volumes before us contain many examples of inaccuracy both of matter and of form; but their value is, nevertheless, very great to the student of modern physics who desires to become acquainted with the most recent discoveries and speculations with respect to the nature of matter, force, and the ether.

The progress of scientific discovery during the last twenty years has been almost miraculous; indeed, we may say that, since Röntgen astonished the world some thirteen years ago, the discovery of new phenomena has been so great and so incessant as to burst the bounds of all known scientific laws and theories. For the moment, we are in Chaos. Every day we make new discoveries; and almost every new discovery brings with it a crop of "explanations" or assumptions—perhaps none of them convincing, and most of them destined to rejection almost as soon as they are formulated. For a long time Science was fairly content with the molecule, and the still smaller atom, of which the chemists discoursed; but even then there were speculators who likened the molecule to a solar system in miniature, whose planets were the atoms of which the molecule is composed. Below the atom they did not go: the atom was absolutely the smallest and the simplest specimen of matter that could be reached by any physical or chemical process. Thought, indeed, might divide the atom down to nothing; but only in thought was the atom divisible.

Who could have imagined that now we should be compelled to regard the atom itself as a still smaller solar system, with little detachable particles of its own? It bears throughout the work of Dr. Le Bon the same relation to the system of the molecule as that which Saturn, with his rings and moons, bears to the whole solar system; and, according to this view, there is, after all, hardly anything more easily broken up than the atoms of certain bodies. Radium and the discoveries of Sir William Ramsay have forced us to accept the fact. Some, at least, of the particles of which an atom is composed are little portions of ether spinning or whirling with prodigious rapidity round their axes; and when these particles are disturbed in their paths, they fly away from the atom with velocities comparable with that of light. This is the theory; but it must be admitted that the scientific reasoning on which it is founded is extremely loose and unsatisfactory. We cannot admit that if the system of an atom is disturbed, the result will be that its component particles will be hurled into space with the enormous velocity of light. This disintegration of the atom plays the most important part in nature, according to Dr. Le Bon; and he never tires of insisting on the almost inconceivably great amount of "energy" contained in a single atom. This term "energy," though defined originally with precision by mathematicians, has by usage and fashion become one of the most vague in Science: it is often nothing more than a high-sounding word in the mouths of scientific quacks. After much careful scrutiny, in order to obtain a clear notion of the meaning to be attached to Dr. Le Bon's "intra-atomic energy," we discover that it means simply the kinetic energy of the particles of the atom—due to their enormously rapid motions.

The modern conception of an atom of matter makes it an extremely complex body. Its smaller particles, of which we have spoken above, are each about one thousand times smaller than the whole atom, and each carries a charge of negative electricity. In addition to these "electrons," as they are called, there is a portion—the greater part—which carries a charge of positive electricity. Thus Science has as yet done nothing to get rid of the dualism of "positive" and "negative" electricity. It is not easy, however, to discover Dr. Le Bon's attitude towards "electrons"; for, while he seems to make use of the conception for explaining many things, he says in one place that "the conception of electrons, a near relative to the old phlogiston, is, as has been well shown by Professor de Heen, one of the most unfortunate metaphysical ideas recently formulated."

The disintegration of atoms by the gradual loss of a portion of their energy—a loss the cause of which is not indicated—leads to their instability; and, according to Dr. Le Bon, "a moment arrives when this stability is so weak that the matter disappears by a sort of explosion more or less rapid." Bodies such as Radium and Thorium represent the old age of matter—a state to which all bodies must ultimately come; and a world the matter of which had arrived, generally, at this stage, might vanish into the ether by a sudden explosion. This consideration leads Dr. Le Bon into one of the most fantastic speculations ever formulated. He thinks that it may account for that sudden flaring up and rapid disappearance of stars which astronomers have observed—as in the recent remarkable case of Nova Persei, when not merely a whole world, but a whole stellar system, disappeared into the ether by the sudden explosion of all its atoms! How all the atoms of a system, perhaps many times greater than our sun and all his planets, received a sudden word of command to break up—and acted upon it—he does not explain. But hard astronomical fact disposes, unfortunately, of this bold speculation; for, Nova Persei and other similar "flares" have not disappeared; they have merely diminished in lustre so much that great telescopes are required to reveal them. The death of the Universe may, indeed, be effected by the gradual disintegration of the atoms of bodies; for it may well be, as Dr. Le Bon contends, that matter is composed simply of ether aggregated into small portions called molecules and atoms, which differ from the surrounding ether merely by possessing enormously rapid and complicated motions. If these motions are in any way disturbed, the disturbance will affect the ether in which the material particles are plunged; and, according to the nature of the disturbance, there will result some one or more of the things which we call heat, light, electricity, and magnetism. If this is a correct representation, it follows that matter is no more composed of electricity than it is composed of heat or light: matter is nothing but ether endowed with energy, in a form which has acquired comparative fixity, and its ultimate destiny is to return to the ether whence it came, by a series of successive stages. Such is Dr. Le Bon's general conception of matter; but he is by no means consistent in his exposition; for, when he uses such language as the following, "Matter may be reconverted into force, not only because it is, as I have proved, a particular form of energy, but also because it is only defined, in equations of mechanics, by symbols of force," his contradiction of the most elementary and fundamental use of terms renders the attempt to follow him impossible.

As stated above, both of the volumes before us deal, to a great extent, with the same subjects; but there is far less of speculation, verging on the metaphysical, in M. Poincaré's book than in that of Dr. Le Bon. The latter is divided into two parts, the first of which is almost entirely of a speculative nature, and is, in our opinion, marked by much vagueness and inconsistency. We do not quarrel with his denial of the principles of the conservation of matter and of energy, because his disappearance of matter means simply its return to the ether; and because he admits that all energy will exist finally as a vibratory motion in the ether. Indeed, the principle of the conservation of energy, as conceived by many of its exponents, amounts to nothing more than this—that in the Universe the sum of the actual and the possible is constant—a proposition the loss of which we need not deplore.

* "The New Physics and its Evolution." By Lucien Poincaré. The Authorised Translation of "La Physique Moderne, son Evolution." Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 5s.

"The Evolution of Forces." By Dr. Gustave Le Bon. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 5s.

The second part of Dr. Le Bon's book contains a very great deal of real interest and importance, and his discussion of the phenomena of phosphorescence and "dark light" is the most useful that we have seen. He also discusses the problem of life and that of gravitation, without, of course, being able to obtain a solution of either.

M. Poincaré devotes a great deal of attention to that most modern of physical subjects, the electrical conductivity of gases and the various "rays" and "emanations" associated therewith: this is, in fact, the main branch of his subject, and it will be of real assistance to the student.

The work of translation and of revision leaves, especially in the case of Dr. Le Bon's book, a great deal to be desired. No doubt some of the difficulty is due to the author's perplexing inconsistencies; but how can we account for the following statement attributed to Carnot, and said to be a translation from his "Réflections sur la Puissance motrice du Feu": "The motive power of heat depends likewise on the quantity of caloric used, which we call the height of its fall," &c.? Carnot, of course, could never have said anything of the kind.

A study of the most modern Physics, as we find it set forth in such books as those of Poincaré and Le Bon, leaves us with the feeling that, though future generations may be fortunate enough to find all the facts of Nature brought under a small number of general laws, no such simplification can exist for us: our lot is to grope almost blindly among a vast number of phenomena to the end that our successors may evolve order out of chaos.

GEORGE M. MINCHIN.

Letters to the Editor.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your kind notice of a pamphlet on the enfranchisement of working wives, last week, there are some expressions which might suggest that its tone is unfriendly to the "militant" Suffragist Societies. May the writer say that some of us in the Women's Co-operative Guild know very well how much we owe to the women who have dared to give their cause the advertisement of courage and sensationalism, without which, it seems, men will not listen? A crowd of co-operative women went to the House of Commons in 1905 when the Women's Suffrage Bill was talked out. But they were peaceable, and consequently Liberal journalism did not take any interest in their claim to the vote. Yes; we know to whom we ought to be grateful, and we are rather inclined to agree with the schoolboy who said that though he could not approve of their object, he thoroughly approved of their methods.

Even the most brilliant services do not give the societies the right to decide that any class of women are to be shut out from political power. Really, it is a world of upside down in which Women Suffragists, and such determined ones too, go about telling the poor housewives that they must on no account ask for the vote, because there is not the least chance of their getting it. What would we think of Russians, who, when they were offered the first Duma, should have begged to have the third, for the reason that they were more likely to get it? Or of Irish, who should ask for a Parliament of landlords? Or of the workmen, if, because there were more of them than of the upper class, they had asked only for votes for men earning 40s. a week? The working housewife has in her poverty, and in the helplessness that goes with poverty, and by her occupation of economist for the people, a stronger right to representation than the married woman who owns land or houses; and there is no reason why she should not say so. Even the policymongers have a saying: "Ask for what you want, and take what you can get." But if the suffrage is to be limited, the limitation which shuts out the woman qualified by poverty, work, and motherhood is the most dangerous there could be.

The leaders of the Suffrage Societies no doubt have it in mind to use the vote when they get it, to strengthen certain ideas and ways of life. One can only judge of those ideas from their record and their words, and I am open to correction as to both. One would expect and hope that women's first thought in politics would be for their personal freedom and the protection of children and of motherhood. It is a natural result of the too great differentiation between men's and women's lives that men, who have had to think first of earning, should legislate in the interests of property. But women, who have had to think first of taking care of the young, the old, the sick, and even the able-bodied who will not sew on their own buttons, should put personal care and personal relations before property. So far as there is a distinctive women's aspect of politics, this is it; and our national life suffers deeply from its not being represented. But is this what the Suffrage Societies express? The older societies of the National Union have inherited the traditions of the women pioneers, to whom we owe so much in respect of their successful professional work, and whose chief legislative triumphs were the Married Women's Property Acts. Those Acts, while they have protected married women's earnings and property, have left the working mother in a cruelly helpless position; because her usual case is to have no earnings and no property. It does not require much special knowledge or insight to perceive that what working wives want (I do not mean to say what they ought to want) more than anything else is food for the children and leave to take care of them. They want to retain the right to work for wages, which the "militant" societies so eloquently claim for them; but still more they want the right not to work for wages when they cannot do so without injury to themselves and their children.

Some of us thought the debate on unemployment at the Women's Co-operative Congress the most moving speech we had ever heard. It was brought forward by one of the branches, without suggestion from any official; and anyone who listened must have noticed that it was the unemployment of men that the delegates had in mind. A married women's charter would include, among other things, (1) work for their husbands, and (2) maintenance for themselves during the years when they cannot support themselves and their young children. To get a legal right to this, it is suggested that a woman should have the power to obtain a magistrate's order, requiring her husband to maintain her and the children, the amount being fixed with due regard to the circumstances, as in the case of a separation order. If this power is given, it seems just that the wife's general power to pledge her husband's credit should be abolished, and she should alone be liable for her expenditure for the household. Failing the husband, her own earnings and property are liable for the children's support; but in very many cases a better resort would be to a decent form of State maintenance, such as the reform of the Poor-law should provide. The neglect of husbands to maintain their wives and children, not to speak of incapacity from various causes, seems to be very common. Working women, even though they belong, like the co-operators, to quite the thriftiest section of the working class, know this well, though pride forbids them to tell their own sufferings, still more to take the insulting form of State maintenance we now offer them in return for their honorable work. An alternative to the maintenance order would be some form of State-aided motherhood insurance. But the maintenance order, perhaps, offers fewer difficulties.

The third point of the women's charter would be a legal claim to the savings made from the house-money. A recent case in a court of law has shown co-operative women that their savings may be successfully claimed by their husbands, even when invested in a co-operative society or a savings bank; and there are, unfortunately, many women who have to try to keep secret the existence of a little hoard, treasured up, to apprentice a son, or against loss of work, or for the baby's expenses of birth. That this should be taken for betting or drink is perhaps more dreaded by such women than anything but loss of work; and it often is so taken. It would be too long to suggest here how a claim on savings might be given without injustice to the husband. I only wish to show what needs are felt by working wives, and why we should allow them to speak for themselves instead of putting their fate into the hands of other women. Miss Pankhurst says: "In some way or other, perhaps through some system of co-operative housekeeping, economic independence must sooner or later be made a possibility for all

married women." Wage-earning for everybody is excellent as an ideal for the distant future; but meantime women and babies are starving. Some of the Suffragist leaders—I do not know how many—think that married women could and should earn their own living throughout life. Perhaps many could; but that all should do so would mean a very brutal relation between men and women. We are not savages. We think, perhaps wrongly, that clothes, personal cleanliness, and five-roomed dwellings are necessaries; and therefore we require a great deal of domestic service. Wives should have every chance of doing more skilled work; but the most urgent thing just now is to relieve them from part of the treble burden of child-rearing, housework, and earning, which many have to bear and fail under; and the easiest part of the burden to shift is earning. The rest must take time, and can only come by women's own will.

We look upon the Limited Bill, in its bearing on this fact, among other things, and the standpoint is not a bad one, for civilisation may be well tested by the conditions of marriage and of motherhood.

The present state of things is murderous to babies, and entirely hateful to ordinary public opinion, both of men and women. But there seems to be some danger that the Limited Bill, if passed, would tend to perpetuate it, in obedience to a theory of emancipation which is not sufficient for present needs, except those of a few educated women who are in advance of their time.—Yours, &c.,

R. N.

July 1st, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I, in company with many Liberals, have read with surprise your hedging leader on the subject of Woman's Suffrage in last week's issue.

That the Conservatives should try and father the cause of Women's Suffrage on to the Liberals is natural enough. The House of Commons is already sufficiently discredited to make it safe for the House of Lords, sure as they are of the support of the governing caste, to flout the House of Commons; but the admission of women to the suffrage would make the whole question of representation such a farce that the House of Commons would presently disappear. It is impossible to suppose that strong and virile services would have any respect in the opinion of a House so elected. That the Tories may wish to drive the Liberals to such a position is, as I have said, natural, but that they should fall into the trap as they seem to be doing does not argue much wisdom. I trust it may be only a temporary insanity.—Yours, &c.,

H.

Palace Hôtel, Lucerne,
June 24th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—You ask, "What does 'votes for women' mean?" and very pertinently point out that what the Militant Suffragists demand means "Votes for women of property"—a distinctly reactionary measure that no Liberal Government could possibly sanction. But it is suggested that a Tory Government might pass such a measure for the benefit of their party. If this could be, how ghastly the disappointment for the poor women who have been enlisted by the Suffragettes, and fired with enthusiasm by the idea that "votes for women" means some great good for the poor and suffering—some large alleviation of the misery of the world or some strange brightening and beautifying of the common lot!

But I do not think this can ever be. It is possible, indeed, that Suffragettes may be subsidised by Tories or Protectionists or "the trade," and encouraged to try the tempers and waste the time of a Liberal Ministry, and that any of the enemies of the people would be glad to secure allies by their assistance. But it is scarcely needful to tell you that "votes for women" is not (as some of the wild women seem to think) a trinket that a Minister may be teased into giving away. So great a measure must needs be laid before the present electorate as the principal issue at a general election, and there can be little doubt that the majority of the present voters would have been opposed to it a few years since, and are more strongly opposed to it to-day.

Of course, all women who wish for votes are not wild women. Mr. Zangwill says that only fools judge of women generally by the extravagances of a few of the most violent, while Mr. Nevinson gives to the most violent the credit of being the leaders of a righteous rebellion. (Has he not seen so much of things that should be rebelled against that he has come to think rebellion a good in itself?) But whether the Suffragettes are few in number and not fair representatives of their sex and cause, or whether they are many and truly representative, there is no doubt that their lively proceedings have had one effect. They have given great offence to thousands—made great numbers of electors into determined opponents of Women's Suffrage and converted former friends into enemies. I do not pretend to know Mr. Winston Churchill's thoughts, but I should think it very unlikely that he is to-day as great a believer in the sweet reasonableness of womankind as he was before his experiences at Manchester and Dundee.

Some journalists are greatly impressed by the great Hyde Park meeting. They tell us wonderful things. They have found out that women can talk, and that they are very determined to have their own way. But these are scarcely new discoveries. Socrates knew the length of a woman's tongue, and the "Wif of Bathe" knew that—

> "Woman desires to have soverainetee,
> As wel over hir husbond as hir love,
> And fer to ben in maistree him above."

It is thought wonderful and portentous that there was a great crowd in Hyde Park, but is it strange? These ladies have made themselves extremely conspicuous, and the names of some of them are known all over the country. They have a following of enthusiastic disciples, and a great number of determined opponents. With loud advertisement they proclaim a great show in the centre of the greatest city in the world, and on a Sunday. It is a fine day, there is no other show open, and all their friends come and a good many of their enemies, and a vast concourse of people, who are quite indifferent to the ostensible object of the meeting, but curious to see the show or to see the women who have become so notorious. Because there was a great crowd must we assume that the country approves of the proceedings of the Suffragettes?—of the disturbance of political meetings, the promotion of street rows, the defiance of the police, and the ridiculous attempt to dictate the policy of the representatives of the country and the Ministers of the Crown under pain of violence from a knot of women?

We are not yet ripe for "the monstrous regiment of women." A spoilt child screams and stamps till a foolish mother gives what it wants, but if it pursues the same tactics with a severer guardian it gets, not what it wants, but what it deserves. A husband often gives way to a scolding wife, and consents to foolishness for the sake of peace, but I cannot believe anything so utterly absurd as that the collective manhood of England should sink so low as to be bullied by a handful of women, however big a handful they may be.

If any measure of Women's Suffrage is ever to be passed in this country, it must, at any rate, wait until the resentment which has been aroused by these foolish women has died down.—Yours, &c.,

Frank Bowly.

Charlbury, June 29th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The sentimental sophistries of the Suffragists cannot alter facts. They are claiming equal rights without equal responsibilities, and they would also retain all their sex privileges, *e.g.*, being saved first from shipwreck, &c., &c. As for adult Women's Suffrage, woman would become, not equal, but "the predominant partner."

As regards one of the male responsibilities (military service), although a minority of our men join our Navy, Army, and Territorials, this does not alter the fact of the responsibility of the male sex. Moreover, if the Suffragist denials were correct, it would become an argument for universal military service.

Next, the "maternity" argument does not justify a sexual revolution; while the Suffragists would actually first

give votes (of course, involving Parliamentary and Cabinet seats) to the surplus single women, whose discontent is the real driving force of this agitation.

Now, what causes this sad and increasing surplus of single women? It is because men go abroad, whereas their sisters will not or cannot. I am no enthusiastic "Imperialist," but while you have an empire, both sexes should bear their share in colonising it. I passed long years in places where women were few and immensely valued. Again, the surplus women at home are competing with men, thus causing yet more male emigration. Again, the women who do secure good incomes do not marry, as the men they supplant usually do. Again, many men abroad die (battle, disease, &c.).

As regards the Hyde Park crowds, the great majority were either indifferent or hostile, and the Suffragettes were protected from some of the latter by their one-time foes, the police. Mesdames! "The bedrock of law is force, and the force of the community is male."—Yours, &c.,

June 29th, 1908. A RADICAL EX-SOLDIER.

THE MEANING OF "BANDE MATARAM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your reviewer writes, "The symbol is not the same as the reality. When Mr. Rees sings 'Rule Britannia' is he worshipping a penny figure of a woman with a trident, sitting on a shield?" Now, this just touches the point. No matter whether "Bande Mataram" did mean "Hail! Motherland" instead of "Hail! Mother Kali"—which I gather your reviewer admits that it does—the question is the symbol, and the song was before, and certainly is now, the symbol of sedition. "Rule Britannia" is not the symbol of sedition. I shall continue to sing "Rule Britannia"; and when the Bengali agitators sing "Bandi Mataram" in the same spirit, it will not matter whether they refer to Mother Bengal or Mother Kali.—Yours, &c.,

J. D. REES.

Travellers' Club, S.W.,
June 30th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the "Bande Mataram" controversy in the columns of THE NATION my views on it, as expressed in my book, "Indian Problems," are quoted. The "Bande Mataram" song in the Bengali novel "Anandamath" is no doubt in praise of Bengal, and expresses the love of her sons for the mother country. I have discussed its origin and true significance in "Indian Problems" (pages 65-68). Mr. J. D. Rees, M.P., has personally no knowledge of the Bengali language except perhaps through the rather inaccurate medium of Anglo-Indian literature. Mr. Rees has evidently accepted the dictum of Dr. Grierson, who unfortunately has lent the weight of his name and reputation as an Oriental scholar to a theory which is not calculated to enhance his reputation as an authority on Hindu literature. Some time ago in the columns of the "Times," Dr. Grierson denied the existence in Hindu literature of the use of the word "mata" (mother) in the sense of mother country, and said that the "Bande Mataram" was a direct invocation to the goddess Kali! Thus an inaccurate dictum was uttered to which Mr. J. D. Rees and other Anglo-Indians have fallen victims. The question of the true significance of the "Bande Mataram" is no longer of academic interest, but of great political importance. A good deal of the present unrest in India is due to the ignorance of Anglo-Indian officials of Hindu life and habits of thought. They unwittingly create a Hindu "classic," which, having emanated from savants, may be "scientific," but nevertheless is *un*-Hindu, because it fails to represent true Hindu sentiment. As Lord Cromer points out in "Modern Egypt," "half the evils of the world come from inaccuracy." Though a great philologist, Dr. Grierson, I am sorry to say, after spending the best part of his life in Bengal, has failed to grasp the spirit of the Bengali language and true Bengali sentiment. The "Bande Mataram" no more means an invocation to Kali than "Rule Britannia" means an invocation to the figure of a woman with a trident sitting behind a shield!

I regret to say that no Hindu will agree with Dr. Grierson's dictum that the word "mata" meant one of three things—"(1) the goddess Kali, (2) the cow, (3) the goddess of small-pox." The cow is no doubt really included in the orthodox meaning of the word "mata," but the other two do not, properly speaking, answer to the Hindu idea of the word "mata" at all. To a good Hindu, and specially to a Bengali, it means something quite different. Both Dr. Grierson and Mr. Rees are retired members of the Indian Civil Service. I wonder whether in the course of their reading, or their intercourse with respectable Hindus, they ever came across the well-known Hindu saying, "Sapta mata pancha pita" (seven mothers and five fathers). I think Dr. Grierson must have heard, and perhaps forgotten, this saying, which every Hindu boy of respectable family—whether on the banks of the Ganges or those of the Godavery—is taught, as a Christian boy the Catechism. In any Sanskrit or Bengali dictionary will be found the "Seven mothers," which are (1) your own mother, (2) the wife of your preceptor, (3) the wife of a (learned) Brahman, (4) the queen of your country, (5) the cow, (6) your wet-nurse, and (7) the earth. The last is significant; it means the whole earth, as well as the part in which one is born called "janma-bhumi." There is an old Hindu saying prevalent throughout Aryan India: "Janani janma-bhumischa svargadapi gariyasi"; "janani"="mata"=mother; *i.e.*, "mother and motherland are dearer than heaven." This saying was common among the Hindus—whether in Bengal or Maharastra—long before England had anything to do with India, and is still extensively used in vernaculars like the Bengali, the Hindi, and the Marathi. In the popular acceptance the term "mata" is not confined to the three cases Dr. Grierson mentions. He may remember the well-known Hindi folk song:—

"Dharti mata pani dé,
Pani ki pakhal dé," &c., &c.

"Dharti" is the corruption of the Sanskrit word "Dharitri," meaning the earth; therefore "dhartimata" is "mother earth." Mother earth is not a modern idea. It will be found in the "Yujurvedi Sandhya," "prithivi," mentioned as "devi," and the word "mata" is applicable to all "devis," and is by no means confined to Kali only. I venture to assert, with all due deference to so high an authority as Dr. Grierson, that the idea of a "mother country" is by no means foreign to India, and has not been borrowed by Anglicised Bengalis from English literature, as he suggested in the "Times." Though in "Anandamath," among other goddesses, Kali is invoked by the use of the phrase "Bande Mataram," I do not think that he is right in saying that "Bande Mataram" is necessarily the same as the more colloquial phrase, "Kali mai ki jai" (Victory to mother Kali). I may say that the term "mata" as applied to the goddess of small-pox, or even by itself and not in the form of "ma kali" (mother Kali), would be quite unintelligible in Lower Bengal and to people who speak the Bengali language. I could quote instances to show (1) that "mata" can be and is frequently used to mean more than the three objects of devotion mentioned by Dr. Grierson; (2) that it can be, and is, used to describe India as a whole (Bharata-mata), or any particular part as referring to the speaker's birthplace Bengal (*e.g.*, Banga-mata). As I pointed out in the "Indian Problems," some passages in the "Bande Mataram" are more on the lines of "La Marseillaise" than "Die Wacht am Rhein," and it has got very unsavoury associations—plunder and murder.—Yours, &c.,

June 25th, 1908. S. M. MITRA.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., NATION.]

"THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—During my absence from home in the last few weeks I did not see your paper, but trust that it is not too late to make some comment on your article in your issue of the 6th inst. on "The Lost Liberty of the Road."

While sympathising to a very great extent with the point of view of the writer, and whilst admitting that all motor-cars are, in the dry summer months, to a certain degree a nuisance, and that some motor-cars are at all times driven so as to be an unmitigated and intolerable nuisance, I beg to be allowed to deprecate the general violence of your article.

I am myself a motorist of considerable experience, and

I can quite fairly claim that I am both a careful and a considerate driver. I am also accustomed to drive and ride horses, and to use a bicycle. Many of my friends are motor drivers and owners, so that I have a fair knowledge of motor-cars and motor-car users, and I beg accordingly most emphatically to protest against two impressions given by your article.

Firstly, we are not all, and we are not most of us, "road hogs," nor are we all, nor are the most of us, brutal aristocrats, using the roads for our own selfish pleasure regardless of the comfort of others. I can hardly think of any of my motoring friends who are not decent law-abiding citizens, with at least the normal degree of unselfishness and consideration for others; and to give the impression that all motorists may be classed together as brutal criminals which your article, though it professes to discriminate, undoubtedly does, is in the highest degree offensive.

Secondly, in the practical proposals of the article, as also in others said to be on the point of introduction into the House of Commons, there is strong internal evidence of a want of knowledge of motor-cars. To compare a butcher's cart driven furiously round a corner with a modern motor-car, moving at a like or greater pace, is to entirely ignore the differences between the two. It is as absurd to think of them as the same because they both go on wheels as it would be to regard a crossbow and a modern rifle as alike as weapons of precision because they both discharge missiles.

I have, during the last year, driven a car of moderate power fitted with a good speedometer, and I have learnt several things from its use. The first is never to accept any man's opinion as to speeds of cars which are based on an estimate alone. A second thing I learnt with great surprise is the, comparatively speaking, high speeds with which one may drive not only with safety, but without causing alarm to other road users. I live in an ancient city with narrow and tortuous streets. I found, to my great surprise, that when I was driving entirely cautiously and considerately, so cautiously and considerately that I should be quite prepared to accept the judgment of the writer of your article as to the safety of the pace, I was moving at a rate of ten to twelve miles an hour in the narrowest streets, and of fourteen to eighteen, or even twenty, in the wider streets. I am prepared to demonstrate the safety of such speed, and the entire absence of cause of complaint by any other road user, to the writer of the article or to anyone else at any convenient time, and to challenge him to deny it.

The accusation made against the police and the county magistrates of favoring the motorist is entirely and wonderfully new, and one calculated to bring a smile to his lips. It is in the highest degree ludicrous.

Any new legislation must be such as to commend itself to the reasonable motor-driver as fair, otherwise the same intolerable condition as maintains at present will be continued, under which every motorist who goes into the country breaks the law every furlong he runs. To make new legislation, or even to propose it, a first essential, if it is to be sound, is knowledge of the motor, as well as knowledge of the roads. There is the strongest internal evidence in the article that the writer does not possess this knowledge. The article makes two points against the motor which may be more or less valid. First, that they have made the streets less safe for children to play in. This may or may not be so. The streets never were safe places for children to play in, and if the motor-car has made this more obvious, it should be counted as all to the credit of the motor-car. Neither horse manure nor motor grease is good for them to roll in, and the sooner proper playgrounds in or near every street are provided for children, the better. It may be necessary to make the motorist, or the classes the motorist come from, pay for them: but made and paid for they must be, and the sooner this is recognised and done, the better for the health and welfare of the community.

One thing remains—the dust nuisance; and it must be admitted that it is an intolerable plague. It must also be just as clearly remembered that the motor-car does not make the dust. The dust plague must be ended. There are two methods, and two methods only, by which this may be done so far as motor-cars are concerned in causing it. One is to prohibit the motor-car—that is to say, to literally put a spoke in the wheels of progress—and to leave the minor nuisance of the dust as distributed by winds and other vehicles; the other is to make modern roads for modern needs. Surely no "progressive" journal can hesitate in which is the sound demand.

Again let the motorist or his class pay. He can well afford it, or the nation can afford to make him do it, to the great advantage of the nation, motorist and non-motorist.—Yours, &c.,

PETER MACDONALD.

Acomb, York,
June 15th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on "The Lost Liberty of the Road" will appeal to every unprejudiced man who reads it, and I cannot but hope that the article may induce some movement for effecting such alterations in the law and in its administration as may remove, or at least reduce, the evils from which we have so long suffered.

It has appeared to me for a long time that the only way in which the subject can be fairly and effectually dealt with is by the formation of a strong popular association for the recovery of our right to the enjoyment of our highways. Such an association, if temperately formed, would, I believe, be subscribed to by thousands, if not tens of thousands, of people.

No one can desire to put an end to an industry which is world-wide, and which is capable of affording pleasure to many and is of great public utility. All that is desired is that the traffic should be conducted with due regard to the comfort of the community. For commercial purposes every facility should be given, but it is the pleasure motoring which causes the nuisance, and this is, and must be, enjoyed by a very small minority—a minority of wealthy, influential people, whose position makes it somewhat difficult to compel their attention unless a very strong popular representation can be organised.

The dust difficulty could be overcome, either by prohibiting such pace as raises dust, or by taxing the pleasure vehicles sufficiently to enable local authorities so to deal with the road surface as to prevent dust being raiseable.

The pace difficulty cannot be met by any speed limit, but only by the enforcement of the law against furious or dangerous driving, judging each case by the particular circumstances; and clear infractions of the law should, as you suggest, be *primâ facie* visited on the owner, not the driver, of the car, and by imprisonment of such owner on second or third offence.

If you could give your great influence to start an association on the above or similar lines, you would be conferring an appreciable benefit on the community; and nothing that I have suggested would interfere with the due enjoyment of their sport by the large body of motorists who pursue it with proper regard to the feelings and rights of others.—Yours, &c.,

H. E. GRIBBLE.

Wimbledon, June 6th, 1908.

P.S.—The above was written on June 6th, but would not have been sent to you but for Lord Russell's letter published last Saturday.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with amazement Lord Russell's letter in your last issue, in which he brushes contemptuously aside the statements in your article on the above subject on June 6th. He says in so many words that there is no one who knows anything about the subject, "whether he be motorist, magistrate, or chief constable," who will agree with "this sort of exaggeration."

I endorse your statement that twelve miles an hour is the utmost limit of pace that is consistent with public safety in towns and villages; indeed, I would go further, and say that in towns the speed limit ought not to exceed ten miles. I am perfectly willing to admit that the great majority of motorists are tolerably reasonable people; but unfortunately a considerable minority exist who show no consideration whatever for the rights of pedestrians, and since this form

of locomotion has come to stay, it is imperative that the powers of the magistrates under the Motor Car Act of 1903 require to be extended. If that were done it would be possible to bring to reason, by summary jurisdiction, everyone, whether they be "noblemen or gentlemen," who show a callous indifference to the rights of the public on the high road, and especially in the streets of towns. The simple truth is that the countryside is infested with a certain number of well-dressed, well-endowed hooligans, who treat a fine with contempt, since to them it is a bagatelle, and who, in consequence, ought not to be allowed to escape short of imprisonment. If such an extension of power were given to the magistrates of the land as I suggest, it is quite certain they would not exercise it harshly; at the same time they would see that the rights of the public were properly safeguarded.

I endorse your own remark that the "depreciation of property on main roads" is a fact familiar to everyone—but Lord Russell—through the clouds of dust which settle on every roadside garden, to say nothing of the intolerable noise and smells. Personally, I am inclined to think that these 40,000 motorists—their number is rapidly increasing in every part of the country—will force to the front the question of re-erecting the old toll-bars, at least at the entrance of every country town, and especially those which have the misfortune to lie along the most frequented routes. Magistrates who are motorists are amongst the first to recognise that the law needs amendment, and, as a Justice of the County of Sussex, I heartily support your energetic and public-spirited protest.—Yours, &c.,

STUART J. REID, D.C.L., J.P.

Blackwell Cliff, East Grinstead, Sussex,
June 29th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Lord Russell's letter throws some light on a matter that has puzzled me. For some years I have found much pleasure in cycling or walking in the "lanes and byways" of Surrey. The enormous number of motor-cars one now meets there have, however, entirely destroyed this pleasure, and after having had on two or three occasions to dash into a hedge to escape destruction, I have, like many others, deemed it prudent to abandon the pastime, the price being too heavy. Often have I wondered why motorists should choose "lanes and byways," which I should have thought inconvenient for their form of sport. Lord Russell's letter clears up this point. The law requires that cars shall not be driven along a public road faster than a mile in three minutes. It now appears that the vigilance of the police in interfering with the sport of dashing along the main roads at a higher rate of speed has caused some inconvenience to the motorists for whom Lord Russell speaks, and they have therefore turned their attention to our "lanes and byways," in which this "technical offence" may, they hope, be committed with impunity—to themselves!—Yours, &c.,

VIATOR.

June 29th, 1908.

"AN INVASION OF LIBERTY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. J. M. Robertson acts on the principle of the maxim—"no case, bully your opponent's witnesses." Beyond impeaching "the moral value" of my judgment, characterising my criticism as "a wanton aspersion," and hinting that I have made a false statement regarding your article, his letter contributes little to the discussion. In the first place, I stated that the Prevention of Crimes Bill was introduced under the Ten Minutes' Rule with the obvious intention of curtailing discussion because I believed that to be the case. I still believe it, and I should be glad if Mr. Robertson can explain for what other reason the Bill was introduced under that rule. This, however, is but a minor point. What I think everyone has a right to resent in Mr. Robertson's letter is not his calm assumption of moral superiority, but the attitude which relegates all who do not think about the Bill as he does to an intellectually inferior class "who have evidently never before considered the problems involved," and who for that reason denounce the measure "with all the confidence of a first impression." Is Mr. Robertson's case so weak that he is compelled to have recourse to this sort of thing?

On the evil of entrusting the liberty of a large number of criminal, but not necessarily hardened and vicious, citizens to the unfettered decision of warders and prison officials, he says nothing. What virtue lies in the blessed word "indeterminate"? I can see none, but perhaps Mr. Robertson may help my understanding. Moreover, as a writer in the current number of "The Humanitarian" points out, the application of the principle of indeterminate sentences "presupposes the existence of a type of judge, magistrate, prison governor, visiting justice, gaoler, and policeman, which does not exist, as a class, at the present day." I contend that the efforts of those who call themselves prison reformers would be more usefully employed in producing this better type of official than in increasing the stringency of the criminal law.

In conclusion, may I express the regret I feel at seeing Mr. Robertson on the side of despotism and cruelty? I have always had the greatest respect for the fine stand he has so often made in defence of unpopular causes, and I am correspondingly depressed when I see him among the Littlers, the Lawrences, and the Andersons.—Yours, &c.,

A LONDON CLERGYMAN.

London, June 30th, 1908.

"A DISTANT DRUM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I congratulate Mr. Laurie Magnus on his discovery of blank verse in my article. Perhaps he will next discover an island in Regent's Park.

But when he says I dropped into blank verse unconsciously he is wrong. I dropped into it with conscious deliberation, because I aimed at the proper mock-heroic tone. I ventured to hope that both the verse and its cause might be obvious, to say nothing of the parody of one of Wordsworth's best-known lines, which he quotes against me.

I hoped too much; but Mr. Laurie Magnus did discover the verse, and that is something.—Yours &c.,

THE WRITER.

June 27th, 1908.

Poetry.

A SONG OF SEMIRAMIS.

WHO hath loved Queen Semiramis,
These many years by visions led,
Who hath desired her mouth to kiss,
A lotus-blossom, amorous, red;
He should have love for wine and bread,
Loving her once in Babylon;
Her beauty shamed the mounting sun—
Semiramis the queen is dead.

For wonder of Semiramis
All the brown world bent down with dread,
She was a glorious queen, I wis,
Splendid and shameful, all men said:
Beauty she had in her soul's stead,
Now is her empery foredone,
In Babylon the lizards run,
Semiramis the queen is dead.

The splendor of Semiramis
Is sunken in a shallow bed,
For sound of lutes the serpents hiss,
Her clamorous lovers all are fled.
None sitteth at her shrouded head:
Of singing-girls she hath not one,
Whispering joy, now joy is none:
Semiramis the queen is dead.

ETHEL TALBOT.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

WE learn that the Abbé Loisy is to be a candidate for the chair of the History of Religions at the Collège de France, rendered vacant by the death of M. Jean Réville. M. Loisy's friends are confident that his candidature will be successful, and there certainly could not be a more admirable appointment. In any case, it is gratifying to know that M. Loisy has no intention of abandoning the studies that have won for him so commanding a place among the theologians of our time.

* * *

WE miss M. Loisy's name on the programme of the Third International Congress for the History of Religions, which has just been issued. The Congress meets at Oxford on the 15th of September, and many leading scholars, both English and Continental, are to take part. The fundamental rule of the Congress is that all discussions must be of an essentially historical character, and controversy regarding the merits of opposing dogmas will not be allowed. Among those who have promised to contribute papers are Professor A. Bertholet, Dr. E. Wallis Budge, Professor Lewis Campbell, Professor R. H. Charles, Mr. Edward Clodd, Professor E. von Dobschütz, Dr. L. R. Farnell, Principal Garvie, Professor Margoliouth, Professor J. H. Moulton, Professor Pfleiderer, and Professor A. H. Sayce.

* * *

THE announcement that Mr. T. W. Russell has almost completed a book, to be called "Recollections of Forty-five Years of Public Life in Ireland," gives promise of an interesting addition to the list of political memoirs. Mr. Russell played a very powerful part in the Home Rule agitation. He was the best of the Unionist orators, and his excellent style, his sincerity and passion, made him a formidable campaigner. But he always spoke with reservation, especially on the land question. He has never forgotten his democracy—though he held office in a Conservative administration—and recent changes in Irish life have modified his political outlook, even if they have not vitally changed it.

* * *

SOME months ago we announced that Sir W. S. Gilbert was at work on a version of "H.M.S. Pinafore," in narrative form, to be published by Messrs. Bell as a color book. The volume is now completed, and may be expected early in October. Sir William Gilbert is, we understand, now engaged upon a companion volume based on "The Mikado." He rightly considers that he alone is in a position to give the world fresh information concerning the antecedents of Pooh-Bah. The "fresh information" can hardly fail to be diverting.

* * *

BIOGRAPHY promises to play as large a part in the autumn publishing season as it has done during the earlier portion of the year. The "Memoir Series," which has already given us several useful volumes, will be added to considerably. Among the additions promised is a book by Mr. Herbert M. Vaughan, to be called "The Medici Popes," in which special prominence is given to the social and artistic life of the brilliant Court of Leo X. Mr. A. C. Brett has written "Charles II. and his Court," giving a biographical account of Charles and his followers, but laying more stress on the personal and social side than on the political questions in which they were involved. Another volume in the same series is to be "Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Florence in Her Golden Age," by Mr. E. L. S. Horsburgh, who has written an excellent life of Savonarola in the series of "Oxford Biographies."

* * *

IN the biography of "Sir George Mackenzie, the King's Advocate, 1636-1691," announced for the autumn by Messrs. Longmans, Mr. Andrew Lang has a subject on which he is sure to write in interesting fashion. "Bluidy Mackenzie" enjoyed great reputation as an author, and is sometimes mentioned as one of the first Scottish men of letters who wrote a pure English style. He was a friend of Dryden, who speaks cordially of him, and, oddly enough, one of his books was dedicated to the pious Robert Boyle. Mackenzie's novel, "Aretina: Or the Serious Romance," is an Egyptian tale which does not belie its second title. It is terribly tedious, and written in the most stilted vein. Although his name is now almost a by-word of cruelty and subservience, there was another side to Mackenzie's character, and possibly Mr. Lang's work will help to alter the view usually taken of his career.

* * *

M. MAETERLINCK is at present staying in Normandy, where he is working on the last act of a new drama, to be entitled "Marie Magdeleine." Despite its Scriptural title, the characters of the play are philosophical entities rather than historical personages. Doubtless this trifling fact will not prevent the Censor, who licensed "Dear Old Charlie," from prohibiting this production of M. Maeterlinck in England. Those who have read the play describe it as marking an advance upon "Monna Vanna," both in stage-craft and in dramatic power. It will be performed in Paris early in the winter.

* * *

MR. EDWARD THOMAS has finished a book on the life and writings of Richard Jefferies, which will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson during the early autumn. Mr. Thomas has made an examination of the letters that were used by Sir Walter Besant while preparing the "Eulogy" of Jefferies issued just after the latter's death. Many fresh letters have since come to light, and Mr. Thomas has also collected much new biographical material from the friends and relatives of Jefferies. A feature of the new book will be the attention given to Jefferies' interesting, if unsuccessful, early work, a considerable portion of which is still unpublished in book form. As a writer on nature and out-door life, Mr. Thomas is rapidly making his mark. In regard to the coming volume, he has the further advantage of a long acquaintance with Jefferies' part of Wiltshire.

* * *

AN important work on "The Evolution of Modern Germany," by Mr. W. Harbutt Dawson, is to be published during the autumn by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Dawson is the author of several volumes dealing with German life and thought, and showing close and admirably arranged knowledge. The purpose of his coming book is to trace the economic and industrial transition through which Germany has passed during the last thirty or forty years. The book is, as far as possible, non-controversial, and questions like the relation between capital and labor, colonisation, State enterprise, Socialism, the prospects of agriculture, and the cost of Empire, are treated in a judicial spirit. Separate chapters are given to studies of the German industrialist, the urban workman, and the agricultural laborer, so that the book promises to be of value as a comparison of German conditions of life and labor with those at home.

* * *

THE Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London will publish this autumn the first volume of an account of all the buildings of historical value or beauty in Chelsea. It will be largely illustrated from photographs and drawings, and will be followed by three other volumes completing the full survey of the parish.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Essays on Evolution." 1889-1907. By E. B. Paulton, D.Sc., M.A. (Clarendon Press. 12s. net.)

"The Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting." By Lady Charlotte Bury. Edited, with an Introduction, by A. Francis Steuart. (Lane. 2 vols. 21s net.)

"Kew Gardens." Painted by T. Mower Martin. Described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. (Black. 6s. net.)

"Johnson on Shakespeare." Essays and Notes selected and set forth with an Introduction by Walter Raleigh. (Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Mother of Pearl." By Anatole France. Translated by Frederic Chapman. (Lane. 6s.)

"Hardy-on-the-Hill." By M. E. Francis. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Etude Générale de la Co-opération de Consommation en Europe." Par B. Lavergne. (Paris: Rousseau. 10 fr.)

"Dupleix et la Défense de Pondichéry." Par le Marquis de Mazelle. (Paris: Champion. 8 fr.)

"Les Beaux-Arts et la Nation." Par Ch. M. Couyba. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)

"Aloyse Valérien." Roman. Par Edouard Rod. (Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50.)

"Historische Studien und Skizzen." Von A. Fournier. (Vienna: Braumüller. M. 6.)

Reviews.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF ENGLISH POLITICS.*

A SPECIAL interest attaches to the appearance of these two volumes at this particular time. Some years have passed since Professor Lowell published his extremely interesting studies on "Governments and Parties" in Continental Europe, in which he was constantly returning to his capital contention that Parliamentary Government can only succeed with a two-party system. In developing this argument, he pointed to the apparently incorrigible taste for changing Governments every few months in France, to the anarchical system of committees in the French Chamber, to evasions of the consequences of Cabinet responsibility in Italy, and to many other vices and abuses, offering a strong contrast to the secure and orderly habits of Parliamentary Government in the country which invented that art. During the years that have passed since that book was published there have been some notable developments alike here and in France which have given a special interest to that comparison. France has had far more stable Ministries, her committee system has been amended; and in England the state of things which Professor Lowell regarded as a necessary condition of successful Parliamentary Government has ceased to exist. When a third British Party can bring nearly fifty members into the House of Commons, the two-party system is, for the moment, at any rate, in abeyance.

Readers of Professor Lowell's earlier volume will perhaps be disappointed to find that comparatively little attention is given in his learned and comprehensive examination of our institutions to the interesting question which this new phenomenon raises. At the beginning of the life of the present Parliament many persons were struck by the resemblance between the composition of the British House of Commons and the French Chamber. In both cases the forces behind the Government were not a single party but a *bloc*, and there were presented many of the conditions that arise when a Government is dealing with a number of groups. If this state of things became permanent, English politics would tend to assume some of the features that Professor Lowell took as characteristic of the inefficiency of Parliamentary Government elsewhere. But, from his few and guarded allusions to the subject, we fancy that Professor Lowell does not expect this state of things to become permanent; and he thinks that the Labor Party will not last—at any rate, in anything like its present strength as a separate power. In this view we think he is mistaken. It is quite true that the Labor Party had unusually good fortune in the circumstances both of the last election and also of the first Session of this Parliament. It could not have wanted a better mobilising issue at the polls than the issue which had been raised by the blows struck at the trade unions, and the way in which the Government dealt with this question in 1906 enabled the Labor Members to point with justice to the value and importance of their presence and power. Professor Lowell naturally refers to these circumstances, and also to the tendency in our Parliamentary system to absorb third parties into the ranks of the Government or the Opposition: a tendency which is illustrated at this moment by the fate of some of the more conspicuous Free-Fooders. But when allowance is made for all these forces, we do not think many serious observers of modern politics have any doubt of the permanence or of the value of the Labor Party as a separate and vigorous Party; and it is therefore rather an omission in this work that it does not attempt to discuss the disturbance and modifications which the rise of a third party must cause in our politics. The effects are felt, of course, both in the House of Commons and in the country, and it would have been interesting to have had a fuller exposition of Professor Lowell's views on Proportional Representation and the Alternative Vote, proposals which, with the advent of a third party, become important as methods of securing not so much minority as majority representation. He is not very well-disposed to the Second Ballot, thinking its effect on the Continent has been to multiply groups.

Throughout his book Professor Lowell takes an essentially conservative view of English institutions. He feels the great elements of strength which underlie them. For example, he would doubtless maintain that under the two-party system we have built up a machinery which is far stronger than the machinery of Parliamentary government on the Continent, and therefore less liable to certain of the risks which he noticed in his surveys of French or Italian politics. Thus he describes our Parliamentary system as having made the Cabinet of the day autocratic, which certainly a French Ministry is not: though he adds that it is an autocracy "exerted with the utmost publicity under a constant fire of criticism, and tempered by the force of public opinion, the risk of a vote of want of confidence, and the prospects of the next election." When we compare that description with the state of things during the last year or eighteen months of Mr. Balfour's government, we may doubt whether these deterrents are always very effective as restraints on the autocrat. But, speaking generally, we fancy that few persons would quarrel with his account of the relations of the House of Commons to the Cabinet. The House of Commons, he points out, is finding more and more difficulty in passing an effective vote, except a vote of censure, while the Cabinet, on the other hand, if it has secured the initiative for almost all important legislation, finds a strict limit to the number or the completeness of the laws it can pass. This Professor Lowell does not regard as a disadvantage for a reason which most Liberals will not find very convincing. "The limited capacity of Parliament to pass statutes is not felt as a pressing evil, because the period of great remedial legislation is over. The transition from the political and industrial conditions of the eighteenth century has been accomplished, and the consequent change in laws and institutions has been, in the main, effected. The demand for radical legislation is therefore comparatively small, and for the time at least the process of making laws can afford to run slow."

This is not a view in which Liberals can be expected to acquiesce on coming into power after something like twenty years of reactionary or stagnant government. They have, therefore, every reason to be uncomfortable about a state of things which tends at once to restrict the amount of work Parliament can turn out and to restrict the part that the House of Commons can play in discussing and moulding the proposals of the Cabinet. Professor Lowell thinks that efficient Parliamentary government would be in serious danger if debate were much further restricted. The difficulties of Liberalism as a constructive force are, of course, greatly aggravated by the House of Lords. Professor Lowell is not very encouraging as to the prospects of removing this obstacle, though he roundly describes the House of Lords as "a tool of the Conservative Party." He thinks some relief from the congestion of business is to be found in the increasing tendency to devolve work which would formerly have been done by Parliament on the great administrative departments. This part of his work is particularly admirable and valuable. Nowhere has the Civil Service, with all its modern developments, been treated in so luminous and thorough a manner.

It is impossible to follow Professor Lowell through all the fields he has traversed in these volumes. In his twelve hundred closely packed pages he discusses not only central government and the party system, but the local organisation of parties, the development and forms of local government, the history of education, the Church, the limits of law, and the component parts of the Empire. He has naturally a great deal to say on the difference between our conception of law and the conception of law in countries that have the droit administratif. In his remarks on the history of local government he makes one statement which, we venture to think, is a misreading of the facts—the statement that down to the Poor Law re-organisation of 1834, local self-government, though aristocratic in the country, was democratic in the parish. It is difficult to apply the word democratic to a society whose economic servitude had been completed by the developments of the later eighteenth century, and if we looked only at the forms of government it must be remembered that the old vestries had tended to become closer and more exclusive as the century advanced. Not that Professor Lowell is often misled by mistaking the forms for

* "The Government of England." By A. Lawrence Lowell, Professor of the Science of Government in Harvard University. Two vols. Macmillan. 17s. net.

A. & C. BLACK'S
THIRD SPRING LIST.

GARDENS OF ENGLAND.
Painted by BEATRICE PARSONS. Described by E. T. COOK, Author of "Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens," &c. Containing 20 full-page illustrations in colour. Square demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **7/6** net.

KEW GARDENS.
Painted by T. MOWER MARTIN, R.C.A., Artist of "Canada," in the same series. Described by A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF, Author of "Bonnie Scotland," "Surrey," &c., in the same series. Containing 24 full-page illustrations in colour. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **6/-** net.

GALLOWAY.
Painted by JAMES FAED, JUN. Described by J. M. SLOAN. Containing 24 full-page illustrations in colour. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **6/-** net.

YORKSHIRE.
The Vales and Wolds of the East and West Ridings. Painted and described by GORDON HOME, Author and Artist of "Yorkshire Coast and Moorland Scenes," and "Yorkshire Dales and Fells," in the same series. Containing 20 full-page illustrations in colour and a sketch map. Square demy 8vo, cloth gilt top. Price **7/6** net.

LIÉGE AND THE ARDENNES.
Painted by A. FORESTIER, Artist of "Brabant and East Flanders," and "Bruges and West Flanders," in the same series. Described by G. W. T. OMOND, Author of "Brabant and East Flanders," and "Bruges and West Flanders," in the same series. Containing 20 full-page illustrations in colour. Square demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **7/6** net.

TYROL.
Painted by E. HARRISON COMPTON. Described by W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN. Containing 24 full-page illustrations in colour. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price **6/-** net.

A. & C. BLACK, Soho Sq., LONDON, W.

"HUMORISTS OF THE PENCIL"
From "PUNCH."

The second volume in the series is now published and displays, in a wealth of pictures, the abounding humour of

CHARLES KEENE.

Of the many brilliant artists who have contributed to "*Punch*," Charles Keene has a place in the very front rank, with a genius for character drawing so pronounced that all his work has a permanent endurance, rich with every element of raciness and drollery.

ONE SHILLING NETT.

Sold at every Railway Bookstall and by Booksellers and Newsagents.

"PUNCH" OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS.

THIRD ISSUE.

THE BRITISH TRADE BOOK.
(Covering the Years 1880—1907.) By JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING. With 337 Tables and explanatory Diagrams, medium 8vo, cloth boards, 10s. 6d. net.

This is the only work that shows clearly and fully the course of British and International Commerce. It is issued at intervals of two years, and is essential to politicians, business men, and students of our economic system.

A TERRITORIAL ARMY IN BEING.
A Practical Study of the Militia Systems of Switzerland and Norway. By Lieut.-Col. C. DELMÉ-RADCLIFFE, Military Attaché at Rome and Berne; and J. W. LEWIS, late XIXth Hussars. With Illustrations, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. Without Illustrations and in paper cover, 1s. net. [*Ready next week.*

NOW READY—NEW EDITION OF

WHYMPER'S GUIDES.

CHAMONIX AND MONT BLANC.
13th Edition. With numerous Illustrations and Maps, 3s. net.

ZERMATT & THE MATTERHORN.
12th Edition. With numerous Illustrations and Maps, 3s. net.

NEW 6/- NOVELS.

JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL.
By G. H. LORIMER.

A new book by the Author of "The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son" is bound to meet with a warm and wide welcome. Here it is, full of characters so human and humorous as to be worthy of the pen of Dumas *père*. Pharisees may condemn the work, and especially the retired *bon vivant* "Major," but all good men will love him and his *protégé*, Jack Spurlock. There is not half-a-page that will not raise a laugh, or a chapter that will not teach some of the laws of good fellowship.

DOMINY'S DOLLARS.
By B. PAUL NEUMAN, Author of "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick," "The Spoils of Victory."

This novel completes the trilogy which, under the general title "The Paths of the Blind," deals with the old but ever-recurring question, "*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*" "Dominy's Dollars" illustrates some of the methods of the great American Trusts which have recently attracted so much attention.

FISHERS OF THE SEA.
By J. E. PATTERSON.

A STORMY MORNING.
By LADY NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

the realities of government. He sees very clearly, for example, that the rule of a class in English politics has survived all the political reforms of the nineteenth century, and he analyses in a very interesting concluding chapter the causes and the consequences of our persistent class supremacy. He notes the tremendous influence of wealth, and contrasts American politics, where office is used to acquire wealth, with our politics, where wealth is used to acquire office. He proceeds to draw a picture rather idealised in some of its features of the "government of the people for the people by the best of the people," where the ruling class observes in politics the rules and standards by which its members learnt to guide their mutual dealings at school and in society. "There is probably no other career," he says, very justly, "in which a man of birth and means, with good abilities and moderate exertion, is so likely to win fame as in English politics." Another characteristic of English politics is, he thinks, the absence of bitterness, due partly to this social atmosphere and partly to the fact that political defeat does not mean the total loss of power and influence. Mr. Sidney Low, it will be remembered, urged this point at some length. Certainly, when a politician who lost office ran some risk of losing his head, political strife was naturally more vehement. Professor Lowell also thinks politics are less bitter because the differences of parties are not fundamental. But we must beware of thinking that violence and depth of conviction necessarily always go together. Party spirit never ran higher than it did in the most degenerate days of faction in Italy, when, for example, the people of Crema tore down the Christ from the altar because the head was turned to the Ghibelline shoulder. Yet those were days when factions fought for the merest echoes of old quarrels. In all this part of his book Professor Lowell follows very much the same train of thought as Mr. Low started.

We have left ourselves space for two comments only on Professor Lowell's reflections on the dominance of the governing class. One is that we doubt whether Professor Lowell realises that no class rules a country for nothing. In our case the price the governing class has asked and has got has been the subordination of all our institutions to the development of that class. Professor Lowell himself remarks on the special sanctity of land in England. The other reflection is that we think Professor Lowell possibly takes an exaggerated view in supposing that social influence will always play as overwhelming a part in politics as it has done hitherto. The last election showed that it is not true that the working classes always insist on being represented by members of the governing class. Much that Professor Lowell says in this connection might have been written three or four years ago without being questioned; but it is, we think, too early to conclude that the choice of workmen representatives by workmen electors in 1905 represented a mere passing phase.

SOME GREAT-LITTLE LAWYERS.*

This second volume, which completes Mr. Atlay's "Memoirs of Queen Victoria's Chancellors," starts with Lord St. Leonards and ends with two brief sketches of Lord Herschell and Lord Halsbury. The hero-worshipper will not find much to attract him in these eleven studies. Most of the eleven were competent judges; some of them were great lawyers; one or two were brilliant orators or crafty politicians; none of them were heroes. Their distinguishing marks are extreme solicitude for a career and an earnest determination not to risk it. How eagerly they climb, and how jealously they watch others climbing the ladder of professional fame! Indeed, there were many a "noble mind" delineated in this book if "the last infirmity" were the title deed and warrant of nobility. Englishmen may take comfort in the fact that the most unblushing and pushful of the lot was a Scot, John, Lord Campbell, of whom, "warm-hearted and affectionate as he was in the domestic relations," his admiring biographer is yet compelled reluctantly to predicate "a selfishness, a desperate eagerness to push to the front, and a perpetual air of calculation in all he writes which leaves an unpleasant taste behind." There are few sparks of generosity or sympathy in Campbell—not even when he refers to "the invariable and systematic conspiracy among the leaders to depress a junior and cut him off from all opportunity of gaining distinction"; for the junior in question was John Campbell. Happily for their inward comfort all these eminent men were buoyed up by the firm conviction that the scramble for briefs and places was all part of the Divine scheme of justice. Justice obviously requires that the parties to a case should be represented in court by a trained lawyer; whether justice equally requires that the richest rascal should be represented by the best counsel, and that the finest barristers should allow themselves to be retained and monopolised in advance and for all occasions by wealthy rogues is not quite so obvious; but the gentle steps by which this second doctrine has become part and parcel of the etiquette of the Bar will be readily appreciated by anyone who can plod through the lives and read the characters of the Lord Chancellors.

Whether or no the conditions of professional success, and the fact that the greatest glory follows the winning of a verdict for the wrong side, tend to produce cynicism, certain it is that the dullest life of the most successful barrister is relieved by occasional strokes of sardonic humour.† Even in so austere and devout a Protestant as Lord Cairns, or so pious an Anglo-Catholic as Lord Selborne, one may mark this strain. Soon after the Liberal victory, 1880, Lord Cairns remarked that most schoolmasters were Liberals. "A bad look out," said his friend. "On the contrary, I see in this great hope for the nation's future. The *boys* are certain to be Conservative." Roundell Palmer thus described his three years' apprenticeship to journalism as a "Times" leader writer: "I acquired some experience of the practice, certainly not without moral danger, of writing hastily, smartly, and, perhaps, censoriously, about matters of which I had no adequate knowledge." Strange to say, there is little sign that his own enormously lucrative practice ever presented any difficulties to this highly scrupulous man. The vulgar sobriquet of "'oly 'umbug" is extremely unjust, as Mr. Atlay properly remarks, and the following anecdote is almost cruel:—

> "On one occasion the Attorney General sent to ask the Chancellor (Westbury) as to the line he should follow in making a rather delicate statement in the House of Commons. 'Tell Palmer,' was the answer, 'that he need not be afraid of speaking the plain, unvarnished truth.'"

Palmer's success at the bar was due to his combination of the acumen of a medieval schoolman with the industry of a German Professor. On one occasion "he worked from 2 a.m. on Monday to late on Saturday without seeking his couch." His power of dispensing with sleep yet retaining full intellectual agility was the wonder and despair of his competitors.

The most jovial and popular of the Victorian Chancellors were Robert Rolfe, Lord Cranworth, and Frederick Thesiger, Lord Chelmsford. Greville found Rolfe's society "as agreeable as that of anybody I have ever met." After a quotation from Greville it is painful to find our author, who has some literary pretensions, collapsing into "Daily Mailese" as follows: "It may be added that his social attractiveness had been enhanced by his marriage, somewhat late in life, with the daughter of Thomas Carr, Esquire, Solicitor to the Excise, a well-known figure in literary and general company." At the age of seventy-five when, to everybody's surprise, Cranworth was asked to be Chancellor for the second time by Palmerston (who could not endure Roundell Palmer) someone congratulated him with "Well, Cranny, Kingsley is right, it *is* better to be good than clever."

Thesiger was of German stock. His grandfather, the nephew of a Lutheran Minister at Dresden, had emigrated to London and been lucky enough to get employment as amanuensis to Lord Rockingham, who made his wife Housekeeper of the Excise Office, "a very desirable sinecure." As counsel Thesiger was very successful. Tall, handsome, and vivacious, he talked to the jury "in a sort of homely chit-chat which robbed them of all suspicion." Moreover "an instinctive sense of finesse made him invaluable in cases where women were concerned; the display of conscious beauty and the blushes of assumed innocence found no loose joint in his harness." Thesiger made some quite good jokes, and united with a keen eye for the prizes of the pro-

* "The Victorian Chancellors." By T. B. Atlay. Vol. II. Smith, Elder & Co., 14s. net.

† Lord Hatherley, "a mere bundle of virtues without a redeeming vice," is an exception.

BOOKLETS ON DIET
Seventh Thousand.

"Plain Dinners; a help to a Uric-Acid free Diet." Post free 7d.
"There is much sound wisdom and real helpfulness in the pages of this little pamphlet."—*Dundee Courier.*
"Saline Stimulation; with Remarks on a Common Ill." Post free 7d.
A "new application of old and familiar facts."
From the Author, ALICE BRAITHWAITE, 45, West End Avenue, Harrogate.

2s. 6d. net. Now Ready, the JULY issue of 2s. 6d. net.

THE ALBANY REVIEW

Edited by CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

Contents: "Ode in Midsummer," R. C. K. ENSOR; The Pan-Anglican Congress, CECIL DELISLE BURNS; A Greater London, M. E. LANGE; State Children in South Australia, EDITH SELLERS; Iago, by W. H. HADOW; From a Poor Man's House, STEPHEN REYNOLDS; Famine and Pestilence: a Dialogue, by LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE; Our Old Municipal Corporations, F. W. HIRST; The Autobiography of a Tramp, DESMOND MacCARTHY; At the Foot of the Scaffold, Madame SAVINKOV; The Public School in Fact and Fiction, ALFRED FELLOWS; Current Events.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, W.

Now Ready. The July BOOK MONTHLY. 6d. net.

Contents.

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR. The Literary Fair and What's Happening In It, with Pictures.
THE NEW RUSKIN. Inner Gleams of the Master and His Writings.
THE WOES OF A WRITER When His Friends Descend on Him for "Free Copies."—By Horace Wyndham.
A STORY OF STORIES. The Origin of Books and How They Have Developed.
A LONDON LETTER. Sir Theodore Martin's Literary Memories of Queen Victoria.
SPARKLETS IN FICTION. Wisdom in Novels While You Wait.
LIGHT AND LEADING. New Fact and Current Opinion Gathered from the Book World.
THE GENERAL READER. Snap-Shot Reviews of the Best and Best-Selling Books.
NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY. Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.
BOOKS OF THE MONTH. A Classified Catalogue of the Noteworthy Books, New Editions, and Reprints of June.
THE PERIODICALS. Contents of this Month's Reviews and Magazines.

Publishers: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

SATURDAY

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

WESTMINSTER

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

The Daily News

Founded by

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846.

Honored tradition and the spirit of modern enterprise are combined in "The Daily News." Matters of serious interest are reported at length. Place is also found, in shorter form, for the lighter news items which are a feature of 20th century journalism.

"The Daily News" is the **only** London Liberal newspaper that devotes every day a whole page to Financial and Commercial matters, Trade and Market reports and Stock Exchange Intelligence.

Its daily Parliamentary report is far more detailed than that of any other ½d. paper, and nearly a column is given to the Law List.

If you do not read "The Daily News" it is impossible for you to follow the progress of Liberalism.

HEAD OFFICES—

Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

(July 11th)

OF

"The Nation"

WILL BE A

DOUBLE NUMBER,

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO

Poetry and Fiction.

It will include articles by—

W. HALE WHITE
(Mark Rutherford)

and other distinguished writers, and Poems by

WILLIAM WATSON,
HERBERT TRENCH,
etc.

On sale at Messrs. Smith's, Wyman's, and Willing's Bookstalls, and at all Newsagents.

Price 6d. Postage (U.K.) ½d.

fession and the utmost readiness to take them, a refreshing modesty. Here is one of his happiest and best-known impromptus. When "Soapy Sam" left the Bishops to vote for Gladstone's Government in an important division on the Irish Church Bill, some simple peer cried out "the Bishop of Oxford is going the wrong way." "No," said Chelmsford, "it's the way to Winchester." And, sure enough, a few weeks later Wilberforce was promoted to the See of Winchester. Of Thesiger's modesty the following extract from the introduction to his reminiscences affords pleasant proof:—

> "If it should ever be thought worth while to publish the following details of my life, they may perhaps be thought not altogether unprofitable as affording an example of what abilities of no very high order, accompanied with unremitted industry and perseverence, and aided by a concurrence of favorable circumstances, may ultimately accomplish."

Many more extracts of a reasonably entertaining sort could be made from this book. It is not a brilliant performance, but the lives of the two most interesting men in the series, Lord Campbell and Lord Westbury, are certainly readable; the narrative is moderately impartial, and very discreet. Thus, after enlarging on the enormous number of judicial plums distributed by Lord Halsbury, Mr. Atlay remarks: "It would be unbecoming in me to offer any criticism as to the way in which that patronage has been exercised." We must congratulate Mr. Atlay on the accomplishment of a considerable task, in which he has followed at a long distance the famous performance of Lord Campbell.

A QUAKER CITIZEN.*

Quakerism belongs to the Mystic School of Religion. And this is true in spite of the fact that Quakerism has a noticeable record of initiative philanthropy and practical work. There is, in fact, no paradox in the assertion. Underlying the superficial incongruity there is a vital connection between the mystic spirit and altruistic activity. The mystic soul must live untrammeled by authority, the health of its inner life is freedom, and such a soul will never rest in contemplation alone. It pours out its fervour on others. In the Journal of the Quaker Mystic, John Woolman, the reader finds a record of active service for the betterment of mankind, and at the same time comes upon words which might have fallen from St. Francis of Assisi or Juliana of Norwich. George Fox was a Mystic, and yet no reformer was more sensitively alive to the importance of the practical element in the religious life. He joined the enthusiasm of the prophet to the instinct of the organiser. This union of the mystic spirit with enlightened common sense characterises the work and aims of the man whose life is the subject of the volume before us. One of a family of workers, of thinkers, and of successful organisers, John S. Rowntree pursued steadily and unweariedly his philanthropic labors, his private life moving in harmony with it, all graced with sympathy and dignity. Mr. Rowntree's home, like that of so many Quakers, surrounded him, as we are told in the "Memoir," with the triple bonds of love, duty, and joy in service. But the sovereign educator, liberty, was also present. His mother was of the saintly souls and exercised a powerful influence on her son. Late in life he says:—

> "The children of Friends have no need to wait for their first communion—they are privileged to come to it in the opening days of their Christian life."

At school he was popular; he was fond of games, and was a good cricketer. He early showed a love for reading. The school dinner-hour was one of enforced silence, and during these times he managed to read through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." He passed straight from the Quaker school to active business life. He made his first mark at the age of twenty-four when he wrote his essay, "Quakerism, Past and Present." In this little work, as early as 1858, he struck the note which he never ceased to sound, the note of progress. "The very life of the Society," he says, "depends on going forward."

The young Quaker's appeal was to a Society limited and narrow in its spiritual and social outlook, and the exhortation came like a fresh breeze into an exhausted atmosphere. The pamphlet was not allowed to pass without censure, but it did its work. Dr. Hodgkin, in speaking not long ago of this essay, says:—

> "For the great changes that have now taken place, the essay of John S. Rowntree may almost be said to have given the signal; and with his deliberate wisdom and intimate knowledge of the conditions of the problem before us, he bore a large share in carrying those changes into effect."

The writing of this pamphlet, his biographer tells us, was an epoch in his life and colored its whole aftercourse. It gave to the vision he had of a regenerated Quakerism its "form and pressure."

Mr. Rowntree had no University career; he passed through no Divinity course, and his life was that of an active business-man and citizen. He was Lord Mayor of York in 1881 when the British Association met there. With such municipal work he combined continuous labor in the Quaker ministry, and notable service in the cause of girls' and women's education, and throughout his life he was a devoted teacher in the adult school. Not an eventful life, nor one lit up by striking talent, or marked by extraordinary achievement. But not without its touch of greatness; a life to be proud of as springing from English soil.

A glance at the titles of the papers which the editor has selected will give some notion of the special interests of Mr. Rowntree. They deal with: "The History of the Society of Friends, its place in the Religious Life of England," "The Relations of Denominational to National Life," Educational Reform, and include Historical Sketches and Biography.

The Essay on Fox is full of insight into his times, and shows intimate acquaintance with the religious sects of the Stuart period. It is, taken all in all, the best account of Fox we have. The queer-titled paper, "Micah's Mother," should be of interest to women readers, for it rests on an epistle by Fox, entitled "This is an encouragement to all the women's meetings in the world." The essay shows much of Mr. Rowntree's attitude of mind, of his peculiar strain of humour, and of his familiarity with out-of-the-way Quaker literature. But it is, perhaps, in reading his paper on "The Relations of Denominational and National Life," that we come nearest to his mind. While he fully recognises the necessity for participation in the larger national life, he stands for denominationalism, because he holds that through the exercise of the religious denominational duties the character of the good citizen is best formed:—

> "Men," he says, "need to be spiritually equipped for the most secular services. And when the stream of human life and effort widens out, is there not more need than ever that the channels of communication with its source be kept free, deep, and unclogged? To fulfil the outward duties of life nobly, there must be a vigorous, continually renewed, and quickened inward or religious life—a vigorous church life, in the most spiritual sense of the word."

His own practice proved that for him this was no mere theory, but that it was the working plan of his life-structure.

Miss Doncaster, in the last words of her "Memoir," which is written throughout with sympathy and insight, sums up well Mr. Rowntree's leading characteristics:—

> "The fervour of the prophet and the calm wisdom of the sage; the wide vision of the historian or the statesman, and the precision of the close observer of facts; the grasp of broad principles and the power of applying them in detail; deep reverence of spirit and manner, combined with originality and humour; the power of rule with the power to obey; love of the past together with readiness to go forward: all these qualities were united in the character of John S. Rowntree, and all were devoted to the service of his fellow-men, which was his service for Christ."

* "John Stephenson Rowntree: His Life and Work." Memoir by Phœbe Doncaster. Headley, 6s.

THE PROBLEM OF "KITTY TAILLEUR."*

In "Kitty Tailleur" Miss Sinclair has handled a very delicate subject, and though opinion will be divided as to the artistic success of her picture, no intelligent person will question its sincerity and moral force. The question of the good and bad effects of keeping the existence of such women as Kitty Tailleur from the knowledge of girls has been treated by Meredith with searching insight in "One of Our Conquerors," and most of our readers will remember

* "Kitty Tailleur." By May Sinclair. Constable & Co. 6s.

The List of Subscriptions will be closed on or before Tuesday, the 7th July, 1908.

The Manila Railway Company (1906), Limited

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL - £4,000,000
DIVIDED INTO
£2,000,000 in 200,000 Five per Cent. Preference Shares of £10 each, and £2,000,000 in 200,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each;
ALSO
£3,250,000 Four per Cent. "A" Debenture Bonds and £3,250,000 Four per Cent. "B" Debenture Bonds.
(With power to increase each class of Debenture Bonds by £5,000 per mile for mileage beyond that comprised in the concession below mentioned, and by £50,000 per annum for providing funds for other Capital purposes of the Manila Railroad Company below mentioned.)

OFFER OF £1,250,000 FOUR PER CENT. "A" DEBENTURE BONDS.

(Part of the £1,700,000 already issued.)

Repayable at par on 15th January, 1956, or as to the whole or any part at any time after 1925, at the Company's option at 105 per cent. upon six months' notice.
Interest payable, 15th January and 15th July.

The above Bonds are secured by a Trust Deed as within mentioned.
The Bonds, which are to Bearer, are in denominations of £20, £50, £100 and £200.
Holders can, if they desire, convert their Bonds into registered Debenture Stock.

Directors:
CHARLES JAMES CATER SCOTT, 109, Leadenhall Street, E.C., *Chairman.*
ADMIRAL SIR CYPRIAN ARTHUR GEORGE BRIDGE, G.C.B., 1, Eaton Terrace, S.W.
SIR JOHN F. F. HORNER, Manor House, Mells, Frome.
JOHN GASPARD LE MARCHANT, 13, Thurloe Square, S.W.
RALEGH BULLER PHILLPOTTS, 7, Cleveland Row, S.W.

Trustees for the "A" and "B" Debenture Bondholders
THE MERCHANTS' TRUST, LIMITED, 63, Cornhill, E.C.

Solicitors:
For the Company: MESSRS. E. F. TURNER & SONS, 115, Leadenhall Street, E.C.
For the Trustees: MESSRS. BIRCHAM & Co., 50, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Auditors.
MESSRS. DELIOTTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS & CO., 5, London Wall Buildings, E.C.

Secretary and Registered Office.
JOHN MACKENZIE, 7, Union Court, London, E.C.

Messrs. SPEYER BROTHERS and the HONG KONG and SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION

OFFER FOR SALE THE ABOVE

£1,250,000 4 PER CENT. "A" DEBENTURE BONDS at the price of 83 per cent.,

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS:—

5	per cent. payable on Application.
78	" " on 16th July, 1908.
83	per cent.

Definitive Bonds carrying a full half-year's coupon, payable on the 15th January next, will be delivered in due course after payment in full.

In default of payment of the instalment due on 16th July the Allotment will be subject to cancellation and the amount previously paid to forfeiture.

The "A" Debenture Bonds are, in effect, a first charge on the old system of 208 miles of railway, through the Company's holding of the entire Stock and Bond Capital of the American Company below referred to. This system has for some time been in successful operation in the Philippines, and its net revenue amounted in 1907 to about £126,000, while the interest charge on the outstanding "A" Debenture Bonds is £68,000.

In addition to being secured on the old railway system, the Bonds will be similarly secured upon about 444 miles of new lines now under construction and expected to be completed by 1913. These lines, combined with those of the old system, are estimated to yield ample revenue for the service of the whole authorised issue, not only of the "A" Debenture Bonds, but also of the "B" Debenture Bonds, which rank behind them.

The concession for the old system of 208 miles of railway and the further 444 miles now in course of construction was granted by the U.S. Government to the Manila Railroad Company (an American Company). This American Company will operate the railways, and its whole Stock and Bond Capital, with the exception of Directors' qualifications, has been, or will be, as issued, lodged with the Merchants' Trust, Ltd. (the Trustees), to secure the "A" and "B" Debenture Bonds of the English Company.

The agricultural districts through which the Railways run are thickly populated, and many varieties of crops are produced, including rice, Manila hemp, copra, sugar and tobacco.

Attention is drawn to the accompanying copy of a letter dated 18th June, 1908, from General Edwards, the Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington.

The position and prospects of the old Railway system and of the new lines under construction and to be built are set forth in a letter (enclosed in the prospectus) from Mr. Horace L. Higgins, who has been associated with the Railway from its earliest days, first during construction, and then as General Manager since 1892; Mr. Higgins has a unique knowledge of railway matters in the Philippines, and during his long connection with the Railway has gained the complete confidence of the Directors. Mr. Higgins estimates that the construction of the 444 miles of railroad to be built under the new Concession will cost, approximately, £3,000,000, and that the construction should be completed in 1913. In this estimate provision has been made for interest during the period of construction on the Debenture Bonds issued, and to be issued, to provide the necessary funds for such construction. This interest during the whole construction period will be debited to Capital Account, and during such period any interest allowed by the Bankers on funds lying in their hands, as well as the net earnings of the new lines as each section is put into operation, will be credited to such account.

During the present year the earnings of the old system are expected to show a decrease as compared with 1907 of some £15,000, owing to drought and the abnormally bad rice crop, which is the worst experienced in the Island since the inauguration of the railway 20 years ago. This decrease in earnings is largely attributable to the neglect of the irrigation works during the Spanish-American War. In the favourable seasons which followed these irrigation works were not restored, but, as the restoration will now be taken in hand by the Government, who have already voted a sum for this object, not only must the loss of revenue be considered to be of a temporary nature but the prospects for the future are very encouraging.

Mr. Higgins estimates that for the year 1908 the net earnings on the old system of 208 miles (without taking into account the earnings on any of the new lines) will amount to	£113,200
And the charge, during construction, on the "A" Debenture Bonds against revenue is	£68,000
Mr. Higgins further estimates that in 1913, the first year of the completed system, the net earnings of the 652 miles will be about	£300,000
Whilst the charge on the maximum issue of £3,250,000 "A" Debenture Bonds would amount to	£130,000

The experience of the lines so far built justifies the expectation that their earnings will show considerable expansion from year to year as the country served by the new lines is developed.

Mr. Higgins, in his letter, anticipated that by 30th June, 1908, some 112 miles of new lines would be in operation.

Full particulars relating to the constitution and formation of the Company are contained in the annexed Memorandum.

Applications for the Debenture Bonds may be made on the accompanying form.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from Messrs. Speyer Brothers, No. 7, Lothbury, E.C., or from the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, 31, Lombard Street, E.C.

Copies of the below-mentioned Contracts and Letters, the Plan of Reconstruction, the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and the Trust Deed for securing the Debenture Bonds, may be inspected at the office of Messrs. E. F. Turner & Sons, 115, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., during the usual business hours whilst the list is open.

LONDON, E.C.,
3rd July, 1908.

WAR DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF INSULAR AFFAIRS.
WASHINGTON, *June 18th, 1908.*

MY DEAR MR. CATER SCOTT,

Replying to your enquiry as to my view of the prospects of the Manila Railroad Company, I believe that I can do no better than repeat what I stated in our discussions during the negotia-

tions leading up to the granting of the Concession to the Manila Railroad Company, that is, that the roads covered by the Concession granted under the Act of July 7, 1906, of the Philippine Commission, could not but be profitable from their completion, and increasingly so thereafter, under any fair management.

This opinion was based on my observation, and on the views of the officials of the Philippine Government. It was strengthened by the fact that the Engineer who had completed in 1876 a study of this question for the Spanish Government, had similarly reported with reference to the almost identical lines.

That these roads have, under Mr. H. L. Higgins, not only a fair but an excellent and economical management is the testimony of the Philippine Government.

You know how much the Philippine Government desired the construction of the new railways, and it is a pleasure to note, as I do, in the last report of the Secretary of Commerce and Police, "that the Manila Railroad Company is pushing its construction far in advance of the requirements of the Franchise." The Secretary of War has expressed his gratification at this. It is needless to invite your attention to the fact that the early completion of the branch lines of the Manila Railroad Company will place it in a position to profit fully by the more favourable trade relations with the United States, which it is hoped will soon be extended to the Islands.

Very sincerely,
C. R. EDWARDS
(Brigadier-General, U.S. Army, Chief of Bureau).

C. J. CATER SCOTT, Esq., *Chairman*,
MANILA RAILWAY COMPANY (1906), LIMITED,
LONDON.

MEMORANDUM.

THE MANILA RAILWAY COMPANY (1906), LIMITED (below referred to as "the Company"), was incorporated for the purpose of acquiring and holding the whole of the Loan and Stock Capital (except that required for Directors' qualification) of an American Company, formed in 1906, under the laws of the State of New Jersey, under the title of the Manila Railroad Company (below referred to as "the American Company"), for the purposes and under the circumstances shortly below set out.

In August, 1906, a Concession was granted to the American Company by the United States, which comprises not only the existing 203 miles of railway in the Island of Luzon in the Philippine Islands (which were constructed and worked by the old Manila Railway Company, Limited), but also a further 444 miles, part of which is now in course of construction, and the whole of which must under the Concession be completed in 1913.

The Company will, in effect, control this extended undertaking, since practically the whole of the issued capital of the American Company is vested in the Company or the Trustees for the holders of its "A" and "B" Debenture Bonds, and the Company has agreed to acquire all further Bonds or Stocks hereafter to be issued by the American Company, which will also in due course be vested in the Trustees.

Both of the above issues of "A" and "B" Debenture Bonds are secured by a Trust Deed between the Company of the one part and the Merchants' Trust, Limited, of the other part, under which the entire present and future Capital, both Bonds and Shares (less Directors' qualification) of the American Company is, and will, become vested in the Trustees, and made subject to a first charge in favour of the "A" Debenture Bondholders, and a second charge in favour of the "B" Debenture Bondholders.

The Authorised Loan Capital of the American Company consists of 7,500,000 dol. First Mortgage 6 per Cent. Bonds and 12,500,000 dol. Second Mortgage 7 per Cent. Bonds. Its Stock Capital consists of 6,500,000 dol. 7 per Cent. Cumulative Preferred Stock, and 5,500,000 dol. Common Stock. Of this capital 3,000,000 dol. First Mortgage Bonds, 5,500,000 dol. Second Mortgage Bonds, 2,500,000 dol. Preference Stock and 1,500,000 dol. Common Stock, represented the purchase consideration of the existing railway, and were acquired by the Company, and at their request issued to the Trustees for the "A" and "B" Bondholders of the Company.

The consideration for which the Company acquired these Bonds and Stocks was the issue and payment of £1,257,200 "A" Debenture Bonds, £730,000 "B" Debenture Bonds, £1,180,000 Preference Shares, £399,270 Ordinary Shares, and £43,800 cash.

The Company has also contracted, under Contract No. 4 mentioned below to acquire at par such of the balance of the authorised Loan and Stock Capital of the American Company as it may be called upon to do, and under Contracts Nos. 5 and 7, also mentioned below, sufficient moneys have been provided for the purchase of the following Bonds and Stocks of the American Company, forming part of such balance, namely: 1,250,000 dol. First Mortgage Bonds, 1,750,000 dol. Second Mortgage Bonds, 1,250,000 dol. Preferred Stock, and 610,000 dol. Common Stock. The money received by the American Company against the issue of these further Bonds and Stocks has been, or will be, applied in or towards the construction of the further mileage authorised to be constructed under the new Concession.

The following Contracts have been entered into:—(1) A letter dated the 15th March, 1906, from Messrs. Speyer Brothers to the old Manila Company, and a letter dated the 22nd March, 1906, from that Company to Messrs. Speyer Brothers in answer thereto, by which that Company undertook to pay or procure the payment to Messrs. Speyer Brothers of certain sums as remuneration for their services in connection with the prosecution of that Company's claim against the United States for damage to their line done in the course of the Spanish-American War and the obtaining of the new Concession. This arrangement, except as regards the sum of £10,000 payable under the first head, is in effect superseded by Agreement No. 5. The letter of 22nd March, 1906, was confirmed by Messrs. Speyer Brothers by letter dated the 23rd March, 1906. (2) A contract made the First day of January, 1907, between the old Manila Company of the one part, and the American Company of the other part, being an agreement for the sale of the whole railway system and undertaking of the old Manila Company to the American Company, for the consideration in Bonds and Stocks above stated. (3) A contract made the First day of January, 1907, between the old Manila Company of the one part, and the Company of the other part, being an agreement for the sale to the Company of the whole of the above-mentioned Bonds and Stocks of the American Company for the consideration above stated. (4) A contract made the First day of January, 1907, between the Company of the one part, and the American Company of the other part, being a contract by which the Company undertakes in effect (subject to various conditions and restrictions) to purchase in cash at their par value the rest of the above-mentioned loan and stock capital of the American Company as and when required to be issued in order to raise money for the completion of the railway system comprised in the Concession. (5) A contract made the First day of February, 1907 (below referred to as the "Service Agreement"), between the Company of the one part, and Messrs. Speyer Brothers on behalf of themselves and others of the other part, whereby, in consideration of various services and cash commitments hereinafter specified in detail, the Company agrees to issue to Messrs. Speyer Brothers or their nominees as fully paid the "A" and "B" Debenture Bonds and Preference Shares of the Company below referred to as to be issued under the Service Agreement. (6) Two letters, dated respectively 6th June, 1907, and 12th June, 1907, from Messrs. Speyer Brothers to Mr. William Mendel, and two letters, dated respectively 10th June, 1907, and 29th June, 1907, from Mr. William Mendel to Messrs. Speyer Brothers. (7) A contract dated the 16th June, 1908 (supplemental to the Service Agreement), between the Company of the one part, and Messrs. Speyer Brothers on behalf of themselves and others of the other part, embodying and superseding letters dated the 7th August and 10th August, the 2nd December, the 5th December, the 9th December, 1907, and the 17th January, 1908, and passing between the same parties.

The Bonds and Shares issued and to be issued to Messrs. Speyer Brothers, or their nominees, as fully paid under the Service Agreement and the Contract No. 7 above referred to consist of £442,300 "A" Debenture Bonds, £1,100,000 "B" Debenture Bonds, and £820,000 Preference Shares, which were agreed to be issued to them in consideration of their assisting the Company in carrying through the plan of Reconstruction under which the Company was formed, and acting as managers of such plan; of their guaranteeing that the holders of the fixed charges of the old Manila Company would accept the £1,257,200 "A" Debenture Bonds of the Company offered under the plan in exchange for their securities; of their providing and paying on behalf of the Company the £43,800 cash part of the consideration payable under Contract No. 3, the preliminary expenses of the Company, including the stamp duties immediately payable on the Trust Deed, and on £1,700,000 "A" Bonds and £1,830,000 "B" Bonds of the Company, and also all the legal and other expenses incidental to the promotion and incorporation of the American Company, the negotiations for and grant of the new concession and the formulation of and carrying out the Plan of Reconstruction of their paying or providing the Company with the sum of 4,860,000 dol. required by it for taking up (under Contract No. 4 above) Bonds and Stocks of the Railroad Company of that aggregate nominal value; of the services rendered by them to the old Company through their New York House in obtaining the new concession for the American Company; and of their permitting the moneys provided by them for the construction only of the first 150 miles of line to be used also for the construction simultaneously of further mileage and of their maintaining and furthering the credit of the Company by procuring a postponement of the realisation by their friends of the Bonds held by Messrs. Speyer Brothers for their account under unfavourable market conditions.

The liabilities for the cash commitments of Messrs. Speyer Brothers under the Service Agreement have been distributed amongst Messrs. Speyer Brothers, Messrs. Speyer & Co., and the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, with certain other persons and corporations who took no part in arranging the terms of the Plan of Reconstruction or in the promotion of the Company, but are interested in the realisation of the above-mentioned Bonds and Shares.

No.....

The Manila Railway Company (1906), Limited.

OFFER OF £1,250,000 FOUR PER CENT. "A" DEBENTURE BONDS

AT 83 PER CENT.

To Messrs. SPEYER BROTHERS,
7, LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.

,, *the* HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION,
31, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

I/We request you to allot me/us £.....of the Four per Cent. "A" Debenture Bonds of the above Company upon the terms of the Prospectus issued by you dated 3rd July, 1908.

I/We enclose £....., being a deposit of 5 per cent. on the above amount, and I/we engage to accept that or any less amount you may allot to me/us and to make the further payments thereon in accordance with the said Prospectus.

*Signature*_____
*Name in full*_____
(Add whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and Title, if any.)
*Address in full*_____

PLEASE WRITE DISTINCTLY.

*Date*_____ *1908.*

Cheques to be made payable to "Bearer."

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

A LIBRARY OF PEACE AND WAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

F. W. HIRST.

1/- NET.

THE

NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,

14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE INQUIRER

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL RELIGION

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:

6/6 per year, to all parts of the World.

Published every Friday at

3, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

Dr. W. H. FITCHETT and PUBLIC OPINION.

Dr. W. H. Fitchett, M.A., the author of "Fights for the Flag" and "Deeds that won the Empire," who lives in Melbourne, Australia, sends the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION:—

DEAR MR. PARKER,

I get your PUBLIC OPINION regularly, and find it most interesting and valuable, a matchless bit of journalistic work. It ought to find a place, for one thing, in every newspaper office outside London, for nothing else I know gives such a reflex of the thought in the current history of the world.

Yours ever,
W. H. FITCHETT.

PUBLIC OPINION A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.

Every Friday Twopence

EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

PUBLIC OPINION, 30 & 31, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

SPECIMENS FREE ON APPLICATION.

NOW READY

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Midsummer Term

CONTENTS

"THE CALL." A POEM BY
George Meredith, O.M.

Military Memoirs of a Confederate W. Gordon McCabe
The Nation; Oxford & Cambridge - J. A. Venn
A Russian Mystery Play - - Maurice Baring
The Last Great Fight at Eton Arthur Crawshay
The Croatian Deadlock - - - V. Hussey Walsh
Humanism True and False - - - - G. M. Young
The Glories of Salamanca Julius César Sanchez
The Frenchwoman of the Eighteenth Century R. F. Smalley
The Nature and Function of Poetry Maurice Browne

Price 2/6 Net.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.

10 Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C.

how Nesta's prudent relatives try to prevent her befriending Mrs. Marsett, a lady of dubious reputation, and how the friendship between the two women works out for good. Spiritual commentaries in art, such as Miss Sinclair's, are indeed almost the only corrective modern society allows us to the bald and often indecent sensational reports of our newspapers on divorce court scandals. And as a spiritual corrective we welcome "Kitty Tailleur."

On their stay at the Cliff Hotel, Southbourne, the Lucys, brother and sister, are struck by "the intolerable impudence of the public gaze" whenever Mrs. Tailleur, a lady of twenty-seven, with "a sweet face, curiously foreshortened by a low forehead and the briefest of chins," appears with her companion, Miss Keating. The men either turn their heads away when they pass her or fix on her furtive and objectionable smiles, or seem unaware of her existence, and the women leave her in splendid and painful isolation. And it is borne in on the widower, Robert Lucy, who at thirty-five has preserved the chivalrous innocence of youth, that he must do something for the protection of Mrs. Tailleur, when he notes how the women drive her from the drawing-room, and how her face, delicate, sad, "with its fixed look of artificial maturity," calls aloud to him for pity. Robert Lucy accordingly introduces himself and his sister to Mrs. Tailleur, at which fact everybody stares with supreme wonder, but the two do not find it easy to get to know her. Mrs. Tailleur appears shy, very reticent, and distrustful of herself, and, oddly enough, she seems to be ten times more afraid of Jane than of her brother. And at this point the situation becomes painfully electric through the sudden enlightenment of Mrs. Tailleur's companion, Miss Keating. Miss Keating, who has been picked up by Kitty at a northern hydropathic, is one of those forlorn and dreary spinsters who become permanently embittered by ministering to a succession of querulous old women and selfish invalids. She prides herself on her intense respectability, since she has nothing else to be proud of, and she becomes the personification of outraged virtue when she learns through Mrs. Jurd that Mrs. Hankin has said that "Mrs. Tailleur is ——." In a striking scene we are shown Miss Keating refusing to speak to her late employer, repudiating with violence all the gifts with which Kitty has loaded her, packing her boxes with trembling indignation, and driving off to the Hotel Metropole. The guests at the Cliff Hotel have, of course, no evidence against Mrs. Tailleur, but their instincts have not deceived them: Kitty has had many adventures, and she is, at this juncture, in the hands of a Mr. Wilfred Marston. Meanwhile Robert Lucy has passed from the stage of chivalrous indignation to tenderness, and from tenderness to love. He has surprised Kitty on the cliff on the night of Miss Keating's departure, crying in an attitude of exhausted misery and sick abandonment, and the next day he asks her to marry him. It is easy to understand that Kitty, who has never met this sort of man before, is overwhelmed by the fact of his chivalry, his tenderness, and his innocence, and that she loves him for these qualities, which astonish her and fill her with shame, exultation, and anxiety. She accepts him, despite her forebodings, and Robert Lucy sends for his two little girls, Janet and Barbara. On the day that they arrive, however, Mr. Wilfred Marston puts in an appearance at the Cliff Hotel.

Mr. Wilfred Marston is, we think, the best drawn figure in the novel. A man of the world, "professing the utmost devotion to good women, the women whom his mother and his sisters knew," he is soon bored by their society, and so has "gravitated by taste and temperament to the women of the underworld." In his cool, hard, and rather brutal fashion he is fond of Kitty Tailleur, and when he learns of the astonishing news of her engagement after ten days' acquaintanceship to Robert Lucy, he determines, inwardly, to retain his hold of her, but outwardly he is careful not to give her secret away, and he supports her deception. Marston plays, rather skilfully, a waiting game, and the scenes in which he argues with Kitty that Robert Lucy is bound to discover her past, sooner or later, and that she cannot, in fact, practise such a fraud on an innocent man, and that to do so will be "a beastly shame," are very close to life. Kitty, however, *dares* not confess her past to Robert Lucy, and asserts that either "it'll kill me if he knows," or that she will commit suicide.

It is here that the hidden flaw in the novel becomes apparent, the flaw which gravely impairs its force and value as a work of art. While we must allow that the gathering strain of Kitty's agitation is well done, we are not convinced by the tragic issue—Kitty's suicide. And, searching narrowly the pages to understand why it is that the poignancy of her final confession of her past to Lucy, and of her cry, "you can't marry me now," and of his reply "No," leaves us chilled and wondering, we perceive that the unreality lies in Lucy's relation to her, that this man has never really loved her, and is, in fact, however skilfully it be disguised, a figure half unreal. We do not believe that a man who could have been so thrilled with pity for Kitty's defencelessness could, in the first place, have so totally excluded from his thought, the possibility of her being "a woman of no reputation." However idealistic and chivalrous this middle-aged man may be, the fact that she is surrounded by people who are treating her all day as an improper person would have made him doubly anxious about her position, and he would have said: "Even if she has a past, these people are behaving odiously to her." It is with a shock of astonishment that we learn not merely that Lucy fails to grasp what everybody else has understood, but that he does not even wonder whether she has been divorced, or is the victim of some scandal. His imagination, through his "niceness," is absolutely blank! and this, taken in conjunction with his preposterous offer, after Kitty's confession, to find a home for her where he is never to come unless she be "in difficulty or in danger," gives his love an air of sentimental unreality.

It is equally strange that when Robert betroths himself to a woman of whom everybody is talking, Miss Jane Lucy should feel no feminine anxiety about Mrs. Tailleur's past or her vindication. The Lucys behave, in fact, like angels from another world, and though the reader perceives this sub-consciously it is only at the close, when Kitty's revelation brings to her the tragic consequence, that he discovers he has been tricked by the author's dexterity into accepting people who are half lay figures. The characters thus wear an air of having been gently manipulated in order to bring off the tragedy. It is a pity, for Kitty Tailleur's character is drawn with great delicacy of touch, and the effect of Wilfred Marston's hard, cynical hold on her bruised soul is rendered with profound feminine understanding. There *is* tragedy in the tale, but it is the tragedy of Kitty's life, not of her death that affects us. It is curious that the artistic weakness of "The Helpmate," which mattered less, should spring from the same cause—the author's incapacity to draw truthfully the figure of a "nice man." The author might have gently satirised Robert Lucy's idealism and shown us that it is only masculine egoism with a new face, or she might have made Kitty lie to her lover at first, and the tragedy spring from the lie. As it is, the story is a fine piece of work marred by a central flaw.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The current number of "The Nineteenth Century and After" opens with an article on "The Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance," by Mr. J. Ellis Barker. The tone is hostile to Germany, and much is made of the commercial and political benefits which this country might expect from a closer understanding with Russia. Mr. Barker, however, repudiates the view taken by the German Press that Great Britain tried to isolate Germany, and to hedge her in with a network of *ententes* in order to raise a European coalition against her. The object of the Triple Entente is, he says—

> "not war, but peace, and it must be assumed that its aim is threefold. It aims at creating a counterpoise to the Triple Alliance, in order to preserve the balance of power in Europe, it aims at taking from the strongest European Power the temptation of breaking peace, and it aims at settling, preferably by a friendly arrangement and without war, some of the great problems of Europe which possibly may come up for settlement in the near future."

Sir Bampfylde Fuller, in an article called "The 'Vision Splendid' of Indian Youth," describes the unrest in India as "a drama presented by a company of juveniles," and thinks that the new departures called for are the strengthening and reform of educational supervision and the

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's
Navy Cut
Tobacco and
Cigarettes

Sold only in the original Packets and Tins, and may be obtained from all Stores and Tobacconists of repute

0487.

TANGYE
OIL ENGINE
AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.
NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING
TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE
RED WHITE & BLUE
Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

Liver troubles

are speedily and effectually cured by LIVERETS. The great disadvantage of most liver medicines is that they have a distinctly debilitating effect on the health.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) Liverets

Are especially compounded to overcome this evil. Prepared, as prescribed by an eminent physician, from purely vegetable ingredients, they thoroughly cleanse the liver of all impurities and leave it perfectly healthy. And the valuable tonic properties they possess, stimulate the liver while they relieve it, and, finally, make it sound and strong enough to enable it to perform its functions in a healthy, natural way. Of all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free, 1/1½, from

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. Beware of spurious imitations.

BIRKBECK BANK
ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

SHIPPING.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA and
AROUND THE WORLD
(Viâ NEW YORK and SAN FRANCISCO).

By the Steamers of the { PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO. / OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL S.S. CO. / TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

THROUGH TICKETS from EUROPE issued at SPECIAL RATES. WEEKLY SAILINGS from San Francisco, 14,000 and 12,000 tons, twin-screw steamers, LARGEST and FASTEST on the Pacific.

For rates, berths, tickets, &c., apply to the
GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,
London Offices—West End, 22, Cockspur-street, S.W.;
City, 49, Leadenhall-street, E.C.;
And at 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

HIGHEST QUALITY
TURKISH TOWELS
AND SIMILAR GOODS.
SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

control of the Press. Major-General C. H. Owen criticises Mr. Haldane's Territorial Army scheme. Dr. Emery Barnes urges the Lambeth Conference to promote a revision of the present rubric, which compels clergymen to recite the Damnatory Clauses of the Athanasian Creed. M. Augustin Hamon has a lively and penetrating article on Mr. Bernard Shaw, whom he describes as "a new Molière"—that is to say, a serious and pertinent critic of life. Other articles are "Women and the Suffrage," by Lady Lovat; "The Khedive of Egypt," by Mr. Edward Dicey, who describes him, we think, correctly, as willing to be our friend if we will be his; "Poverty in London and in New Zealand: A Study in Contrasts," by Mrs. Grossmann; and "The Empire and Anthropology," by Sir Harry M. Johnston.

* * *

"The Fortnightly Review" begins with a study of "The Influence of English Thought upon the French Mind," by M. Yves Guyot. "Calchas" discusses "The Triple Entente," and reaches the conclusion that, unless war is declared at Berlin, it will not be declared. "If the sword is drawn at last it will not be because Germany is isolated, but because the Bismarckian principle of isolating every other Power has finally failed." Sir H. H. Johnston holds in "Britain and Belgium" that, if "we or the other contracting African Powers of the Berlin Act allow, by lassitude or indifference, a continuance of the present state of affairs over two-thirds of the Congo basin, we shall find ourselves involved with Belgium in an uprising of the black man against the white, which not all the Arms Conferences will avail to keep under." Mr. H. C. Minchin contributes a pleasant article on Thomas Fuller; Mr. J. A. R. Marriott writes on Lady Falkland; Mr. W. G. H. Gritten examines the present condition of the Unionist Party; and Mr. Francis Gribble discusses "The Pose of Mr. Arthur Symons."

* * *

The first two articles in "The Contemporary Review" treat of the feminist movement, Mrs. Teresa Billington-Grieg dealing with the general question of "The Rebellion of Woman," while Mr. Bertrand Russell confines himself to a discussion of "Liberalism and Women's Suffrage," in which he strongly urges the Liberal Party to support the demand that women should have votes on the same terms as men, *i.e.*, the limited Bill. Professor Dowden contributes a delightful article on "Goethe's West-Eastern Divan," into which a number of graceful translations of the lyrics are introduced. Mr. George Haw has a spirited indictment of the Local Government Board, whose methods he declares to be dilatory, reactionary, hard, and inefficient, and Mr. N. MacNicol argues with force in "The Future of India" that a "responsible share" in its entire administration should be given to the people of the country if "the honour of England and the safety of India" are to be preserved. There is the usual literary supplement, which includes an article by "Museus" on "The Astronomy of Shakespeare."

* * *

A Novel-reader's Guide. "Love and the Poor Suitor." By Percy White. (Hutchinson. 6s.) The love story of a young artist and a clergyman's daughter, sympathetically told, and seasoned with the satirical humour that marks all Mr. White's work.—"The Flying Scroll." By Hugh Mant. (John Long. 6s.) A readable romance concerned with the famous "Flying Scroll," which contained the names of the Jacobite conspirators of 1745.—"The Quests of Paul Beck." By M. McDonnell Bodkin. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.) A collection of detective stories in which the detective is uniformly successful. The writing is good and the plots skilfully contrived.—"The Ava Mining Syndicate." By Cecil Lewis. (Greening. 6s.) A brisk adventure story of which the scene is laid in Burma.—"Green at Greyhouse." By R. S. Warren Bell. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.) A story of school life, introducing some thrilling doings connected with the claimant to a Continental throne.—"Lady Athlyne." By Bram Stoker. (Heinemann. 6s.) A humorous and well-written romance dealing with a Scottish peer and a fire-eating American Colonel.—"Shadowed." By Barbara Glynn. (Ouseley. 6s.) The plot is concerned with the robbery of a diamond necklace, but the characters are drawn with more care than is usual in detective stories. A promising first novel.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, June 26.	Price Friday Morning, July 3.
Consols 2½ per cent.	87 13/16	... 87⅞
German 3 per cent.	81½	... 81½
Russian 5 per cent....	95½	... 95¼
London General Omnibus	40½	... 43½
Union Pacific Railway	147⅝	... 149⅛
Grand Trunk Ordinary	17¾	... 17 5/16
Canadian-Pacific	164⅜	... 164

Markets generally have been steady but idle during the last week. Speculation seems to be at a standstill, but money becomes cheaper and cheaper. The principal events from the London Stock Exchange point of view have been the continued slump in Canadian railway traffics and the London omnibus combine. A certain interest is taken just now, both here and in Paris, in Peruvian Corporation stocks, and some people are also paying attention to Central America. The troubles in Mexico caused some anxiety, which, however, has been allayed. The conflict and bloodshed in Teheran are but little noticed; nobody in the City ever put faith in the Persian Parliament, and the Anglo-Russian agreement is relied upon to prevent embarrassing complications.

The Canadian Railways.

Although the falling off in the traffics of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific has been prodigious in the last month or two, it must be remembered that there was not quite such collapse of securities in Canada as occurred in the United States. This was due to the superior strength and soundness of the Canadian banking system. But seeing that Canadian railways and land companies, notably Hudson's Bay, did not suffer such a slump as railroad and industrial corporations in the States, it is quite possible that present prices will prove more difficult to maintain in view of traffic decreases. Last year Canadian Pacific rose to 202 and fell to 142. Now, with much worse traffics, they are well above their worst. Even Grand Trunks, after falling from 33 last year to 14 a few months ago, are now at 17. Last year the 5 per cent. Second Preference and the 4 per cent. Third Preference rose to the ridiculous figures of 113½ and 76. It is safe to prophesy that we shall not see them at such altitudes for a long time to come. What has prevented prices from falling to a much lower level is, of course, the harvest prospect. Everything points to the Canadian crop being a very fine one; but it will be some time yet before the railways and trade begin to benefit.

The London Omnibuses.

Until a couple of years ago the London General Omnibus was a very stable and profitable concern. Its ordinary stock of about three-quarters of a million varied in 1904 and 1905 between 129 and 97. In the following year it dropped to 80, and last year (when the dividend was passed) it collapsed to 37. Tubes, trams, and motor omnibuses were the joint causes of its ruin. Whether now that it has absorbed its equally unfortunate competitors, the London Road Car and the Vanguards, it is likely to recover its prosperity is a difficult question to answer. I think it should be able to do so, provided the Board is able to reorganise the service and adjust it to the new conditions. Everything depends upon the competence of the Board and of the managers it employs.

Gilt-Edged Securities.

The rise of Consols to 88 is a welcome result of the combined action of cheap money and a large Sinking Fund. I am told by good brokers in the City that a large and steady investment business has been going on in the best classes of securities. The rise has been retarded by the large output of new issues, which has been much greater than last year. But in some cases the appreciation has been marked. Thus the Pennsylvania bonds are already at a premium of more than 6 per cent. It is natural and usual during the hot weather that speculation in other types of securities should be dormant, and the uncertainties of the Presidential election accentuate the apathy of Wall Street. Berlin seems to be in a rather more comfortable frame of mind now that the Kaiser is off for a holiday. holiday.

Lucellum.

PERFECT FIRE PROTECTION.

THE PEARSON AUTOMATIC FIRE ALARM

has been for many years in entirely successful operation in risks of greatly varying character.

It is protecting Property of upwards of £20,000,000 in value
It has notified 58 fires. Total losses £675.

A Notable Record for One Week Only.

January 4th, 1908.
Fire notified at Frank's Confectionery Works, Cardiff.
Loss under £10.

January 10th, 1908.
Fire notified at 10·30 p.m. at Cleveland Car Company's Garage, Darlington. **Loss trifling under £10.**

January 12th, 1908.
Fire notified at 2 a.m. Sunday morning at Nicholas' Saw Mills, Dock-street, Newport (Mon.) **Loss £113.**

THE PEARSON THERMOSTAT is self compensating for all ordinary working variations in temperature. The system is passed for maximum rebates by the Tariff Fire Insurance Companies.

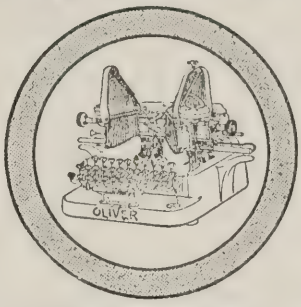
The latest fire notified was at Messrs. Bradbury Greatorex & Co., Aldermanbury, E.C., on June 4th. The damage was under £2, and the full force of the London Fire Brigade called by the Pearson Automatic Fire Alarm, were on the scene within 3 minutes of the outbreak.

For Particulars and Estimates (free) apply:—

The Pearson Fire Alarm Ltd.,

JEWIN HOUSE, REDCROSS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE NEW NO. 5 OLIVER Typewriter



The Standard Visible Writer
BRISTLES WITH NEW AND VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

Leaflet N. gives Particulars.

OLIVER TYPEWRITER Co.,Ltd.,
75, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Branches, etc., everywhere.

EXHIBITIONS.

The London Missionary Society.

THE ORIENT IN LONDON.

A GREAT MISSIONARY EXHIBITION,
Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, N.
JUNE 4—JULY 11.
Open Every Weekday, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Admission, before 6 p.m., 1s.; after 6 o'clock, 6d.

100 FOREIGN SCENES, TABLEAUX,
THE HALL OF RELIGIONS, &c., &c.

Seats may now be booked by letter to the Pageant Box Office, Agricultural Hall, or by telephone, North 1,133, for the

PAGEANT OF DARKNESS & LIGHT.

FREE CHOIRS AND ORCHESTRAS. 800 PARTICIPANTS.
Every Evening, at 8; Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3.30. 5s., 2s, 6d., 1s., & 6d.

BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS. **Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.**

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]
MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Moat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains
Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it WILL BE REPLACED.

EDUCATIONAL.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities, Citizenship Course, Leisure Hour Work (Natural History, Archæology, Carpentry, etc.).

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

SCHOLARSHIP ENTRIES DUE JULY 1ST.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

WILLASTON SCHOOL, NANTWICH.

In the Cheshire Plain, four miles from Crewe. Opened in 1900. Modern Buildings, standing in 24 acres of grounds. Preparations for University Scholarships and Matriculation, or for Professional and Commercial life.

NEXT ENTRANCE EXAMINATION JULY 21st, AT THE SCHOOL.

For prospectus and particulars of admission on the Foundation, apply to the Head Master, H. L. JONES, M.A. (Oxon.), or to the Clerk to the Governors 38, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

DALTON HALL OF RESIDENCE
UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Affiliated to the University. Contains Study Bedrooms for Fifty Students, with Dining Hall, Library, Class Room, Common Room, Billiard Room, Workshop, Fives and Tennis Courts, Football Field and Garden. Stands on three and a-half acres in a residential Park. Large staff of Tutors, and all social and athletic advantages of college life. Managed on undenominational lines by the Society of Friends.

JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.

Each packet is dated with the year of issue.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.

All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.

67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye. Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort, 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.

BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell. Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.

GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647,

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.

WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager

ANDERSON ANDERSON & ANDERSON LTD.

CATALOG POST FR

THE WATERPROOFERS. THE RUBBER HOU

ANDERSONS' ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, Ltd.

GOLD MEDAL

INDIA RUBBER, WATERPROOF and OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS.

WATER BEDS, &c.

HORSE SHOE WATER PILLOWS.
Super Quality. Specially adapted for the Sacrum, and also the Neck and Shoulders. 14/6 each

SPINAL WATER CUSHION
Super Quality
22 by 16 ins. about 29/6

CIRCULAR WATER PILLOW.

With Open Centre	Super Quality.
17 in.	12/9
19 in.	16/-
21 in.	17/9

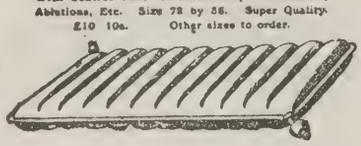
WATER PILLOWS
Super Quality.

18 by 20 ins. about	19/9
18 by 22 ins. "	23/6
20 by 24 ins. "	28/-
22 by 27 ins. "	35/6
24 by 30 ins. "	40/6
24 by 36 ins. "	43/6
27 by 33 ins. "	49/6
30 by 36 ins. "	68/6

WATER BEDS
With Central Tube for Involuntary Evacuations, Ablutions, Etc. Size 72 by 36. Super Quality £10 10s. Other sizes to order.

WATER CUSHIONS OR BEDS.
Super Quality.

24 by 30 in. about	55/-
27 by 33 in. "	64/6
30 by 36 in. "	77/6
30 by 42 in. "	91/-
36 by 36 in. "	96/6



"SUPER" QUALITY

72 by 36 in. (usual size) about	£9 6 0
60 by 36 in. "	£7 15 0
48 by 36 in. "	£5 17 6

"UNION" QUALITY.
Thoroughly Sound and Reliable.

72 by 36 in. about	£7 10 0
42 by 30 in. "	£3 17 6
24 by 30 in. "	£1 16 6

"HYGIENIC."
Although our second quality, they are thoroughly reliable and quite equal to the Bottles sold by most firms as best quality.

Sizes	Prices
10 by 6 in.	3/6
11 by 7 in.	4/-
12 by 8 in.	4/6
13 by 9 in.	5/6
14 by 10 in.	6/-

As supplied to the London Fever Hospital.

Sizes	Prices	Natural Red Nikata	Wool Cygnet
8 by 4 in.	3/-	1/-	2/3
9 by 5 in.	3/6	1/-	2/3
10 by 6 in.	4/3	1/-	2/3
11 by 7 in.	5/-	1/1	2/6
12 by 8 in.	5/6	1/3	2/9
13 by 9 in.	6/3	1/3	3/-
14 by 10 in.	7/3	1/6	3/6
15 by 11 in.	9/-	1/10	4/-
16 by 12 in.	8/11	2/1	4/6

NOTE.—These Goods are of the same quality as those presented by us to the Princess of Wales' Hospital Ship, Hospital Ship "Maine," Welsh Yeomanry Hospital, also Maidstone during the Epidemic

FOR TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF WATER BEDS ON HIRE, SEE PAGE 66.

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

ANDERSONS' ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, Ltd.

GOLD MEDAL

RUBBER, WATERPROOF and OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS

FISHING WATERPROOFS

THIRTY-ONE PRIZE MEDALS AND AWARDS.

The "BUCKLAND" JACKET. 47/6
Well Ventilated. Storm Cuffs and Fly. With Hooks to shorten to Semi-Jacket for Deep Wading, preventing draggling in Water. 34 in. and 37 in. long.

The LADIES' "BUCKLAND."
Dark Fawn Fishing Costume.

Jacket	47/6
Skirt	31/6
Gaiters	8/11

The "BUCKLAND" COAT. 57/6
For Fishing, Shooting, General Wear.
Well Ventilated, Storm Cuff and Fly. With Hooks to shorten into Jacket for Wading.

OVERALL TROUSERS
(Double Seated).
For Boat Fishing, &c.
With Waterproof Flap behind the Fly Front.
In strong Double Texture.
Twill, No. R14 ... 25/-
Black Rubber ... 21/-
Fawn or Blue Black ... 22/6

STORM CAP.
(Ventilated).
Black Rubber, 2/9, 3/9, 6/6.
Double Texture 6/6, 8/3, 10/6.

THE "HAMPSHIRE."
33 in. or 36 in. long.

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
25/-	21/-	15/6	10/6

THE "KNOOKABOUT" HAT.
No. 16, 7/6.
No. 10, 6/6.
Folds small for pocket.

OVERALL SKIRTS.
(Double Seated).
For Boat Fishing, &c.
In strong Double Texture.
33 in. long ... 21/-
36 in. " ... 23/6
39 in. " ... 26/-
Oilskin 15/6

ANDERSONS' ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON Ltd

GOLD MEDAL

RUBBER, WATERPROOF AND OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS.

YACHTING OILSKINS

SWIMMING COLLARS.
Grey Rubber, with Striped Stockinette Cover, 5/-

SOILED LINEN BAGS.
With Brass Handle and Padlock, 34in. deep.
Strong Brown Canvas 7/6
Waterproof Canvas 10/6

THIRTY-ONE PRIZE MEDALS AND AWARDS.

AIRPROOF LIFEBELTS.

35in.	36in.	40in.	44in.	48in.
9/9	10/6	12/-	13/9	15/3

CANV
For Ya
Boat
and Tra
Brown o
36in. by
37/
Brown o
50in. by
52/
Brow
82/6 an

THE "QUARTERDECK."
Pure Rubber, Leather Lined, Leather Feet and Soles, 52/6, with Hobs, 55/-

Superior quality Leather Lined Knee Boot, 75/-

OILSKINS FOR GENTLEMEN

	Coats.	Jackets.	Trousers.	Waiters.
"SANDRINGHAM," Silk, for Strength and Coolness	47/6	37/6	25/-	7/6
"OSBORNE," for Lightness and Durability	29/6	24/6	13/6	6/6
"HURRICANE," for Strength and Resistance	25/-	21/-	12/6	4/6
"ROUGHSEA," for Rough General Work	15/6	12/6	7/6	3/6
"CRUISER," for Pleasure Cruising, Boating, &c.... Heavy	13/6	10/6	6/3	2/6
Light	9/6	7/6	4/3	1/9

OILSKINS FOR LADIES.

	Coat.	Jacket.	Skirt.	Hood.	Hood with Cape.
"SANDRINGHAM"	50/-	32/6	27/6	7/6	9/6
"OSBORNE"	35/-	25/-	18/6	5/6	7/6
SOU'WESTERS				7/6 and 6/6	

"Sandringham," Yellow only. All Others, Yellow or Black.

"J.W.L." (lined wo
"Snowdr (lined wo
"Highla (lined w
"Norfolk (lined wo

ANDERSONS' ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON Ltd

GOLD MEDAL

RUBBER, WATERPROOF AND OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS.

FISHING WADERS

N.B. No. 1—HARD WEAR.
No. 1w—Wide Fitting for Extra Clothing.
No. 2.—MEDIUM WEAR.

N.B. No. 3—LIGHT WEAR.
No. 4—MEDIUM WEAR.
No. 5—MEDIUM WEAR.

THIRTY-ONE GOLD MEDALS AND AWARDS.

TROUSERS.
Showing Waist Belt, Woollen Socks and a pair of Leather and Canvas Brogues.

No. 1	52/6	No. 3	57/6
No. 1w	55/-	No. 4	52/6
No. 2	47/6	No. 5	36/6

BELTS 5/-
BRACES 5/6

"BUCKLAND" Combination Waders with attached Leather Brogues, No. 1 70/-

FISHING STOCKINGS.

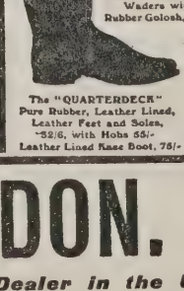
No. 1	55/-	No. 3	35/6
No. 1w	37/6	No. 4	21/-
No. 2	31/6	No. 5	16/6

"DEVONSHIRE" Combination Waders with attached Rubber Brogues, No. 2 44/6

"NORGE" Semi-
Upper part, O
Tweed, with P
Waterpool
No. 1, 82/6. No.

The "OVERBOOT" Waders with Rubber Goloshe, 57/6

The "HAMPSHIRE" 50/-

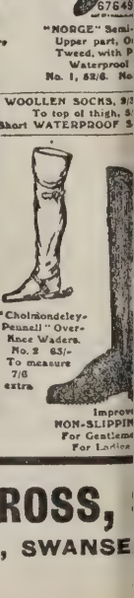


The "QUARTERDECK" Pure Rubber, Leather Lined, Leather Feet and Soles, 52/6, with Hobs 55/- Leather Lined Knee Boot, 75/-

The "SUTHERLAND." Pure Rubber Lined Leather with attached High Leather Brogues, 95/-

"SILVERBURN" Shallow Waders, the Extension over Knee (dark pattern) turns inside.
No. 3, 25/6 No. 4, 20/-
No. 3, 23/6 No. 5, 16/6
If without Knee Extension, 4/6 less.

WOOLLEN SOCKS, 9/
To top of thigh, 5/
Short WATERPROOF 3/



"Cholmondeley-Pennell" Over-Knee Waders. No. 2 63/-
To measure 7/6 extra.

Improv
NON-SLIPPIN
For Gentlem
For Ladies

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION

37, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. LONDON. 58-59 CHARING CROSS,

70, QUEEN STREET, CARDIFF. 23, CASTLE STREET, SWANSE

Or from every high-class Dealer in the United Kingdom.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1908.

THE NATION, July 11, 1908.

SPECIAL POETRY AND FICTION NUMBER.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 15.] SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Diary of the Week 511

Politics and Affairs:—
The Quarrel in the Navy... 514
The Final Form of the Pensions Bill 515
The New Railway Situation 516
The Power of a Modern Newspaper 517

Life and Letters:—
A Study in "Overlooking." By W. Hale White ("Mark Rutherford") ... 519
Molière and Modern Drama 520
The City of Dead Waters ... 521
The Interval 522

The Drama:—
The Art of Stage Dancing. By H. W. M. 523

Music:—
An Artist and some "Stars" 524

Poetry:—
Thoughts. By William Watson 525
A Dream. By W. B. Yeats 525
Starlight Distilleth. By Herbert Trench 525
The Gad-Fly. By Padraic Colum 526
Love's Birth. By William H. Davies 526
The Dreamers Know. By the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond 526
Companionship. By R. M. 526

Communications:—
The Control of the Upper Thames. By Philip Morrell, M.P. 527

Letters to the Editor:—
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By the Writer of the Article, A Country Dweller, G. M. M., and Henry W. Beater 527
The Anglican Church and Marriage. By Richard T. Gates 529
Is the Drama Dying? By Euphemia Stevens 529
"Over-Delicacy of Speech." By B. 529

PAGE

The Prevention of Crime Bill. By H. S. Salt 530
What Does "Votes for Women" Mean? By Manchester School, Emily Tomlinson, A. Z., and T. Wilson 531
Association of Subscribers to Charities. By Lord Avebury 531

The World of Books 532
Books to be Read 532

Reviews:—
Anatole France 533
The Great Days of Ireland... 534
The Outlook for English Fiction 535
A Comb of Honey 538
The Temple of Art 540

A Guide to Summer Fiction 540
The Fourth Ship 540
A Man of Genius 542
My Son and I 542
The Flemings 542
The Bishop's Scapegoat ... 542
The White Wedding 542
The Dual Heritage 544
The Key of the Door 544
The Human Boy 544
The Thief on the Cross ... 544
Anne Page 544
A Tangled Web 544
Keepers of the House 544
A Suburban Scandal 546
The Last Shore 546
Love's Shadow 546
The Woman who Vowed ... 546
Dominy's Dollars 546
Armadin 546

Books in Brief:—
Mr. Gladstone at Oxford. 1890 546
The Shakespeare Problem Restated 546
The King's Customs 548
The Tyrol 548
Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties ... 548
The English People Overseas 548
The Peacock's Pleasaunce 550
Thoughts on Business ... 550
A Novel-Reader's Guide ... 550

The Week in the City ... 550

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The standing, and, it would appear, never ending, quarrel between Sir John Fisher and his adherents on the one hand, and Lord Charles Beresford and his friends on the other, has been brought to something of a head during the week. A special Press campaign appears to be carried on against Lord Charles Beresford. The two chief offences charged against him have been that he refused to shake hands with Sir John Fisher at a recent Levée and that last week during the Fleet manœuvres he ordered the "Argyll" and the "Good Hope" to turn towards each other from a distance of about 1,200 yards, and that a collision was only averted by Sir Percy Scott's refusal to obey orders. It seems to us that it is no credit to British journalism to circulate such a story at a time when Lord Charles Beresford was cruising on the coast of Scotland, and could not be communicated with. Finally, the question has appeared in Parliament, the Prime Minister declaring that the Government had no knowledge of the alleged dissensions "apart from unverified rumours," but that they would not hesitate to take action if they found that a state of things existed "detrimental to the discipline or smooth working of the fleet." Furthermore, he declared that the direction of naval policy lay with the Government, and that it was the business of naval officers not to criticise or discuss that policy, but to carry it out. Having made this firm but moderate statement, the Government wisely declined to answer further questions on specific points of discipline. As a matter of fact, we believe that the newspapers have greatly exaggerated the state of tension in the Navy, and that no acute personal difficulty has of late arisen in it. For example, two statesmen were present on the spot when the Levée incident occurred. One saw nothing, the other was doubtful as to what he saw. But it is clear that if the trouble arises afresh, the Government will have the support of the country in getting rid of the two main parties to it.

* * *

On Thursday the Old Age Pensions Bill passed through all its stages in the House of Commons. "The Spectator" advises the Lords to reject the measure, but this course is clearly unconstitutional, and it is repudiated by the "Times" and other Tory supporters. The Government maintained its sliding scale against the more logical scheme advocated by Mr. Holt and proposed in this journal. But the Prime Minister promised to watch its operation, and to amend it if it was defective. The only other debate of consequence was Mr. Harold Cox's attempt to substitute a system of rewards for industry, with a rigid test showing that the applicant for a pension had, from the age of 67 to 70, done 126 weeks of work, or 42 weeks a year. The Attorney-General promised that the Bill should apply to seamen and soldiers, and to working men who were temporarily employed abroad.

* * *

The third reading debate destroyed the hope of the destruction of the Bill by the Lords, which was clearly, if indirectly, repudiated by Mr. Long, and less obviously by Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour expressed sympathy with the objects of the Bill, but declared that its cost would be eleven and a-half millions, and that it merely meant an extension of outdoor relief under cover of a five-shilling pension. He also criticised the machinery and the capacity of the Inland Revenue officers. Mr. Masterman made a skilful and truthful defence of the measure, correctly saying that the bulk of the Opposition criticism applied to any scheme that was not universal. Mr. Snowden spoke with cold disfavor, pinned his party to a universal scheme beginning at 65, and declared that the industry test was such that Jesus Christ could not have satisfied it. Mr. Crooks was much more sympathetic, and Mr. Lloyd George emphatically repeated his pledge to deal with the pauper question next year. Only ten members voted against the third reading, which was supported by 315.

* * *

The Russian Government has at length realised the scandalous and perilous situation created by the activity of its agents in Persia, for whom it now admits responsibility. An official communiqué tries to justify Colonel Liakhoff, though it points out consistently enough that the Russian Government had to forbid his appointment as Governor-General of Teheran, and stop him issuing ukases under his own signature. He has been ordered

to "abstain from participation in political party strife," and the Russian officers not to direct active measures against Parliament. These instructions, even if they were sincere, have come after the mischief is done, and they are not sincere because they leave the amplest room for active intervention to the Russian officers if only they keep their names decently in the background. There is only one way of ensuring that Persia shall work out its fate without foreign interference, and at the same time of restoring any confidence in the Anglo-Russian Agreement. That is the recall of the Russian officers and agents in Persian service, though we fear that now even that measure would be too late to give the Constitutional Party a chance. Official reports from the royalist side declare the country quiet and grateful, but less partial observers record frequent outrages and arrests in Teheran, while fighting still proceeds in Tabriz, though there the Russian Consul-General has been trying to make peace on terms and under circumstances not very intelligible.

* * *

The second reading of the Eight Hours Bill for Miners was carried on Monday by a majority of 278—391 to 113. A few Liberals voted against it, and about an equal number of Unionists for it. The best defence of the Bill was Mr. Churchill's, who closely examined the economic case, and retorted on Mr. Bonar Law's clever argument that the measure would increase the cost of production that such a plea was absurd in the mouth of a Protectionist pledged to a great artificial scheme for raising the price of hundreds of articles. The same lugubrious prophecies now directed against the Bill were hurled against the Ten Hours Bill, and against the repatriation of the Chinese workers on the Rand. The change was a civilising one—a sign and precursor of a world-movement for reconciling industry with the laws of science and health, and with feeling for human rights.

* * *

The Special Committee appointed to report finally on the question of a national insurance of our shipping in time of war have decided against it, with the important exception of Sir George Clarke. The Committee are hostile to national insurance on the ground that the expense would be enormous and that many fraudulent claims would arise, that there would be a large transference of goods from foreign to British owners, and that it would not be fair to hold the State responsible for a special kind of private loss. The Committee conclude that the only possible form of national guarantee of British shipping is a powerful navy. We think the Committee have treated somewhat lightly the enormous rise in premiums and prices which a naval war might bring about, and their report furnishes a new and powerful argument for the abolition of the right of capture of private property at sea. This, with a strong navy, appears to provide all the insurance that our trade and food supplies require.

* * *

M. Jaures on Tuesday directed the Chamber's attention to a grave incident in Morocco. The Government, a few weeks ago, sent instructions to General d'Amade not to intervene between the rival Sultans or move outside the Shawia district. These instructions were read out in the Chamber and sent to the Powers. They were, therefore, a formal pledge to France and to Europe. Several days later General d'Amade went to Azemmur, the only port in the possession of Mulai Hafid, and a town lying outside the Shawia. There he compelled the Hafidist Governor to retire, and the city to acknowledge Abdul Aziz; only the day before an Azizist force had assaulted the town and been driven back. General d'Amade therefore deliberately broke the double pledge given by his Government, and the Government publicly censured him. M. Jaurès demanded to know what the Government intended to do to make its generals respect the will of the Chamber. M. Pichon made the lamest of defences of General d'Amade, and said the Cabinet knew nothing of his collaboration with Abdul Aziz, though this vital fact was reported by every news agency. The President got the Government out of the difficulty by cutting the discussion short in the brusquest manner; but it is reported that several Powers intend to protest against General d'Amade's conduct. M. Jaurès thinks, with good reason, that a final effort is being made by d'Amade to help Aziz to recover Mawakech. It is quite certain that the Jingoes are fighting hard, and the cause of sanity would profit if our Foreign Office said plainly it would not support their adventures.

* * *

Three days' fighting and a certain amount of bloodshed have put one President in place of another in nominal control of Paraguay. The revolution was made by the army, for Paraguay is in the hands of a military oligarchy which tired of President Ferreyra after two years. The people of Paraguay are very stout fighters; no nation has ever put up a better fight than they did against Brazil, Argentine, and Uruguay in the war of 1865-70, which wiped out almost the whole population. But before that war the little land-locked Central American Republic was innocent of revolution. It was ruled by a succession of despots belonging to the family of Rodrigez de Francia, who threw off the Spanish yoke and carried on the tradition of paternalism, exclusion, and quasi-Socialism created by the Jesuit founders of the State. The introduction of a modern Constitution has brought with it modern ills, though, probably enough, Brazil, which has long had its eye on Paraguay, could throw light on some of its little neighbour's political troubles.

* * *

The Duma's rejection of the battleship credit, and M. Stolypin's generous determination not to make it a *casus belli*, turns out to have been very much of a comedy. The Premier went to the Imperial Council for the money. The Council granted it, and when the Duma still refused, paragraph 13 of the Constitution came into force, which put into operation the previous year's Budget when the two Houses cannot agree. Last year's naval Budget provides ample funds for the battleships. Of course, it did not receive Parliamentary sanction, and so the country is committed to a huge naval programme, to be carried out by the very men who wrecked the old navy. And the Duma submits. The Finnish elections have made practically no change in the constitution of the Diet. The Socialist Party is still the strongest, and practically as strong as before. As the Russian Government carries its zeal for restricting Finnish autonomy so far as to include a Finnish agricultural college among Imperial concerns, and as all Finnish parties are firm in the defence of Finnish liberties, the new Diet has a stormy future before it.

* * *

Captain Kincaid Smith, a Liberal Imperialist member, attempted, on Wednesday, to commend to the House of Commons a Bill providing for general—*i.e.*, compulsory—military service. It provided various periods of military training between the ages of 18 and 30. The House refused to read the Bill a first time by

a majority of 250 votes to 34—a very useful set-back to this dangerous movement. The case for conscription was demolished in a sentence or two by Mr. Harold Cox, who said that any such imitation of the Swiss system, excluding, as it did, lunatics, members of the House of Commons, habitual drunkards, and other undesirables, would put 4,000,000 men under arms, at a cost of 19½ millions a year. Captain Smith did not explain the purpose for which this force would be required, and what use it would be after the destruction of the Navy, the only case in which it could come into operation.

* * *

The Labor Party has passed the following resolution on the exclusion of Mr. Keir Hardie from the Royal Garden party. It has been forwarded to the Lord Chamberlain:—

> "That the action of Mr. Hardie regarding the King's visit to the Czar, which incurred the displeasure of His Majesty, and led to Mr. Hardie's name being removed from the list of Members of Parliament recently invited to Windsor, having been taken by instructions of the Party, the Party desires to associate itself with Mr. Hardie, who, in its opinion, exercised his constitutional right on the occasion of the Foreign Office debate, and it therefore requests that until his name is restored to such official lists the names of all its members shall be removed from them."

* * *

The "Diario de Noticias" publishes some details of the illegal advances to members of the Royal Family and others which are maintaining public feeling in Portugal at a red heat. In the case of the late King they began as long ago as 1890, in the case of the Duke of Oporto as 1902, and of Queen Amelia as 1903. Even Senhor Franco estimated the total sum handed over to the Royal Family alone at £171,000; but it is certainly much larger. The proposed new Civil List is being bitterly contested, for it is really larger than that granted to King Carlos, because it puts the cost of maintaining some palaces and of the King's travels on public funds, while it makes practically no provision for extinguishing the illegal advances. At a great Republican meeting held in Oporto on Sunday, the Royal Family was denounced for screwing the last copper out of a poverty-stricken people, and the Government for not having learnt anything from the events of January 31st, while the assassins of King Carlos were acclaimed as the saviours of the country. How delicate the situation is is indicated by a debate in the Upper House. One member—the private secretary to the late King—wanted to know why nothing had been done to pursue the score of men who had taken part in the murder, and laughed at the idea that they were Anarchists. Everybody in Portugal knows that the King's assassination was not an Anarchist crime, but the Premier had to maintain the contrary, simply because the Government dare not stir in an affair which involves every party and many eminent politicians in Portugal.

* * *

The Pope has brought about an important change in the organisation of the Roman Catholic Church. He has taken Great Britain, the United States, and other non-Latin countries out of the category of "missionary" lands, and, as such, subject to the congregation "De Propagandâ Fide," and transferred them to the more ordinary organisations. These are to be re-constituted, and old medieval tribunals like the Rota are to be endowed with fresh powers. The change appears to have no special religious significance, though it marks the growing importance in the Roman scheme of the non-Catholic countries, which are rapidly eclipsing the nominally Catholic lands, and whose wealth and population may in time give them the dominant power in the government of the Church.

* * *

No single statesman, save Pobiedonostseff, did more in the last century to influence the destinies of Russia than General Ignatieff, who died in retirement last Friday. He it was who prepared both the great adventures and rendered inevitable both the great wars in the Near and the Far East. It was his clever policy, while Ambassador in Pekin in the early 'sixties, which induced China to make over the Amur territory and the port of Vladivostock to Russia as a free gift and a token of gratitude. He seems to have persuaded the Tsung-li-Yamen that he alone procured the withdrawal of the Allies after the stupid and brutal march on Pekin. As Ambassador thereafter for fourteen years at Constantinople, he was the right hand of Panslavism. He created the Bulgarian nationality by fostering the Exarchist Church; he accomplished the final breach between Russia and the Greeks; he deliberately brought about the Russo-Turkish War; he drafted the treaty of San Stefano, and so set in action the *perpetuum mobile* which we are still watching to-day. The worst feature of his activities in Turkey—apart from his notorious duplicity of method—was his steady encouragement of all the corrupter and more reactionary influences at the Palace. He intended that Turkey should rot, and he bought and promoted the Pashas who would most surely degrade her, as he discredited and opposed the Liberal Turks who might have saved her. To that model Russian statecraft is still faithful, in Persia as in Turkey.

* * *

The death of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, the creator of "Uncle Remus," will bring many pleasant literary memories to mind. The figures of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, the victories of one and the defeats of the other, have become familiar to many thousand English readers; indeed, Sir Frank Gould's re-setting of their personalities and adventures has thoroughly woven them into our contemporary political satire. The figures, and the atmosphere in which they lived, were, of course, no invention of Mr. Harris's. They were part of the plantation folk lore of the American negroes of the Southern States, collected with the utmost care and diligence from the lips of many Uncle Remuses of real life. Mr. Harris spoke of himself as the editor and collector of the tales, and as providing their literary setting. We have heard other such stories from American ladies brought up on plantations before the Civil War, and many are closely paralleled in Mr. Theal's Kaffir tales. But that is not to depreciate Mr. Harris's delightful art. Uncle Remus himself belonged to him, even if Uncle Remus's stories did not.

* * *

The University cricket match was fought out between two mediocre elevens stronger in bowling than in batting. They happened to be well matched, and the result was an exciting game, the issue of which was uncertain until within a few minutes of its close on Wednesday afternoon. Finally Oxford won by two wickets, but the change in the weather from dry to wet greatly lightened her task at the critical moment. The game did not produce any cricketing feat of great brilliancy, the scores being low and the runs being rather flukily obtained. Its most interesting feature was Mr. Teesdale's batting in the second innings with a battered finger. Had he succumbed Oxford must have lost the match.

Politics and Affairs.

THE QUARREL IN THE NAVY.

It seems to us that the language which the Prime Minister applied to the rather scandalous situation within the Navy was entirely proper to the occasion which provoked it. Mr. Asquith said in effect, "The Government has nothing to do with mere personal differences among its servants in the Navy or elsewhere. But it wants those servants to understand clearly that the nation's interests come first, and that if the dislike of one high commander for another, or of a high official for a high commander, is so acute that our fleets cannot be trusted in their hands, one man or another or both will have to go." This is ground on which, as the conduct of the Opposition in the House of Commons showed, the First Lord will be all-powerful. But in the exercise of judgment on personal matters, we are bound to use some discrimination. All actors in the drama of life know that under the apparently smooth scheme of its surface workings an immense amount of friction goes on. And jealousy is the special prepossession and bane of public or semi-public men—be they statesmen, artists, journalists, soldiers, or even ecclesiastics. The wise superintendent of such departments of work makes allowance for this frailty of our human nature, takes account of it in his dispositions, and soothes the acute sensibilities of its victims.

The Navy has for some time been the theatre of this passionate sensitiveness. Its two most salient figures—Sir John Fisher and Lord Charles Beresford—have undoubtedly succeeded in dividing both the service and "society" into schools of vehement and active partisans of the one personality or the other, and of the ideas in organisation, ships, and gunnery which they represent. Thus the "Dreadnought" controversy and the mobilisation controversy are fought out over the bodies of these redoubtable protagonists. Both appear to command adherents in the Press and to make free use of their advocates. During the last few months, we are bound to add, the guns have been trained with special severity and concentration on Lord Charles Beresford. A private incident, which may be quite trivial—his refusal to take Sir John Fisher's offered hand at the Levée—has been treated as if it were an offence against the State. And within the last week the "Times" has most improperly published a story reflecting a charge either of incompetence or of gross malignity. We shall take leave to doubt the story of the alleged signal to the "Good Hope" in the color with which it has been surrounded, and to suggest that its publication, at a time when Lord Charles is at sea and in ignorance of the attack, is equally discreditable to the officer and the newspaper responsible for it. Only one object can lie behind these attacks, and that is the dismissal of the incriminated commander. But what sober Government can take account of such a proceeding save by way of condemning or ignoring it? Last year there were many who thought that Lord Charles's language and demeanour had exceeded the bounds of discipline. But no man of character and distinction can be successfully assailed by methods so revolting. The Government can only recall the service to its duty in moderate but clear terms, and if it still fails to set bounds to the extravagant egoism of talented men, it will be compelled to clear the Navy of the whole contention and of the men who sustain it.

This, we take it, is the common sense of the situation. But we need not exaggerate its seriousness. Differences of opinion among "experts" have their uses, for they seem to dispose of the singularly ill-considered view which elevates these excellent servants into the position of masters. The statesman is, after all, the assessor of technical disputes, for he represents, if he has a good head, and is at pains to sift his information, the power of broad survey which the adept in details so often lacks. Just now the whole strategy of the fleet is in doubt, owing to just such an error of policy and calculation. There is not an intelligent student of naval affairs who does not now deplore the initiation of the "Dreadnought," coupled with the boast, advanced at a time when our own superiority in naval power stood at its culminating point, that it rendered obsolete all preceding types of battleship. But the departure has been made; every naval Power has taken the hint and concentrated its shipbuilding forces on "Dreadnoughts," and we are entered for a world-competition in vessels costing a couple of millions a-piece, with the further obligation to build docks and harbours ample enough and deep enough to contain them. This is what unfettered *expertise* has done for us and for the society of the more powerful civilised States. We have now to decide the question which Sir Cyprian Bridge raised in our columns last week, whether this last monstrous birth of fear represents the most powerful engine of offence that rides the waters. In other words, the technical problem is whether under the new system of "fire control," the "Dreadnought" can deliver a heavier, more concentrated, more quickly delivered mass of projectiles than any rival war vessel. On this question, we are bound to say that the existence of a sceptical school in the Navy is of advantage, and a wise administrator will be slow to suppress it.

Beyond this technical difficulty, lies that of policy, and here the facts must be closely scrutinised by the friends of peace. For the present the "Dreadnought" holds the seas, and the problem of naval supremacy is reduced to the point whether our immense superiority in earlier types, such as the "Nelson" and "King Edward" classes, coupled with our start in "Dreadnoughts," does not guarantee us against the revised German shipbuilding programme at every capital point of its development. The answer is surely in the affirmative. There are two "danger-years" in the German programme. The first is 1912; the second is 1915. A moderate rate of "Dreadnought" building gives us the advantage all through this critical period. Germany is no doubt building fast, faster than she has built before. But, if she can construct ships, she cannot build docks to hold them at anything like the same rate. For years to come her "Dreadnoughts" will be practically useless to her, for she will have no places of refuge and repair for them. Therefore, no positive ground of collision can exist

owing to a dangerous rivalry of strength. None the less, the relationship of these two great countries, engaged in an almost avowed rivalry of shipbuilding extending over a long series of years, during which they will be mortgaging each other's revenues and crippling each other's social activities, is deplorable, and no effort of statesmanship should be spared to improve it. We believe that the Government are deeply sensible of the importance of an understanding with Germany. Is not Germany equally sensible of the vital significance of such an arrangement? If the leading statesmen in the two countries are equally impressed, their good-will can surely be embodied in a definite act of State.

THE FINAL FORM OF THE PENSIONS BILL.

The Pensions Bill is practically through Parliament. A small minority of belated theorists still protest against its passing, and the "Spectator" demands that the House of Lords shall throw it out altogether. It flatters itself that the country would understand such action and approve of so drastic a destruction. This view is remote from real affairs. The leaders of the Conservative Party know better. Already the bulk of the party newspapers are endeavouring to explain that the Bill owes as much to the support and suggestion of the Opposition as to the efforts of the Government, and ingenuously strive to deflect into the coffers of the Conservative Party some of the estimated gratitude of the country. Great political parties do not commit suicide for the sake of academic argument. To the few the action of the Lords might appear as a justifiable treatment of a scheme admittedly incomplete, requiring, and, indeed, demanding, modification in the next few years, many clauses of which had not been discussed at all in the House of Commons. To the many it would simply stand as the insolent refusal of the House which has no concern in national finance, to allow the elected Chamber to provide pensions for the aged poor. We could wish for no more blind stupidity on the part of our enemies than for such a course to be pursued. It would secure a renewed lease of power to the Liberal Government. Incidentally, it would settle the question of the veto of the House of Lords.

The Bill has been subjected to severe criticism. Much of this criticism has been justified, and has succeeded in its purpose, to the great bettering of the Bill. But other kinds are the necessary and easy accompaniment of any partial scheme of pensions. It was interesting to watch the official Opposition and the House of Commons waking up day after day to the difficulties which have been the commonplace of the Social Reformer for more than a decade. Wherever Old Age Pensions have been seriously discussed, the barriers which have guarded and limited all restricted schemes have inevitably collapsed before the force of human logic. Just as in the case of education, no intellectually watertight scheme can stand up before the secular solution, so, in the case of pensions, it is not only Mr. Charles Booth, but all serious students, who have been compelled to acknowledge the inevitable deficiencies of any but a universal system. The moment you accept an age limit, a pauper disqualification, a test of industry or thrift, an income barrier, either with a fixed limit or a sliding scale, immediately a plausible and often unanswerable plea can be made for justice to those who stand just on the wrong side of these boundaries. The task of the Government was less that of defending the barriers as desirable in themselves than of exhibiting the financial necessities which compelled them to impose such restrictions against men and women who might be both deserving and needy. The only argument was the argument of money. The Government scheme will probably cost eight millions at the beginning, and increase automatically in expense every year. We may well accept this additional burden as a generous instalment.

With this guiding clue much of the criticism with which the scheme has been bombarded occupies its right position as being general rather than specific in character. Thus on Tuesday Mr. Balfour and the Opposition made much apparent play over the difficulty of ascertaining the ages of the applicants, with registration of births only commencing in the later 'thirties in England, and twenty years later in Ireland. Every oldish-looking man or woman would claim to be seventy, they asserted, and who could disprove their claim? But that is not a criticism of the Government system. It is a criticism of all systems of old-age pensions. Even with the contributory schemes, suddenly so dear to the Tories, the assertion is vehement that, for the moment, they would commence (as in Germany) with the present old people without contribution, and immediately, be the limit sixty, or sixty-five, or seventy, there would arise the same uncertainty in regard to age. Again, the machinery of the distribution was fiercely opposed in a criticism which lacked any serious standard of reference. The Government Bill proposes an Imperial Officer as representative of the Treasury, a local committee to sanction the pensions, a central authority to consider appeals. "Think of the invidious and unpleasant work of discrimination," said Mr. Walter Long, "that this officer would be compelled to perform." But the "invidious and unpleasant work of discrimination" is inevitable in all schemes, except the universal one, and the universal one would cost twenty-five millions. Again, the paupers have been excluded for two years. Their exclusion is the weakest point of the scheme; their indefinite exclusion, as we have successfully argued, was indefensible, and, happily, it has not been maintained. But the Government were able to retort that the immediate inclusion of all paupers would cost three millions a year. And this practical reason prevailed.

Looking to-day at the scheme as a whole, we can see it as a great enterprise in itself, greater in its possibilities of development. Many obvious and attractive by-paths have been avoided. The contributory alternative—unfair in its tendencies, impossible in its working in any country without the regimentation and registration of the German Government—has been altogether rejected. The age limit is high, excluding the bulk of the artisan populations of the cities. It is the rural districts, and (we may gladly recognise) such poor regions as Ireland, which stand to gain most out of the national

bounty. But the height of the age limit merely remains as necessitated by financial limitations; it can be reduced and reduced step by step, whenever those financial limitations can be removed. The scheme, again, most fortunately remains utterly independent of the English Poor Law system, employing neither the relieving officer nor the Guardians, and involving no trace of the pauper disability or dishonor. It has abandoned the fixed limit of income in favor of a sliding scale; and if that sliding scale involves, we fear, some discount on thrift, it is at least free from the reproach of the original measure that the man who had saved a little over ten shillings a week was positively worse off than the man who had saved a little less. One or two blemishes remain. Undoubtedly the sliding scale proposed by Mr. Holt on Monday night—a "graded" scale, very similar to that outlined in this paper—is greatly preferable to the "flat" scale of the Government, which gives to all with incomes between eight and thirteen shillings a week the same total of income. The sense of the House was with the amended suggestion; the arguments in its favor were irrefutable; the Government scheme was only carried by a direct appeal from the Prime Minister promising alteration, if the difficulties foreshadowed arose in actual practice. The Chancellor appealed for the "flat" scale on the ground of economy; the "graded" scale, in the Treasury estimate, would cost nearly a million more. But this estimate was a static rather than a dynamic one. It dealt with incomes over eight shillings a week at present, making no calculation for the reduction of incomes above that to eight shillings which would immediately follow the initiation of the scheme. That reduction would in part be stayed by a scale which offered advantages to those who possessed more, instead of reducing all to the dead level of a fifteen shilling income, and would undoubtedly prove cheaper in the long run. A second blot—the exclusion of the pauper—may in part be mitigated by the raising of his income by the Guardians, as the financial obligations of the ripening pauper class are switched off from them on to the pension scheme; and in any case it is very sharply limited to a two years' time limit. The third subject of criticism—the so-called Thrift and Industry Test—remains, and remains undiscussed. Its operation in practice will need most careful watching. It may remain a dead letter. It may become a source of petty tyranny. In any case, we may doubt its long survival.

Apart from these minor defects, the Bill remains a memorable, an epoch-making, advance in social well-being. This Government has undertaken a work which has baffled all its predecessors. It has carried to completion an enterprise of extreme delicacy and difficulty. It has set a standard of social advance in a region where for long we have lagged behind other civilised countries. The commencement of this scheme will give to this Parliament just that element of vision and large endeavor which it has hitherto failed to stimulate or supply. The future will discover many points to modify, unforeseen difficulties in practical application, results often the opposite of the intention. But the future nation, when in full enjoyment of a universal system, automatic in its operation, logical in its consistency, will still have gratitude to those who for the first time in history offered a national guarantee to its aged poor, of a more just and seemly ending to a long life of labor in field and factory than the shambling through the workhouse towards a pauper grave. The nation has now shouldered that burden; it can never be cast off.

THE NEW RAILWAY SITUATION.

The proposed fusion of the Great Northern, Great Eastern, and Great Central Railways, following a similar proposal upon the part of the three great Scottish lines, which, when fully developed, will probably bring all the North British roads into a single trust, indicates the adoption of a new transport policy likely to affect in important ways the industrial and social interests of the nation. Certain enormous wastes in competition between railways become intolerable alike to directors, shareholders, and the travelling and shipping public. That competition, which consists in two half-empty trains leaving two adjoining stations at the same hour, and travelling to two adjoining stations a hundred miles away, serves any really useful purpose, is becoming more and more incredible. As Mr. Davies puts it in his well-informed little book ("The Nationalisation of Railways," Black), "Why on earth a passenger coming into the Brighton Station at London Bridge should be compelled to walk (and perhaps have his luggage transported) half-a-mile before he can reach a parallel platform, simply because it belongs to another company, when a hole in the wall, or a subway, would enable him to get from one platform to another, is beyond human comprehension." Yet these and similar absurdities and burdens imposed on travellers are trifling as compared with the loss and injury sustained by our industries through the waste of loading and unloading, the waste of time, the uncertainty, and the expense, caused by the working of a railway system which has no single central management, and which in its material form is broken by countless gaps and discrepancies. Mobility is an essential of modern liberty, and the present arrangement of various private toll-bars is now seen to be as intolerable on our railways as it was long since recognised to be upon our highways. So far as rates are concerned, competition has long been unreal and unreliable, and it is to the interest of the public as well as to that of the shareholders that it should give way to close and effective combination.

The growing eagerness of shareholders to seek this remedy, in view of the increasing expenses and declining profits of their properties, was manifested a few days ago in the influential memorial presented to Mr. Churchill. In this the memorialists urged the expediency of further combinations, to which the great central systems of the Midland, North Western and Great Western should become parties. Though such great bodies move slowly, there can be no reasonable doubt that we are entering an era in which even the appearance of competition for passengers and traffic will be abandoned. Traders, we feel sure, will welcome such a change, provided they have reasonable assurance upon two heads; first, that a really enlightened, scientific

management of transport will replace the existing rude, unprogressive, and in many ways obstructive system; secondly, that adequate guarantees are secured by the Railroad Commissioners and the Board of Trade against the abuse of the formal monopoly that will have come into being. We confess on our part to entertaining grave doubts on both these heads. The attitude known to be adopted by most of the managers and directors of our railways towards the recent endeavors of official and unofficial reformers to secure efficiency and publicity of railroad accounts, is not encouraging to those who desire to see a sound economy of transport. We believe it is still true, that with one or two exceptions our large railroads have none of that information regarding the detailed cost and profits of its business which every intelligent manufacturer possesses. Such essential knowledge as that of the average receipts per passenger per mile, and per ton per mile for goods traffic, is still lacking in the statistics of our leading lines. Not long ago one of our most competent experts pointed out that passengers and goods trains were loaded no more heavily in 1900 than in 1880, and that the cost of moving goods had largely increased during a period which, in other countries, notably in America, had been attended by enormous economies in haulage. There is, we fear, yet little recognition of railroading as a science requiring skilled selection and organised training in its administrators, nor are we sanguine that the mere process of amalgamation, with certain obvious economies, will rescue the industries from this incompetent empiricism. This language will only appear too strong to those whose sole test of railway efficiency is to compare the speed and comfort of a few first-grade passenger trains between great centres of population.

Of not less importance is the other issue, that of security for the public against the possible abuses arising from the grip of a single railway system, or a close federation of systems. To this fear M. Clemenceau gave forcible expression in the recent debate in which the French Senate ratified the proposal of the Assembly to take over the Western Railway. "I cannot refrain from calling attention to the feebleness of the weapons put into the hands of the State to defend the public interests against the pressure of the private companies." It is this fear that underlies the movement for nationalisation here, which has within the last few months taken orthodox form in a Society for promoting this end. Almost every other great civilised nation to-day, with the exception of the United States and, in part, of France, owns and operates its railways, and though in some cases military causes, which weigh more lightly here, were largely instrumental in this policy, such a course seems consistent with the accepted modern ideas of Government. We may remind our readers that from the earliest introduction of the railway the belief that some day the State would wish to own and operate the industry was present to our Parliament, and that express conditions, though too hard for realisation, have been actually laid down by statute, through the initiative of Gladstone, the most anti-Socialist of statesmen. The recent revival of the project has been no loose Socialistic notion, but has arisen from numerous resolutions adopted by Chambers of Commerce and Trade Protection Societies, which were brought to a focus in the powerful advocacy of Lord Brassey in his address last autumn to the Congress of Chambers of Commerce. Although it is inherently unlikely that a proposal of such magnitude, involving such difficulties of financial and political arrangement, will mature rapidly, the new shift in the railway situation must evidently be held to bring this issue within the range of practical politics, though not necessarily of immediate expediency. It is upon the whole more probable that, advancing in our cautious way, we shall prefer to undergo a decade of experiment in fuller State control of railway rates and conditions of working, before we have learned the lesson that effective governmental control, apart from direct public management, is impracticable. Whether, having learned this lesson, we shall continue to prefer the retention of an inadequately controlled private railway system to nationalisation, will depend, partly, upon the enlightenment displayed by the private monopolists in the use of their enormous powers; partly upon the amount of confidence which a British Government possesses in its ability to run so large a business without succumbing to the new dangers of political corruption. These dangers it would be foolish to ignore. They can only be provided against by such reforms in electoral and other governmental machinery as will prevent an undue exercise of political power by any body of public employees. Though these issues do not belong to immediate politics, it is advisable that some clear thought should be directed to them, for the trend towards nationalisation of railways in the not distant future is swift and undeniable.

THE POWER OF A MODERN NEWSPAPER.

The first instinct of the natural Englishman when he reads of a peculiarly unsavoury French scandal is to thank Heaven that nothing quite like it would be possible in this country. His maturer reflection will probably be, if he is intelligent and candid, that, if it were possible, he would never hear of it. French public life breeds, on occasion, a peculiarly flagrant type of corruption. But it also evolves a recklessness and a courage in exposure which would be thought almost indecent among ourselves. We have nothing like the General Staff which victimised Dreyfus; but have we anything like the moral force, the political swordmanship, the wit, the audacity, the intellectual perseverance of the men who did him justice, restored him to the army, and ended by making General Picquart their Minister of War? A libel case of unusual interest has served this week to unmask the "Matin" as perhaps the most dangerous and the most powerful newspaper in Europe. We have our own Americanised Press, but so far as our knowledge goes, it would be unjust to compare it seriously with the "Matin." Outwardly, however, the resemblance is very close. There is the same rather brazen and formless smartness and vitality, the same absence of any consecutive or consistent policy, the

same catering for a public which delights in crimes and scandals, the same restless eagerness to anticipate facts, the same suppression of inconvenient news, and finally, the same measure of success in a fabulous circulation and immense profits. The "Matin," however, differs in two particulars from its English rivals. It aspires much more steadily to play a great part in politics, and of late years it has even seemed to be the official organ of successive Ministries. It is at the same time more obviously governed by Stock Exchange motives. Its sole proprietor, M. Bunau-Varilla, is a financier, who made his fortune in Panama and sunk it largely in the Belgian Congo. Our kings of sensationalism are journalists who made their money by newspapers. M. Bunau-Varilla is first of all a financier, who bought a newspaper, partly for profit perhaps, but more probably in the hope of influencing politics and the Bourse.

The case itself is relatively simple. The "Matin" accused M. Humbert, a prominent Senator, of being an accomplice in the alleged frauds of a company-promoter, M. Rochette, now under arrest on charges similar to those brought against Mr. E. T. Hooley. It was unable to support this accusation by a single relevant item of evidence, and was condemned to pay the maximum fine and damages, to the amount of £2,000. The real interest of the case lay in its amazing ramifications, and the subtlety and variety of the methods of "pressure" which it revealed. M. Humbert had been at one time the Secretary of the "Matin," and was its protégé and political figurehead. M. Rochette had been a good customer—on his own showing he had paid it 200,000 francs for favorable publicity for his promotions. The origin of the quarrel was apparently that M. Humbert began to write for the "Matin's" rival, "Le Journal." Its real grievance against him was "ingratitude," and it was able to prove that it obtained for him, from successive Ministers, (1) his rehabilitation after being involved in a military scandal; (2) his appointment to a post in the War Office; (3) his decoration; (4) a well-paid sinecure; (5) a degree of influence which enabled him to obtain orders from the Government for firms in which he had an interest. Here was an illustration startling enough of the political power which the "Matin" wielded. But in great things and small there was scarcely a limit to its omnipotence. An Ex-Minister of Justice declared, we do not know with what measure of truth, that it sought from him the post of judge for one of its creatures, and was amazed and indignant at his refusal, which it punished by accusing him of "fraud." It could apparently command some of the minor judges in Paris. Some of them would assist it to "interview" their more interesting prisoners, and supply them with good criminal "copy" in advance of a public trial. Its most audacious methods went unpunished. It even sent a reporter on one occasion—as the ex-Minister M. Chaumié stated—disguised as a high detective to a prisoner's house, seized his papers, read them, and published them, and then quietly returned the originals to the Prefect of Police. It was allowed, for the purposes of advertisement, to organise a marching competition in the army, and afterwards to hold a festivity gratis in the State Opera House. Another grotesque advertising device, the Blanchet exploring expedition in Africa, ended in a fiasco which cost the Republic some £2,500. The bill, as "L'Humanité" has proved, was presented to the "Matin," but payment was never enforced. It derived its electricity, as M. Labori reminded the jury, by the favor of the City of Paris, from a special cable constructed against all regulations and never paid for. But perhaps the quaintest little detail of all is the fact, dug up by "L'Humanité," that its proprietor enjoyed, with the President of the Republic and the Ambassadors of the Great Powers, the right of passing the octroi stations of Paris in his automobile without submitting to an examination. All the while it was making and unmaking Ministers by threatening to pursue them with some scandalous campaign, and influencing Republican policy, usually in a reactionary sense, by attacking the proposed income-tax, or organising the revival of capital punishment.

There is only one parallel to this omnipotence based on political blackmail—the power of Tammany Hall. It is distressing, not merely because it illustrates the ease with which a democracy of newspaper readers can be gulled, but still more because it suggests that Ministers who could be so easily terrorised by a vulgar and capricious despot, must have very vulnerable reputations. The end is not yet. For the moment the "Matin" seems to have suffered a severe blow, and has begun to dismiss contributors and squander apologies, in the hope of avoiding the libel actions which other victims are initiating in the wake of M. Humbert's success. But just as the trial was drawing to a close, it embarked on the boldest adventure of all. It is attempting to blackmail the Republic itself. It is avenging itself for its disgrace by advertising a Royalist Pretender. In a sprawling illustrated article in its place of honor, it interviewed the Duc D'Orléans, displayed his disavowals of anti-Parliamentarism and clericalism in the boldest type, and concluded the puff by assuring him, through the mouth of its special envoy, that he had succeeded in shaking some of its prejudices against the restoration of the monarchy. Here was a clear threat to Ministers and Senators, judges and juries, that it will initiate a royalist campaign, if they dare to attack its omnipotence under the Republic. This desperate and rather ludicrous device is probably the last hopeless bid for power. It must end by alarming even the "Matin's" public, and giving courage to its meanest victims. But the moral, one fears, will not be generally drawn until civilisation has suffered yet more severely from the mischief of an irresponsible Press. Ultimately, one suspects, society will seek safety by the means which the French and German Socialists have already adopted. "Vorwärts" is the one powerful and successful daily newspaper which is beyond the caprices of an individual capitalist, because it belongs to an organised party. M. Jaurès' brilliant little paper, "L'Humanité," is also the property of thousands of working-men shareholders, who have each subscribed their 25 or 50 francs to make a platform in the Press for their favorite deputies and leaders. Honesty and independence still survive, by an heroic struggle, in the daily Press of every country, but they survive in spite of the system which makes them dependent on the capital or the subsidies of wealthy men, and not because of it.

Life and Letters.

A STUDY IN "OVERLOOKING."

SINCE the middle of the year 1905 there have appeared in some of the weekly papers a few articles signed "Dorothy V. Horace Smith." Others, which did not bear this signature or were unsigned, were obviously the work of the same lady, with whom we became better acquainted last year through "Miss Mona." After I had read "Miss Mona" for the first time I saw it must be read again, and that the articles must be re-read, for here certainly was a new writer who was not an echo. It was evident that she had many and great gifts, and yet it was more than usually difficult to define them, for, in accordance with Goethe's ideal, they all act together. The effect produced depends not on striking situations, but is cumulative from common events, and achieved through ordinary people. Every one of these common events is really of consequence. Miss Horace Smith's writing, in fact, resembles a landscape by a master, in which the color of a bit of stone cropping out beside the road, and the shape of the hedges, are equally necessary with the predominance of one sort of tree over another, and with the outline of the hills. Here, for example, is a paper on an out-of-the-way Norfolk sea-village. When you have finished it you possess the village completely, but if you turn back to discover what are the particular points in the description, you find there are none. A butcher from whom the visitors in vain try to borrow a newspaper is just as important as the abandoned old Hall with its deserted garden and sea-blown trees. So again, in another paper, suggested also by a village in the east country. A donkey which fell sick and died is as essential as a little white-sailed boat which, with two people in it swept under a bridge late one summer's evening "whilst I stood pictured for them up against the sky."

There is a warning prefixed to "Miss Mona," that there are no portraits in it. This may be true, and yet, if ever a book was a record of experience this is one, and it is the experience which gives its value. Miss Mona was a young Churchwoman who desired to do some good in the world, and also "had need to stretch herself, to range beyond the limits of her home." She, therefore, started a Bible class for boys in the poorest part of her parish. She had much to learn, and the first thing was "not to mind," for her boys were very rough. Particular prominence is given to this lesson, and it distinguishes Miss Mona's method from those which are established and orthodox. Not only did she not mind what she could safely neglect, but if she could do nothing with what might be of consequence, she did not mind it. There was so much within her own compass which must be minded. She aimed first of all to breed confidence. She went as far as she could into the nature of her boys, for she knew that love is receptivity. Savagery was subdued by example, by her mere presence. There are not many boys or men inaccessible to courtesy, especially from a woman. She did not give them a course of definite dogmatic instruction. She talked to them on religious matters, but she took great interest in their games. They became easier believers when they found out she understood all about cricket. She was in no hurry with her creeds. She left to the clergy in the main the exposition of the articles of faith, which they could explain properly, and she could not. We are introduced to some of the boys. One is John Smith, who, the first Sunday he came to the Bible class, called one of his classmates into the backyard and had a fight with him. Miss Mona looked on and did not interfere, but one day after a cricket match, when the boys had tea in the schoolroom he slunk back to help Miss Mona to wash up after the rest had gone. "Of course, he would have hated it for such a story to have got about." Another was Edward Seaton, of a totally different order, son of a man who kept a general store. Ned was determined to get on, attended evening science classes, and tried to puzzle Miss Mona, whom he really admired, with Biblical difficulties. The two boys are brought together at Miss Mona's house and the contrasts of character are displayed with great dramatic skill. Miss Horace Smith must have had reality before her eyes, although the development, point, and humour are her own. Ned left Lavender Mead, where Miss Mona lived, went to a manufacturing town, and got a good situation. After three years' absence he came back on a visit and met his old teacher. He was now Edward Seaton more distinctly than before. Drink was the curse of Birlington, he told Miss Mona. "Poor things," she said, but Ned replied that the poor things had got it in their own hands and were not obliged to go to the public-house. He had been in the habit of attending St. Luke's Church, but he left it because he did not agree with incense, and there was a draught under the door which was "chronic." Besides, the Vicar believed in miracles, and the Laws of Nature could not be broken. Miss Mona asked him to supper as in days gone by, but he said no, "he must get back and look up some more old friends." She must have been a little sad. John Smith, however, came in, not for supper, but because he had some news to tell. Miss Mona asked if it was exciting. "Well, nothing exactly exciting," was the reply, but it turned out that a cousin in America had left him four thousand pounds. She inquired what he had done with it.

"'I don't know where it is,' said John. 'I only know I've got none of it.'

"'Oh! John, what foolish thing have you been doing?'—Miss Mona was quite frightened—'Who was the lawyer? You should have asked my father.'

"'It had nothing to do with the lawyer, and I would have asked your advice, miss, only you'd given it once before. You told me what you would do if you came in for a fortune.'

"'What did I say?' stammered Miss Mona. 'I am so stupid.'

"She had turned quite pale.

"John hastened to assure her.

"'What I did,' he said, 'I did of my own accord. It had nothing to do with what you said, only, *remembering what you said*, I knew you could raise no objection. Besides, it's nothing to make a fuss about. I got rid of it—gave it away.'" It had gone to different societies which he thought would know better than he what to do with it. He had studied, under Miss Mona, to some purpose the story of the young man who had rich possessions. She trembled, and, for a moment, drew back, when she saw what she had taught was actually believed and had taken shape. Christ had not told everybody to sell all.

"'He told *me* that night,' said John humbly."

He had often seen tears come into Miss Mona's eyes when she was glad, but he had never before seen them running down her cheeks.

This part of the story has necessarily been much abridged in my abstract, and has been almost spoilt in the process, for in the original there is hardly a line which does not tell. Enough, however, has, perhaps, been given to make my readers see that this is not a Bible-class tale for a Parish Magazine. The three characters are as interesting, the contrasts are as well marked, the situations as affecting, and the emotions as natural as in the best of plays or romances.

Miss Mona, through the death of her father, had to descend to a little suburban villa in Maple Road, and make suburban acquaintances. Her neighbours were much taken up with "good works," which, being interpreted, meant flowers, embroidery, cassocks and kneelers at St. Saviour's, very Ritualistic and almost Popish. She visited the Church. "Absurd reasons were adduced for doubtful doctrines, and questions were begged, and answers evaded, and God's final blessing invoked on it all. And yet if, as she imagined, quite half the women and more than half the men, including the preacher himself, saw through the gaping proofs and the threadbare, flimsy arguments, the fact remained that they continued to sit there, apparently satisfied, and came again week after week." She determined to worship at St. Saviour's. A remarkable chapter is this. She was religious: there was no insincerity in the "advanced" devotions in which she now took part, but we

notice in her a certain *overlooking*, and we feel that the Vicar would have been puzzled with her.

She went on with her work, and her discouragements were many. She needed support for herself alone, and she needed more for this duty. If she failed in it she would be a failure altogether. Her consolations were all her own, but there is this to be said for those we discover for ourselves that they are more likely to be serviceable than those which other people discover for us. When some of her boys came back to her after long absence, she saw that a great part of what she had taught by precept and example had never touched them. But —" would she have had them understand all she had understood?"

Miss Mona, one bitter Christmas, was obliged to tell her boys she was unable to give them their Christmas presents. Amongst the few things of any value to her which she had saved when she moved into the villa was a picture not then considered to be worth much. She now read in the newspaper that a picture by the same artist had been sold for four thousand guineas. Was it right that four thousand guineas should hang on her walls, and that her charities should be starved and she should be pinched body and soul? But those hills, the quiet pool, the brook, had redeemed Maple Road. Her father loved them; ought she to part with them? There was an "ought" on both sides, and the difficulty of life is not the conflict between "ought" and "ought not," but between rival "oughts." She sat down and wrote to a dealer for a purchaser. The next chapter is one of the best, but I must be brief. The dealer sent a buyer who turned out to be Edward Seaton, now rich and still more completely Seaton. His good-natured vulgarity and impenetrability are very humorous. Her villa was "charming, with such a pleasant outlook," and she did not look a day older than she did fifteen years ago. "It would give him unbounded pleasure to stand in the room in which he was born. He could picture it vividly—the yellow paper in the parlour with the pink chrysanthemums (the dear old dad's most execrable taste!), the matting on the stairs, the handle off the bedroom door. "'Ah! my poor mother! she's gone now.'"

He was attached to his early home, but he apologised with the superfluous explanation that he had lived there all his early life. After, perhaps, half-an-hour's talk, Mr. Seaton looked at his watch: he must not waste any more of Miss Mona's time, and he must catch the four-thirty back to London. The picture was to be shown there before it went to his place in Gloucestershire, and he would send Miss Mona a card for the exhibition. When he had gone, she cried. Can we wonder? Maple Road; the departure of her father's lovely landscape, which had beguiled her loneliness and had served to transport her to a world of dreams and yet of reality. Of what service could its magic charm be at the "place" of E. Seaton, Esquire? Who would be enchanted there? But more painful still, E. Seaton, Esquire, had been her pupil. She sought for compensation in the thought of John Smith, who had left her district. She wandered into his parish church one Sunday evening hoping she might meet with him, and she heard his funeral sermon, a noble sermon, which I should like to print, every word of it, marked by that same mature *overlooking* philosophy noticed before.

So ends "Miss Mona," tragically, we may say. The heroine remains in Maple Road with no prospect of leaving it; Edward Seaton, Esquire, has taken her "Vale of Llangollen," and she will see it no more; John Smith is dead; but we can hear a note like that which rises triumphant in a funeral march.

All Miss Horace Smith's work is that of an artist. Her meaning is to be classed with those meanings which are almost no meanings and are, nevertheless, precious and delightful. We never feel that we have got all that can be got, and we return again and again. She sees where real significance lies. She does not exaggerate, and her style is characteristic of her. It is not labored, inverted, or brilliant, but as pure as that of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

W. Hale White.

MOLIÈRE AND MODERN DRAMA.

The difference between Molière in text and Molière in production is greater than the difference between Shakespeare or Ibsen in text and Shakespeare or Ibsen in production, for Molière is, as Matthew Arnold has suggested, a great theatre artist rather than a great dramatic poet. It is only when we see such a play as "Tartuffe" on the boards that we get an adequate idea of Molière's dramatic invention. And we should appreciate the privilege of seeing M. Coquelin in Molière parts. M. Coquelin adds a Mascarille and a Tartuffe to our consciousness, and he enlarges our conception of the actor's art. As Mascarille in "Les Précieuses Ridicules" he expanded with Gallic humour. His exuberance expanded the audience. And what a contrast between this robust vulgarity and the unctuousness, the stillness, the creeping movements of his Tartuffe in the previous half-hour! When M. Coquelin creates his Tartuffe he puts before us, not merely the hypocrite, but the impotence and the cunning that take refuge in hypocrisy. It is as though he went below human nature and discovered a creature at once vulpine and slow. It is like some soft-footed animal that pads away through the silence, becoming still at a shadow. Tartuffe is the essential parasite; his hypocrisy is like the black cloak that M. Coquelin gives him, a sort of protective coloring. Everything in M. Coquelin's make-up was memorable; the cloak, the sleek, reddish hair, curling at the ends, the close mouth, the covered eyes. The parasite's eyes had become slits, and one of them was closed; it was as though the creature had fallen from the nobleness of vision. He seemed to apprehend things through a lower sense. When he stood in absolute stillness, like a thing feigning death, one was aware of almost imperceptible feelings crossing his face. Something had startled him, and the moment afterwards we understood his alarm.

M. Coquelin's acting is in key with a play that is made up of generalisations—moral generalisations and comic generalisations. Tartuffe himself is a generalisation, and Orgon, Cléante, Valère are generalisations also. The most delightful situations may be described as generalised comedy, as, for instance, the entrance of Tartuffe, his first speech, and the scene with the servant, Dorine, that follows. Many of Molière's broad effects come out of traditional stage business. The scene where the homecoming Orgon asks after the welfare of his household is out of the traditional and permanent comedy.

Orgon: . . What has happened? How is everybody?

Dorine: The day before yesterday mistress was very feverish, from morn to night; she had a terrible headache.

Orgon: And Tartuffe?

Dorine: Tartuffe! He's all right, stout and fat, with blooming cheeks and red lips.

Orgon: Dear old boy!

Dorine: In the evening she felt very faint, and the pain in her head was so great that she couldn't touch a bit at supper.

Orgon: And Tartuffe?

Dorine: He ate his supper by himself before her, and devoutly made off with a brace of partridges and half a leg of hashed mutton.

Orgon: Dear old boy! &c., &c., &c.

The essential difference between the play of Molière and the play of the modern dramatist is that Molière deals with types, whereas the modern artist is occupied with the individual. The discovery of the individual has broken up a certain type of comedy. Comedy is very often, to use a phrase of Walter Pater's, tragedy seen from the other side. The individual demands to be shown from every side, and so the idea of "Tartuffe" in its working out by the modern dramatist might become as tragic a play as "The Wild Duck." One side of the play is the unmasking of Tartuffe, but the other side is the disillusioning of Orgon. Tartuffe had not infected this good man with his hypocrisy; indeed, he seems to have given him an ideal

of piety and restraint. If Orgon were less of a type his appearance from under the table would not be a signal for laughter, but for a tightening of the heart-strings. And Tartuffe? It is necessary to give the impostor a good exit after his exposure; he should have a momentary triumph, and in his triumph there should be some surprise for the audience. Molière achieves Tartuffe's exit through a stage device. Tartuffe actually owns Orgon's house and goods. They have been made over to him, and this fact has been kept from the audience until the moment when Tartuffe turns. The device is good of its kind, but the modern dramatist (provided he were a genius) could go one better than Molière. He could get the triumph and the surprise by a flash of self-revelation from the parasite.

"When sudden . . . How think ye, the end?
Did I say 'Without friend'?
Say rather from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast,
Where the wretch was safe pres't.
Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts and prayed,
So *I* was afraid."

The construction of "Tartuffe" is, of course, in different terms to the construction of the modern play, with its developing psychological interests. Molière is not under the necessity of revealing the individual through detail of speech and action. He hardly prepares an "entrance" for his personage. The actual appearance of Tartuffe is deferred until the third act, and then he is brought on, casually, as it would seem. Molière has grasped the type so assuredly that he can give us the impression of the man on the moment of his entry and a few moments afterwards he can precipitate him into the very crisis of the play. "Tartuffe," in its construction, has firmness and sequence, but its order is different to the logical development of the modern play. Molière and Ibsen approach the stage from opposite sides. To Molière the play is a succession of situations more or less closely related; to Ibsen the play is a dramatic theme, ordering itself into a succession of scenes or situations rigidly subordinated to the idea. The logical play lacks diversity, and it becomes wearisome, because the mind of the audience is contracted to a single issue. The most logical of Ibsen's social plays fail of their full intention because of their lack of variety. In Molière's the scene is not rigidly subordinated; it has a life of its own, and so the whole play has abundance and diversity. The great theatre artist has learned in the booths on his village green that the audience wants to make his play something of a variety show, and that they eagerly welcome the "turn." In "Tartuffe" Molière gives "the turn" again and again. The scene in the second act, where the servant interrupts Orgon's arrangements for his daughter's marriage, is unnecessary for the play, but delightful to the audience.

We are in danger of becoming obsessed by the orderly drama, and it is well to have our attention directed to the fact that dramatic genius is not in the faculty of orderly exposition, nor is it power of creating character, nor of making fitting dialogue. Dramatic power lies in the sense of situation, in the power of making startling combinations within the limits of probability. The sense of situation is the real dramatic quality. And, like the living organism that is made up of a number of diminished organisms, the play is a synthesis of little plays.

THE CITY OF DEAD WATERS.

The way there leads southward from Nîmes, by a little toy train that wanders quietly over the level land. The scene is at first the landscape of Provence: white stones interrupting the brown earth, the vineyards everywhere, everywhere the earth shining. Then it changes: to the marshes, stretching to a far distance; stagnant pools, long ditches of brown water, rank, stubborn reeds and grasses. Suddenly, from the heart of this desolation, there rises a high brown wall, broken by successive towers, with an enormous round fortress crowning one end of it, and no visible signs of human habitation. The train draws up under the shadow of that huge rampart: a gateway opens, leading within; on all sides are marshes and waste places, where no man comes. A city straitly guarded by that inviolate wall, set in a region unsuited for man's dwelling-places, is the City of Dead Waters.

The sense of fatigue and of an immense weariness broods over Aigues Mortes. The walls have resisted the ravages of time for six hundred years. They remain as perfect to-day as when they were first raised as a barricade against the Saracen. No ivy or kindly growing things tug at their sullen strength or set themselves in the crevices of these large, smooth, polished stones. No wind scatters the crumbling edifice in the restoration of dust to dust. Time makes no effort to assail them: it passes them by, forgetful, contemptuous, leaving the city and its people to abide there, in the marshes, outside the effort of resistance and defeat, for ever unheeded and alone. You can march round them, upon the echoing way where once armed men kept eager watch against invasion: up and down the stone staircases of tall towers, along the even-paved path which still rings firm to the feet: looking down on the one side to the little straight streets of a little forgotten town: looking down on the other to the dead waters and barren sand and quiet green grasses which stretch from the actual wall towards a limitless horizon. Nowhere are the boundaries more clearly defined between man's territory and the regions beyond. The city stands at the place where sea and land are mingled, in a kingdom owning complete allegiance to neither, as independent as a ship at sea, and with as definite limits: the high brown walls just protecting this tiny vessel that man has pushed out into the desert, and left there, seemingly as dead as a ship for ever becalmed on a sea, without motion or anger: a vessel floating unchallenged through the centuries, so negligible as to remain unhurt by time and change.

No city so completely excites the feeling that it could be taken up in one's hand, lifted from a surrounding with which it has no sympathy, into which it has struck no root. From the summit of the huge Tower of Constance, one looks down upon its rectangular streets with the grass growing in them, and withered plane trees with yellowing leaves and little white houses with green shutters: all leading to the central *place* with the statue of St. Louis there, all sharply limited by the rectangular boundary of the high brown walls. From the land gate creeps the thin brown thread of railway, the solitary link (as it seems) of this dead city with the cities which are still alive. From the sea gate stretch the quiet lagoons, one behind the other, locked in their boundaries of sand. Until beyond them the sand itself drifts away, and the sun shines and sparkles upon the unchallenged, blue, tideless sea. Tiny streets within a huge, unchallenged rampart of the Middle Age, set in the region where mingle sand and sea and sky—that is Aigues Mortes.

Once the city was joyfully alive. Hither came St. Louis at the beginning of his reign to embark upon the Crusade which was to leave him a prisoner in Egypt: hither, again, twenty years afterwards, he sailed for Tunis, to his death, in the last of those amazing enterprises. The Lords of medieval Europe, Brittany, Burgundy, Montferrat, all the battle array of the Middle Age whose names are like a song, encamped here for many busy months; sailed away one August morning southward to the singing of the "Veni Creator"—for the most part never to return. Those who struggled back again found a dream vanished: they had sailed into another world.

It is another world also that the custodian of the Tower of Constance will show you, not without pity,

as he reveals recollections, in that huge cliff of stone, of the prisoners confined there, through a death in life, in an age which had forgotten the dream of a renovated society, and was hasting towards an ultimate overthrow. It is a far cry from Louis judging his people under the royal tree, or embarking from Aigues Mortes to wrest the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidel, to the government of Louis XV., the most corrupt and squalid in human record, torturing a few weak women for the crime of heresy and revolt against the faith which was outraged by the allegiance of so evil a Court and company. But the other historic memory guarded by this sleeping city is of the confinement of a few Huguenot women in these darkened chambers, to which the light scarce penetrates, striking downward through the long narrow windows set in deep thicknesses of stone. They have scratched the plaints of their misery upon the walls of their prisons: they left pitiful relics there, lately discovered: children's shoes, pieces of earthenware, letters of protest and despair. Nine, twelve, twenty years after their first confinement these letters tell of unavailing effort, from husband or son outside, directed towards their release: petitions to local Governors, to the Intendant of Languedoc, to the Royal Clemency itself: all for the most part unheeded. At length, twenty years before the Revolution, the prison is closed for ever. Fourteen women still remain: all suffering for the crime, says the companion of their liberator, "that they had been brought up in the same religion as Henri Quatre." The youngest was fifty; she had been there since she was eight years old. The permission was only to release three or four; but "these unhappy women," said the liberator, "had all an equal claim on justice and humanity. I could make no choice between them." The Minister in Paris was enraged at such a lavish exercise of clemency, not knowing that the Revolution was already knocking at the door. "They did such things—in those old days," is the explanation of the custodian, with an expressive shrug and deprecating motion of the hands, recording the story for the benefit of successive tourists—if without surprise, yet with regret. A child of the Revolution, a Government servant, whose scanty remuneration in this forgotten place is eked out with the largesse of the occasional visitor, he is yet proud to declare himself a Socialist, and to comfort himself at times with a vision of more equal justice amongst mankind. He speaks—with infinite delight—a few words of broken English: he cherishes ambition to visit England—to visit especially London—the abode of so many of those travellers whose names, he demands, shall be inscribed in his visiting book: a great and beautiful city (as he pictures it) exceedingly different from Aigues Mortes. He bears the evidence of disease, as indeed do all the inhabitants: for those high brown walls, which have resisted so exultantly the onslaughts of men, offer no protection against the deadlier attacks of the marsh fevers. Yet even here there is evidence of resistance and of aspiration. The tricolor flag, the appeal to "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," decorates the tiny toy town hall. Placards on the wall announce to the citizens of the Republic that the sitting deputy, representing a fusion of the Socialist-Republicans, the Democratic-Socialists, and the Socialist-Independents, will have the honor of addressing his constituents at a certain date. Sitting in a sheltered spot just outside the sea gate, in the early afternoon, may be seen the survivors of the city: the still enduring adult life, gathered under the high walls, gazing incuriously at the stranger who has accepted the foolishness of a journey to the City of Dead Waters. In their ragged, sad-colored clothing, their aspect of acquiescence, the evidence of poverty and of fever stamped upon their battered bodies, one is astonished at the vivacity which can still fissure them into contending sections of political parties, at the force of hope which can still kindle and illuminate their lives with the vision of a brighter dawn.

But acceptance remains as the ultimate impression: acceptance, with a certain meekness, of the unchallenged dominance of an unhuman world which only does not exhibit its strength because its supremacy is assured. Man has been permitted to build this city, by the borders of these long lagoons, on this stretch of secure sand, in the midst of a large desolation. He may shelter behind his high walls, carry out quietly the business of his little life, raise his watch tower, gather in his salt and seaweed, bury his dead. But he must carry out these occupations with some humility, without too vigorous a proclamation of his importance. For he is only encamped here, and only for a time, in the kingdom of other gods: set in a region where the crying of the wild fowl and the moaning of the wind, the rank scum-covered pools and strong sea grasses, the league on league of sullen swamp and sandy shore, proclaim the abiding triumph of those forces of night and its terrors which are hostile to the kindly ways of man.

THE INTERVAL.

Slowly and slowly the stealthy, stretching blue pervades the sky; and for a while all else seems gloomier. Then gradually the weird transparent deepness of the dawn descends and floods the streets. So that the houses and the buildings come to shape out of the empty nothingness of night, and jag the faint, increasing glimmer overhead with broken silhouettes that grow and grow. During a space the soft strange luminousness makes all things seem unreal. Then with a curious suddenness it is light.

The day is come; and in the first fresh clearness of its early hours there is repose. The City of the Great Unrest is wrapped in the innocence of sleep.

For when the full light of morning has succeeded the wonder of the dawn, only the remnants of revelry return to bed, and only the beginnings of work are heard to stir. The queer, clear quiet of early day prevails. And the solemnity of stillness seems more strange, because of the interminable surrounding miles of crowded emptiness. It is the awful contrast of a face in death.

The flashing illuminated clatter of the night has hardly ceased; you recollect the rush and turmoil of the day before; the roar is with you still. But, as you walk, the twittering of the sparrows sounds loud, by reason of the all-pervading calm; and the features of the city seem grown cold.

Without the accustomed crowds, new aspects of places are revealed, and well-known spots look unfamiliar. Great junctions of conflicting streets are peaceful spaces, with curiously shaped bits of pavement here and there, and gaps and isolated blocks of buildings around. The roads seem broader by their emptiness; and the statues and monuments tower strangely in their solitude. The shops are mere blind windows, grimly shuttered, or cavernous displays; and vistas of broken picturesque facades, above them, attract the eye. The empty pavements show unexpected dips and twists; and posts, and seats, and olden package-rests, unnoticed previously in the crowds, stand out upon the vacant kerbs; and extra pillar-boxes, grown big and lonely, rise up at unsuspected corners of the streets. The parks are railed and gated wonderlands of mystery.

And on and on in front of you, and stretching back and back behind, and cutting and crossing every way, and meeting and opening up on every side, are stark, contracting avenues of emptiness—the eerie, overwhelming emptiness of unpeopled streets.

Through all this silent void of vacancy, only disjointed, isolated life is seen; and all that is seen seems garish or unnatural, by reason of the loneliness and light. For in the tranquillity of the Interval, all but a few small areas of activity are still, and only extremes of work and play, and destitution are not at rest.

With a sudden intermittent unexpectedness you meet them; and they come and go. A policeman strolls listlessly, with silent tread, and walks by force of habit close to the houses, where the shadow was; or stands in the doorway of a shop, with the weary apathy which

comes, with watching, at the dawn. With a hollow flop and a louder trundling of wheels, a carriage of late, last revellers of a dance goes home; and at the open window a flushed face leans, from out great piles of white, in a languorous abandon, to catch the morning air; and back against the cushions, jewels shine upon a woman's uncovered throat, palely by reason of the morning light. A cat pads unconcernedly across the road, with a sinuous sway of rippling fur, and slithers through the railings of an area gate. And every here and there, upon a seat or in a huddled, muddied bundle on a step, one of the evil shadow-creatures of the night, too worn-out to creep into a corner where the light comes last, lies with a carefully shielded face; and a naked bit of shrunken leg above the bursted boot, or the matted tangle of the sunken head betrays their misery. The cool, fresh daylight makes their plight more horrible.

Occasionally a shabby nondescript, not tramp or citizen, trudges by; and the odd unfathomable preoccupation of his look raises a wonder at his early walk. A youth, in a buttoned-up overcoat and opera hat, swings jauntily along; but the furtive blood-shot eyes and the brutalised refinement in his face belie his nonchalance. Or something shivering, that was once a woman, slinks past. And now and then dilapidated cabs tittup and jangle harshly through the streets; and in the one or two of them that meet you, the haggard weariness of travel or dissipation stares out or leans back and sleeps. A lank, flat-footed waiter dodders quickly home, and an early laborer strolls leisurely to work. The glow of the coffee-stalls has disappeared; and the scraps and debris of the night's repasts, strewn on the ground in front, add to the meanness of their morning look; the owner sits inside and nods.

So, in the first fresh stillness of another day, only occasional reverberations of the city's herded life are heard—a tramp, the whispering scrape of worn feet, the growing, dying clatter of a cab, hoots from a river tug, or a hidden cough; and all is still again. The silence seems to fill and permeate the gaunt blank rows of houses, and settle down; so that the echo of your tread sounds rude. For all around is hidden, sleeping life.

In all this silent, hollow emptiness, where work, and play, and sin, and sorrow sleep, a certain wonder grows; and the pathos of the temporary peacefulness stirs the mind. Because the oblivion of the Interval is so short.

It is as if, in the City of the Great Unrest, the people had to hurry at their sleep. The crowds who fight and cringe for a competence are hardly rested; the herds who drudge for the wherewithal to live are tired yet; and they who plot for wealth still think in their early sleep. Fair women, sighing from a day and night of fevered gaiety, have only recently undone their hair; late revellers have but closed their aching eyes; and legions of pleasure-worn wealthy toss in the first half-conscious fidget of weariness. Hot, wide-eyed scheming and self-questioning have lately dozed; and they who would willingly forget the night have just succeeded in forgetfulness. But the beginnings of another day's intensity already stir.

Very soon all must commence again. According to their circumstances, they must set their face, or frown, or smile, and hurry through another day of hopeless toil, or busyness, or merriment. Of their necessity or unsatisfied desire, they will cheat another night with various, excited gaiety. And many must meet a waking weight of anxiety or shame.

Because, with the renewal of the city's rushing day, the burden of remembered difficulties, or wrongs, or iniquities returns; and during the night new sin has grown old. All must be faced, and grappled with, and hid.

Thus the empty stillness of the peaceful streets is fraught with a certain weird significance. The sleeping oblivion of the city seems ominous. For almost immediately the rush and struggle cease, the struggle and the rush begin again—impelled by the inevitable intricacies of herded human lives. The Interval is only a little lull between the storms.

The Drama.

THE ART OF STAGE DANCING.

It is interesting to observe the arrival in London of a beautiful form of dramatic art—that of stage dancing. For many years one kind, the Milanese ballet, has flourished among us, mysteriously associated with the music-hall "turn," with which, in the nature of things, it has no special connection. Garish in color, highly conventional in its setting, it has now and then given scope for the talent of artists so full of expression and so personally graceful as Mdlle. Genée. It is quite harmless, being usually devoted to the innocently absurd in theme. As M. Jourdain's instructor says, "il se donne en bergerie," and it has remained fixed in its eighteen-century artificiality. But the Italian ballet can never quite satisfy the lover of the dance. All art is immensely difficult to acquire, but when it is presented it must suggest ease. This the ballet in its usual form does not do. For the artist it involves a most painful and laborious training, and its most brilliant steps, like a flashing succession of *pirouettes*, and the recurring work "*sur les pointes*," are more like feats of gymnastics than representations of an art closely associated in its best days with great music and drama, and with the expression of deep human emotion. The short skirt of the leading dancers in the modern ballet rather emphasises this gymnastic side of the accomplishment. It ill suits the flowing lines of the woman's figure, which in the cases of the principal dancers is stiffly held from the waist upwards, and reveals the hardships and penalties of the artist's task, such as the over-development of muscle which severe and prolonged training in the school and at rehearsal brings about. Genée, with her remarkable lightness and slimness, her buoyant artist's temperament, her amiable and expressive face, and her capacity for those brilliant physical *tours de force* for which the ballet gives scope, has done much to keep it in the line of beauty. But, after all, it is dancing divorced not only from its old association with religious feeling, and with the graver functions of public life, from which Plato would never have separated it, but largely from the sense of plastic beauty that feeds itself on memories of Greek art.

Therefore one cannot but feel that a certain advance has taken place when the stiff dress and formal attitudes of the ballet are cast aside, and we come back to the flowing line and to natural draperies, giving suppleness and variety of movement to the body. This appears to be the main object of dancers like Maud Allan and Isadora Duncan. Then one comes to subject. Both these artists, I imagine, eschew the old ballet form and detail, and aim at freer and also more subtle effects. They desire to interpret the quickly changing emotions which music—especially modern music—awakens. They fit the dancing to the music, instead of calling on the musician to seek some simple method of displaying the mechanical accomplishment that finds expression in *entrechats* and *arabesques*. The contact between dancing and the human emotion—be it joy, sorrow, fear, faith, or despair—illustrated thus becomes direct, and the slight but wearisome futilities of plot and pantomime which hamper the Italian school disappear. This, I suppose, is what gives charm to Miss Allan's rendering of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song."

But then this lady—whose work I have not seen—seems to have made one absolutely inadmissible choice

of subject. What can be said for such a deformation of the purpose of art as is implied in a "Salomé" dance? The story of the life and death of John the Baptist is woven, lightly and mysteriously, into the pattern of the Gospel story, and no man whom perfection satisfies desires to add one *alpha* to it. But Oscar Wilde, a pervert himself, chose to turn the tale of the prophet's murder into a piece of delicately fashioned, but not less perverted, sensuality. In doing this he missed its intention and spoiled its beauty. We want to know nothing more about Salomé than that she danced before Herod, and that the price of her dance was the prophet's life. No lover of literature or of art cares to see a dead man's head postured before on the stage; still less does he desire to see the moral of the Bible story—which Bunyan repeated in the martyrdom of "Faithful" in Vanity Fair—obliterated, and its significant and sombre setting materialised. I can no more witness a representation of this character than I can see horses disembowelled at a bull-fight.

Miss Duncan has chosen much safer ground than this. In the delightful representation which she gave at the Duke of York's Theatre on Monday night, she chose to illustrate a series of dances and choruses from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide." I don't know to what extent she made use of Noverre's ballet devices, but I did not discern in her dancing any very close or strenuous endeavor to enforce the dramatic ideas of the poem. Her idea seemed rather to reproduce in a series of connected movements, answering generally to those of the musical *suite*, some of the most beautiful and best remembered groupings on Greek vases. Thus she was at one moment, and in harmony with one kind of musical idea, a flute-player in procession, at another a crowned Bacchanal, or a ball-player, or a Niobe, one arm out, appealing to the bolts of Heaven, or, as Iphigénie should be, a dedicated priestess of Artemis. Studied, and almost precise as these representations were, so that if a hundred photographs had been taken of the dancer they would have revealed a hundred familiar figures and attitudes, their combined effect was one of singular charm. "A good dancer," says Carlo Blasis, "ought always to be able to serve for a model to the sculptor and painter," and this was clearly Miss Duncan's aim. Miss Duncan was dressed in various forms of the classical tunic, longer and shorter, some of the fashions being borrowed, it appears, from the Tanagra statuettes. Her face lends itself to a certain benignity and blitheness of expression, but it is not at all classical, and her figure suggests dignity rather than the dancer's lightness of poise. But her steps, especially in the processional dances, were free and most pictorial, even if a little deliberate and passionless, and the solemn rhythmical march, in which she used the music as a very loose illustration of her movements and gestures, was nobly symbolical. The surroundings were entirely simple. She had no scenery, the stage being closed in with a square formed of high grey-brown curtains, through the foldings of which at the wings she and her young pupils made their exits and entrances. Thus, by sweeping away the whole conventional apparatus for the adornment of the scene, she greatly enhanced its effect. But the full finish of her highly-cultivated method was seen in her pupils. There is nothing in the world like the young dancer, and some of these pursuing and retreating little figures, in their light Greek drapery, might well have figured on the urn on which our English poet found his perfect vision of beautiful form. The representation was received with a rapture which shows how easily the art of stage dancing may be made to give delight when famous models are revived, and the seeds of old thought and feeling renewed through such a master of dramatic expression in music as Gluck.

H. W. M.

Music.

AN ARTIST AND SOME "STARS."

The opera season at Covent Garden is nearing its end, but, as usual, the last few weeks have been among the most interesting. One cannot look back on the season as a whole with any strong regret that it is a-dying, for opera has become so much a question of supply and demand, in a strictly commercial sense, that the repertoire is at the mercy of the popularity of certain artists. The syndicate does all it can. It would give us some of the modern French operas if there were any French singers who would be likely to attract the subscribers. It is a curious fact that although modern French opera is the most vital of all opera, modern French singers are mediocre. That they are competent to perform the works of Debussy, Charpentier, and Bruneau is not to the point from the Covent Garden view of the matter. They must also be able to draw as "stars." Properly speaking, no stage composition can be really performed to perfection without "stars." There can be no question that *ensemble* will not take the place of genius. Coquelin, Ternina, Duse, and Réjane were, and are, "stars." Their individual talents attract just as the vocal gifts of Melba or Tetrazzini attract. Imagine "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" without Coquelin and you have some idea of the point of view of Covent Garden subscribers. For a long while it was unbearable to see and hear any Isolde but Ternina's, or any Walther but Jean de Reszke's. And there is artistic reason for this. These great artists did bring out the higher poetry of Wagner's music dramas. The best *ensemble* in the world could not do that. Unfortunately, opera is too accommodating a nursery for the vocal egotist. A great actor can make us accept a poor play with equanimity. M. Coquelin, for instance, makes Halévy's milk-and-water "Abbé Constantin" acceptable, but there is not the same gulf between this sentimental little drama and a great work of art, such as "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," as there is between such trash as Verdi's "Traviata" or Donizetti's "Lucia" and Bizet's "Carmen," or Wagner's "Tristan." The language of music is not stationary. Its very indefiniteness prevents that. The old operas are insane, and were built for an insane idea of singing, whereas old plays are often more modern than new, and, good or bad, most dramas have some element of natural human feeling in them.

Then there is a great difference between "star" actors and "star" singers. The "star" actor, unless he overdoes his business, is an artist. He makes his great effects because he *is* an artist. A "star" singer, on the other hand, may be a mere human phonograph. The voice in singing has an intrinsic value. There is no one quality for which a great actor can be thus admired. At Covent Garden during this last season we have been the victims of the intrinsic value of the voice. Tetrazzini and Melba, Melba and Tetrazzini, have played a kind of operatic see-saw. Whenever they have appeared it has been the singer and not the opera to which we have listened. Within limits there is pleasure in listening to the unhuman and instrumental perfection of Melba's voice; and there is a thrill in hearing Tetrazzini's astonishing trills. But we have had to pay a tremendous artistic price for that sensuous enjoyment. Before the glory of Tetrazzini came upon us, Melba almost alone inflicted the insane music on the

opera-goer. Now there are two of these mechanical "stars."

If our opera season had anything but an indirect traffic with art, Mlle. Emine Destinn would be the artist of whom magazines and newspapers would be full. She is the only complete artist among the *prima-donne* at Covent Garden. The mere mention of the parts she has played—Senta, Aïda, Nedda, Donna Anna, Madama Butterfly and Armide—gives an idea of the scope of this artist's talents. In all she has acted and sung with refreshing sincerity, and always with dignity, emotion, and fervour. She has not, it is true, the sublime tragedy and spiritual aloofness of a Ternina, but then she has more variety. For instance, Ternina was equally good as Isolde and as Tosca, but then there is something in common in both parts. At any rate, both have expressed tragedy as their basis. Mlle. Destinn's particular triumph has been in her singing and acting of Madama Butterfly in Puccini's opera. In mere length it is a most trying part, and, moreover, it is not one in which Mlle. Destinn's physical gifts actually help her. The naïveté of the little Japanese girl's love for the American naval officer does not demand Destinn's gift for the expression of emotional tragedy. There is the usual Italian emotion in the music, of course, but it is hidden beneath the surface. When Giachetti played the part it was easier to appraise Destinn's performance at its proper value, for Giachetti is a very capable artist. Her Madama Butterfly was much too heavy and obvious. Destinn, by sheer art and imaginative powers, manages to keep the part in its proper environment.

The singer is still quite young, and report says that she is an earnest student of her art, and, in private life, a woman of remarkable individuality and original ideas. There is, therefore, room for hope that she will improve as time goes on. She is already a well cultivated artist and no mere Mlle. Cavalieri who, with numerous jewels and without proper equipment, has worked her way to the opera stage from being a music-hall singer and dancer. Nor is Mlle. Destinn a singer of one part or of one type of character as Mme. Calvé was and Mme. Gay is (for all we know at Covent Garden). But although her great talents are recognised by the public, Mlle. Destinn has not quite succeeded in taking the high position she deserves. In discussing her with those qualified to give a reasoned opinion on operatic matters, you always hear a qualification. If she only did this, or if she only did that, Mlle. Destinn would be one of the greatest artists the opera stage has ever seen.

First of all, she is inclined to force her voice in the stress of emotion so that its quality becomes a little hard. It is impossible to believe that this is a radical and incurable fault, for the voice itself, if not of the rarest type, is a beautiful organ. Rather it is due to the artist not having her feelings under proper control, and is one of the defects of her qualities. Then Mlle. Destinn has curious physical tricks which mar her acting. She has not learned how to sing without distortion of the face. That is probably due to the same cause that makes her voice sound a trifle hard. But, principally, she does not hold herself well. In this respect she has improved, which shows that she has recognised the truth of criticism, but she is still inclined to crouch forward as if about to spring. This characteristic position of the body is not conducive to good singing, nor does it allow the artist to employ a sufficient variety of gesture. In such *rôles* as Donna Anna and Armide this physical peculiarity of Mlle. Destinn's militates against a proper dignity of carriage, and, it may well be, against proper dignity of singing. It may be that Mlle. Destinn is not fitted for "grand" parts, that she is an emotional and realistic singer rather than an operatic *tragédienne*, but with her intensity of feeling and great range of emotion this limitation should not be irremovable. She is certainly the most promising and complete artist among the *prima-donne* at Covent Garden.

Poetry.

THOUGHTS

ON RE-VISITING A CENTRE OF COMMERCE WHERE A VAST CATHEDRAL CHURCH IS BEING ERECTED.

CITY of merchants, lords of trade and gold,
Traffickers great as they that bought and sold
When ships of Tarshish came to Tyre of old;

City of festering streets by Misery trod,
Where half-fed, half-clad children swarm unshod,
While thou dost rear thy splendid fane to God;

O rich in fruits and grains and oils and ores,
And all things that the feastful Earth outpours,
Yet lacking leechcraft for thy leprous sores!

Heal thee betimes, and cleanse thee, lest in ire
He whom thou mock'st with pomp of arch and spire
Come on thee sleeping, with a scythe of fire.

Let nave and transept rest awhile; but when
Thou hast done His work who lived and died for men,
Then build His temple on high—not, not till then.

WILLIAM WATSON.

A DREAM.

A FEW days ago I dreamed that I was steering a very gay and elaborate ship upon some narrow water with many people upon its banks, and that there was a figure upon a bed in the middle of the ship. The people were pointing to the figure and questioning, and in my dream I sang verses which faded as I awoke, all but this fragmentary thought, "We call it, it has such dignity of limb, by the sweet name of Death." I have made my poem out of my dream and the sentiment of my dream, and can almost say, as Blake did, "The Authors are in Eternity."

There on the high and painted stern
I held a painted steering oar,
And everywhere that I could turn
Men ran upon the shore.

And though I would have hushed the crowd,
There was no mother's son but said,
"What is the figure in a shroud
Upon a painted bed?"

And fishes, bubbling to the brim,
Cried out upon that thing beneath,
It had such dignity of limb,
By the sweet name of Death.

Though I'd my finger on my lip,
What could I but take up the song?
And fish and crowd and painted ship,
Cried out the whole night long.

Crying, amid the glittering sea,
Naming it with ecstatic breath,
Because it had such dignity,
By the sweet name of Death.

W. B. YEATS,
In the Seven Woods, July 3rd.

STARLIGHT DISTILLETH.

TREE by tree filleth,
What do they sigh at?
Field by field thrilleth,
Low comes the fiat:
"Let him that willeth,
Cease from his riot.
Starlight distilleth;
Do thóu be quiet!

"Night the tremendous
Grasps thee and veils thee,
Slow thy stupendous
Intelligence fails thee.

"I, the star-crowded,
Outsoar and outsink thee;
No more care-clouded
Need'st thou bethink thee!

"Let my primordial
Stupor that seizes
Cure, with the cordial
For all thy diseases . . ."

Tree by tree thrilleth—
What do they sigh at?
Sleep the soul filleth,
Man no more willeth,
Starlight distilleth;
All Earth is quiet.

HERBERT TRENCH.

THE GAD-FLY.

ARAB SONG.

(The poet replies to them who have affronted him.)

YE know not why God hath joined the horse-fly unto the horse,
Nor why the generous steed is yoked with the poisonous fly.
Lest the steed should sink into ease and lose his fervour of nerve,
God hath appointed to him a lustful and venemous bride.

They do not lie supine, the steeds of our folk, to the sting,
Praying for deadness of sense, their wounds the shame of the sun.
They strive—but they strive for this—the vivid and vibrant nerve,
They pant—but they pant for this—the speed that outstrips the pain!

Sons of the Dust, ye have stung—there is darkness upon my soul!
Sons of the Dust, ye have stung—yea, stung to the roots of my heart,
But I have said in my breast, "The birth succeeds to the pang,"
And, Sons of the Dust, behold, your malice becomes my song.

PÁDRAIC COLUM.

LOVE'S BIRTH.

I HEARD a voice methought was sweet;
Skylark, I mused, thy praise is done;
That voice I'd rather hear than thine
With twenty songs in one.

And she, in sooth, is fair, thought I,
Looking her close with cold, calm eyes—
As the Lily at May's feet, or Rose
That on June's bosom lies.

I heard one day a step; a voice,
Heard in a room next door to mine;
And then I heard long, laughing peals,
For *him!* from Rosaline.

Again she laughs; what! mocking me?
I shook like coward in the night—
Who fears to either lie in dark,
Or rise to make a light.

For weeks I cursed the day I met
That fair sleep-robber, Rosaline;
Till Love came pure from smoke and flame—
I swore she should be mine.

And in her house I held her firm,
She closed her eyes and lay at rest;
But still she laughed, as if a bird
Should sing in its warm nest.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

THE DREAMERS KNOW.

I.

WHEN we built the hopes of youth,
Those high embattled hopes,
When we heard the wonder-call
Ring through the echoing world,
When the solemn vision grew,
Splendour and hope and joy,
Like the mounting hues of dawn
Across the heaven of God,
What was the light that shone?
What was the song we heard?
Whence was the daring plan?
What memory divine
Of the glory whence we came
Was the dream of our desire?
None but the dreamers know,
Only the dreamers know.

II.

When the years are closing in,
When the skies of life are grey,
And the hopes are unfulfilled,
And the wonder-call is dumb,
And still the heart is glad,
Proud for the hope that was,
For the echo in the soul,
For the memory of dawn,
What are the tones that live?
Whence the abiding joy
Of the dream that never dies?
Who but the dreamers know?
Only the dreamers know.

III.

When the light of life is low,
And our lovers stand around
And watch the flickering gleam,
When the soul is far withdrawn
From the communings of earth,
No more to be recalled
From the brink of that beyond,
What vision holds it there,
To what far world withdrawn,
In what far dream absorbed?
None but the dreamers know,
Only the dreamers know.

WILFRID RICHMOND.

COMPANIONSHIP.

MEN laughed in ancient Egypt long ago,
And laughed beside the Lake of Galilee;
And my glad heart rejoices more to know,
When it leaps up in exultation too,
That, though the laughter and the laugh be new,
The joy is old as is the ancient sea.

Men wept in noble Athens, so they say,
And in great Babylon of many towers,
For the same sorrows that we feel to-day;
So, stranded high upon Time's latest peak,
I can with Babylonian and with Greek
Claim kinship through this common grief of ours.

The same fair moon I look upon to-night,
This shining, golden moon above the sea,
Imparts a richer and more sweet delight
For all the eyes it did rejoice of old,
For all the hearts, long centuries grown cold,
That shared this joy which now it gives to me.

Whate'er I feel I cannot feel alone;
When I am happiest or most forlorn,
Uncounted friends whom I have never known
Rejoicing stand or weeping at my side—
These nameless, faceless friends of mine who died
A thousand years or more ere I was born.

R. M.

Communications.

THE CONTROL OF THE UPPER THAMES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is, of course, a unique possession; perhaps the most precious of our national properties—our oldest and most beautiful highway. The very names on its banks have a peculiar beauty: Lechlade and Bablockhithe, Pangbourne and Streatley, Mapledurham, Sonning, Boveney, Romney, and the rest; they speak to us at once of sunshine and holiday. If a foreigner asks us where to find the best English scenery, we tell him to go and see the Thames. For hundreds of thousands who live in its valley, it is the great common bond of interest. They are not so much inhabitants of this or that country, as dwellers on the banks of the Thames. After being for centuries one of the greatest of our highways, it has now become for all of us, and most of all for the inhabitants of London, the best place of recreation that we have.

And yet, so incurable is our carelessness where public rights and public properties are concerned, that some of the most elementary means of preserving it are wanting. Not only is the Thames Conservancy, which now controls it, an entirely unrepresentative body, with no direct responsibility to those who use the river, but so ill-defined are its powers and its duties that it is in many cases unable to protect the most important interests of the public. Even where it has the necessary powers, it has usually the best excuse for not putting them in force. The duty of preserving the property which they control as a place of public recreation—a duty which in the case of the smallest common under any scheme of regulation is always imposed upon the Conservators—has never been imposed upon the Conservators of the Thames. If they keep open the river as a place of navigation, if they maintain the flow and purity of the water, they are doing practically all that the law requires of them. For the right of landing, for the privilege of walking on the towpath, for the preservation of the ordinary beauties of the river, the public must look after themselves as they can. The Conservancy will not or cannot help them. Even the duty of carrying out measures of flood relief—though in this it must be admitted that the Conservators do their best, with whatever ill success—is not expressly laid upon them.

The result is exactly what might have been expected, and is familiar to all who know the Thames. As the use of the river for commerce has decayed, as private houses and gardens have sprung up along its banks, the rights of the general public have been gradually but steadily restricted. The right of walking along the towpath, even in the neighbourhood of old towns where there is almost certainly a public right of way in addition to the right of towing, is continually disputed. Public landing places have not been kept up or have been allowed to pass into private hands. In more than one case an ancient riverside village, for which the Thames must have been originally the only means of approach, has in recent years been shut out from all public access to the river. Old crossings have been closed, so that travellers between two villages on opposite sides of the river are compelled to walk many miles round to get across it. In every case the Conservancy, when appealed to, have declared themselves unable to intervene. The duty of preserving the beauties of its scenery, though at present this is no public right, has been almost equally neglected. Ugly bridges across it, and offensive buildings on its banks, even advertisements of pills and powders, are erected without protest. In many cases the Conservators themselves have not been altogether beyond criticism in the buildings they have put up. When their powers have been insufficient to check these abuses they have made no attempt to extend them.

The Thames Conservancy, in fact, as an authority for the river is long ago out of date. The great change that has been taking place in the last fifty years in the use of the river has been accompanied by no corresponding change in the character of the body which controls it. During those years the importance of the river as a commercial highway has largely disappeared. Its popularity as a place of residence and recreation has enormously developed. But the Thames Conservancy are still primarily a navigation board, bearing more resemblance to some extinct highway board than to any modern authority. So far as they can be said to have any policy as to the most important problems connected with the river, it has been strictly one of *laissez faire*. In the conflict that has inevitably occurred between increasing private enclosures along the banks and the ever-growing pleasure traffic, the Conservancy have stood by and taken no part; but it has not been the public that have triumphed.

Under the Port of London Bill a change is to be made. The Lower Thames, consisting of the part below Teddington Lock, will be placed under a new authority, and the old Conservancy, with something of a new constitution, will deal only with the upper river. Unfortunately, the proposed changes, which affect only the authorities who nominate the board, are, for the most part, quite unimportant, and it is possible that, when reconstituted, the Conservancy will be in some respects—particularly in the loss of the London members—even less representative than it is now. Certainly it is by no mere manipulation of the authorities who nominate it that any real reform is to be effected. If the Thames and its banks are to be preserved as a really national possession, the whole character of the Conservancy must be altered. Its duties to the public must be clearly laid down; its powers, where necessary, must be extended. Above all, in the case of a body like this, from which there can be no direct responsibility to those whose rights it should preserve, some power of appeal must be given. The Thames Conservancy must be made directly responsible to a central department of the State. To believe, as we have lately been asked to believe, that the new Conservators, when nominated, will themselves apply for these extra powers, and, presumably, for these greater duties and responsibilities, is merely to evade the question. It is for the Government, who create the new authority, to state also its terms of reference, so that the interests of the public in this great property may in future be adequately protected.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL.

July 7th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As several correspondents refer directly to "the writer of the article" on the above subject, will you allow him to reply in the first person singular, and to assume the sole responsibility for what he has to say at present on this subject? The article has had two critics. Lord Russell's letter needs no further reply. Critics of the motor can hope nothing better than that he, and others like him, will write long, and write often, and write everywhere, and so display the naked soul of the motorist for what it really is. Mr. Peter Macdonald is a very different opponent. He is courteous. He does not state absurdities. He does not deny obvious facts. But he does seem to share the fundamental point of view of the motorist, that no one knows or has a right to say anything about motoring except the man inside the motor. I am reminded in this matter of old schoolboy debates on the ethics of fox-hunting, when the defenders of the sport always assured us that the fox enjoyed it. Had the fox been present, and gifted like Balaam's ass, they would have gone on, I suppose, to assure him that he knew nothing about the matter. He had never been on horseback, had never cleared a five-barred gate, had never been in at the death—and never would be, at least under conditions which would enable him to utilise his experiences. Therefore, what business had the fox to say that hunting is not a glorious sport? Now, sir, in this case, I, along with many millions of my countrymen, am in the position of the fox. I am hunted daily. I dodge miserably across streets. I avoid either walking or cycling along the roads of my own neighbourhood as much as I can. I find my favorite forms of exercise rendered disagreeable and often dangerous. In a word, for me the externals of life have been completely changed in a few years—so changed as largely to cut me off from all exercise and the enjoyment of natural beauty. This is what the question of motoring means to me. And I am

told I know nothing about it I compare notes with my friends and I find it means much the same to them. But they also know nothing about it. They are not the hunters but the hunted. To less fortunate people than myself it means much more. These less fortunate ones have no garden for their children to play in. They have to send their children on foot to school, and sometimes across streets to the shops. A little girl in my neighbourhood was killed in this way the other day. Lord Russell was not there to "save" her. But neither these less fortunate people nor their children know anything about it. They are the hunted. It is to be feared that they do not appreciate the heroic efforts of motorists to "save their lives." It is quite possible that they would differ from Mr. Macdonald as to the perfect safety of his dash down the street at twenty miles an hour. It is doubtless quite safe—for him. But on the question of the restraint that ought to be exercised on these children Mr. Macdonald may remember that the law itself compels them to go to school. Few can go to school without crossing streets, and children will not habitually cross streets with the sedate caution of a grown-up person. I fear, therefore, that Mr. Macdonald's playgrounds, even when we get them, will not avail to stop the complaints of parents who, urged by a deeply rooted, though, doubtless, irrational and unprogressive, instinct, will continue to agitate for their children's safety.

As to speed, the hunted can sometimes judge. I have, in my day, been in a motor car myself, and, as it happens, was twice asked to guess the speed. Having had some practice in such matters I guessed once within half-a-mile an hour, and the other time exactly right. I am perfectly aware that a speed which would be dangerous in a butcher's cart would not, according to the orthodox contention of motorists, be dangerous for them. I have nowhere alleged the contrary. I said that the furiously driving butcher's boy was despised as a hooligan and checked by the police, and I say that the furiously driving motorist should be treated in the same way. When a motorist tells us that he is a very considerate person I am interested, but I feel that I should like to have a more impartial testimonial. When he tells me that his high speeds are quite safe I bethink me of the reports and inquests I have read in which the car was not going above seven miles an hour (I think seven is the favôrite number), and yet because the "child ran out" from somewhere, or the woman "hesitated," or one of those accidents occurred which every user of the streets ought to allow for, it could not be stopped in time. I ask myself, if the car is really so easily controlled, why these accidents at low speed? Am I to think that there are motorists—men engaged in turning the wheel of progress, men of millions and mechanical genius—men not of the pitiful hunted class, but glorious hunters themselves—who are capable of arithmetical inexactitude?

I so far agree with Mr. Macdonald as to think all speed limits unsatisfactory. We want to go back to the old principle of the common danger as judged by common sense. But I do not think this practicable at present, because the police and the courts have, in the main, become accustomed to treat the twenty-mile speed limit as the one thing to be considered. I am glad that my remarks about the police amuse Mr. Macdonald. It is always pleasant to think one has brought a smile to the lips. But what I said is founded on my own repeated observation of cars tearing round corners and through the most crowded thoroughfare of my own town to the manifest annoyance and danger of numbers of people, while the police look on quite unconcerned. The fining of motorists is neither here nor there. All the risks of their sport can be insured against, and the silly police-trap business—utterly useless for the protection of the roads—is no serious inconvenience to the wealthy "hunters." In fact, we have in motoring as in the game laws an instance of the way in which in England a special class law or class custom arises around the amusements of the mighty. Let Mr. Macdonald try to imagine motoring as a cheap form of amusement followed only by the poor, and ask himself whether law and society would have tolerated it for six months. The fining practice has been a heaven-sent invention. It gives all the appearance of severe judicial condemnation of dangerous driving, while in reality it hurts nobody, is good business for the insurance companies, and secures the motorist absolute freedom—which he uses in the way that Lord Russell has kindly explained—on all but a few selected main roads.

As to dust—the motorist admits that objection. It is the only one which affects him personally. His remedy is characteristic. It is that the roads should be altered.—

July 8th, 1908. THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Any attempt perhaps to join in a discussion raised lately in your paper on "The Lost Liberty of the Road," may simply lead one no further than he started. It seems to me that, until the modern craze for rapid motion is satisfied and over, nothing can be done. The arguments in favor of the motor are irrefutable and legion. How else can a certain member of the country find it possible to reach his country residence when the distances from the station are considered? is one very favorite retort to the anti-motorist's cry, and one which, with many others, leaves me at a loss how to reply. If my neighbour feels no sense of the road's liberty violated, it is merely that he has joined the ranks of the motorist who has become so blinded by his desire to satisfy an instinct for rush that he sees nothing in its true light, and is abnormal in his perceptions. To us of the older school there is a great sadness in the reflection on all that this tendency implies—a tendency evidently so much the result of the present-day craving for movement and excitement that it has probably caused, in the case of a large majority, no stir of surprise; being one of the results they have expected and waited to see realised, a natural evolving from all that has gone before—the machine-made man. To him what matters the polluting of the green lanes and hedgerows, the stifling of the bird's song? What matters if he mar all the good old ways of the simple cottager folk—driving him to a sullen despair, or to the towns that have bred his noisy monster? To him all these things are nothing! He is the creature of the age, seeking to crush all that yet lives of the *poet* of the age. He would repudiate all responsibility for the ravage he is committing in the places we love so well. The great temptation has come, and he has yielded to it without a glance forward, and the rest suffer and are silent.—Yours, &c., A COUNTRY DWELLER.

July 9th, 1908

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is quite clear from the correspondence in your columns and elsewhere that there is in the country an immense volume of indignation against the cruel tyranny of the motorists; but this feeling will effect nothing without organisation and method.

Presuming that Parliament, as at present constituted, will do nothing to curtail the pleasures of the rich motorist, there are two or three ways in which, it seems to me, the people may abolish the motor tyranny.

1. The stereotyped and indiscriminating verdict of "accidental death" should, in many cases, be superseded by a verdict of "wilful murder," and juries have ample justification for such a course.

2. The ludicrous fines of a few pounds should be replaced by imprisonment of the occupiers of a car which has travelled at a dangerous pace; and, if possible, the car should be confiscated.

3. Some such body as the Highways Protection League should organise public meetings in the larger towns to point out to the people the necessity for putting pressure on their Parliamentary representatives to enact stringent and deterrent penalties against the motorist.

In the smaller towns and villages these meetings cannot be held. When I resided in the neighbourhood of Egham, I endeavoured to have such public meetings called; but in all the shops whose owners I visited I received the same answer: "We are with you heart and soul against the motorists, but we dare not attend such meetings for fear of losing custom." To such a state of slavery have the people been reduced by the rich!

4. The nature of the Automobile Association, and its impudent obstruction of the police, should be enquired into.

If such an Association as this, with its shameless pretence of helping the police, existed among Irish tenants, its members would be at once arrested and imprisoned. Some

motoring acquaintances of mine told me recently that they went from Richmond to Hindhead at an average rate of about fifty miles an hour. "But how about the police?" said I. "Oh, we always knew where they were; the scouts met us, standing with one hand at the salute, while with the thumb of the other they indicated the position of the police trap. We then slowed down at once to fifteen miles an hour." It is marvellous that such a thwarting of the law as this is permitted.

I endorse the suggestion made in THE NATION by Mr. H. E. Gribble that you should use your influence to start an Association for removing from the people the intolerable annoyance and injury inflicted upon them by "the tyrants of the road." Perhaps some strengthening of the existing "Highways Protection League" would be effective.

The wide distribution of leaflets among the people would help towards some united and organised action.—Yours, &c.,

Oxford, July 6th, 1908. G. M. M.

P.S.—The necessity for prompt and combined action is shown by the danger that the people will soon be deprived of the use of the sea shore as well as that of the roads and lanes.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I hope your correspondence columns, for another week or two, may be open to opinions *pro et con* touching this interesting and most important question. Many of your readers, I think, will thoroughly endorse the views so forcibly expressed by the writer of the article, and they will agree with you that it gives unmistakable evidence of knowledge rather than ignorance of the subject, but whether or no I most respectfully protest that this is a matter of common sense—common alike to the expert motorist and the man in the street, by-way, or lane. Are we not all painfully qualified to think, write, and speak from daily personal experience, and is it not quite too late and too absurd that Lord Russell and other promoters of the industry or pastime should think that they, and they alone, know all about it? The "butcher's furious drive" hits off the situation aptly and admirably, and the comparison appears to have generated a little fury in the motor mind. Surely everybody knows quite well that, as regards towns and villages and their approaches, time limits are ridiculous, conditions constantly arise under which even a seven to ten mile speed may be positively dangerous, and in my opinion one of your correspondents rightly maintains that the pace difficulty can only be met by enforcing the law against driving judged to be dangerous according to particular circumstances—this is the case as we know with the furious butcher boy, but will anyone assert that it is so with the motor man?

Like many other pedestrians and cyclists, I have had some unpleasant nerve-destroying experiences. On one occasion, stepping from a tram, so nearly was I run over by a motor car passing on the left and wrong side, that in gratitude to a merciful Providence I was constrained, without any cant or mock piety, to make a thank-offering at the church at which I had alighted. On another occasion, a monster motor, endeavouring to pass my jarvey, was responsible, in my opinion, for the destruction of a bicycle which the rider (happily himself uninjured) had steered too nicely between us. In this matter of passing, as we all know, drivers of horse-driven vehicles exhibit some patience towards one another, judging quite readily when and how to wait, but Gallio, the motor man, too often cares for none of these things, and his car, smelling and grunting, impatiently "hoots" us all out of the way. If no better law is forthcoming from our 670 legislators, it is devoutly to be hoped that the law of mutual consideration will soon begin its beneficent operation in our country roads, lanes, by-ways, and elsewhere.—

Yours, &c., HENRY W. BEATER.

85, Grosvenor Square,
Rathmines, Co. Dublin.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND MARRIAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is unfortunate that Mr. Russell should have been so grievously misreported by the "Times." According to the "Times'" report, Mr. Russell grouped together all the three transgressions in question for the same anathema.

Mr. Russell, it may be observed, denounced certain ecclesiastics for not treating the re-marriage of divorced persons as "legalised concubinage," and, by a parity of reasoning, would no doubt wish clergymen to refuse to communicate a man who had married his deceased wife's sister.

If such reasoning as his wins the day, the question immediately arises why we should any longer subsidise a Church which denounces law-abiding and respectable citizens, in the one case as "notorious evil livers," and in the other as "concubines."

An instance has just come to my knowledge of two members of the Church of England electing to be married in a registrar's office instead of in a church, in consequence of Mr. Russell's language.

The answer Mr. Russell applies to all my conundrums, "as he terms them," is that his speech was limited by rule to fifteen minutes. Was also an analogous restriction placed upon his letter to THE NATION?—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD T. GATES,
Hon. Sec., The Divorce Law Reform Union.

20, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.,
June 30th, 1908.

IS THE DRAMA DYING?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Week by week in your pages and in those of the best of your contemporaries we read bitter wailings over the decay of the drama. We are told, and truly, either that there is no drama, or no dramatist, or no drama lovers in England; or that we have only the imaginations of tradesmen. And the cures we are told of are many, but all equally useless. Our Stage Society is an abortive birth. Our Church and Stage Guild makes us all smile behind our hands. And now H. W. M. writes with confidence that "we must look to the coming National Theatre." But let us look at the matter fairly and tell ourselves the truth, that the day of the drama is, for us, gone by, and will not be stimulated into unnatural life by any of these means, and not even the all powerful State can breathe life into the dead.

The drama belongs to the childhood of man, when he is for ever saying "Let us pretend." And when that is the natural and spontaneous expression of the human mind, it has produced the loveliest art. But when we cannot do this of ourselves any longer or without the help of State, or Society, or Guild, for heaven's sake let us drop it and glory in our past. And it is not as if we had no refuge in which fancy can either rest or disport herself. Our modern novel is barely a hundred years old. And who that genuinely hungers for a refuge from the actual in the world of imagination, would not sooner curl himself in his armchair (itself barely a hundred years old) and clothe his own David Balfour in the rags of his own fancy, or walk with Clara Middleton, or listen to his own Esmond, rather than have his fancy world desecrated by the vulgar, strained voices of actress or actor, while being forced to sit in a plush theatre in the company of unloved pleasure-seekers. And this happy story-book land is within reach of the tiredest and poorest, and, therefore, the proper and lovely retreat for a world of workers. And it does not necessitate a vast army of actors, actresses, stage managers, stage critics, all having a vested interest in forcing us to see what we are better without seeing, and they would be better not doing.

Let us shed the natural tear if we will over the dead drama, then let it lie and betake ourselves to the beautiful art which is *our* expression of *our* lives on this planet.—

Yours, &c., EUPHEMIA STEVENS.

Bradfield, nr. Reading,
June 29th, 1908.

"OVER-DELICACY OF SPEECH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Surely I shall not be alone in thinking that the article on the decay of homely speech amusingly illustrates its own theme. It may be the fault of my upbringing, but in the phrase of the crow crying "against the rain," I should certainly have taken "against" to mean, not "in

opposition to," but "before." So, among Shropshire rustics and Irish people of all degrees, one constantly hears of a house being made ready "against" a person's arrival, or of work being finished "against" a certain time. And may I not invoke Virgil?

"Tum cornix plenâ pluviam *vocat* improba voce."

—Yours, &c., B.

Manchester, July 6th, 1908.

THE PREVENTION OF CRIME BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As the writer of the article in "The Humanitarian" quoted in your issue of July 4th, may I thank you for the publicity which you have given to the views of those who regard Mr. Gladstone's Prevention of Crime Bill as a most dangerous measure? Humanitarians have long been misrepresented by Sir Robert Anderson and his friends as opposed to any lengthened imprisonment of habitual offenders through mere compassion for the criminal. As a matter of fact, we have always admitted that there is much to be said for the principle of the indeterminate sentence, if it could be applied under a rational prison system; but this is just what the Bill fails to provide for. It is true that Mr. Gladstone's speech contained promises of an improved treatment, but there is no definite provision for this in the Bill; so that while the actual effect of this Bill becoming law would be to place the liberty of all habitual offenders at the mercy of the present officials, working with the present rules, the "less rigorous" treatment, which is supposed to be an essential condition of the lengthened sentence, might remain in the region of promise.

Surely Liberal members who support the measure should insist on the ameliorative part, no less than the penal part, of Mr. Gladstone's scheme being inserted in the text of the Bill and carried into effect simultaneously.—Yours, &c.,

The Humanitarian League, HENRY S. SALT.
53, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.,
July 7th, 1908.

WHAT DOES "VOTES FOR WOMEN" MEAN?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The above question appears to me pertinent at the present moment, when most Liberal journalists in London are urging Mr. Asquith to commit this particularly superogatory form of political suicide. Of course, if those who provide leading articles for the Liberal public are honestly convinced that such causes as peace, financial reform, land reform, licensing reform, the amendment of the Poor-law and of the House of Lords are comparatively valueless, and that a new sensation is needed for the amusement of the public, I suppose we must bear with it patiently in the hope that before the General Election something more extravagant but less dangerous will turn up. Meanwhile, will you allow me to point out the following reasons why the present Prime Minister and his Cabinet are not likely to adopt Woman Suffrage:—

1. No Cabinet Minister referred to it in his election address, and Mr. Asquith specifically declared himself against it.

2. The electors have never had the slightest opportunity of expressing their views on the matter, but there is every reason to think that not five per cent. of them (probably not one per cent.) favor this revolution.

3. A large majority of women are admittedly indifferent or hostile.

4. If a Bill is brought in, the House of Lords will certainly either throw it out, or so amend it as to ensure that it will operate against the Liberal Party.

5. In the former and more probable case, most Liberals will thank heaven that there is a House of Lords.

I therefore submit that it would be a constitutional crime of the first magnitude, and a political blunder unworthy of any Liberal statesman to have anything to do with Woman Suffrage in this Parliament. To touch the thing at present is to court a huge disaster at the polls.—Yours, &c., MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

National Liberal Club,
July 2nd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have just laid down your correspondence upon "Votes for Women," and as I read it seemed to me that we were getting very far from the "Age of Reason," whirling back somewhere into savagery.

"Radical Ex-Soldier's" challenge gauntlet, "The Bedrock of Force," rings in my ears. If by "Force" he means "brute force," I would remind him that savage nations are dominated, not by brute force, but by the intellectual and moral forces of civilised peoples; even India, with its ancient civilisation, we hold not by force of arms, but by moral power.

"Radical Ex-Soldier" seems to overlook the fact that a nation is composed not of men alone, but of corporate men and women. A nation of "males" is as much a physical impossibility as is the positive pole of an electric battery without its corresponding negative pole; the working of the battery means the existence of both.

"Radical Ex-Soldier," I assume this from the title which he takes, believes that the best possible government is a completely representative one, and yet he would deny representation to one-half of the nation.

The possession of a vote does not imply either administrative or legislative function; it merely means the power to make your own voice heard in the National Concert, the "Body Corporate" of social life. In a healthy human body every part of that body is in communication with the brain centre, and thus harmonious working of the whole is secured. In our present system one-half of the social body has no such communication; its wants are, therefore, dimly and imperfectly felt. Just as the claims of labor have a better chance of receiving due consideration now that labor has its own Parliamentary delegates, so will all questions affecting women and children have a better chance of securing proper public attention when we, too, have our representatives, be those representatives men or women. Even Mr. Asquith has admitted that he considers that delegations from women would be best represented by women. We therefore demand the vote on the same grounds and on the same terms that it is granted to men.

Men and women are mutually advantageous. If men try to save women in the event of shipwreck, women try to save men by nursing them in sickness. All this sentimental talk about chivalry is folly—"action and reaction are equal and opposite."

Then, as to the question of military responsibility. The responsible soldier has no vote, to be a soldier is an electoral disqualification. Moreover, it is the women who bear the soldiers, and, in so doing, there is an annual mortality of 5,000 women. Let "Radical Ex-Soldier" weigh that mortality against his own claims to national responsibility.

We have not yet arrived at universal adult Suffrage, so that question need not, at present, be discussed; but I will say *en passant* that to deny the vote to any section of the community because it happens to be in the majority is truly a *reductio ad absurdum* of all Liberal or Radical principles.

The bogie of "Petticoat Government" is flaunted before the public as though it were an inevitable sequence to "Votes for Women." Women are as diverse in their opinions as men, and will, therefore, fall into party groups, just as men have so fallen; the experiences of Australia and New Zealand have shown little or no disturbance of the balance of party power by the enfranchisement of women.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY TOMLINSON.
M.B., Lond., C.S., Girton Coll., Cantab.
July 7th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I hope that you will find space for one more suggestion on the subject of Votes for Women?

Can we not, before plunging into adult suffrage, take our stand for a time on the old idea that the family or household, rather than the individual, is the unit in the State? This is, or ought to be, the real meaning of our householder qualification. Can we not, at the same time, admit both sexes to citizenship?

Let us aim, for the present, at having neither "one man, one vote," nor "one adult, one vote," but "one household, one vote." Let this vote be used either by a man or by a woman, but not by both for one household. Widows would have this vote; so would deserted wives and women whose husbands became incapacitated physically or mentally. Married couples, or a father and daughter, or a brother and sister, living together would themselves decide which of the two should be registered as the voter. In most cases it would be the man; but not necessarily in all cases. The reasons for the decision would be no concern of the State; but under special circumstances the State might interfere; *e.g.*, if any man neglected to provide for his wife and children the right of registration might be taken from him and given to the woman. This would work in with the reforms suggested by your correspondent "R. N."

Single women who occupy the position of responsible householders would have the vote. Sisters, friends, &c., living together would be in the same position as a married couple.

Persons who found it impossible to settle this question as they settled other questions of their joint life could resort to the plan of periodically changing the name on the register, just as the political parties take turns in governing the country.

The proposal to give every married woman a vote on her husband's qualification is somewhat suggestive of plural voting. Marriage may be a means of developing individuality; but that is not the reason why it is upheld by the State.

Any form of lodger franchise would have to be very carefully considered.

Without attempting to work out this idea in detail, or to answer the objections that will be made to it, I would point out:—

That it is a form of compromise.

That it satisfies the main Suffragist claim by allowing women to vote. This I take to be the meaning of the demand for votes "on the same terms as men."

That it would not suddenly create a large body of women voters.

That careful observation of the results of a limited measure, such as this, would be advisable, before such a measure as adult suffrage is forced upon the country.—Yours, &c.,

July 4th, 1908. A. Z.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Allow me to thank "R. N." for her very able and well reasoned letter.

Is not the first benefit to be looked for from any extension of the suffrage, the education and mental improvement of the new voters, their being made more reasonable, more widely thoughtful, and less hysterically clamorous?

Has anyone ever suggested that the municipal vote has done a particle of harm either to women or to municipalities?

There are two things in "R. N.'s" letter that I do not understand.

1. What is the insulting form of State maintenance now offered to women in return for their honorable work?

2. What is the Limited Bill?

I do not agree with "H.," who writes from Lucerne, that the House of Commons is discredited. On the contrary, I agree with Lord Morley of Blackburn that this is the best House of Commons ever assembled.

What does "H." mean by strong and virile services that will cease to be respected? Is it the army? A male Army is needed for defence, to back up the police, and to hold India, but it gets rather too much than too little respect, especially from women.

Mr. F. Bowly's letter makes me feel shame for my sex. Does he suppose that all women of property will vote Tory? If so, on what evidence? As for women as allies of various supposed enemies of the people, are they not now hired by both parties as canvassers? And why not? Wiser men than Mr. Bowly opine that this question must be the principal issue at a General Election. If so, that election will be held at a very quiet time. As for offence given by certain regrettable extravagances, even breaking two panes of glass is not comparable to the burning of Nottingham Castle on the eve of the Reform Bill. If our opinions were to be changed every time anyone on our side used a bad argument, or committed a foolish act, party government would be impossible.

It is to the last part of Mr. Bowly's letter that I most object. I am not a Chaucer scholar; but till I know better I interpret the second line of his quotation from the "Wyf of Bathe's" tale:—

"As wel over hir husbond as over hir love,"

to mean that this woman had a love or a lover other than her husband. If so, I submit she is a tainted witness. Anyway, as Ruskin says, a wife mainly rules in her husband's heart, but not in his business, political or other. Nor do I know whence Mr. Bowly takes his other quotation, "the monstrous regiment of women." I am sure he will not apply it to the regiment of Queen Victoria. "A knot of women," "a handful of women," these expressions all must see would damage any cause, even if it were a good one.

One thing I take to be certain; the suffrage will not be given to women by this Parliament, so there will be ample time for his unworthy resentment to die down.—Yours, &c.,

T. Wilson.

Harpenden, July 7th, 1908.

ASSOCIATION OF SUBSCRIBERS TO CHARITIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The establishment of this Association at the Mansion House, on Friday, the 26th ult., has created so much public interest that the Committee appointed to take the necessary initial steps for its formation are desirous to make known through your columns the methods by which they think the work of the Association should be carried on.

The City Council for Organisation of Charity has now been in operation for six years, and, although their actions have been upon a comparatively small scale, they have satisfied themselves that there is a large field open, as was stated at the Mansion House meeting. At the same time it must be obvious that until the Association is fairly started no one is in a position to state the exact line of action which it may see fit to adopt.

The aims of the Association, as defined by Lord Rothschild and others at the Mansion House, are the promotion of co-operation; uniform principles of administration, and the systematic interchange of information between the charities of the Metropolis.

A council has been appointed of influential subscribers to London charities to conduct the business of the Association. It is suggested that the council shall nominate committees, each of which will devote its attention to the administration and work of a group of charities to which members of the Association subscribe. These committees will be largely composed of subscribers to the charities with which they are to deal. In this way the personal co-operation of the administrators of charities will be secured for the furtherance of the objects of the Association, in conjunction with the subscribers to their institutions who desire to take active part in such work.

All supporters of charities who are desirous of bringing about unity of action in charitable work for the prevention of overlapping and the waste of resources, promotion of efficiency, and economy in administration by co-operative work among institutions with kindred objects, are invited to join the new Association.

The minimum subscription proposed for membership is £1 1s. Communications may be sent to us at the office of the Association of Subscribers to Charities, Clark's Place, Bishopsgate Within, or to Mr. A. R Prideaux, Honorary Treasurer *pro tem.* Subscriptions may also be sent to Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock & Co., 15, Lombard Street.—Yours, &c.,

Avebury, Chairman,
Lichfield, Vice-Chairman.
The City Council for Organisation of Charity.
July 3rd, 1908.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

QUITE a number of novels by writers of some distinction are announced for the early autumn. One of the most promising is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Halfway House," at present running as a serial in the "Times." The book marks a new departure in Mr. Hewlett's art, since it is the first novel in which he describes the English social life of our own day. He calls it "a comedy of degree," the heroine being a nursery governess who marries a man of higher social rank, much older than herself. Two other men persist in their attentions after her marriage, and these, as well as the husband, are brought into collision in a way which calls forth Mr. Hewlett's powers of style and coloring, together with some qualities of analysis which have not hitherto been his strength.

* * *

THEN there is Miss Beatrice Harraden's "Interplay," a study of the influence exerted by a powerful on a weak personality. Miss Mary Johnston's new book, "Lewis Rand," is said to deal with American political life in a sufficiently direct manner. The scene of Mr. Booth Torkington's "The Guest of Quesnay" is laid in a little Norman village, and the story is concerned with the doings of a group of Americans who have settled in France. Mrs. Katherine Thurston has also chosen France as the scene of her next novel. She has been over to Paris in search of "color," and most of the book was written during her visit. In "Mrs. Allenby's Suspicions," Maxwell Gray tells the story of the pretty, frivolous wife of a London journalist who, discontented with the prose of her life, sets out for an adventure among the towns of the Mediterranean. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has finished a humorous novel called "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Miss Elizabeth Robins's "The Mills of the Gods" is now appearing in "The Fortnightly Review," and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has finished a book for young readers, to be called "The Good Wolf." We may also expect novels during the season from Mr. Robert Chambers, Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, Miss Myrtle Reed, Mr. Shan Bullock, Mr. J. E. Patterson, and—it goes without saying—Miss Marie Corelli.

* * *

WHEN "La Maison du Péché" made its appearance a few years ago the critics were unanimous in predicting great things for its author. Succeeding novels did not quite fulfil the promise of that work, but we learn that Marcelle Tinayre has almost finished a new book which is believed by some of her friends to be better than anything she has done before. The title is "L'Ombre de l'Amour," and the theme bears a close resemblance to that of "La Maison du Péché." In both books the conflict is between love, or "the shadow of love," on the one hand, and religion and family obligations on the other. The scene is the department of Corrèze, Madame Tinayre's native district, which she is fond of describing in her novels

* * *

MISS CONSTANCE HILL, to whom we already owe a couple of entertaining books upon Jane Austen and Fanny Burney —both of them charmingly illustrated by her sister, Miss Ellen G. Hill—has almost completed another volume on similar lines, the subject this time being Maria Edgeworth. Miss Hill has managed to unearth a good deal of fresh material, particularly about Maria Edgeworth's great visit to Paris in 1802, when, owing to a rumour that Richard Lovell Edgeworth was the brother of the Abbé Edgeworth, the whole party only escaped arrest through a friendly warning. It was during this visit that Count Edelcrantz, "a Swedish gentleman of superior understanding and mild manners," offered Miss Edgeworth "his Hand and Heart" to no purpose. Although the visit was so abruptly ended, Miss Edgeworth greatly enjoyed meeting the Parisian celebrities of the day, nearly all of whom sought her acquaintance. Foremost in her estimation was the Abbé Morellet. "Oh, my dear Aunt Mary," she wrote, "how you would love that man!" though she is careful to add, "And we need not be afraid of loving him, for he is near eighty!" In her account of some other incidents of the visit, Miss Edgeworth turns to good use what she calls elsewhere "that gift of sportive, but cutting, *médisance*," a quality that seasons her letters as well as her novels with many a touch of shrewd and engaging humour.

* * *

GERMAN scholars have of late years given us several learned and powerful biographical studies of British statesmen. One of the most recent was Dr. von Ruville's "Life of Pitt," an English translation of which appeared last year. Another work that promises to be of great value is Dr. K. Stechlin's "Sir Francis Walsingham und seine Zeit." The first volume, dealing with Walsingham's career in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and the first twelve years of Elizabeth, will be issued immediately. The second, which will be devoted to his embassy in France at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, may be expected next year. The book is published by Winter of Heidelberg.

* * *

THE "Memoirs of Mademoiselle George" is the book of the hour in Paris, and we may expect an early translation of it here, as Mr. Eveleigh Nash has secured the English rights. The famous actress began to write her reminiscences in 1857, but did not carry the narrative farther down than 1808. She intended her manuscript to be simply a collection of notes, which would be presented in literary form by Madame Desbordes Valmore. The plan, however, miscarried, and the manuscript was bought by M. P. A. Cheramy at an auction at the Hotel Drouot in 1903. The chief interest of the book lies in the glimpses they give of Napoleon, whose mistress Mademoiselle George was during the Consulate Other historical personages are also mentioned, and the book on the whole gives a most interesting account of certain phases of life, political, social, and literary, during the opening years of the last century.

* * *

THE "Memoirs and Impressions" of Madame Helena Modjeska, a work upon which the famous actress has been engaged for several years, is announced for publication in the autumn. It runs to two bulky volumes, the first dealing with Madame Modjeska's life in Poland, where she was intimately associated with Sienkiewicz, the de Reszkes, Paderewski, and other celebrities. The second tells of her life in America, to which she first went as the leader of a colony of Poles, who hoped to establish a communistic settlement in California. Madame Modjeska made her first appearance in English at San Francisco in 1877, when she played Adrienne Lecouvreur, perhaps the most brilliant and affecting of all her representations. She has since appeared in nearly every European capital, though by an Imperial decree she is now forbidden to enter Russian territory.

* * *

MR. STANLEY PAUL, who has been for many years connected with Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., has decided to start publishing on his own account. He has taken premises at Clifford's Inn, and hopes to issue his first list of books at an early date.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Life and Letters of H. Taine: 1870-1892." Abridged and translated from the French by E. Sparvel-Bayly. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Early Greek Philosophy." By John Burnet, M.A., LL.D. Second Edition. (Black. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Tower of London." Painted by John Fulleylove. Described by Arthur Poyser. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

"France in the Twentieth Century." By W. L. George. (Alston Rivers. 6s. net.)

"The Ideal of a Gentleman, with a Mirror for Gentlefolks: A Portrayal in Literature from the Earliest Times." By A. Smythe-Palmer, D.D. (Routledge. 6s.)

"St. Thomas of Canterbury." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Macdonald & Evans. 2s.)

"The Alps in Nature and History." By W. A. B. Coolidge. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Little Brown Brother." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Constable. 6s.)

"Gotty in Furrin Parts." By A. E. Copping. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

"L'Optimisme de Schopenhauer." Etude. Par S. Rzewski. (Paris: Alcan. 2fr. 50.)

"Fontainebleau." Par Louis Dimier. Les Villes d'Art Célèbres. (Paris: Renouard. 5fr.)

"Les Illusions du Progrès." Par Georges Sorel. (Paris: Rivière. 3fr. 50.)

"Mariage de Demain." Roman. Par Michel Corday. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

ANATOLE FRANCE.*

"The time has come," it seems, for a translation into English of the collective works of Anatole France. "It has long been a reproach to England" that such a time has been so long delayed. Those who, by previous study or training, are most likely to be attracted to this gospel of irony have already familiarised themselves with France's work. The late-comers who have not mastered France's idiom are not likely to be very enthusiastic purchasers. The publisher who ventures upon a large work of translation is nearly always confronted with this dilemma. Acceptance of the risk means a fairly substantial conviction that there are enough people in England who feel that they owe it to themselves to know something of Anatole France to make a wholesale translation worth while. In any case such a translation marks a very distinct stage in the European fame of an author. A collective edition at all means a considerable speculation in futures; a collective translation in thirty volumes constitutes a ponderable monument of literary faith.

Such a monument is raised to exceedingly few authors in their lifetime. To how many, with the exception of Tolstoy, has such a tribute been accorded since the death of Ibsen, of Renan, and of Taine? The popularity implied is one that for several reasons is not very readily attributable to Anatole France. He is, in the first place, a scholar to the finger-tips, and the scholarly cast of mind is hard to reconcile with that of the popular author of fiction. The cases of Dumas, Hugo, Sand, Dickens, and Zola are among the first that occur to the mind to prove how negligible an element is scholarship among the qualities that combine to attract a world-wide fame. Merimée and Flaubert may be regarded as partial exceptions. Fielding, Smollett, and Scott may all be regarded, perhaps, as scholars, and scholars in a very real sense, but hardly in the more precise, classical, and cosmopolitan sense in which Anatole France is a scholar.

Then, in the second place, the author of the "Histoire Contemporaine" is a profound ironist, and mankind in the mass will probably find it harder to understand the pity of France than the hate of Swift. Pagan though he is, M. France attaches an importance to the Christian virtue of humility second only to that of Tolstoy himself. Self-respect according to him is the root of evil. If men only despised themselves and each other sincerely, how much better the world would be! Of all detestable things the most hateful to him is that which renders men proud and cruel, and which requires them to honor themselves and to honor their neighbours. As if anyone of the race of Adam could be worthy of honor. What apishness, what idolatry is this! Of the tiny and unsuspected group of human beings who are destitute of an importunate sense of their own importance, France stands, as an author, almost alone. Like his own Dechartre he realises to the full his own insignificance; he feels how very little the individual counts for in a world where persons are like corn and chaff united and winnowed by one movement of the fan in the hand of a rustic or of a god. A sensation of surprise, therefore, mingles with the pleasure, tinged already with the gentlest atom of regret, with which we welcome this brave and handsome translation of "The Works of Anatole France." That it is handsomely done cannot be denied. The first shock of France in red cloth having been encountered, it is only fair to describe the decorations, the paper and the print, as being in good taste. The translation, too, is faithfully done. Miss Stephens has already done a buoyantly written expository sketch of the chief French novelists of to-day, among whom M. Anatole France enjoys the pride of place; and to her, we understand, without apprehension, has been entrusted the far more difficult task of rendering the "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc." Apart from "The Red Lily" the only novel by France in the full English meaning of the word, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," has already been translated by Lafcadio Hearn. The work, we have heard, was done in a fortnight, and did not by any means satisfy its fastidious master. Hearn could never have attained to that flawless simplicity which gives the last touch of artistic perfection to the style of Anatole France. His translation, nevertheless, contains memorable and exquisite qualities of its own. It could never have quite satisfied Hearn.

The selection of "The Red Lily" to head the list of volumes is probably an astute one. Alone among France's fictions it contains a love intrigue of more or less orthodox pattern. And it is certainly calculated in other respects to amaze and to shock the ordinary English novel-reader not a little. It has often seemed to us the weakest spot in France's armour, this rather voluptuous *roman* of the most conventional modern French pattern. And how ludicrously and almost nauseously narrow that convention is apt to become! What a grotesque exaggeration it implies in the general scheme of life of a kind of ritual adultery practicable only in Paris by a very wealthy, privileged class for a comparatively short period of life. To readers conversant with the school of Bourget, Maupassant, Prévost, Hervieu, Formont, and their imitators every trick and every ruse, every limitation and every variation of the complicated etiquette which governs these refined latitudes of sense is as familiar as the ten commandments. The correct flowers, the correct phrases, the correct clothes, the correct localities in which to seek the correct apartments with two entrances, have all been reduced to an exact science. The necessary mottoes, such as "The mouth that is kissed keeps its freshness," and "The beauty of a woman feeds on caresses as a bee on flowers," are a fine art in themselves. But what is M. Anatole France doing in this galley? Dickens submitting to the spells of Wilkie Collins or suffering Lytton to dictate an ending to his finest novel is a spectacle far less pitiful than that of the creator of M. Bergeret sitting at the feet of the author of "Le Scorpion." The book, therefore, though not lacking either in force or individuality, seems to us to lack the infinite delicacy and distinction of "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard"; it lacks, moreover, the fine scope for meditative soliloquy in which its author's greatest strength lies.

Even if this diagnosis be accepted, however, let us admit at once that "The Red Lily" has a hundred redeeming features. It contains portraits of the subtlest and caricatures of the most mordant type. In his early days M. France had fraternised with all the poets from Heredia, to whom he dedicated one of his best books, to Verlaine, and Choulette is a wonderful caricature of Verlaine combined with what seems to be a playful *après*-Renan conception of Christ. Choulette gives expression to one of France's favorite theories on the absurdity of drawing distinctions of honor and virtue between vermin so imperceptibly differentiated as "honest" and "dishonest" men. "Prostitutes," he maintains, "are nearer God than honest women; they have lost all vainglory; they have been shorn of pride. They are unadorned by those empty nothings, the matron's boast. They possess humility, that is the corner-stone of the heavenly house of virtue. After a brief repentance they will be first in the Kingdom of Heaven; for committed without malice and without joy, their sins are their own atonement. Their vices in that they are sorrows have the merit of all suffering. Slaves to the brutality of passion, these women have denied themselves pleasure. Thus they resemble men who have become celibate that they may enter the Kingdom of God. Like us, they are sinners, but by their shame they atone for their sins; suffering purifies like fire. Therefore, the first prayer they address to Him God will hear. He has prepared for them a throne on the right hand of the Father. In the Kingdom of God, the queen and the empress will be happy to sit at the feet of the women of the street." Choulette is often an echo of Coignard, and Coignard is often an echo of France himself. There is an element of cruelty in the caricature portraits thinly concealed under the labels of Marmet, Schmoll, and Miss Bell. The inhuman preciosity of the last-mentioned lady, with her close-clipped head and her dilettante heart, is

* "The Works of Anatole France in an English Translation." Edited by Frederic Chapman. "The Red Lily." A Translation by Winifred Stephens. John Lane. 6s.

remorselessly observed. The restraint of the scene in which Miss Bell comes to ask "darling" whether it would be right for her to marry, approaches a sublimity of satire. "You are not a child," darling counsels her, "if you love and are loved, do what you think right and don't complicate love by material interests which have nothing to do with feeling. This is the advice of a friend." For a moment Miss Bell failed to understand. Then she blushed and rose. She was shocked. It cannot be denied that there are delightful things in "Le Lys Rouge," even if it be true that the somewhat conventional love plot sullies them. The author's idea of a wicked man is one who is hard on the weak, the humble, and the unfortunate. He cannot be hard even on Louis Napoleon, of whom we have a quaint miniature here. He was a kind man really, but he had no influence whatever. "He appealed to me more than the first, I thought him more human." Quaint, too, is the scene with his mistress in the sculptor's own neglected but picturesque dwelling. "See here are my mother's spectacles," he says, opening a little drawer in a bureau, "how often she used to look for them." The juxtaposition of this homely touch with the scene of passion that follows is one of France's subtleties.

Although "The Red Lily" cannot be described as a characteristic piece of work, it is capable of giving the reader a foretaste of something quite new (yet as old, perhaps, as Lucian) in the way of benevolent scepticism, philosophic nihilism, and impartial disdain of the hardness, ingratitude, injustice, pride, forgetfulness of others, and inveterate self-love of incorrigible man. There is much of the French Rénaissance about France, a quantum of the *esprit Gaulois*, and a recognisable affinity to Rabelais and to Voltaire. It is not possible to match him in English literature, and not very easy to illustrate him. He is allied, perhaps, with that cloistered, bookish, contemplative class of authors of the dynasty of Wotton, Cowley, Marvell, Gray, Cowper, Lamb, FitzGerald, and Pater. But he is far more self-critical, analytic, contemptuous of intellectual "superiority." With the complex innocence of the scholastic and contemplative mind he delights to contrast the crowded splendour of the rich. To the long trances of study which have destroyed the savant's sense of action he opposes the rapid operation of the man of affairs. With his naïve gallantry and erudite senility he compares with malicious detail and unsparing innuendo the significant graces and intrepid love-making of aristocratic society. Among modern English writers there was early promise of something akin to the same spirit of polite cynicism and scholarly satire in Mr. Lang and Mr. Mallock. The talent for destructive analysis was very clearly marked in all three alike; all three were fine scholars and the precocity of the two Englishmen was much more remarkable than that of their French senior. We hesitate to say that their development has been arrested. But it has certainly diverged in a most signal way from that of the great Academician.

In the handling of inconvenient truth M. Anatole France is as shameless as "darling" herself. Mr. Lang cannot tolerate such frankness. He blushes like Miss Bell. He is shocked. His attack on the master's *chef-d'œuvre* is a profoundly interesting manifesto of intellectual repugnance to the Frenchman's mental libertinism. The theory that Jeanne d'Arc was fundamentally nothing more or less than a mascotte with which M. Bergeret scandalised the patriots of Turcoing proved irresistible to the ironic spirit of France. Mr. Lang has devoutly defended the heroines of Sir Walter Scott. The whole deep-rooted loyalty of his nature revolted against the innuendo of M. France. Hence his vivacious attack upon the "Jeanne d'Arc" in the "Fortnightly Review." But his attack is double-edged, and it is much to be feared that it will recoil with terrible force upon Mr. Lang himself. He has a good deal of our sympathy. We have analysts and disillusionists among us in alarming numbers. We are in far more need of a few of those simple, enthusiastic illusions which gild the lives and the hopes of millions. But Mr. Lang, with all his brilliant talent, has not even a small fraction of the historical instinct of M. France, and we feel that to make headway against this master of flouts and sneers, this heroic disillusionist, we have need of a far stronger and more creative mind. Against M. France, Mr. Andrew Lang is more powerless even than was Freeman against Froude.

THE GREAT DAYS OF IRELAND.*

Mrs. Green possesses all the qualities which a historian needs. She has the faculty of research, without which history cannot be written, and the faculty of style, without which it will not be read. In "The Making of Ireland and its Undoing"—a book of 494 pages, excellently printed—these qualities, rarely to be met with in a single person, are combined. Mrs. Green enters fresh woods and pastures new. Most of us are more or less familiar with the story of the wars which devastated Ireland from the coming of the Normans to the accession of the Tudors—a fight of three centuries for freedom; but few know anything about the commercial condition of the country or the state of education and learning during that eventful period. It is the story of Irish "trade and industries" and of Irish "education and learning" between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries, which Mrs. Green tells in the volume before us. This book will be a surprise to English readers. John Mitchell once said that England had the ear of the world, and that she used her power and influence to defame the people whom she had ruined. Mrs. Green says much the same thing. Only too often have English writers expanded discreditable incidents of a trivial nature—incidents common in the story of every country—while they have minimised or kept out of sight—it might have been through sheer ignorance—vital facts which lie at the foot of the nation's history and disclose the true character and genius of the people. Mrs. Green writes with trenchant truth:—

> "In no other country in the world has it been supposed the historian's business to seek out every element of political instability, every trace of private disorder, every act of personal violence, every foreign slander, and out of these alone, neglecting all indications of industry or virtue, to depict a national life. Irish annals are still in our own days quoted by historians as telling merely the tale of a corrupted land—feuds and battles, murderings and plunderings, with no town or church or monastery founded, no law enacted, no controversy healed by any judgment of the courts. If the same method had been followed for England, what an appalling story we should have had of that medieval time, of its land-thefts, its woman-lifting, its local wars, the feuds handed on from father to son with their countless murders and atrocities, devastating for generations whole country sides! In Germany or Italy or France the picture of anarchy would appear like hell let loose on earth. In all other histories, however, than that of Ireland a certain convention has been observed. Men, by some high instinct of faith, have agreed, amid all disorders, to lay stress on every evidence of reason, humanity, justice, and to leave out of the record the tale of local barbarities, the violences of the rich, the brutalities of the ignorant and the starving."

Ademar, a monk of Angoulême, writing in the eleventh century, describes Ireland—the name by which the whole island was known in Southern France, at least, as early as 1000 A.D.—as

> "that very wealthy country in which there were twelve cities, with wide bishoprics, and a king, and which had its own language and Latin letters."

The wealth of Ireland and the beauty of the country tempted the cupidity of the Normans. The Norman settlement would probably have done no harm if Normans and Celts had been allowed to fight out their differences among themselves, and to have formed, as they would have formed, a solid and a compact nation. It was the hordes of "new English" which swarmed into the country, after the Norman settlement, and the policy of the Government in London bent on keeping Norman and Celt apart, that interrupted the progress of Irish civilisation. Nevertheless, during the Plantagenet period, Irish trade and commerce flourished. In France, in Spain, in the Low Countries, in Italy, in Germany, Irish merchants were known, and Irish merchandise was prized. At home there were growing and prosperous towns, rich and enterprising citizens. Galway to-day is a city of decay. In the past it was the home of merchant princes. Prosperous Ireland existed outside the range of English influence. Within it were disorder and anarchy, wars and desolation. Englishmen fled from the Pale to seek the shelter of Shane O'Neil, one of the strongest of Irish chiefs.

> "'Within this year and a half,' wrote Shane O'Neil to Elizabeth, 'three hundred farmers are come from the English Pale to live in my country, where they can be safe.'"

* "The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing." 1200-1600. By Alice Stopford Green. Macmillan. 10s net.

He added:—

"'Please, your Majesty, to send over two Commissioners that you can trust that will take no bribes nor otherwise be imposed upon, to observe what I have done to improve the country. . . . Then let them go into the Pale and hear what the people say of your soldiers, with their horses, and their dogs, and their concubines.'"

The Viceroy Sidney, who had visited Shane's country, wrote: "Tyrone is so well inhabited as no Irish county in the realm was like it." Campion wrote:—

"'O'Neil ordered the North so properly that if any subject could approve the loss of money or goods within the precinct, he would assuredly either force the robber to restitution or at his own cost redeeme the harme to the loser's contentation.'"

The trading relations between Ireland—Irish Ireland, not the Pale—and the Continent form the most interesting and instructive pages in this valuable book. Mrs. Green writes:—

"The imports were rich and various—iron, salt, silks and satins, cloth of gold and embroideries, carpets, wines and spices—all the luxuries of a wealthy country. Irish merchants of the towns were sailing their ships to the chief ports of Europe, and amassing substantial fortunes."

What were the Irish exports? Hides, skins of all kinds, and meat; stone, polished marbles, timber, leather, choice wood for furniture, painting, and sculpture. "Great oaks were felled in successive centuries for the roof of Westminster Hall, for the Palace at Whitehall, for the Dutch Stadthouse at Amsterdam." Linen and cloth were special products of Irish industry, and the former were exported in enormous quantities to foreign nations. Flax was grown everywhere in Ireland.

"Irish friezes formed a good market in France. They passed up the Rhine; Richard II. gave leave to a Cologne merchant to export Irish cloth. At Bruges and Antwerp, and the Irish establishments in the Brabant fairs, the Irish sold both a low-priced cloth and the famous serges, Irish cloaks, and linen sheets. The trade was so large that when foreign cloth was forbidden a clamour arose from all the poor in the Netherlands to be allowed still to buy the cheap cloth and linen, Irish cloaks and Scot kerseys; and Archduke Philip gave orders that these cloths from Ireland and Scotland and elsewhere should be freely sold as before by the strangers frequenting the country and occupied in the trade."

The Irish Seas abounded in fish, and a famous trade was carried on by Irishmen and foreigners. The Irish Seas swarmed with French and Spanish and English vessels, and the wealth which the trade produced enriched Ireland and excited the easily aroused jealousy of her English neighbour. Of all the foreigners who visited the Irish coasts the English were alone unwelcome, for they tried to interfere with the free exercise of the industry, passing an Act of Parliament "to forbid any strangers from fishing on the Irish shores without licence." The following extract is characteristic of the times:—

"O'Sullivan, Prince of Bear and Bantry, ruled over a people who lived by fishing, and had his native fleet: when an English ship seized a Spanish fishing vessel off the coast he manned a small squadron, brought both ships to Bearhaven, hanged the English captain, and set the other free."

There were skilled craftsmen and artificers, the excellence of whose work was seen in the mansions and castles and churches which rose in the land. The charm of the Irish home and family, the courtesy, the culture, chivalry, and hospitality of the Irish chief, the softness of manners, fascinations of life, the freedom, ease, and pleasantries of society, the bravery of the men, the beauty and virtue of the women, won the hearts of the Norman settlers, and soon made them more Irish than the Irish themselves. The blood of the Geraldines and the blood of the O'Neils mingled, and the fusion of Norman and Celt promised a great future for a consolidated Irish nation. But the wars of Elizabeth, and the persecutions, plantations, and confiscations which followed destroyed everything, arrested the civilisation of the country, and accomplished the ruin of the people. Mrs. Green, in a notable passage, has summarised the story of the wanderings of Irishmen in ancient, medieval, and modern times. The passage is an epitome of Irish history:—

"There have been three periods in which Ireland has poured out her people over the sea. The great and singular missionary movement, when for 500 years (600-1100) Irishmen were dispersed over England and the Continent in the cause of religion and learning, has been to some extent studied by historians. With the spread of Christianity the missionary work came to a natural close: Irish scholars still studied and taught in the universities of Europe, but there was a new dispersion, of which the records have not been sought out nor the history written, when for some five hundred years (1100-1600) Irish merchants wandered over Europe, taking a peaceable part in the new progress of manufactures and international trade. These movements had enriched the land from which they sprung; they had broadened its culture and its wealth. But the violent suppression of Irish commerce and industry under Elizabeth opened a last phase of emigration—the dispersion of a people outlawed and exiled, whose hopeless banishment could only herald the death of their country. The lament of the first great exile has been the prophetic story of his race in its later days:—

"'There is a grey eye
That looks back upon Ireland.
It will never see afterwards
Ireland's men, nor her women.'"

Mrs. Green's account of Irish trade and industries during the Plantagenet period will be a surprise to English readers. Her account of Irish educational learning will be a surprise too. The trading relations between Ireland and the Continent were remarkable. The intellectual intercourse was equally remarkable. Irish scholars were as well known as Irish merchants in France and the Netherlands, in Italy and Spain. Nor were they strangers even in England. The business intercourse between Celt and Norman in Ireland made it necessary for the Irish to know English law and English ways; and accordingly Irish students flocked to Oxford and the London Inns of Court.

Mrs. Green writes:—

"So it came about that Oxford, Cambridge, the London Inns of Court, were thronged with Irish students, graduates, serjeants, apprentices of the law. Oxford had no sooner risen to the dignity of *Studium Generale*, or University with a Chancellor, than students flocked to it from all the four provinces of Ireland in such numbers as to form one of the most important 'Southern nations' of the University. There was already an Yrysshemanstrete, an Ireland Meadow in the west of South Bridge, an Irishman's Mile belonging to Brasenose, an Irishman's Pool and Piscaria in Holywell. Irish scholars gathered in 'the Ancient Patrikehall'—'Aula Hibernorum'; there were halls set apart for law students—Aula Aquilæ, or Hyron Hall, Vine Hall, Aristotle Hall, Coventry Hall, and others were either Irish or enrolled Irish students—de la Schield Hall, la Chymney Hall, Dunstan, and some of the old neighbouring halls, while the ancient Bovina or Buf Hall was inhabited by Irish clerks. Some of these Irish scholars rose to posts of importance, as Master Mody of Hibernia, Principal of Ape Hall, and Master Laurence of Hibernia, Principal of St. Andrew's Hall, and Richard FitzRalph, born in Dundalk, who was Chancellor of the University."

Mr. Richey, the Irish historian, once said that Irish writers were fond of charging English statesmen with tyranny and violence. "But,' said Mr. Richey in effect, "that is not the charge I bring against them. I only charge them with imbecility." One would suppose that English statesmen would have been glad to encourage friendly intercourse between English and Irish. The true policy of the conqueror is assuredly to draw the conquered towards him by bonds of justice and sympathy. But imbecility has been the keynote of English rule in Ireland all the time. The Irish students were driven from England by Henry IV. and Henry V. It was thought that they might learn too much and use their knowledge to injure the English interests in Ireland. Henry VIII., wiser in his generation, adopted different tactics, and tried to tempt Irish students to visit English schools. But it was too late. The chasm which separated the two nations had grown wider and wider; and the English policy of the three centuries which followed the wars of Elizabeth has left a heritage of international hatred which, it may be, no man can obliterate. But without more ado we must send our readers direct to Mrs. Green's valuable work. She has written a great book, vindicating the character and genius of her nation, and recording home truths for those who have eyes to read and minds to learn.

THE OUTLOOK FOR ENGLISH FICTION.

While our British drama is stirring its disused members within the tight commercial toils that have contracted its development for many generations it may be of interest to consider the outlook before its younger, more fortunate sister, Fiction. More fortunate, because Fiction, though

not popularly recognised as a serious art, has, unlike Drama, always been practised with seriousness by the best English novelists. From Fielding to Meredith, the achievement of the leaders has been to mirror the life and spirit of their generation, and in furtherance of this aim the novel has been developed as the most flexible artistic instrument we possess, an instrument unmatched by its commanding reach, breadth, and subtlety for the representation and criticism of modern life. The trouble is, and has always been, that the majority of educated Englishmen have so crude an artistic sense that they fail to appreciate the rare sincere creation, or to recognise the highly original performance. At the sunset of his career an illustrious figure, such as Meredith, receives, indeed, the conventional honors of public tribute, but his work has stood isolated, little esteemed, and little affecting the mental life of society. This Philistine temperament of the practical-minded Englishman does not, it is true, succeed in suppressing the strongest and most original creative talents, such as Samuel Butler's. But it isolates many, and depresses others, and in the general confusion of good and bad standards of art many fine and rare talents are but dimly recognised. Had Leonard Merrick, for example, been born in France, his brilliancy, wit, pathos, and keen insight into life would have made his name a household word no less than Alphonse Daudet's. But for every six Englishmen that have heard of "Tartarin," we doubt whether one has heard of "Conrad in Quest of his Youth." And had Joseph Conrad chosen to sail in the French instead of the English marine his stories of exotic lands, no less than Pierre Loti's, stamped by the approval of the French Academy, would have reached every cultivated Frenchman, whereas in England———. It is only in England that the flashing irony and human sympathy of the author of "Thirteen Stories," that the wild charm and deep, passionate tenderness of the author of "Green Mansions" and "El Ombù" could fail to stir the imagination of the intelligent public. It is only England that could produce the poetic realism of "Amaryllis at the Fair," and let it lie neglected, while the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" seeks to find excuse for the book's creation. We can show, indeed, a surprising array of original talents, but talents isolated, with ideas and ideals strikingly divorced from the people's life, talents that are soon overlaid and buried by the ever shifting, inexhaustible sands of mediocrity.

Were a sociological map of the British population to be colored to show what particular sections of the life of the community have been adequately treated by modern novelists, we should find that the work of ninety-five per cent. of the latter (themselves of middle-class extraction) sets forth in amazing variety the middle-class themes, atmospheres, tones, and problems of about two million people. The life of the thirty-eight millions is scarcely examined, except in certain examples of "local color fiction." We have only to think of the exceptional case of George Gissing, and his drab-colored paintings of the lower middle-class Londoner, and of his few followers, Edwin Pugh, Arthur Morrison, and Pett Ridge, to realise how effectually the great barrier of class shuts out the life of the democracy from our novelists' vision. The success of Mr. Galsworthy in "The Man of Property" and "The Country House," illustrates how rarely do our novelists show the breadth of view or philosophic grasp of the French realists, in their social outlook. They fail, unlike Thackeray, to see their class as a whole, or the larger significance of the stratified layers of class interests and class prejudices. Hilaire Belloc's "Mr. Burden," was, for instance, the only novel that satirized the social changes in our midst that helped to engineer the Transvaal war, and we may suggest to Mr. Chesterton that his talent might find material lying nearer to hand than that utilised in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." Mr. H. G. Wells, the most audacious critic of our social institutions, is probably the only novelist we have who can penetrate the dense mass of the general public by his brilliant lighting up of the social problems now facing our democracy. What makes the average English novel, however, inferior to Continental fiction is that our writers assess character and conduct less by broad human standards than by parochial or suburban tests. The Englishman's love of "appearances" at all costs, is, perhaps, the national disease. In the work of such a typical English novelist, as Mrs. Humphrey Ward, we find aristocratic bias and moral strenuousness in league to discount feminine insight and intellectual breadth; in the work of Rudyard Kipling we see extraordinary powers of observation bound to the wheels of an extravagant Imperialism. The serious humanity and spirituality of Thomas Hardy did not save him from the misunderstanding of the finest of his tragic works, "Jude the Obscure." And we cannot deny that the want of truthfulness with which problems of sex are regarded in middle-class England reacts unfavorably on the work of our novelists, who may be salacious or suggestive but not sincere. What weighs on our novelists with even greater pressure is the optimistic idealism which has the greatest aversion for any picture of life that is sombre, tragic, or even uncompromising. This mental temper of our average reader makes directly for lack of depth in our novelists, and we have only to glance through the newspapers to see how little the dark, ironic side of life, the sin, the suffering, the tragedy of the modern world, find their rightful place in the work of the English novelist. While we equal the Continental schools in studies of character, and perhaps excel them in the variety and originality of our novels of domestic life, we are far inferior in the novel of psychological analysis.

Dare we hope for a more unflinching gaze at the realities of life, from the younger school of writers? The question is one of popular pseudo-realism *versus* true realism, and false romanticism *versus* true romanticism. Current literature reflects very faithfully the feeling of the day, and the dominant class of reader now asks only to be amused and distracted, and to have his prejudices and illusions respected. Should our national prosperity have to meet the rude shock of a European war, or grave peril to any part of the Empire, we should immediately see arrive a far more serious school of writers to interpret for us the handwriting on our walls. It would be superfluous to name in this connection our most popular novelists, such as Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Sir Conan Doyle, Mr. Marion Crawford, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, &c., but we may express the hope that with the newcomers of great promise, such as Mr. Masefield, Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. Perceval Gibbon, Mr. John Ayscough, Mr. Ashton Hilliers, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, Mr. H. N. Dickinson, Mr. Thurston, Mr. J. C. Snaith, Mr. Booth, Miss C. A. Dawson Scott, to mention only a few, that truth to nature and intellectual courage may be found less displeasing to the English palate than a decade ago. One of the most encouraging signs of our time is to be found in the increasing activity of feminine talent in the field of fiction. After Thomas Hardy's pictures of Wessex life, we must place Mrs. Mann's realistic East Anglian novels. Mrs. Gertrude Bone has revealed in her two works on Lancashire peasant life a more earnestly spiritual, if narrower, field of vision than Mr. Quiller Couch's Cornish studies, or Mr. J. S. Fletcher's Yorkshire stories. Mrs. Dudeney's naturalistic vignettes of Sussex farm folk are indubitably as genuine as Mr. James Prior's and Mr. George Bartram's vigorous sketches of life in the Midlands. In the satirical novel of manners Miss MacNaughtan is quite as successful as Mr. Percy White, Mr. Archibald Marshall, or Mr. Paul Newman. Miss Barlow, Miss Lawless, and the Misses Findlater are the equal of their countrymen Mr. Birmingham, Mr. Shan Bullock, and Mr. Neil Munro. The four clever women writers on American life, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Miss Van Vorst, Miss Margery Williams, and Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, hold their own with such clever studies of Transatlantic valuations as Mr. Ford Hueffer's "An English Girl." Miss Sinclair and Miss Evelyn Underhill show as much power of incisive insight and more spiritual delicacy than Mr. W. F. Maugham, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Mr. Howard Sturgis. Mrs. Barbara Baynton's tales of Bush life in Australia are artistically more powerful than anything Mr. Marriott Watson or Mr. Morley Roberts have given us, though the latter are far superior in fertility and range. Mrs. Steel has shown workmanship as brilliant as Mr. Maarten Maartens, and Mrs. Margaret Woods and Mr. Maurice Hewlett are alike masters in their own *genre*.

The list of women novelists is by no means exhausted by the names of Miss Dolf Wyllard, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Miss Montrésor, Miss Violet Hunt, Mrs. M. E. Francis,

THE INTERNATIONAL

JULY No. **PRICE 1s. NET.**

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

THE FEDERATION OF MANKIND,
By the Editor

ANTI-MILITARISM.
By Gustave Herve (Paris)

THE GERMAN PEOPLE AND MILITARISM
By Helmuth V. Gerlach (Berlin)

GERMANY AND MOROCCO.
By Dr. David (Mayence)

THE INDIAN HOME RULE MOVEMENT.
By T. Sriramulu

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.
By the Rt. Hon. Thomas Lough, M.P.

REFORM IN CHINA.
By Gaston P. de Martin (Hong Kong)

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS IN ENGLAND.
By Holbrook Jackson

THROUGH WAR TO PEACE.
By Lieut. Col. Le Marchand (Paris)

AMERICAN CANAL SCHEMES.
By Dr. HENNING

GERMAN LABOUR BOARDS BILL.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

BOOKS ON PERSIA.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF PERSIA.

Vol. I. From the Earliest Times until Firdawsi. By EDWARD G. BROWNE, M.A., with Photogravure Frontispiece (Library of Literary History). 12s. 6d. net.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF PERSIA.

Vol. II. From Firdawsi until Sa'di. By EDWARD G. BROWNE, M.A., with Photogravure Frontispiece (Library of Literary History). 12s. 6d. net.

PERSIA (Story of the Nations).

By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. With 56 Illustrations and Maps. Fourth Edition. 5s.

MEDIA, BABYLON AND PERSIA.

From the Fall of Nineveh to the Persian War. By ZENAIDE A. RAGOZIN. With 71 Illustrations and Maps (Story of the Nations). 5s.

THE SANITARY EVOLUTION OF LONDON.

By HENRY JEPHSON. Price 6s.

The Daily Chronicle says:—"This book must be in the hands of all who care for the good government of London. It is a careful, scientific exposition of facts."

ECONOMIC AND STATISTICAL STUDIES.

(1840-1890). By JOHN TOWNE DANSON. With a brief Memoir by his daughter, Mary Norman Hill, and an Introduction by E. C. K. Gonner, M.A., with a Photogravure Frontispiece, two other Portraits and 31 Plates, 21s. net.

HISTORY IN SCOTT'S NOVELS.

By the Hon. A. S. G. CANNING, author of "Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays," etc., etc.

"Those familiar with Scott, after reading this volume, will return to the novels and find in them new beauties and new meanings. To those to whom the beauties of the Waverley Novels are as an unexplored region of which they have heard but possess no personal acquaintance, the work should prove a liberal education."—*Liverpool Courier.*

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

GRANT RICHARDS NOVELS

AUNT MAUD

This new novel by Ernest Oldmeadow, the author of "Susan," is just ready. In "Aunt Maud" he goes back to the method and manner of "Susan," and the public—the public of two continents who delighted so much in that fragrant romance—will delight equally in this." With frontispiece in colour. 6s.

CAPTAIN MARGARET

"An heir to Stevenson," says The Nation of John Masefield, whose new novel "Captain Margaret" is just ready. "Mr. Masefield is a poet fortified with a seaman's knowledge and experience, and where Stevenson, as an amateur, failed with his sea romances, our author succeeds. . . . Mr. Masefield has written a brilliant romance of a rare spiritual beauty . . . rare and exquisite." Price 6s.

CAPTAIN MARGARET

The Daily Telegraph says of it: "Kingsley would have liked this story and so would Robert Louis Stevenson. It is indeed essentially original . . . a splendid story. Real life beats in every corner of it, and the tale is told with a brisk and sunny vigour which is always full of vitality and never falls short of distinction." Get your copy to-day. 6s.

A COMMENTARY

By John Galsworthy, author of "The Country House," &c. The Daily Telegraph says, "He describes the things he sees with consummate power . . . If only enough people could see and feel things as Mr. Galsworthy sees and feels them, we should be far on the road to amelioration." 3s. 6d.

LOVE'S SHADOW

Mrs. Leverson's new novel is already in its second edition. The Spectator says, "It has inspired at least one reviewer with the desire to read it again before the year is out. . . . Nothing to sear the heart nor perplex the understanding." With coloured frontispiece. 6s.

THE JAPANESE SPY

A Novel of Japanese Life, by Lancelot Lawton.

"Mr. Lawton's book rings uncommonly true. . . . The account of the Lourdes of the East, and the vivid picture of the storming of Port Arthur, are striking bits of an exceedingly pithy and absorbing novel." —The Observer. With coloured frontispiece by Frank Haviland. 6s.

THE BLACK BAG

"Mr. Louis J. Vance has surpassed himself," says the Morning Post of "The Black Bag." "It is not only a story that cannot be left for an instant, but it also contains some quite Stevensonian touches . . . . there are breathless pursuits and equally breathless flights." With 10 illustrations. 6s.

THE HEART LINE

By Gelett Burgess, author of "The White Cat," &c.

"The interest of the book centres in a group of spiritualistic mediums, clairvoyants, and fortune-tellers and he has shown them to us with a power and vividness that mark him as a novelist of no common stamp." —The Westminster Gazette. With ten illustrations. 6s.

GRANT RICHARDS, LONDON

Miss Netta Syrett, Mrs. Stepney Rawson, and Miss Coleridge, who can hold their own with any additional men we can name except Mr. William De Morgan. We will not speak of Mrs. Edith Wharton, since she, like her master, Mr. Henry James, is, we understand, of American birth. The rise of a remarkable school of women novelists in France has lately been commented on by a "Times" critic, and we have only to cite the titles of "Wuthering Heights" and "Pride and Prejudice" to prove that in the field of romance as in the field of realism, feminine genius can show artistic originality equal to that of the men.

A COMB OF HONEY.*

How shall poetry be modern? is a question the wise would leave unanswered. But it may safely be asserted that the usefulness of poetry to its own time is of two kinds: either to draw out from the present's "measureless grossness and the slag" those qualities which will most vitally affect the next formation of society, as a magnet draws filings of iron from out a heap of dirt; or to flatter our dust-annoyed mouths with unwonted and delicious relishes. To the first belong (in intention, at least) such writings as those of Mr. Meredith, Mr. Carpenter, or Mr. Davidson; of the second kind Michael Field's "Wild Honey from Various Thyme" is a rarely pleasant example. Judicious users of honey know that all other varieties must give way to that which comes from thyme, for it has a race of aromatic wildness which surprises the palate far more than the most penetrating sweetness. There is a similar quality very evident to the taste in this aptly named book of honey—a sort of unusual process of thought, betrayed not only in unfamiliar treatments of old legends, but also in fresh and heady flavors in the verbal substance.

The book consists of a great number of short poems on a great number of themes; but it is a book—not an adventitious collection fumbled up into one binding. It is a complete and personal whole, and therefore truly a book, just as "Hesperides" and "Silex Scintillans" are books. The critical device of dividing matter from manner is clumsy and false, for there is really no such division possible in any poetry worth the name; but as long as it is recognised to be only a critical device, comparable to the way mathematicians treat of motion apart from force and of force apart from motion, it is perhaps allowable. It is certainly convenient. The matter, then, of these poems is widely various; but in most it is a fine statement of that innocence which Blake demanded—the capacity to see a heaven in a wild flower. The poet must be thus far pantheist, that to him "there is no great and no small." But if this refusal to discriminate is deliberated, and not innocent, it becomes preciosity; and it must be confessed that occasionally in "Wild Honey" this sin appears. These lines on "Camellias" are an instance:—

> "And one of them—how lovely in her mode!—
> One of them had the magic power to die;
> Slid from the stem where she abode
> With mournful violence: her petals lie,
> Broke on the sudden from their mass, and all
> The action stately as a funeral."

As counteraction to that, however, consider this exquisite interpretation of the botanist's "sporadic albinism"—the strange pallor that sometimes blanches individual flowers of a species usually well colored; to the poet's delicate fantasy, it is that some flowers in a "white madness" become "distraught, made very bashful by the sun":—

> "Thus a gold daffodil grows white and dumb,
> Trembling a little; even for this cause
> 'Mid lusty forest hyacinths a'hum,
> One silver cluster into light withdraws;
>
> * * * *
>
> "And there beside are violets, so shy
> They would not bear the name we love them by,
> That in white madness, witless and undone,
> Creep through unhaunted hedgerows to the sun."

Towards the end of the book comes a group of poems closely akin to those we have just been describing. That wonderful and reverend thing, the love of a dog for a man, Michael Field here salutes with a more intent admiration, a finer muster of poetic powers, than most singers give to their mistresses. A welcome to an arriving Chinese dog begins thus splendidly:—

> "Jasper and jacinth, amber and fine gold,
> The topaz, ruby, the fire opal, grey
> And lucent agate covered thee with glory,
> O Eastern Prince, from fuming China hoary,
> That on thy orient rug celestial lay,
> Thy coat a web of treasure manifold."

And there are three more verses of worship suitable for an Eastern Prince, of large thought and rich image. The death of this dog calls forth a lament in which occurs this poignant verse:—

> "If I should wander on till time had close
> Thee with thy shuffled paws I should not find:
> No chasm, nor any heinous shadow knows
> Thy haunt, nor may I fear thee left behind."

It is matter for thanks that the relationship of dog and man is here treated with frank seriousness and reverence, not in the usual half-humorous, arch, apologetic way. As result, one cannot help loving the dogs that Michael Field loves.

Antique legends and religious ideas—mainly Greek, some Egyptian, a few Celtic—have much place in the book; and their treatment shows a faculty of absorbing them till they become almost as intimate as they were to those who had them for the foundation of their thought. Consequently, the modifications they are made to undergo seem, while one reads, natural and inevitable. Mention must also be made of the four "Royal Sonnets" dealing with the story of David, of which two are fine achievements in static drama; the first, wherein beneath his father's kiss the "thief's face" of Absalom glitters—

> "Sniffing at the gems
> Of the bent crown as they were cassia-stems";

and the fourth, wherein the old king sits between "hoar-snooded" Bathsheba's imperiousness and Abishag's not undeserved contempt. These two are worthy pendants to Peele's great play.

As to the manner of these poems, it may perhaps be described as the expression of a keen spiritual vigor, and a power to capture rare and elusive moods and innermost sensations. For example, we find uprising Day described as—

> "Scouring our very souls, as trumpeter
> The inside of his trumpet, to confer
> A brilliancy on our wide blasts of joy."

That is surely a noble invention. Or, again, we have old age—

> "Quiet as a plough laid at the furrow's end";

or that kind of human beauty which cannot be attributed to any excellence of feature, due neither to—

> "Conference of the temples and the brow,
> Nor marge nor parting of the trembled lips."

but which surrounds a face—

> "As finest air a-quiver with the heat."

And here is a sonnet that, once read, will not easily be forgotten:—

> "Who art thou, Aspic of the dazzled eyes,
> And swaying as a drunkard from his drink?
> Seaward thou glidest, in the sea to sink,
> A sacred alien, a sacrifice.
> Who hath devoted thee? What hast thou done?
> That wound is as a jewel 'mid thy scales;
> Thy forkéd tongue still tenderly assails.
> As some amazing honor thou had'st won,
> As thou wert stricken by too vast a doom,
> And to the gods must recommend thy plight,
> Thou foamest through the sand. Back to a tomb
> I follow thy fresh steps. Ah, there in sight
> The golden spindle that devised thy wound,
> And Cleopatra marvellously swooned!"

The lips of Comatas might have been glad of such a honey-drop as that last line.

It is said that "Michael Field" is the name under which two ladies choose to write. That is none of the critic's business; but it is his business to point out "Wild Honey from Various Thyme" as a book of singular beauty.

---

* "Wild Honey from Various Thyme." By Michael Field. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

Oxford University Press.

THE IMPERIAL GAZETTEER OF INDIA.

(NEW EDITION.)

Fourteen volumes now ready, viz., the four volumes of "The Indian Empire," and ten volumes of the Alphabetical Gazetteer proper, from Abazai to Kara.

The Subscription price for the entire work of twenty-six volumes bound in cloth is £5 net or £6 6s. net with morocco back, to be paid in advance. Each of the four volumes of "The Indian Empire" may be purchased separately at 6s. net, in cloth, or 7s. 6d. net with morocco back; the Atlas may be purchased separately at 15s. net in cloth, or 17s. 6d. net with morocco back; and the remaining twenty-one volumes at £4 4s. net in cloth, or £5 5s. net with morocco back—payable at the rate of 4s. net (or 5s. net) per volume on the publication of each instalment of the body of the Gazetteer.

Pall Mall Gazette.—A great and triumphant work of reference."

The English Factories in India. Vol. II., 1622-1623.

A Calendar of Documents in the India Office and British Museum. By WILLIAM FOSTER. 8vo, with Map, 12s. 6d. net. Already published, Vol. I., 1618-1621, by the Same. 12s. 6d. net.

Published under the patronage of His Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council.

Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.—"Most of the documents her alendared appear in print for the first time, and to students of th chistory of India they will prove of the utmost value."

Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta.

Including the Cabinet of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Vol. III. MUGHAL EMPERORS OF INDIA. By H. NELSON WRIGHT. Royal 8vo, 40s. net.

Previously published: Vol. I. By VINCENT A. SMITH. 30s. net.; or separately. Part I. THE EARLY FOREIGN DYNASTIES AND THE GUPTAS. 15s. net. Part II. ANCIENT COINS OF INDIAN TYPES. 6s. net. Part III. PERSIAN, MEDIAEVAL, SOUTH INDIAN, AND MISCELLANEOUS COINS. 10s. 6d. net. Vol. II. Part I. THE SULTANS OF DELHI. Part II. CONTEMPORARY DYNASTIES OF INDIA. By H. NELSON WRIGHT. With 25 Plates. 30s. net. (The first section of Part II. by SIR JAMES BOURDILLON.) (Published for the Trustees of the Indian Museum.)

Academy (Vol. II.)—"Will be of great value to seekers after first-han data, whether for the study of Indian history or of Indian metrology For the latter especially, this cabinet, with its large number of good specimens showing but little wear, is especially useful, and the simplicity of arrangement, together with the thoroughness of Mr. Wright's brief introduction to each section, makes this volume easy to handle, and far more attractive than we should have thought a catalogue of such monotonous coins could be. . . In all points of real importanee the catalogue is all a catalogue should be."

The Oxford English Dictionary.

Edited by Sir JAMES MURRAY. RESERVE—RIBALDOUSLY. A Double Section. By Dr. CRAIGIE. Imperial 4to, 5s. The next Issue (October 1st) will be a Section concluding M, by Dr. BRADLEY. Already published, A—L, M—MONOPOLY, N—O, P—PREMIOUS, Q, R—RIBALDOUSLY.

The Shakespeare Apocrypha.

Being a Collection of Fourteen Plays which have been ascribed to Shakespeare. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Bibliography, by C. F. TUCKER-BROOKE. Crown 8vo, 5s. net; on India Paper, 7s. 6d. net.

Daily Mail.—"This collection will be invaluable to Shakespearean students. It has never been made before, and it has been done now admirably, and once for all. Mr. Brooke's introduction is wonderfully interesting, and so, indeed, are the plays themselves. They are not to be accounted canonical, but the may be read 'for example of life and instruction of manners.'"

Johnson on Shakespeare.

Essays and Notes selected and set forth with an Introduction by WALTER RALEIGH. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

[*Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.*

Country Life.—"This charming reprint is decidedly worthy of an honoured place on the bookshelf."

Greek Historical Writing and Apollo.

By ULRICH VON WILAMOWITZ-MOELLENDORFF. (Translation by GILBERT MURRAY.) 8vo. 2s. net.

The Position and Prospects of the Study of Economic History.

By L. L. PRICE. 8vo. 1s. net.

Individualism and After.

By BENJAMIN KIDD. 8vo. 1s. net.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE UNIVERSITY PRESS AT OXFORD.

With Illustrations, together with a Chart of Oxford Printing. By FALCONER MADAN. Small 4to, Paper Covers, price 2s. 6d.

London: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.

Messrs. Constable's List

READY NEXT WEEK.

DOROTHEA BEALE OF CHELTENHAM. By ELIZABETH RAIKES. Illustrated with ten Portraits and Views in Photogravure. Demy 8vo. 10/6 net.

BRITISH IMPERIALISM IN THE 18th CENTURY. By GERALD BERKELEY HERTZ, M.A., B.C.L. 6/- net.

THE NEW AMERICAN TYPE. By H. D. SEDGWICK, Author of "A Short History of Italy." 6/- net.

LANDS OF SUMMER. ITALY, SICILY, and GREECE. By T. R. SULLIVAN. Illustrated. 6/- net.

ITALICA. Studies in Italian Life and Letters. By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. Ex. Crown 8vo. 6/- net.

NEW BOOKS AT THE LIBRARIES.

The North-West Passage. By Captain ROALD AMUNDSEN. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 31/6 net.

Later Years of Catherine de Medici. By EDITH SICHEL. Illustrated. 15/- net.

A History of the Volunteer Forces By C. S. MONTEFOIRE. Illustrated. 15/- net.

The Soul of Spain. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. 7/6 net.

FOUR NEW 6/- NOVELS.

1. By Alice Brown ——— Rose Macleod

PUNCH says: "There is an irresistible fascination in 'Rose Macleod,' by Alice Brown, perhaps the most delightful of living American novelists. . . . I have seldom read a romance in which the author's insight into unseen things is more admirably combined with knowledge of the visible and real."

2. By May Sinclair ——— Kitty Tailleur

The DAILY TELEGRAPH says: "It is packed with cleverness and vigour . . . the intellectual force of her new story is quite emphatic and impressive . . . a picture of modern life which is simply alive with sincerity and with acute searching observation."

3. By Stanley Hyatt—The Little Brown Brother

The DAILY TELEGRAPH says: "He has written an intensely vigorous and dramatic story, full of characterisation and descriptive charm. . . . Mr. Hyatt's heroine is a charming creation. . . . 'The Little Brown Brother' will probably cause a considerable sensation."

4. By W. E. Norris ——— Pauline

The LIVERPOOL POST says: "Altogether it is a great book, skilfully handled, with a consummation of infinite tenderness."

The DAILY MAIL says: "'Pauline' is one of the best novels Mr. Norris has given us."

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO. LIMITED,

10 ORANGE STREET W.C.

THE TEMPLE OF ART.*

THE first volume of "A History of Art," translated by Miss Alice Todd from the Italian of Dr. G. Carotti, and revised by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, deals with the art of the Ancients. In her prefatory note Mrs. Strong points out that certain illustrations have been substituted for those in the Italian edition, and draws attention to some points on which the author's data differ from those now generally current; but whatever may be the importance of these discrepancies, they hardly affect the total value of a work that, considering the vastness of its scope, is more complete in its facts and deductions than any that has hitherto found its way into our language. Since, during the period covered, art and architecture had not become divorced, but were practically interdependent, a great deal of the book is purely architectural. Dr. Carotti's literary method is, in a sense, architectural also. His piecemeal plan of construction suggests that of a builder engaged in the erection of a mighty temple. Beginning with the foundations, to which the Oriental arts of ancient Egypt and Chaldea may be said to correspond, he adds stone by stone until his edifice assumes noble proportions in the earlier classical art of Greece, and reaches its consummation in the golden age of Pericles. Hellenistic art, the efflorescence of the Hellenic, comes later. Out of it that of Rome is evolved; one might regard the latter as an important wing added to a structure already complete in itself. Cornices and ornamentation, even supporting columns and entablatures—to carry on the architectural parallel—are contributed by other countries in other ages, until the whole stands out, a great rich monument against the sky—a monument not merely to human skill, but to humanity itself.

It is a truism that the history of art is that of nations, and that it is only from what was built, sculptured, or painted before the age of writing that we can learn some of the secrets of a long-dead past. This book, however, renders invaluable service in making the truism more true. Within its two broad divisions of Oriental and classical art are contained short but eloquent histories of Egypt and Asia Minor, the Persian Empire, Greece and Magna Graecia, Etruria and Rome, in so far that the arts of all these reflect in varying degree the life of their peoples as well as the majesty of their kings and the pomp of their priesthoods. In all, or nearly all, art outlived the political life of the nation who practised it. Egypt, where it began with the Memphite period and the pyramids, retained in her heathen temples most of the outward and visible signs of her art impulse until as late as 393 A.D., when Theodosius ordered all such temples throughout the Roman Empire to be closed. Greek art flourished for long after the country's political downfall, and in its Hellenistic phases invaded and almost, if not completely, conquered Rome. Roman art is, perhaps, the greatest of the exceptions to this general longevity. It was the art of the Empire, and may be said to have lived and died with the Empire, to have reached its apex and declined to its decadence and final extinction before the onslaught from the North. And here, remembering Mrs. Strong's own views on Roman art, we may interpolate those of Dr. Carotti, as they are expressed in a very simple comparison on p. 255. After a brief summary of its formation and characteristics he adds: "We cannot, however, conceal the fact that, if we put Greek art and Roman art together, and contemplate them, as it were, side by side, the former will appear to us the image of the youthful maturity of a great people (the Graeco-Italic people) the latter of its robust but somewhat late maturity. In the one there is the smile of youth, in the other the thoughtfulness of later years. When at last, at the end of the ancient world, this thoughtfulness lost its vigor and finally disappeared, the smile of Greek art was not yet spent, it was still radiant."

That "smile" of Greek art is still radiant and, if it does not prove the Greek's superior merit over every other in the world, including that of Rome, it does suggest a reason for his ancient and modern popularity. Dr. Carotti, however, pays full tribute to what was truly great and national in Roman art, though he voices the very general opinion that it is on architecture that the Romans have left "the clearest and most characteristic imprint of their splendid, and at the same time so practical, genius," and reminds us that the spiral sculptures of the Trajanic and other columns were anticipated in the Alexandrian reliefs. To return to the matter of longevity in the art of nations, the duration of Egyptian art was far greater even than that of Greece. But to the modern mind there is this important difference between the two that, whereas the art of ancient Egypt has been dead for two thousand years, and to-day contains for us no elements of artistic life, that of Greece, more particularly that part which centres round Pheidias, is as fresh and living to-day as when it found expression. Greek art discovered the elixir of eternal youth. The Egyptians built up a great art slowly and laboriously, and the monuments of it survive. But they are not monuments that can quicken the senses to life as can the monuments of good Greek sculpture. Their immortality has proved itself less truly immortal.

Dr. Carotti deals very thoroughly with Greek art. He shows how here, as in all great movements of national self-expression, architecture took the lead, while sculpture and painting followed comparatively slowly in the rear. The Doric order, the first in Greek architecture, reached its vigorous maturity in the archaic age, while the cult of physical human beauty, that controlled the sculpture of the perfect period, was still in infancy. The less robust Ionic followed upon that, and lastly came the more graceful form of Ionic, the Corinthian, a product of the general efflorescence of art in the fourth century B.C. Sculpture was mainly developed by two schools, the Peloponnesian and the Attic, and it is worthy of note that, though the former produced most of the great artists who made the Greek tradition what it is, it was the Attic school that gave birth to its greatest genius, Pheidias. From the latter to Scopas, Praxiteles, Pergamon, and the whole host of Hellenistic masters, the course of Greek art is traced with scrupulous exactitude. The special attention paid to this subject need not, however, surprise one. Greek art, with the frieze of the Parthenon for its symbol and crown, is the most important thing in all ancient art history. Like that of the Persian Empire, which synthetised practically every other Oriental art, welded them into a national product and added something of its own, Greek art was a derivative from many sources. But what was eclectic in its elements was transformed and modified, as neither the art of Persia nor the later one of Rome was modified, by the truly national genius. When we look at a piece of Roman sculpture we can hardly fail to be reminded of the Greek, and old Persian art almost inevitably carries with it a far-away faint odour of Assyria or Egypt. But a good Greek sculpture recalls nothing but the Greek, though, historically speaking, we know it to have been largely based on the Aegean. Dr. Carotti briefly suggests the reasons, climatic and ethnological, for this perfect triumph of Greek art over its ancestry, and the whole section, with its numerous illustrations and detailed classification, should be studied by the British reader as a concise and illuminating commentary on what Dr. Ernest Gardner and other scholars have already written upon the same subject. From a literary point of view the book lacks the picturesqueness that distinguishes Professor Muther's histories of painting, Signor Molmenti's of Venice, and certain other works by distinguished foreign writers of to-day, but one must remember that there is not much room for picturesque writing in a faithful survey of several thousands of years, when confined within 350 short pages. We are grateful accordingly for the soundly handled account of ancient art that it presents; for a detailed picture of the temple of art, with Greek art as its corner-stone.

* "Ancient Art." Vol. I. of "A History of Art." By Dr. G. Carotti. Translated into English by Miss Alice Todd. Revised by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, Litt.D., LL.D. With 540 illustrations. Duckworth & Co. 5s. net.

A GUIDE TO SUMMER FICTION.

IN "The Fourth Ship" (Chapman & Hall, 6s.), an extremely clever novel, one much too femininely subtle for a man to take in in all its bearings, Miss Mayne chronicles the intimacies, love affairs, marriages, and scandals of the St. Lawrence and Maryon households. The description of the pent-up life led by the three marriageable daughters, Caroline, Louisa and

BOOKLETS ON DIET.

PLAIN DINNERS:
A HELP TO A URIC-ACID FREE DIET. **Post free, 7d.**
"There is much sound wisdom and real helpfulness in the pages of this little pamphlet."—*Dundee Courier.*

SALINE STIMULATION:
WITH REMARKS ON A COMMON ILL. **Post free, 7d.**
A "new application of old and familiar facts."
From the Author, ALICE BRAITHWAITE, 45, WEST END AVENUE, HARROGATE.

MISCELLANIES. FOURTH SERIES.

By JOHN MORLEY. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.
Contains papers on Machiavelli and Guicciardini, John Stuart Mill, and other pieces.

The Eversley Tennyson.

Annotated by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON. In nine vols., globe 8vo, 4s. net each. Vol. VII. Demeter and other Poems.
[*Tuesday.*

Impressions of India.

By SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P. Crown 8vo, 3s. net.

H.M.I. SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF H.M. INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS.

By E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, formerly H.M.I. North-West Division. 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

The Athenæum.—"He has provided in this volume, which is a treasury of good stories excellently told, a delightfully humorous account of the daily experiences of a more or less vagrant official."

Sicily in Fable, History, Art, and Song.

By WALTER COPLAND PERRY.
With Maps. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

The Logic of Will. A STUDY IN ANALOGY

By HELEN WODEHOUSE, D.Phil.
Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEW NOVEL.

Mr. Crewe's Career.

By the Author of "Coniston," etc. Illustrated. Extra Crown 8vo, 6s.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.
(*One Penny Weekly.*)

IMPORTANT. NEW BOOKS.

A HANDBOOK FOR SOCIAL WORKERS.

THE WORKERS HANDBOOK.

By GERTRUDE M. TUCKWELL and CONSTANCE SMITH.

"This most excellent Workers Handbook, which comprises all the regulations designed for the protection of workers from infancy to old age. Added to this is an account of the many organisations which exist to supplement State regulations so that a very comprehensive survey of the whole question is gained. An achievement in popularising the knowledge of industrial laws and of agencies to help the workers in its conciseness and comprehensiveness.—*Westminster Gazette.*

Prospectus on Application.

A HISTORY OF ART.

By GIULIO CAROTTI, of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Milan, and the Royal University of Rome. English Edition. Revised by Mrs. S. ARTHUR STRONG, LL.D., Vol. I.—Ancient Art. 540 Illustrations. Now Ready. Crown 8vo, **5**s. net.

*** *An indispensable book of reference. Prospectus on application.*

A New Volume in the Popular Library of Art.

WHISTLER.

By BERNHARD SICKERT. Leather, **2**s. **6**d. net. Cloth, **2**s. net.

A full list of the volumes in the series will be sent on application.

2nd. Impression now ready.

WANDERINGS IN ARABIA.

By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.
With Portrait and a Map, 2 vols. 16s. net.

"One of the greatest travel books in literature."—*Spectator.*
"In many respects the best book of travel ever written."—*Punch.*
"One of the great books of our own time."—*Observer.*
"Surely belongs to the classics."—*Daily News.*

London: DUCKWORTH & CO., Covent Garden, W. C.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH'S

HOLIDAY NOVELS

BY POPULAR AUTHORS.

NOW READY. Crown 8vo. **6s.** each.

MR. H. BELLOC'S NEW NOVEL

is Now Ready, and is entitled

MR. CLUTTERBUCK'S ELECTION.

By H. BELLOC, Author of "Emanuel Burden."

¶ A brilliant satire on modern political and financial life. Mr. Clutterbuck's progress from a City office and a villa at Croydon to the "select" pages of Burke will cause the reader infinite amusement.

THE HARVEST MOON. By J. S. FLETCHER
Author of "Daniel Quayne."

¶ A powerful and engrossing story of the life of a singularly interesting girl, the daughter of an old Dutch settler in Yorkshire. The scenes are laid in Yorkshire, Bruges, and Rome, and the plot affords many striking opportunities for the author's well-known dramatic and artistic talents.

THE MAGIC OF MAY. (2nd Imp.) By "IOTA."

"A document of the hour."—*The Times.*
"Eleanor is one of the most complete and interesting of modern heroines."—*The Morning Post.*

THE LADY IN THE CAR. (2nd Imp.) By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

"Wonderfully interesting and exciting."—*The Morning Leader.*

NASH'S SUMMER LIBRARY is the most attractive series of 1s. novels obtainable. It comprises works of such popular authors as H. A. Vachell, William Le Queux, Frank Richardson, &c., and is distinguishable anywhere by the bright coloured picture wrapper which each volume bears.

At all Bookstalls, Bookshops, and Libraries.
EVELEIGH NASH, Fawside House, King St., Covent Garden, W.C.

Josephine, under the argus eyes of the Rev. Gerald St. Lawrence, rector of Cullyfracky, a widower, famously well connected and ill-tempered, is unfortunately true to the traditions of generations of Irish "quality." Monotonous days passed in isolation, with no duties or amusements, the years passing swiftly with no outlook for the girls, who are finally forced out into the world to try and earn a living, for which they are totally unfitted—all this Miss Mayne sketches with a relentlessly sure touch. The figure of Josephine, "a volcanic little being," early chilled into old-maidish frigidity by her ignorance of life, her proud isolation, her uselessness, is capitally drawn, and the analysis of the kindly plebeian Dr. Morrogh's blundering wooing of her, and of the girl's frozen scorn and shuddering disdain, is masterly. Remarkably ably drawn, too, in the sequel thirty years later, is the situation developed in the Maryon household, between the girls Christabel and Rosamund, and their married sister, Mrs. Leigh, when the latter knows that her "affair" with Major Secretan has been discovered. The author has a remarkable faculty of divining the finest shades of feminine emotion, whether of girlhood, wifehood, motherhood, or spinsterhood, and with veiled irony she makes her men characters move throughout the story in profound ignorance, for the most part, of the significant feminine dramas enacted under their noses. Miss Mayne writes a clever but elliptic style, and her novel is so elusive in feeling that it needs all the mental alertness a reader can bring to bear on it.

* * *

Miss Willcocks has put so much patient observation, active imagination, and cultured philosophising into her vivid picture of peasant life on the north coast of Devon ("A Man of Genius." John Lane, 6s.), that it may seem a little ungrateful if we hint that in art the half is greater than the whole. No doubt she herself recognises that there is a curious cleavage between the simple, but shrewd, philosophy of her humble farming and fishing folk, and the amateurish and highly artificial mental atmosphere by which their doings and sayings are put on record. And, feeling this, she has invented the figure of Damaris Westaway, a type of the glorified ideal of suburban culture, to act as a natural channel by which the outlook of villager and novelist can meet and be reconciled. At least one half of the matter in the book has the note of reality, and the other half, that presents to us Ambrose Velly, the man of genius, and Damaris, and her philosophic speculations, is strained and unnatural. Many of the little descriptions of the North Devon coast, of farmhouse and fishing village life, have the air of clever sketches from life, and, more than this, some of the rural characters, such as old Mrs. Velly and Thyrza Braund, are deftly portrayed. The complex relations, too, between the two girls, Thyrza and Damaris, who each love the same man, Ambrose, and their skilful juggling with their feelings in consequence, are also quite true to life, but Miss Willcocks has fallen into the mistake of making Damaris such a noble and superior young person, and one so prone to improving every occasion by her highly intellectual comments, that it is with difficulty we endure her company. The sharpest criticism of that young lady's high-flown idealism is, in reality, called for in every chapter, and the author would have scored a distinct success if she had reversed her moral and shown how inappropriate are the words of culture when used to comment on the hard realities of working folk's lives.

* * *

In "My Son and I" (George Allen, 6s.), Mrs. M. H. Spielmann has had the happy idea of writing the domestic chronicle of a sweet, quiet, and patient woman, who is old-fashioned enough to live for her joy in her son, from the days of his babyhood till he is grown-up and married, a woman who, herself, remains quite young in spirit when her grandchild is old enough to patronise her. The account of her son's love affairs, of his flirtations with the girls whom she, his mother, dreads, and of his indifference for Dulcie, the girl on whom she has set her heart on his marrying, is natural and charming, and there is a restful domesticity in this picture of a little Victorian circle which recalls the flavour of Miss Thackeray's novels. Mrs. Spielmann, of course, does not possess the latter's haunting charm and tender mellowness of style, but she writes with a simplicity and ease that are very pleasing. The book is one that will appeal particularly to English people who are exiled or domiciled abroad, and it will conjure up for them visions of particular English country homes and gardens sleeping in July sunshine, with thrushes calling near, and the fresh echo of young voices from the tennis lawn below the house.

* * *

On the title-page of "The Flemings" (Smith, Elder, 6s.) the authors have set the very pertinent motto, "He gave them their desire and sent leanness withal into their souls." Roger Fleming is one of thousands of painters who can neither express themselves in their art to their own satisfaction or find contentment within the limits of their power. Married to a delicate wife, and settled down in an ideal country home, "The Old Hall," at Everleigh, Roger soon finds that he has a sense of loss of power. Shut up in his comfortable surroundings he drifts insensibly into painting potboilers on sporting subjects, because they sell, and when his wife points out to him that he cannot have everything, that he used to hate his old feverish Bohemian life, with his fits of depression and inspiration, without comfort or leisure or home pleasure, Roger can only reply that he *will* get back his lost powers or that he will be miserable for life. Art points in one direction and domestic duty in the other, and our authors trace with considerable skill the mental paralysis that falls on the man when he at last determines to sacrifice his art. Years pass, and a big fortune falls to Roger's lot, but he discovers that the responsibilities and duties of wealth bring him more trouble than pleasure, that he was "far happier as a student with a few francs in his pocket, and far happier wrestling with his painting in Brittany and Everleigh." Into Roger's further development as a man and a father we must leave the reader to enquire for himself, but we may say that the merit of the novel lies in the neat readjustments of the hero's mental focussing of life, and the change of his valuations and ideals at the successive stages of his career.

* * *

There is considerable imaginative power shown in Mr. Clegg's romance of French convict life in New Caledonia ("The Bishop's Scapegoat." John Lane, 6s.). The first and last chapters of the book in which the plot is outlined and wound up show the characteristic weakness of English fiction, sensational improbability, but we are fain to confess that the body of the narrative is on a much higher level, and that its exciting pages are rich in incident and dramatic force. The best figure in the story is that of the convict Cacalouche, whose fertility and resource in his daring escape from the convict settlement, and his outwitting of the pursuing Canaques are worthy of a Napoleonic soldier of the Old Guard. Mr. Clegg's sketch of the generous-hearted "Madame," who shelters Cecile, the castaway heroine, after her escape with Cacalouche and "Papa" Bertrand in an open boat, to the Queensland coast, proves that he has a good eye for character, and had he cut out of the framework of his story the unconvincing figures of Miss Betty and her brother, the English Bishop, who, having strangled the villainous Marquis de Remusat, lets an innocent man suffer for his crime, we should have little fault to find with his romance. The story is not constructed on a good model, but for his descriptive powers and dramatic instinct the author merits hearty praise.

* * *

There is a recklessness in the Irishman's blood which makes social intercourse with him for his cautious, self-controlled English neighbours somewhat of a terror. In literature, as in life, this quality has the power of leaping social obstacles and annihilating fine-drawn distinctions, of fusing reality and romance, so as to nonplus the cool-headed onlooker. In "The White Wedding," by M. P. Shiel (Werner Laurie, 6s.), this dashing quality exists *in excelsis* in the character of the hero, the gamekeeper Shan. Sceptical people may deem this portrait of an Irishman a caricature, but the picture, though a glorified one, is fundamentally true to Irish nature. Shan and Arthur Gordrige, the young master of Glanncourt, are both madly in love with the sweet and arch girl Rosie, and after a Homeric fight between them, in which Arthur is worsted, the

EYE-OPENING BOOKS FOR READERS OF ALL AGES.

A Series of Books on the Wonders of NATURE, Popularly Written and Scientifically Accurate.

ADVENTURES IN BIRD-LAND.
A Book for Boys. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Home Life in Bird-Land," "Woodland, Field, and Shore," &c. With 90 Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author, and 100 Pen-Sketches by E. RICHMOND PATON. Cloth gilt, demy 8vo, 6s. net.

THE BOY'S OWN NATURE BOOK.
By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., M.B.O.U., Author of "Fifty-two Nature Rambles," "Every Boy's Book of British Natural History," &c. With an Introduction by the Hon. Sir JOHN COCKBURN, K.C.M.G., M.D. (late Prime Minister of South Australia), and Appendices descriptive of the Coloured Plates. With two folded Coloured Plates, a Coloured Frontispiece, and 64 Plates containing over 150 Pictures reproduced from photographs taken direct from Nature by the Rev. S. N. SEDGWICK, M.A. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Coloured Medallion on cover, 3s. 6d. [*Just Ready.*

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.
By the late Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History," &c. With 16 full-page Plates and numerous Illustrations in the text. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. New Edition. [*Just Ready.*

BY MEADOW, GROVE, AND STREAM.
An Introduction to Nature Study. By HENRY HILTON BROWN, F.E.S. With 2 folded Coloured Plates, Photogravure Frontispiece, and 171 Figures in Black and White, from Original Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

BY-PATHS IN NATURE.
By FRANK STEVENS, Author of "Adventures in Pondland," &c. With 72 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

CONSIDER THE HEAVENS.
A Popular Introduction to Astronomy. By MRS. WILLIAM STEADMAN ALDIS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

CREATURES OF THE SEA.
Being the Life Stories of some Sea Birds, Beasts, and Fishes. By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S. With 40 Full-page Illustrations by THEO. CARRERAS. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY.
A Reliable Guide to British Wild Life and Nature Photography. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

FIFTY-TWO NATURE RAMBLES.
A Series of Open-Air Talks for Young People. By W. PERCIVAL WESTALL, F.L.S., M.B.O.U., Author of "Every Boy's Book of Natural History," &c. With five Coloured Plates from Drawings, and 100 other Illustrations from Photographs. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELDS OF NATURE.
By EDWARD T. CONNOLD, F.Z.S., F.E.S. With an Introduction by DAVID ANDERSON-BERRY, M.D., F.R.S.E. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 24 pages of Plates from Photographs, Photo-micrographs, and Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Medallion on Cover, 3s. 6d. [*Just Ready.*

HIDDEN BEAUTIES OF NATURE.
By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S. With 95 Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

HOME LIFE IN BIRD LAND.
By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Woodland, Field, and Shore." With 4 Coloured Plates, and over 80 other Illustrations from Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net.

THE HONEY BEE.
Its Nature, Homes, and Products. By W. H. HARRIS, B.A., B.Sc. With 82 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth. 2s. 6d.

HOW TO STUDY WILD FLOWERS.
By Rev. GEORGE HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., &c., Author of Plants of the Bible," New Edition, with 12 double-page Coloured Plates and 57 other Illustrations. Cloth Gilt, with Coloured Pictures on cover, 2s. 6d.

THE MICROSCOPE.
A Popular Handbook. By LEWIS WRIGHT, Author of "Optical Projection," "Light: A Course of Experimental Optics,', etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY.
Familiar Notes on the Stars and Planets. By EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.S., F.R.A.S., Past-President of the Royal Astronomical Society, late Chief Assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. With 32 Star-Maps and numerous other Illustrations. Imperial 8vo, cloth, 8s.

NATURE, CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL.
By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S., Author of "Hidden Beauties of Nature," &c. With 69 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

NATURE: THROUGH MICROSCOPE AND CAMERA.
By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S., Author of "Nature, Curious and Beautiful," &c. With 65 Photo-Micrographs. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net.

PONDS AND ROCK POOLS.
With Hints on Collecting for, and the Management of, the Micro-Aquarium. By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LOWER ANIMALS (INVERTEBRATES).
By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.
By MRS. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," &c. With 130 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

THROUGH A POCKET LENS.
By HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S., Author of "Ponds and Rock Pools,' &c. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

WOODLAND FIELD, AND SHORE.
Wild Nature depicted with Pen and Camera. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Adventures in Bird-Land," &c. With 2 Coloured Plates, and 101 Engravings of Birds, Animals, and Insects from Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Published by the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

latter goes off to the Transvaal War, Shan vowing to "look after" Rosie for him till he returns. Only an Irishman could be capable of Shan's ingenious device of first marrying an old hag and then going through a mock marriage with Rosie in order to keep troth with his absent master. Rosie, only a wife in name, is naturally piqued by her husband's coldness, and after bringing her battery of arts to bear, falls as much in love with Shan as he, despite his self-sacrifice, is with her. Arthur, on his return, thrashes Shan at sight for "basely robbing him of Rosie, and affairs are only straightened out by Rosie's declaration that she hates Arthur and that life is no good to her without Shan." Despite the apparent extravagance of the plot, the novel is a vigorous and enticing piece of work, and one capitally adapted for holiday reading.

* * *

"The Dual Heritage," by Mabel Godfrey-Faussett (Grant Richards, 6s.), traces for us with more or less skill the life story of two sisters, Barbara and Mona Mallory, who inherit, in varying degree, the strain of spiritual longing for righteousness bequeathed them by a Calvinistic mother, and the strong-willed and resolute spirit of a clever and dissipated father. Anne Mallory has been "cold, unresponsive to her husband's courtesies, and colourless to a man of his vivid temperament," and after his death she sums up her experiences thus, "My husband's whole life was unspeakable sin, and mine one long purgatory. I have never loved my children, for they were the seed of degradation, and a shuddering horror to me from their conception." Human nature we know is *capable de tout*, and it is not surprising after the harsh and gloomy fear of Hell fire with which her unnatural mother strives to poison her life, that Mona, with her wild and sensuous temperament, should react against her cold and stern up-bringing, and follow in her father's footsteps. The author of "A Dual Heritage" shows, in marked degree, that blend of spiritual earnestness and moral intensity which distinguishes the finest puritanic temperament. Endowed with quick feminine sympathy, she paints in her portrait of Barbara an ideal of English womanhood, and the same quality leads her to be a little over-serious in her treatment of her worldly and pleasure-loving types. The novel is, of course, specially designed for those readers who believe in the disciplining of our natures by constant vigilance against the forces of evil influence. And, as such, it is certainly likely to do far more good than most volumes of moral essays.

* * *

The central idea of "The Key of the Door," by R. Ramsey (Hutchinson, 6s.), is highly ingenious. The hero of the story, General Rankin, who is lionised in London, after a campaign, as the man "to whose gallantry and daring we owe half Africa," is confronted soon after landing with a certain Lady Mary, who claims with conviction that he is her husband, that, years before, he had married her for her money and had deserted her basely after a few days. The claim appears fantastic and impossible to the General, who has no recollection of having married anybody, but Lady Mary's relatives know that it is so, and recognise the General as the man. In an interview with the grim Mrs. Haggard, Rankin admits that, while the whole situation is incomprehensible to him, he "woke up in hospital thirteen years ago and found them calling me Rankin," which he claims is not his right name, and Mrs. Haggard charitably concludes that the hero has lost his memory through a surgical operation. The manœuvres of fate by which the General is gradually forced into paying court to the woman he is held to have wronged, but whom, in fact, he has never before met in his life, are skilfully outlined, and the reader needs little beguilement, once he has opened the story, to follow it to the last page.

* * *

Readers already familiar with "The Human Boy" (those who are not had better go forth instantly and procure it) will rejoice to learn that Mr. Eden Philpotts has issued, under the title of "The Human Boy Again" (Cassell, 6s.), some further chronicles of Dr. Dunstan's school. The new volume is not inferior to the old; it displays the same *verve*, subtlety, and humour, and beneath the sheer merriment of the stories lies a solid psychological foundation. "The Bolsover Prize," for instance, is not only a clever and amusing study in temperaments, but also an acute piece of criticism. Perhaps "Peters, Detective," which occupies the place of honour, is the most artistically complete of these sketches. Peters, the disciple of Sherlock Holmes, is a delightful youth, and the imbroglio of the prize guinea-pig and the patent pencil sharpener, in which he becomes involved, is, in its way, quite as interesting as any unravelled by his favourite hero. For reading aloud to a young—or, indeed, to a mature—audience, the history of Peters may be confidently recommended. One's enjoyment of it clamours for participation. It also clamours for more of the same kind. Some day, but not too hurriedly, Mr. Philpotts must give us yet a third volume.

* * *

In writing "The Thief on the Cross" (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.), Mrs. Harold Gorst no doubt desired to shock her readers; but perhaps the most serious shock imparted by her story is one which she did not design. From p. 15 leaps out the phrase "by tacit though unspoken consent," and leaves us in benumbed wonderment as to what Mrs. Gorst takes "tacit" to mean. A certain numbness, indeed, is produced by the whole clever story. The author hits too hard and too repeatedly. We become sure that her heroine will never be allowed a chance of happiness this side of the grave, and cease to care about the particular form of her misfortunes. Doubtless all the incidents recorded have occurred to somebody, but not all to the same person. Monotony rather than lurid adventure marks the general course of the working woman's daily life. The appalling picture of the jam factory, for instance, while not actually impossible, is hardly typical; and although the treatment of Esher Miller may have had some counterpart in real life, it can hardly have taken precisely the form described. Moreover, the speech of the characters is not the true Cockney. The stolen spoons of the matutinal burglar may be forgiven for "rattling some"; criminals of all lands are apt to emigrate, and he may have hailed from the States; the idiom of the native practitioner would be "a bit." A London child does not say "Ye do act funny"; "beyave" is her verb. Nor would Mrs. Ridgefoote speak of "me couch stuffed with real 'orse 'air w'ich me mother give me an' on w'ich my little Tommy died." Ladies of her standing employ "that" and "what" by way of relative pronouns, and their prepositions invariably succeed the verb. Not that Mrs. Gorst's narrative lacks touches of true observation—there are plenty of them; but the perspective is wrong, and the picture is too much from the standpoint of the outsider.

* * *

Miss Netta Syrett has the art of finding original situations. Her new novel, "Anne Page" (Chatto & Windus, 6s.), is as much off the beaten track as "The Child of Promise" was. To tell the story would be unfair, although the story is not the vital thing. The essence of the book lies in the development of an unusual and beautiful personality, the charm of which is brought home most successfully to the reader. At first sight the narrative seems awkward, going, as it does, backwards and forwards in a manner that generally indicates the hand of a novice. For once, however, this method is the right one. By means of it we see at the same time the ultimate Anne and the influences that have helped to make her. The central thesis, indeed, might bear a good deal of debate, but the debatable points are seriously and delicately treated, and the book as a whole is a good piece of work—deliberate, well digested, and artistic.

* * *

It is time that people in novels gave up losing their memories. Especially must Miss Moberly be warned that no character of hers must ever do so again. In "A Tangled Web" a heroine forgot that she had married or even seen a certain man; now in "Angela's Marriage" (Ward, Lock, 6s.), a hero forgets that he has married or even seen a certain woman. The repetition is aggravated by the circumstance that in both instances the couples parted on their wedding days. Miss Moberly should remember that she has many devoted readers who do not share in the liability to fits of oblivion that besets the children of her imagination.

* * *

There is a novel of Mr. Richard Pryce's which deals with much the same theme as Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's "Keepers of the House" (Long, 6s.), and of which, in reading the latter, it is difficult not to think. In both stories the wife of a childless nobleman, abetted by her husband,

BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]
MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.
Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.
School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'
BOOKSELLERS.
NEW AND SECOND-HAND.
All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.
Rare and curious Books for the collector. First Editions. Court Memoirs Medical, Occult, &c. Out of Print Books and everything that's a book supplied. No matter when published. State wants. 100,000 books on sale. Catalogues free.
HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.
BOOKS WANTED. First editions of all kinds. Sporting, Naval, Military Coloured Plates by Alken, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others. Special list of 3,000 wanted. LIBRARIES PURCHASED.

406 pages, 8vo, cloth, 2s. post free.
HEAVEN AND HELL:
Things Heard and Seen.
By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER wrote:—"There is one grand and beautiful idea underlying all Swedenborg's revelations or speculations about the future life. His remarkably suggestive books are becoming familiar to the reading and reflecting portion of the community."
LONDON: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1, Bloomsbury St.

SECOND IMPRESSION.
Towards a Social Policy
SUGGESTIONS FOR
CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.
By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."
—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."
—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION
Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE
By JAMES DRUMMOND, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt.
(Late Principal of Manchester College, Oxford.)
Demy 8vo, 536 + xxiv. pp., 10s. 6d. net.

The Contents include:—The Rights and Limitations of the Intellect, The Moral Nature and Revelation, The Religious Element in Man, The Bible, The Church, Primary Conceptions of God, The Doctrine of the Trinity, Agency and Attributes of God, Doctrine of Man, Reconciliation, The Person of Christ, The Work of Christ, Means of Grace, Rise and Progress of Religion in the Individual.

"Will be read with almost equal interest by those who agree and those who do not agree with his conclusions."—*Spectator.*
"For its scholarship, its general reasonableness, and, not least, for its admirable temper, this work deserves to be warmly welcomed by students of theology."—*Christian World.*
"His book will command the respect of every school of theological thought."—*Manchester Guardian.*
"No theologian of the day has given more convincing proof of the possession of an open mind."—*Westminster Gazette.*

PHILIP GREEN, 5, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

NEW VOLUME COMMENCING.
2s. 6d. net—2s. 9d. post free.
JULY NUMBER NOW READY.
THE HIBBERT JOURNAL
Yearly Subscription, 10s. per annum post free.

"It supplies a meeting-ground for divers school of theological thought. The reader who follows it with attention keeps himself abreast of the movements of the day—with what Roman theologians modernists, and anti-modernists, Anglicans of the two similar schools, and the representatives of various independent communions are thinking."—*Spectator*

CHIEF CONTENTS JULY NUMBER.
PLURALISM AND RELIGION. By Prof. WILLIAM JAMES.
CIVILISATION IN DANGER. By RENÉ-L. GERARD.
SCIENCE AND THE PURPOSE OF LIFE. By Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN
THE RELIGIONIST AND THE SCIENTIST. By the Rev. G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS.
"AN APPEAL TO THOSE AT THE TOP"—AND SOMETHING MORE. By Sir EDWARD RUSSELL.
THE RIGHT TO CONSTRAIN MEN FOR THEIR OWN GOOD. By Prof. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.
RELIGION AND OUR SCHOOLS. By Prof. JOHN DEWEY.
ENLIGHTENED ACTION THE TRUE BASIS OF MORALITY. By Prof. A. H. LLOYD.
THE ROMANTIC ELEMENT IN THE ETHICS OF CHRIST. By STANLEY GERALD DUNN.
THE PROBLEM OF IMMORTALITY. By Prof. RUDOLF EUCKEN.
THE RELIGION OF THE SENSIBLE AMERICAN. By President DAVID STARR JORDAN.
THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AND ITS FORMULA. By the Rev A. J. CAMPBELL.
THE BURDEN OF LANGUAGE IN RELIGION: A CATHOLIC STUDY. By W. J. WILLIAMS.
Discussions, Reviews, Bibliography of Recent Literature.
WILLIAMS and NORGATE,
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

Williams and Norgate.

JUST READY.—Crown 8vo, Cloth, 350 pp., **5s.**
ANGLICAN LIBERALISM.
By TWELVE CHURCHMEN. Prof. F. C. BURKITT, Dr. HASTINGS RASHDALL, Prof. PERCY GARDNER, Sir C. T. DYKE ACLAND, Dr. A. CALDECOTT, Dr. W. D. MORRISON, Rev. A. L. LILLEY, &c.

"This is a stimulating volume, and we are glad to see an able body of writers uniting to claim the free atmosphere as the condition of spiritual progress."—*Westminster Gazette.*

JUST READY.—Crown 8vo., 350 pp., **5s.**
THE FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.
By R. SEEBERG, Professor of Systematic Theology in Berlin.
Sixteen Lectures delivered before the Students of all Faculties in the University of Berlin.

JUST READY.—336 pp., **5s.** net; **5s. 4d.** post free.
DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI
And other Sermons.
By JOHN HUNTER, D.D. (Glas.), Minister of Trinity Church, Glasgow

WILLIAMS and NORGATE,
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

successfully presents her illegitimate child as his heir, but the treatment of this incident varies enormously in the two. In the earlier the woman was vulgar, uneducated, and greedy, the motives of the husband were plausible, and the interest lay in the ultimate fate of the inheritance; in Mr. Hamilton's not only is the woman the central sympathetic figure, but her action is suggested and fostered by her father and by her uncle, a priest. Even readers who are not particularly squeamish may be pardoned for finding the situation thus presented repulsive.

* * *

It is not quite easy to see why Mr. Gurner Gillman's novel, "A Suburban Scandal" (Greening, 6s.), should be such agreeable reading as it undoubtedly is. The style is not distinguished, the story is not new, and we are never deeply excited as to its issue. But we read, and find ourselves liking to read. Probably the excellent construction has something to do with it. Then the touch is light, the persons, though only slightly sketched, are sketched truly, and the whole is suffused by a most pleasant kindliness of spirit. It leaves a good taste.

* * *

Mr. Vincent Brown is perhaps the most irritating novelist of our day. Talent—even considerable talent—is perceptible, but his work, especially in his later books, is always out of focus. He sees human life from some distorting angle, as a monk might see it who never left his convent, and had framed himself a world from the reports in stray newspapers. "The Last Shore" (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) has his usual faults: the unreal, incalculable people, the unnecessarily emphatic wording, the pontifical tone and the disjointed plan. It is also far, far too long. Of its ninety-four or ninety-five thousand words at least twenty thousand would be better away.

* * *

"Love's Shadow," by Ada Leverson (Grant Richards, 6s.), contains an extremely thin thread of commonplace story eked out by large slices of irrelevant and entirely delightful caricature. Only a woman could have produced this minute and malicious study of the empty and egoistic husband and the tolerant, but perfectly clear-sighted, wife. Farce it is, of course, but farce that rests upon fundamental truths, so that many and many a married man would be unable to read the parable of Bruce Ottley without hearing the words of Nathan in his own ears. A writer who can draw like this should abandon the conventional love story, and devote herself to the humorous study of domestic life.

* * *

Few things are more difficult than to write a romance of the future in which the individual fortunes of the personages are of the remotest interest to the reader. That feat Mr. Ellison Harding has accomplished in "The Woman Who Vowed" (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), a story which clearly comes from America, and which, it may be suspected from a parenthesis on its title page, once bore the much better name of "The Demetrian." The future community, half Socialist, half Platonic, is very credibly presented; if only the characters were really alive the novel would be a very remarkable one, and the adventures which now are interesting would be enthralling. But new institutions are more easily depicted than a new stage of human development; and it must regretfully be acknowledged that Mr. Harding's people are as purely conventions as are the harlequin and columbine of the old pantomime.

* * *

"Dominy's Dollars," by B. Paul Neuman (Murray, 6s.), ought to be a very good novel, but somehow just fails of being so. We do not receive the intended impression of inevitability; we feel the author hounding on the unfortunate hero to his fate; especially we do not believe that Sadie Walder ever went into a convent. The portraits of Baskervil and of his daughter are admirable, and at least one reader is perfectly convinced that, if Dominy did really lose Sadie, he eventually married Serena Baskervil, and found great comfort in the marriage. Dominy's creator, however, has other schemes, and drives him on remorselessly to a solitary death.

* * *

"Armadin: A Tale of Old Winchester," by Alfred Bowker (Sir Joseph Causton & Sons, 2s. 6d. net), is not a novel for the adult. Its artless composition, deficiency of characterisation, and wearisome verbosity are not to be patiently endured by readers who have outgrown the age at which brigands, coats of mail, and mysterious disappearances still arouse a thrill. To the young the book might be both acceptable and useful. It is good for children to be reminded that they had romantic ancestors, and it is also good that they should meet with words beyond the limits of the playground vocabulary. For the nursery, indeed, whose denizens are apt to have a lingering faith in witches, Mr. Bowker's witch, with her attendant crocodile, might be too horrible; but "Armadin" would do well on the schoolroom shelf. It is to be hoped, however, that no boy or girl will learn from it to say: "Sufficient reason enough," or "The last and final stand."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

A little book of a hundred pages, "Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1890," by C. R. L. F. (Smith, Elder, 2s. 6d. net), is a very charming commemoration of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Oxford in 1890 as Honorary Fellow of All Souls. He was made free of, what he called in the charming letter in which he invited himself, "rooms, commons, Hall and Chapel." He clearly took immense pleasure in the visit, delighting everybody he met, and being delighted himself. The present writer happened to meet him shortly after his sojourn and he was still full of it, gravely censorious of the one new feature in University life of which he disapproved and which he somewhat ungallantly described, in his rich, deep-sounding voice, as "a plague" o' women. C.R.L.F. and other Dons who contribute their reminiscences to this most readable volume unite in fixing on those characteristics of Mr. Gladstone which would naturally come to full flower in his visit to Oxford, his strong Conservative tendencies, more especially in matters of ritual and custom, his simplicity of mind and quaint diversity of interests, the splendour of his appearance, and the kind of regal courtesy of his speech and personal habit. For example, he was much shocked at the spectacle of men promenading "the High" in boating costume. He said that in his day men only walked up the High Street "in the most careful attire." Moreover, in his own youth, in the average Union audience, dozens of men could not have been dressed for £30, whereas in 1890 he did not see a man who could not have been dressed for £10. It is curious that he ignored the obvious reason—namely, that modern Oxford had drawn its fresh supplies from far wider sources than the families who filled it with the "dandies" and "bloods" of the 'twenties and 'thirties. He thought the progress of Socialism alarming, and that the upper classes were largely responsible for it. The reason is not explained, but we have no doubt that Mr. Gladstone considered the extreme luxuriousness of living of the rich responsible for the growth of Socialism among the poor. While accepting democracy, he also thought a wide franchise was not an advantage. The great man drew freely from the almost incredible stores of his memory. He mixed his wines, as was his old-fashioned custom, drank port, brown sherry, and claret, read the great twenty-first chapter of Revelations "very simply, with his broad rolling Lancashire accent," charmed the men who hated his politics, and told many good stories. We quote one on a famous subject, which, we believe, was a favorite one with the great man—namely, the Duke of Cambridge's habit of swearing:—

> "Lord Mark Kerr had sworn at some troops at a review before the Queen. The Queen sent for the Duke of Cambridge and said he must reprimand Lord Mark, which the Duke did as follows: 'Look here, Mark, H.M. heard you swear, and she said she was damned if she'd stand it.'"

Altogether this little book is a perfect piece of painting in miniature.

* * *

Many people may feel that a bulky volume which aims at overthrowing the traditional authorship of the Shakespearian plays may safely be neglected. The affair is, they will say, a *chose jugée*, and, in any case, since we have the plays themselves, what does it matter who wrote them? This impatience is natural, but we would recommend all who care for Elizabethan literature to conquer it and read "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," by Mr. G. G. Green-

FROM MESSRS. GREENING'S LIST.

The Authoritative Work on the Subject.

EDUCATION, PERSONALITY AND CRIME.

By ALBERT WILSON, M.D. With about 100 Illustrations, demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

The author makes a new departure in suggesting that degeneracy forms as distinct a class as insanity. As a scientific basis he gives a full analysis of the brain of a degenerate who was a murderer. There are many microphotographs to prove his case. If later observers support this view, it will form quite a novel feature not only in pathology, but also in sociology and in the medico-legal aspect of crime.

Education, Responsibility, and Empire-building each occupy a chapter, while the subject of multiple personality and the sub-ego receives special attention. The author details one case, already published, which he watched for thirteen years, and also a second case recently brought under his notice, besides enumerating several other cases from various sources, both at home and abroad.

THE BOOK OF THE STUART PERIOD.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.

By SAMUEL COWAN, J.P. Two Vols. Demy 8vo., cloth, £2 2s. net.

"A work of great historical research, throwing considerable light on many points, especially on the precursors of the Stuart Sovereigns, the High Stewards of Scotland, and their progenitors."—*Morning Post.*

"A valuable contribution to English history."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A POET OF PROMISE.

A PAINTER'S PASTIME.

By MARGARET THOMAS. Price 3s. 6d. net.

SOME LATEST AND BEST FICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL."

BEAU BROCADE. By the Baroness Orczy. 6s.

A THRILLING STORY OF FRANCE IN THE TIME OF THE TERROR.

LEROUX. By the Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes. 6s.

A POWERFUL YET HUMAN STORY FROM THIS POPULAR WRITER.

THE CARDINAL AND LADY SUSAN. By Lucas Cleeve. 6s.

NOT UNWORTHY TO RANK WITH DEFOE'S MASTERPIECE.

ROLLIN STONE By Ernest Suffling. 6s.

A SUCCESSION OF THRILLS.

ZOE'S REVENGE. By M. Y. Halidom. 6s.

A CAPITAL EXAMPLE OF THIS WRITER'S ART.

THE NEW GALATEA. By Samuel Gordon. 6s.

THE ADVENTURES OF A "DOUBLE" AND THE CONSEQUENCES

THE PLACE TAKER. By Peter Earlston. 6s.

SOUTH AFRICA—AS IT REALLY IS.

BRENDAVALE. By E. Black. 6s.

A STIRRING STORY OF THE SEA, & A DELIGHTFUL HEROINE

THE BLUE OCEAN'S DAUGHTER. (with Vignette by Lewis Baumer). By Cyrus Brady. 6s.

A COMEDY OF SUBURBIA—WITTY YET KINDLY.

A SUBURBAN SCANDAL. By Gurner Gillman. 6s.

THE STORY OF A LOST CITY IN THE DESERT.

DRELMA. By George Whitley Ward. 6s.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF TURKEY AND ITS PEOPLE.

A KNIGHT ERRANT IN TURKEY. By Arthur Oakstone. 6s.

THE ADVENTURES OF A "GRASS WIDOW."

MRS. FITZMAURICE ON LEAVE. By Gabrielle Fitzmaurice, 3s. 6d.

With frontispiece by DUDLEY TENNANT.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF LIFE IN BURMAH.

THE AVA MINING SYNDICATE. By Cecil Lowis. 6s.

TREATS OF A SMALL TOWN IN THE WESTERN STATES.

GOD IN SAN DAM. By F. Blount Mott. 6s.

"THE BONNIE PURPLE HEATHER,"

HEATHER O' THE RIVERS. By W. Harold Thomson. 6s.

WHO IS QUINION?

For an answer to the above question you should read

THE PRODIGAL CITY.

By TRISTRAM COUTTS. 6s.

Which is a scathing exposure of **MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM**, and of which "The Academy" says: "The portrait of Quinion, the Labour Leader, is likely to arouse most irritation. Labourites and Socialists are most sensitive nowadays, and the character of Quinion will not be allowed to pass unchallenged, for the very reason that there is a strong suspicion that it is true to life. 'The Prodigal City' is well worth reading."

A BOOK OF MORE THAN EXCEPTIONAL MERIT.

WORKERS IN DARKNESS.

By HARRIS BURLAND, Author of "The Financier," "Love the Criminal," &c.

Price Six Shillings. At all Libraries and Bookshops.

In his latest novel Mr. Harris Burland tackles the subject of heredity not in the dry, official, scientific fashion, but, on the contrary, he offers his readers a story free from technicalities and powerful in human interest.

NOW READY.—A new and cheaper edition of

"OSCAR WILDE: The Story of an unhappy friendship."

By ROBT. H. SHERARD. Cloth bound with several portraits. ONE SHILLING NET.

NO ONE VISITING CORNWALL SHOULD BE WITHOUT

FROM ST. IVES TO LAND'S END.

in which Mr. FOLLIOTT-STOKES

Vividly describes the beautiful, but little known, Coast and Moorland district stretching from St. Ives to Land's End. Many of the excellent pictures by Mr. J. C. DOUGLAS represent views which have not hitherto been photographed and add much to the value of the work. It is a handy little volume for the pocket, and will be found of the greatest interest to tourists and visitors to West Cornwall. It is strongly bound in cloth, and the price is ONE SHILLING NET.

Complete catalogue and specimen copy of "The Imp," a bright little journal dealing with literary and other matters, sent on receipt of postcard.

GREENING & CO., LTD., 91, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

wood, M.P. (Lane, 21s. net.). For Mr. Greenwood is no faddist. He evidently does not believe that the plays were written by "that lout from Stratford," to use the phrase in which an accomplished lawyer once described their reputed author. But in supporting this view he gives evidence of a wide and close study, a critical temper, and a general mastery of his subject which may not carry conviction but must at least compel attention. Indeed, we doubt whether the case has ever been stated more persuasively or with greater force. It would be impossible in a short notice to deal with arguments upon which Mr. Greenwood relies in maintaining his theory that the great Elizabethan dramatist was not Shakspere (Mr. Greenwood uses this spelling to denote the Stratford player) but a mysterious Shakespeare upon whose identity he does not pronounce, though we cannot help feeling that he believes him to be Bacon. Although, taken separately, these arguments do not amount to much, they have an undoubted cumulative force. Take, for instance, the argument on which Judge Webb laid so much stress. "Love's Labour's Lost" is admittedly one of the earliest of the Shakespearian plays. Yet it shows an extraordinary knowledge of fashionable society and the ways of the Court; it gives evidence of wide reading, including some knowledge of Spanish and Italian proverbs. Coleridge says the blank verse has nothing to equal it but that of Milton, and Mr. Swinburne calls it "the speech of gods"; Mr. Sidney Lee says it contains much sound philosophy clothed in masterly rhetoric. How, then, could such a play be written by a young man fresh from Stratford? And this is but one of the many telling arguments brought forward by opponents of the traditional authorship. We cannot help admitting that they prove that there is a mystery of some sort connected with the plays. Where these opponents break down, we think, is when they come to deal with the positive evidence there is for connecting the plays with the Stratford player or when they attempt to explain the reasons that kept the real author (in their view) from claiming his own work. We would, however, advise all interested in this subject to consult Mr. Greenwood's pages. They will find there many hard knocks given to champions of the orthodox view. But they will be bound to admit that Mr. Greenwood has produced a carefully reasoned, scholarly, and interesting book. For our part, while still preserving our belief in "the Stratford yokel," we are quite ready to allow that there is "a Shakespeare problem."

* * *

Mr. F. S. Parry, in the short preface which he contributes to "The King's Customs," by Mr. Henry Atton and Mr. Henry Hurst Holland (Murray, 10s. 6d. net), tells us that the authors' task was rendered doubly difficult from the scarcity of ancient departmental records. The burning of the central Customs Office in the Great Fire and the negligent way in which registers and letter-books were stored in the out-post custom-houses, explain this scarcity. But in spite of this dearth of material, the authors have succeeded in writing a useful and informing history of British maritime revenue. Beginning as far back as Saxon times, Customs legislation and "practice" is traced down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. All important statutes are specified, and the interest is heightened by the inclusion of a number of Customs incidents. The most striking of these belong to the reigns of the first two Georges, a period which the authors designate as one "of frantic restrictions and fearless smuggling." A concluding chapter entitled "Customs Literati" gives brief accounts of Chaucer, Congreve, John Dennis, and Adam Smith, all of whom were Custom House officials, though Congreve's post as one of the five under-searchers in the Port of London was a sinecure. Full lists of authorities are added to each chapter, and there is an appendix of illustrative documents. Messrs. Atton and Holland are to be congratulated on the satisfactory way in which they have carried out a piece of research requiring a large amount of labor and application.

* * *

Probably no better authority than Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman could have been chosen for writing the book on "Tyrol" (Black, 6s. net). He has lived many years in the country, and studied its geography, its people, and its history; he retains for it an affection that is only clouded by his foreboding of what it may become when tourist agencies have worked their will upon it, as they have already done in the case of Switzerland. He has something of the old resident's detestation of the tripper, and his observations on the Swiss people's exploitation of their scenery are almost bitter in their strength. His comparison, too, of the Tyrolese peasant with his degenerate brother of the adjacent land is so unflattering to the latter as to seem a little unjust. But his facts are undoubtedly trustworthy, and if we accept his point of view, which is that of the sincere nature-lover not less than of the sportsman and mountaineer, there is little fault to be found with his opinions. Under his guidance we enter the Tyrol from the east at Kufstein, and, following the Munich-Innsbruck line along the Lower Inn valley, pass through Kitzbuhel, Rattenberg, Schwaz, and come to the capital. A chapter is devoted to Innsbruck. Thence a series of literary excursions lead us through the Upper Inn valley to the Arlberg, over the Brenner Pass to Brixen, and into the country of the Dolomites, the concluding chapter dealing with the southern Tyrol. There are many halts on the way, for the author has much to tell of a sympathetic people and their customs, of old time castles perched on high hills, of natural phenomena, and of his own experiences on mountain and in valley. The account of his mid-winter ascent of the Gross Glockner is of thrilling interest; excellent, also, are his pages on the Dolomites, particularly on that part of this curiously fascinating district where a measure of primitiveness still stays. In Mr. E. Harrison Compton he has a gifted artistic collaborator. Mr. Compton, like Mr. E. T. Compton, who created a sensation with a glacier picture at the Academy two or three years ago, has specialised in Alpine scenery, and with a broad, flowing technique and strong, clear color, interprets his romantic subjects with vigour, refined by tenderness. We have seen but few book illustrations in which the transparent quality, which is half of the water-color medium's beauty, was as well reproduced as it is in these.

* * *

The lavish display of really beautiful photographic illustrations should suffice to attract the general reader to "Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties" (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s. net). Mrs. Rodolph Stawell is responsible for the text, and the motor tour she describes appears to have started in Shropshire, to have embraced practically the whole of Wales with the exception of Angelsey, and to have ended in the valley of the Wye with Hereford, Monmouth, and Chepstow. The stirring history of Wales, and more particularly that of the Welsh Marches, has been copiously chronicled by writers, from William of Malmesbury to George Borrow. Giraldus the Welshman, Leland, and Camden provide a rich store of information anent medieval times; Lockhart is among other historians, while Lady Guest's translation of the "Mabinogion" has rendered the tale of Welsh folklore accessible to the many. With the aid of profuse extracts from this mass of material, Mrs. Stawell has produced a very readable book, much of the scenic description being happier and more intimately observed than one might expect from her method of seeing the country—a cheering proof that all motorists are not solely concerned with the car and the corners, or invariably view nature through goggles. Her narrative, however, shows one symptom of inexperience rather too plainly. She is apt in places to mistake a labored flippancy and a forced facetiousness for lightness of style, with results that alienate one's sympathy at the very points where it is most important to hold it.

* * *

The first of three volumes called "The English People Overseas: a History," by Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby, has been issued by Mr. Francis Griffiths. It covers the period from the beginnings of British colonisation in the fifteenth century to the overthrow of Napoleon in 1815. Mr. Tilby makes judicious use of the recognised authorities of which he gives useful lists, he writes soberly, and, on the whole, impartially, but we are inclined to believe that so vast a theme can hardly be dealt with to advantage by any one writer. However, as a book of reference Mr. Tilby's volume has its uses, though the number of facts that have to be crowded into the space at his disposal are not accompanied by a due proportion of significant comment. The value of the work for reference will be much greater when the third volume makes

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

CAPITAL - £8,000,000, in 100,000 Shares of £80 each.
Paid-up Capital, £2,000,000. Reserve Fund, £1,600,000.

Directors.

Hon. SIR ERIC BARRINGTON, K.C.B.
JOHN ANNAN BRYCE, Esq., M.P.
JOHN JAMES CATER, Esq.
ERNEST H. CUNARD, Esq.
Right Hon. VISCOUNT GOSCHEN.
C. SEYMOUR GRENFELL, Esq.
CHARLES JOHN HEGAN, Esq.
WILLIAM E. HUBBARD, Esq.
SIR THOMAS JACKSON, BART.
WM. McKEWAN, Esq. (Honorary Director).
OSWALD CECIL MAGNIAC, Esq.
WILLIAM G. RATHBONE, Esq.
CHARLES J. CATER SCOTT, Esq.

Auditors.

HENRY GRANT, Esq. THOMAS HORWOOD, Esq.
Hon. STUART PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE.

Head Office Manager—HERMAN RICHARD WYATT.
Deputy Head Office Manager—FREDERICK JAMES BARTHORPE.
Country Manager—WILLIAM GEORGE GRIBBLE.
Chief Inspector—FRANK WILLIAM HOWETT.
Chief Accountant—THEOPHILUS JAMES CARPENTER.
Secretary—EDGAR FRANCIS ROBINSON.

Head Office: 21, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.
Foreign Exchange Office—80, Cornhill, E.C.

265 Branches in London and Country.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS are opened on the usual terms. Facilities are given Customers at any Branch for the transfer of money to or from any other Branch.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—Sums of £10 and upwards are received on deposit at interest, subject to notice of withdrawal, or by special agreement, in accordance with the usual custom.

PURCHASE AND SALE of Stocks and Shares effected.

DIVIDENDS, ANNUITIES, &c., received.

THE AGENCY OF FOREIGN AND COUNTRY BANKS is undertaken, and every description of Banking business transacted.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

CURRENCY DRAFTS, CIRCULAR NOTES and **LETTERS OF CREDIT** are issued, and **TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS** made to all parts of the World.

APPROVED FOREIGN DRAFTS are purchased and Collections undertaken.

DOCUMENTARY CREDITS are established, and every facility given for the handling of Documents to or from Abroad.

The Officers of the Bank are bound to secrecy.

MIDLAND RAILWAY

THE
BEST ROUTE
FOR
Comfortable Travel
AND
Picturesque Scenery
TO AND FROM THE
PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND HOLIDAY RESORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN & NORTH OF IRELAND

Send a Post Card to any Midland District Superintendent, or Station Master, or Thos. Cook & Son's Offices, or to Mr. J. ELLIOTT, Superintendent of the Line, Derby, for Pocket Time Tables, Guides, &c.

W. GUY GRANET, General Manager.
DERBY.

UNDERWOOD VISIBLE TYPEWRITER

The Machine you will eventually buy

Every character in sight from Date to Signature

The only strictly high-grade visible writer

Especially Adaptable for Invoicing

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO., 120, Queen Victoria St., E.C.

it appearance since it will contain a complete index and a bibliography.

* * *

The title of E. V. B.'s collection of essays, "The Peacock's Pleasaunce" (Lane, 5s. net), is a charming one, but we are unable to discover any connection between the title and the contents. We took it up expecting to find a series of essays dealing with English gardens, but E. V. B. takes us as far afield as Banffshire and Lucerne, and ends up by a couple of chapters on art education. Her book is difficult to describe. It contains a dozen essays, most of them describing some aspect of nature written in a pleasant and graceful but rather self-conscious style. Judged as a revelation of personality the essays have charm, but we cannot help feeling that they were written because the author wished to make a book, and not because she had something definite to say.

* * *

There is an American atmosphere about Mr. W. P. Warren's "Thoughts on Business" (Eveleigh Nash, 1s. net), but the British reader will have no difficulty in digesting them. The little manual contains many shrewd counsels for those about to embark on a commercial career, whether as employers or employees; the author is clearly one who, in the course of a strenuous and successful life, has found time to think out many of the fundamental principles of business ability. The book shows insight into human character as well as sound business common sense.

* * *

The Midland Railway Company send us a number of pamphlets describing the places of interest and beauty spots served by their system. Those dealing with Scotland and the new route to Ireland are particularly attractive, and we can recommend holiday-makers who are in any doubt as to where to go for the summer to send to the Company for a selection of these little books.

* * *

A Novel Reader's Guide.—"Jack Spurlock—Prodigal." By George Horace Lorimer (Murray, 6s.). A lively and genuinely amusing story by the author of "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son." It narrates the doings of the son of a millionaire, who quarrels with his father and has all kinds of humorous adventures in his efforts to make a livelihood.—"The Japanese Spy." By Lancelot Lawton (Grant Richards, 6s.). A striking novel of modern Japan written by one who knows the country well and is keenly alive to the darker sides of Japanese character.—"Workers in Darkness." By J. B. Harris-Burland (Greening, 6s.). A pseudo-scientific tale with plenty of crime and adventure skilfully told.—"A Woman's Way." By G. B. Burgin (Hutchinson, 6s.). Relates the adventures of a peer who discovers that his mother "has dishonored his house"; the characters are crudely drawn but the book is fairly readable.—"Vane Royal." By the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes (John Long, 6s.). A good novel of analysis, the character of Frank Vane being very well done, and the writing easy and natural.—"The Future Mrs. Deering." By Thomas Cobb (Werner Laurie, 6s.). An entertaining love story with a good plot.—"God's Toys." By May Aldington (Collier, 6s.). Amateurish in tone and oversentimental, but shows knowledge of humble life.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, July 3.	Price Friday Morning, July 10.
Consols 2½ per cent.	87⅞	... 87¾
German 3 per cent.	81½	... 82
Russian 5 per cent....	95¼	... 96¼
London General Omnibus	43½	... 40
Union Pacific Railway	149⅛	... 153¾
Grand Trunk Ordinary	17⅛	... 18¾
Canadian-Pacific	164	... 167½

Last Saturday afternoon, when the Stock Exchange had been closed, City journalists were startled by an official intimation of a new issue of Irish Land Stock to the amount of five millions. The secret had been so well kept that for several days Consols and other gilt-edged securities had been quite firm. The issue price was fixed at 89½, probably at least half a point lower than was necessary, for the stock then stood at 92. There was a great rush of applications, and when the list closed a premium of over a point had been established. Considerable falls occurred in the Consols market on Monday; but these have been partly recovered. Some satisfaction may fairly be felt in that the price is the best that has been obtained at any public issue of Irish Land Stock. If the Irish Government would encourage small investors in Ireland to put their money into Irish Land Stock we might look forward to further improvement. Otherwise nothing very momentous has occurred; but the American and Canadian markets have been cheered by the good crops and the reports now confirmed of a trade revival. At first there was some suspicion that the Republicans were "merely drumming up sunshine"; but a bank president who has just come over with a couple of big manufacturers, declares that there is no doubt about trade beginning to mend. Work is being resumed by the unemployed at lower wages and longer hours than last year.

Foreign Finance.

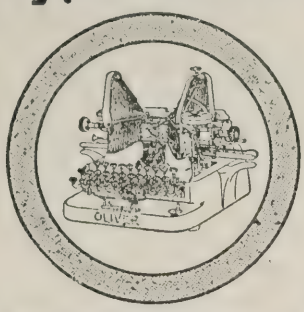
While Mr. Lloyd-George is struggling between Old Age Pensions and armaments, the German Government's experts in Berlin are hard at work with a financial scheme to make both ends meet. From what I hear it will be either very unpopular or quite futile. The customs tariff cannot be touched on account of the commercial treaties; so additional taxation will be laid on tobacco, cigars, and beer. Death duties will probably be increased. But what will the Reichstag say? The possibility of a naval arrangement with Great Britain is certainly more favored now that the Government is at close quarters with the taxes. Meanwhile, Russia is issuing an internal loan for twenty millions, in the hope of staving off a foreign loan till next year. The Japanese Government has been rearranged, and there is now hope of some further retrenchment in the military and naval budgets. For some reason or other Chinese loans have been in request the last day or two, probably on account of Sir Robert Hart's favorable pronouncements about China.

The American Harvest.

Three weeks ago the floods in the Western States threatened to do enormous damage, but good weather came in the nick of time, and harvesting is now in full swing. The gradual decline in the price of wheat shows that the market is beginning to count on the world's wheat crop this year making up for last year's deficiency. A good crop in the United States and a bumper crop in Canada should work wonders for trade. Reports from the North-West are exceptionally good, and Nebraska will have splendid crops. In Kansas the floods early last month did a great deal of damage in the low-lying districts. But there is plenty left. The acreage of wheat in Kansas this year, one reads, is more than the entire area of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, or Vermont. It had grown from 1,373,915 acres in 1887 to 7,235,283 in 1907, nearly 40 per cent. of the State's cultivated area. A single division of Kansas, Sumner County, has in a single year produced more than Texas, North Carolina, or any one of twenty-two other States and territories. The records of the State Board of Agriculture show that in the five years ending with 1907 Kansas farmers put in their bins 400,000 bushels of wheat, worth, on the farms where grown, over $269,000,000. This is a grand source of prosperity, and helps to account for the substantial business conditions in the Middle West and for the constantly increasing land values. "While the present crop is unlikely to break records," a correspondent of the "New York Evening Post" is confident that "it will average well with the large yields of the past half decade."

Lucellum.

THE NEW NO. 5 OLIVER Typewriter



The Standard Visible Writer

BRISTLES WITH NEW AND VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

Leaflet N. gives Particulars.

OLIVER TYPEWRITER Co.,Ltd.,

75, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Branches, etc., everywhere.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.

Each packet is dated with the year of issue.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.

All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

The Daily News

Founded by

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846.

Honored tradition and the spirit of modern enterprise are combined in "The Daily News." Matters of serious interest are reported at length. Place is also found, in shorter form, for the lighter news items which are a feature of 20th century journalism.

"The Daily News" is the **only** London Liberal newspaper that devotes every day a whole page to Financial and Commercial matters, Trade and Market reports and Stock Exchange Intelligence.

Its daily Parliamentary report is far more detailed than that of any other ½d. paper, and nearly a column is given to the Law List.

If you do not read "The Daily News" it is impossible for you to follow the progress of Liberalism.

HEAD OFFICES—

Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED).

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it WILL BE REPLACED.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities.
Citizenship Course. Leisure Hour Work.

(For Leisure Hour Work, see the Bootham School exhibit in the Franco-British Exhibition, Education Building, Section J.)

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

SCHOLARSHIP ENTRIES DUE JULY 1ST.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class: Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

WILLASTON SCHOOL, NANTWICH.

In the Cheshire Plain, four miles from Crewe. Opened in 1900. Modern Buildings, standing in 24 acres of grounds. Preparations for University Scholarships and Matriculation, or for Professional and Commercial life.

NEXT ENTRANCE EXAMINATION JULY 21st, AT THE SCHOOL.

For prospectus and particulars of admission on the Foundation, apply to the Head Master, H. L. JONES, M.A. (Oxon.), or to the Clerk to the Governors 38, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Moat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

HIGHEST QUALITY TURKISH TOWELS AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, *Near the British Museum.*
Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

THACKERAY HOTEL,
Opposite the British Museum.
Great Russell Street, London.

These well-appointed and commodious **Temperance Hotels** will, it is believed, meet the requirements at moderate charges of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (*including attendance*) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**
Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, From **8/6** to **10/6** per day.
Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
Telegraphic Addresses—
Kingsley Hotel, "Bookcraft, London." Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.
HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

A LIBRARY OF PEACE AND WAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
F. W. HIRST.

1/- NET.

THE
NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:
HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:

13 Insertions	8d. per line.
52 ,, ...	6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.
WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.
67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.
THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.
BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.
ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.
THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.
BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.
BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.
CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.
ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.
THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.
COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.
HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.
COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.
CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.
HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.
SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).
SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.
PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.
GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

PORTSMOUTH.
SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647.

SOUTHSEA.
STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
BELVEDERE, high-class English Family Hotel. Situated in sunniest and finest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

SWANAGE.
"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.
REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.
WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.
WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager

The Medici Series of Coloured Reproductions

AFTER THE OLD MASTERS.

The Burlington Magazine:—"A great advance upon anything which has yet been done in colour reproduction . . . . A better example of facsimile work we have never seen . . . . In the matter of quality, accuracy of form, and texture, the result is all that the most critical eye could desire . . . Nothing of the kind so good and so cheap has ever before been issued.

The Medici Society (Ltd.), supplies single copies of all its Prints subject only to the prior claim of Subscribers to copies of Plates in the Annual Series. Annual Subscription 1908 £3 3s.; for future year £3, prepayable on January 6th. The Annual Series is confined to the Old Italian Masters, but the Medici Prints will embrace examples from all Schools of Painting.

Illustrated Prospectus post free on application.

I.	**Luini.** Head of the Virgin (Fresco). Colour surface. 13¾ by 10½ ins.	12s. 6d. net.
II.	**L. Da Vinci.** Head of the Christ (Cartoon). Colour surface. 13½ by 10½ ins.	12s. 6d. net.
III.	**Botticelli.** The Virgin and Child (Tempera). Colour surface. 13⅞ by 9⅛ ins.	12s. 6d. net.
IV.	**L. Da Vinci.** The Last Supper (Fresco). Colour surface. 31½ by 16 ins.	25s. net.
V.	**P. Della Francesca.** Portrait of an Unknown Lady (Tempera). Colour surface. 15½ by 11¼ ins.	12s. 6d. net.
VI.	**L. Di Credi.** The Annunciation (Tempera). Colour surface. 17½ by 12 ins.	17s. 6d. net.
VII.	**Filippino Lippi.** (?) The Virgin in Adoration. (Tempera). Colour surface. 19½ by 15 ins.	15s. net.
VIII.	**Botticelli.** The Birth of Venus (Tempera). *At Press.* Colour surface. 36 by 21½ ins.	25s. net.
IX.	**Botticelli.** The Vision of St. Augustine (Tempera). Colour surface. 7¾ by 15 ins. *Autumn, 1908.*	10s. 6d. net.
X.	**Titian.** The Madonna of the Cherries (Tempera). *Shortly.* Colour surface. 16 by 20 ins.	17s. 6d. net.
XI.	**Tintoretto.** Bacchus and Ariadne. (Tempera). Colour surface. 18½ by 16¾ ins. *Autumn, 1908.*	15s. net.
XII.	**Raphael.** The Madonna in Green. Colour surface. 22 by 17½ ins. *Autumn, 1908.*	17s. 6d. net.
Special Plate, 1908.	**Giorgione.** The Three Wise Men. Colour surface. 24 by 28 ins. *Autumn, 1908.*	30s. net.
Occasional Plate, I.	**Fillipo Lippi.** The Virgin (Tempera). Colour surface. 13¾ by 10 ins.	10s. 6d. net.
Flemish Plate, I.	**Unknown Master.** Portrait of a Lady (never before reproduced). Colour surface. 15¾ by 12¼ ins.	17s. 6d. net.
Flemish Plate, II.	**Reubens.** Fruitfulness. Colour surface. 20¼ by 11¾ ins. *Autumn, 1908.*	12s. 6d. net.

Many other Plates after the various great Schools of Painting are in preparation.

CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers to the Medici Society, Ltd., 111, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.

PHOTO RELIEFS.

A remarkable advance in Photographic knowledge has recently made possible the reproduction, in the colours of the original Della Robbias, &c., of photographic facsimiles of such verisimilitude that, although flat prints from negatives taken direct from the original objects, these flat surfaces offer to the eye the complete illusion of a modelling in relief. Eighteen subjects are now ready, viz., Seventeen after the Della Robbias and one after Donatello. The average surface is 18 by 18 inches, and the price is, per subject, 25s. net.

Detailed Illustrated Prospectus post free.

Popular Fine-Art Publications by Chatto & Windus.

FOUR-COLOUR PROCESS REPRODUCTIONS.

Series No.	Artist.	Title.
F 1	Perugino.	The Crucifixion (Triptych 17x11in).
F 2	Giorgione.	The Virgin Enthroned.
F 3	P. della Francesca.	Portrait of a Lady.
F 4	,,	Federigo di Montefeltro.
F 5	,,	Battista Sforza, wife of above.
F 6	Pisanello.	SS. Anthony and George.
F 7	Fra Angelico.	The Crucifixion.
F 8	B. Caporali.	Madonna and Angels.
F 9	Pinturicchio.	Madonna and Child.
F 10	A. Mantegna.	Elisabetta, wife of Guidobaldo da Montefeltro.
F 11	Botticelli.	Madonna and Child.
F 12	,,	The Spring.
F 13	,, (?)	The Angel (from Tobit and the Angel). (After a Copy).
F 14	Tiberio d'Assisi.	The Crucifixion.
F 15	F. di Lorenzo.	A Miracle of S. Bernardino.
F 16	N. Alunno.	Coronation of the Virgin.
F 17	B. di Mariotto.	,,
F 18	Ant. Romano.	Three Saints.
F 19	L. Signorelli.	The Virgin Enthroned.
F 20	G. David.	S. Francis

Many other subjects in preparation. The above are now ready.

When ordering please state: (1) The Series Number, (2) Mounted or Unmounted, (3) Whether framed "Oak" or "Gold."

PRICES.	Prints.	Postage.	Mounted Prints.	Postage.	Mounted and Framed in Oak.	Postage.	Mounted and Framed in Gold.	Postage.
F 1	1s.	3d.	1s. 6d.	4d.	3s. 6d.	9d.	5s.	9d.
F2—20	6d.	2d.	9d.	2d.	2s. 6d.	6d.	3s. 6d.	6d.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 16.] SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Diary of the Week	555
Politics and Affairs:—	
The Mutiny of the Expert	558
The New Spirit in Turkey	559
The Growth of American Radicalism	560
Wanted, a New Scheme of Culture	561
Life and Letters:—	
Olympia Rediviva. By Professor Gilbert Murray	563
Recruits	564
The Water of the Moors	565
Short Story:—	
II. Another Point of View. By May Kendall	566
Present-Day Problems:—	
The Harmsworth Brand	567
Letters from Abroad:—	
The Tactics of M. Clemenceau	568
Letters to the Editor:—	
The Reform of the Upper Thames Conservancy. By C. H. Cook	569
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By Peter Macdonald, and Charles Robertson	570
"The Tyranny of London." By Philip J. Dear	570
Is the Drama Dying? By William Poel, K.S., and Ella Levy	571
The King and Foreign Policy. By Julie Jephson	572
The Indeterminate Sentence. By the Rev. W. D. Morrison	572
The Future of the Police. By J. Fletcher Little	572
"Suffragette" History. By W. A. Jolly	573
The Outlook for English Fiction. By S.	573
Poetry:—	
Hoodwinked. By Wilfrid C. Thorley	573
The World of Books	574
Books to be Read	574
Reviews:—	
The Advance of England	575
The Ravin of Nature and Man	576
Three Groats' Worth of Wit	577
The Medieval Church	577
"Letters from Queer Street"	578
Books in Brief	580
Impressions of India	580
A History of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England	580
Francesca di Rimini: In Legend and in History	580
The Sanity of William Blake	580
A Novel-Reader's Guide	582
The Week in the City	582

[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

The mutinies in the Turkish army, which have been in evidence during the past week or so in Macedonia, are undoubtedly political. The arrears of pay, the detention of time-expired soldiers with the colors, and the system of espionage on the educated officers, all helped to prepare the ground; but the Porte would not have insisted on courses so discreditable to itself except to avoid the admission that the army was seriously infected with the political propaganda of the Young Turks. The chronology of events is difficult, but the immediate exciting cause seems to have been the recall and arrest of a number of prominent officers under suspicion of Liberal views on politics. Among them were several members of the general staff, and one of them was so popular with the Monastir garrison that when the adjutant-major of Resna, a neighbouring village, bolted into the hills with the regimental chest and 600 men, there were no troops in the district that could be trusted against him, and General Shemsi had to be sent for with two battalions all the way from Mitrovitza. His murder was obviously the crime of revolutionaries, not of mere mutineers. The centre of the rising is in the hills west of Monastir, but over the whole of Macedonia revolutionary placards have been posted in the towns, and appeals made to Mohammedans and Christians alike for assistance in the cause of constitutional and religious liberty. There is no evidence to show that the revolted troops are in collusion with the Bulgarian bands, but it is worth noting that as long ago as 1904 a Young Turkish officer proposed to make common cause with their Revolutionary Organisation.

* * *

The Shah has apologised for blockading the British Legation during his fight with the Parliamentarians in Teheran, but General Liakhoff has not been recalled from an equivocal position in which, as the Russian Press has pointed out, he is putting a severe strain on the Convention with England, and we do not seem to have tried to mitigate the ferocity of the Shah's measures of repression. At Tabriz 400 Parliamentary stalwarts, with such help as they can get from the population, are holding out against a band of 1,600 mounted tribesmen under the command of Rakhim Khan. All the approaches to the town are blockaded, some parts have been bombarded, and in others house-to-house guerilla fighting is going on. At the beginning of the Shah's *coup d'état*, England and Russia announced that they would not support any attempts to overthrow the dynasty or to interfere with the Mejliss; but the two parts of this undertaking have been kept in a very different spirit. Russia supplied the officer without whose help the Shah could not have overthrown the Parliament, but no attempt seems yet to have been made to bind the Shah over to any sort of constitutional *régime*.

* * *

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's telegram from Fez in the "Morning Post" of last Tuesday is the first independent evidence that we have yet had from the interior of Morocco, and it is strongly in favor of Mulai Hafid. Fez is described as a vast camp; and Mulai Hafid is regarded as the national hero, who, left alone, could end the war in a few weeks. He is prepared to abide by the Algeciras Act, subject to revision of its details when the country has settled down, to acknowledge all his brother's debts, and to make suitable provision for his future. His intention is presently to leave Fez for the coast—probably Tangier—and there to ask for recognition by the Powers. A crisis is therefore approaching, in which France will be faced with the alternatives of war or the independence of Morocco and the renunciation of all territorial ambitions there and strict adherence to the Algeciras Convention. The facts have completely justified all M. Jaurès' criticisms; but France, we are convinced, cannot think of setting herself in opposition to the plain interests of Europe, which are now obviously bound up with Mulai Hafid, as the only man capable of giving Morocco a strong government.

* * *

The Prince of Wales sailed on Wednesday on the "Indomitable" to witness the celebration of the founding of Quebec by Champlain 300 years ago. France and England share the ceremonies, and join in acclaiming each other's heroes, especially Wolfe and Montcalm. This is an ideal method of reviving the glorious passages of history.

* * *

The shipbuilding vote was discussed on Monday, we are sorry to see with sole reference to the rival constructive plans of Germany. Mr. McKenna, challenged by Mr. Lee on a variation of Mr. Balfour's calculation that Germany would, in 1911 or 1912, overmatch us in "Dreadnoughts," replied that we should have ten of these vessels constructed before the German ships were completed, and that in 1911 we should have twelve to Germany's nine, in addition to our great superiority in other types of battleship. This, of course, is overwhelming. We have two "Lord Nelsons,"

only inferior by 1,300 tons to the displacement of the first "Dreadnought," eight "King Edward VII.'s," only 150 tons behind the "Lord Nelson," two "Queens," of 15,000 tons, five "Duncans," of 15,000 tons, six "Formidables," of 14,000 tons, and six ships of the "Canopus" class. None of these vessels will be obsolete in 1912, and many will be quite fresh. Against this secondary Armada Germany has only the "Deutschland" and "Braunschweig" classes, ten vessels in all, far inferior in coal-carrying capacity. Dr. Macnamara added a detailed comparison of strengths. He stated that in 1912 we should have forty-eight big ships, *plus* those laid down in next year's programme, which will probably be four, to Germany's thirty, and twenty-eight of the United States. Mr. McKenna said of the personal disputes in the Navy that the Press had over-stated them.

* * *

The strong objections of the Liberal Party in Parliament to the amended Sugar Convention were expressed on Wednesday in a deputation to the Prime Minister. Mr. Villiers, who introduced it, used strong language when he said that the Government had "betrayed" Free Trade and "violated" the constitution. The practical question, however, would seem to be whether Free Trade is consistent with an instrument in which we, contrary to the undertaking of Sir Edward Grey, commit ourselves to the restriction of free imports, and whether it is either constitutional or fair to pass such a treaty without taking the judgment of Parliament. The original Convention was submitted to Parliament; why not its substitute? Mr. Asquith's reply, though very courteous, was weakened by the fact that he, a Free Trader and Anti-Conventionist, had to defend the action of Sir Edward Grey, who may be a Free Trader, but who did not vote against the original Convention. The Prime Minister declared that he would have been glad to "get rid of the whole thing, lock, stock, and barrel," but he hinted that there were "difficulties and embarrassments" of a diplomatic character. This we take to mean the strong pressure exercised by France in favor of her sugar producers—pressure, that is to say, on us, to keep the sugar of our people dear.

* * *

With regard to the restriction of Russian imports, Mr. Asquith quoted the words in which our representative guarded himself from assent to the actual prohibition of Russian sugar. But the words in question are a mere hypocritical formula. We are express parties to the Protocol of the Convention, which provides for the restriction of the Russian trade, and is entirely devoted to that object. As Mr. Villiers said, a man cuts off his water supply equally whether it is stopped at the main or at his own service pipe. We assent to stopping it at the main, and keep our service pipe open. This is not the action of a Free Trade Power, and the Government's assent to the consequences of Lord Lansdowne's West Indian policy, a policy largely endorsed by Sir Edward Grey, illustrates the great difficulty of dealing with an established Protectionist tariff. If a Free Trade Government can only weakly qualify a Protectionist Convention, what will it do when we are entangled in the barbed-wire fencing of a Tariff?

* * *

The Democratic Convention at Denver has given Mr. Bryan an unanimous nomination to represent his party at the Presidential election. A two-thirds majority was obtained by Mr. Bryan at the first ballot and his name was cheered longer even than Mr. Roosevelt's at the Republican Convention. He stands on a Radical platform, the importance of which is that the anti-injunction plank, which is much stronger than that of the Republicans, has been endorsed by Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. The Tariff plank approaches a pure revenue tariff, and proposes to place articles competing with trust products on the free list. The Pacific States are courted by an anti-immigration plank, which practically excludes Chinese and Japanese. There is no hint of free silver, but the anti-trust planks are tinged with Populist ideas. It looks as if Mr. Bryan would make a serious bid for success, for, although he is not a great intellectual figure, he is much nearer the Roosevelt personality and conception of modern politics than is Mr. Taft, the Republican.

* * *

Mr. Balfour has a perfect capacity for luminous speech, and if on Education and on Free Trade he does not always make his meaning clear, we can only conclude that he does not wish to be understood. He managed to deliver a cryptic utterance on education before a meeting of the Parents' League. Mr. Balfour declared that there were two movements in our system of public education. One was in the direction of abolishing religious teaching altogether; the other in the direction of increasing the control of the parents over the religion taught to their children. Mr. Balfour spoke of these two movements as opposed, though it is clear they are harmonious. If the State is to give up the idea of Cowper-Templeism, that is to say of a simple, common form of religion, and is thrown back on parents' views of what religious teaching should be, it is obvious that it can teach nothing itself but must leave parents and the ministers and agents they select to provide the machinery of this instruction. Mr. Balfour is for breaking down Cowper-Templeism in the provided schools, and he admitted that this would mean the encouragement of Nonconformist teaching in Church schools as well as of Church teaching in the Council schools. He further proposed that the Education Authority must satisfy itself of the teacher's capacity to give religious instruction. This, of course, is a test for teachers over again. The parents are to demand various forms of religious instruction, and the State is to supply the teachers fit to impart them. This is a system for Laputa, not for England.

* * *

The "Daily Mail" has raised the ten thousand pounds required for the entertainment of the athletes engaged in the Olympic Games. They were opened on Monday by the King, before whom defiled a great procession of competitors of all nations. But the contests have been thinly attended, and popular interest is small. The reasons, we think, are that London is sated with amusements, and that these international contests are naturally less attractive than sports which possess some local or home interest, such as contests between colleges or universities or groups of neighbours. Furthermore, the interest of the modern Olympic Games is purely physical, possessing neither the religious, nor the political, nor the intellectual associations that attached to their great exemplar, springing, as it did, from a conception of life entirely different from our own. Thus far, Great Britain seems to have won more than its share of events. The opening contest, that of throwing the hammer, was won by Flanagan, of America, with a throw of 170 ft. 4½ in. America also won the 1,500 metres' foot race, but the 3,500 metres' walking race and the 20 kilometres' bicycle race were won by this

country. On the second day English riders were first, second and third in the three-mile team race. In all we have won five "events" to America's four.

* * *

Lord Shuttleworth, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire, by dint of much tact and exceeding good nature, has induced the Earl of Derby to withdraw his resignation from the West Lancashire Territorial Associations, but the correspondence which is published, oddly enough, by the War Office, does not make one think any the more of Mr. Haldane's Cromwellian model. There is less feudalism left in Lancashire than in most counties, but even there the Earl of Derby, having allowed his pique with the Government to get the better of him, has been able to play Coriolanus for the better part of a week. There is no reason to think that Lord Derby is less patriotic or more of a party man than thirty or forty other territorial magnates, and we do not like the prospect of these performances being repeated whenever a Liberal Government does anything to offend any one of them. Lord Derby defended his resignation as a protest against the Lord-Lieutenancy, with its new quasi-military duties, being made a political appointment; he has certainly shown his party how political pressure can be screwed on a Liberal Government through the Territorial Army. On Thursday the Duke of Bedford attacked the constitution of the Territorial Army, stating that of its 112,000 infantry only 56,000 would be available in the field, and that up to the first of July it had entailed a sacrifice of nearly 100,000 Volunteers, in addition to the destruction of the Militia. Lord Lucas, on the other hand, thought the force promised well.

* * *

Some weeks must elapse before Count Zeppelin's balloon is ready to take the air for its twenty-four hours' endurance test. But we already know that the Zeppelin IV. has many elements of "air-worthiness," that, for instance, it can remain in the air for at least twelve hours, that in ordinary weather it is capable of being navigated with, across and against the wind over a range of two or three hundred miles—the distance that separates England and Germany—and that nevertheless in its evolutions it can afford to carry several passengers or their equivalent in deadweight. Such a machine would be invaluable for reconnoitring purposes, or for harassing a retreat, but to try and raise a Zeppelin scare, as the "Times" seems inclined to do, is simply fatuous. The talk of an aerial invasion scarcely needs examination, while the spectacle of a "steerable" balloon, clumsily hovering over a 25-knot battleship capable of turning almost within its own length, in order to drop grenades on its deck would be rather ludicrous. In legitimate warfare the airship is certainly destined to play an important part as an auxiliary, but it will never influence the real issue of a campaign.

* * *

We are sorry to see democratic Ministers like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Burns indifferent to the calamities inflicted on the common people by the misuse of motor traffic. Mr. Burns, answering a question in the House of Commons, refused an amended Motor Act, and even suggested that if the present Act were revised the maximum speed limit would have to go. Mr. Gladstone was hardly more sympathetic on Wednesday, in answering a powerful deputation on motor traffic in the City, introduced by the Lord Mayor. Mr. Gladstone stated that they were agreed as to there being "a nuisance and a danger, perhaps a growing danger," from motor traffic. But the "nuisance and the danger" have arisen from the action of the Home Office itself in admitting to the streets motor 'buses unfit for their work. That this is the case is clear from Mr. Gladstone's admission that 8,507 motor 'buses have been reported by the police for scandalous defects, amounting to a public nuisance or a public danger. The Home Office further suggested that the London County Council and other local bodies had failed to carry out the present law, and, therefore, that it was premature to ask for new legislation. But the notorious fact is that neither local bodies nor the police can offer a tolerable degree of comfort or safety to pedestrians under the present law. Thanks to the motor traffic, it is no longer pleasant to walk in London streets or tolerably safe to cross them. We hope that Ministers will wake up to this fact in time. Pedestrians are humble folk. But they have votes.

* * *

Count Tolstoy has published a most powerful and affecting indictment of the crimes now being daily perpetrated by the Russian Government, in which the following passage occurs:—

> "And not this kind of dreadful thing alone is being done [*i.e.*, the executions of twelve peasants], but on the same plea and with the same cold-blooded cruelty, all sorts of other tortures and violence are being perpetrated in prisons, fortresses, and convict settlements.
>
> "This is awful, but most awful of all is the fact that this is not done impulsively under the sway of feelings silencing reason, as happens in fights, in war, or even in burglary, but, on the contrary, is done at the demand of reason and calculation, silencing feeling. That is what makes these deeds so particularly dreadful. Dreadful, because these acts—committed by men who, from the judge to the hangman, do not wish to do them—prove more vividly than anything else how pernicious to human souls is despotism, the power of men over men.
>
> "This depravity grows with special rapidity among the simple working folk, because all these iniquities—exceeding as they do a hundredfold all that is or has been done by thieves, robbers, and by all the revolutionaries put together—are done as though they were something necessary, good, and unavoidable; and are not merely excused, but supported by different institutions inseparably connected in the people's minds with justice, and even with sanctity—namely, the Senate, the Synod, the Duma, the Church, and the Tsar."

Count Tolstoy concludes by asking the Government to imprison or to kill him, fitting on him a "shroud and a cap," and pushing him off a bench, "so that by my own weight I may tighten the well-soaped noose round my old throat." This is the Government, in this stage of its wickedness, with which Sir Edward Grey, in violation of his own natural feeling, and of that of Liberals and of the nation, has labored closely to identify his king, his party, and our free State.

* * *

Well-informed Roman Catholics in France, writes our Paris correspondent, do not take the English view of the progressive character of the Papal decree on Roman Courts and Congregations. They are regarded as on the whole reactionary and consistent with the previous policy of the present Pontificate. Their tendency is a further accentuation of power in the hands of the Papacy. Any real reform in the Roman Church must be in the direction of centralisation; the tendency of the present changes is in the opposite direction. There are two points of supreme importance in the decree: the extension of the powers of the Pope's own Consistorial Congregation, which will in the future interfere everywhere in seminaries and dioceses, and the new Congregation for dealing with the "discipline of the Sacraments," which means, in plain English, more effective repression.

Politics and Affairs.

THE MUTINY OF THE EXPERT.

The Liberal Party will do well to note the concerted attempt of the Conservative Press to stop the process of examination of the Army Estimates which is proper to this period of the year, and is a redemption of the pledges under which the Prime Minister and his colleagues took office. Two newspapers, the "Times" and the "Daily Telegraph," have distinguished themselves by attacks on the policy of economy, and on individual Ministers who are supposed to favor it. The "Times" has spoken through its Military Correspondent, a writer whose character may be judged by his publication of a travestied version of the Kaiser's personal and private letter to Lord Tweedmouth, and whose knowledge and practical sense may be tested by his statement that the "military weakness of England" is the "greatest existing danger of our times." The author of this unmeaning phrase has the assurance to describe the Cabinet's customary revision of the Estimates as a "cut-throat business of political intrigue," to characterise members of the Cabinet, who are presumably Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Churchill, as "self-satisfied and self-advertising tyros," and to tell Mr. Asquith that if he keeps his election pledges his reputation will "vanish into the thinnest of thin air." These flowers of rhetoric and reason are strewn at Mr. Haldane's feet by a writer who, while professing to defend the scheme of the Territorial Army against professional or partisan critics, argues for the power to throw "100,000 British troops" on to the critical point in a Continental war, and calls for a "million men in the Territorial Army," who are to be asked, and, "if need be," compelled, to come forward. Mr. Haldane's scheme, therefore, is defended because it furnishes the nucleus of conscription, and every Liberal statesman who attempts to keep military expenditure within bounds, and to suit it to the tasks which we actually ask the Army to fulfil, is made the target for vulgar abuse. We venture to say that nothing that has been done within the last week or so has gone an inch outside the regular and proper practice of Governments, and we suggest that Mr. Haldane would be the last man to advance such an affirmation. What is the position of army expenditure? It stands at nearly twenty-eight millions. The Navy Estimates stand at some four millions more. In other words, a virtual parity of sacrifice is called for from the taxpayer in respect of these two forces. Yet what is the measure of their work and efficiency? One of them represents the greatest and costliest aggregation of sea-power the world has ever known. The Navy is the guarantee of our national life, so far as it rests on force and on resistance to force. The other arm compares in strength with that of Bulgaria, its place in the scheme of national defence is of quite secondary consequence, and its normal aim and scope of action lie in the management of those local and frontier wars which the accidents of Empire inflict upon us. Is it reasonable to call upon the country to accept, without close investigation, a charge of nearly twenty-eight millions on behalf of a force which nine years ago, when an Imperial problem of importance remained unsettled, only cost 20½ millions? The Liberal Party demands a reduction of army expenditure proportionate to the place which that force actually occupies in the general plan for safeguarding these shores. Its present share of the total is grossly excessive. It is the business of the Government to reduce it.

The fact is that the whole condition and organisation of our defensive forces call for close examination not by experts, but by statesmen. The present division of the army and navy into separate compartments is unbusinesslike and unscientific. So is the idea of Admiralissimos or of Generalissimos on the spot. It has been abandoned for the army; it cannot be revived in the navy. Modern wars are conducted under unified commands. They are also directed from the centre; they are games of chess played by strategists overlooking a board, not by gallant commanders winning fame (and advertisement in the halfpenny press) by brilliant feats performed in happy dissociation from their colleagues. The Japanese conducted from Tokio their naval and military strategy in the Russian war; we have made special arrangements, with the help of wireless telegraphy, for manœuvring from Whitehall the fleets that will guard our shores in the Channel and the North Sea. But all this implies the subordination of the "specialist," who for months has been using the Press to exalt his personality, or that of his friends, to decry his rivals, to "run" this branch of the service or to discredit that, but, above all, to depreciate the supervising force of statesmanship and to demand a voice in the framing of "policy," when his sole business and sworn duty is to execute it in good faith and in silence. What has been the result of this prolonged campaign, which resembles, on a reduced scale, the revolt of the French staff and the high regimental officers against the Republic and its Ministers? It has shown the incapacity of the "expert" for politics or for general judgments. It has revealed his weak points—his thin skin, his jealousy, his disposition to mistake the part for the whole, and to envisage only his own share of the general field of knowledge and of action. In the Navy, in particular, the interference of officers in policy has reached a pitch when, by a natural reaction, the public of all shades of opinion, satiated with recriminations, with veiled thrusts and petty assaults, directed against this or that commander or official or designer, have called on the directing statesmen to put an end to a serious scandal. The country has at last perceived that, however important questions of *matériel* may be, it is still more urgent to maintain discipline and mutual loyalty among the men who will have the disposition of it in war.

But, after all, the movement towards sanity must go a little farther than this. The seat of Government in this country is Parliament. From it proceeds the Cabinet, which is, to all intents and purposes, a Committee of the House of Commons, with a few members of the House of Lords thrown in. The House of Commons, acting on the advice of the Cabinet, that is to say, through its Executive Committee, votes, in its

judgment of the needs of the country, and of the policy which interprets those needs, a certain sum of money for the warlike services, or, as we should prefer to say, for the general business of defence. What have executive officers and their agents in the Press in any department of the services, high or low, to do with dictating to the Government, directly or indirectly, what that policy shall be, or what they consider an adequate provision for it? Their business is to work out the practical problems submitted to them within the limits of the expenditure which the House of Commons sanctions. For more than this, unless we are to return to government by major-generals and admirals, they may have neither eyes nor ears. The attitude which for the last few years they have been encouraged to take is that of a veiled and indirect insubordination, not merely to the rules of their service, but to the principles of the British Constitution. French statesmanship dealt with such a situation in the Dreyfus case, and crushed those responsible for it. If the national safety and the time-honored principles of our Constitution call for examples to be made in high quarters, we hope that the Government will not hesitate to make them. We are quite sure that if they find it necessary to act, they will have the nation at their back.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN TURKEY.

The discontent which makes revolutions is bred only among masses of men, who can meet under one roof and learn to trust each other. In Russia the reform movement had its home during its earlier phases in universities; it became formidable when it invaded factories and foundries. In Turkey there are two classes of the Mohammedan population which have enough solidarity to be dangerous, and they are precisely the two classes on which the despotism leans as its pillars—the clergy and the soldiery. It was among the theological students (softas) of Constantinople that the turbulent Liberal movement of the late 'seventies had its vanguard. They it was who demonstrated in the streets, armed with cudgels, and supported Midhat Pasha and the Sheikh-ul-Islam when they deposed two Sultans in rapid succession. Their day is over. Abdul Hamid had learned their power by using it. He has taught them to employ their cudgels on the skulls of Armenians, and to cherish as their ideal a theocratic Panislamism. Their part has passed to the soldiers. The events of the past week in Macedonia would have been interesting had they happened in Russia during the crisis of the revolutionary fever; they are startling amid the apparent stagnation of Turkey. A Turkish major, with eighty men under him, "took to the hills," as a Balkan Christian would put it, at Resna, near Monastir. He declared himself the foe of despotism and gathered other officers to his standard. The main army at Monastir refused to march against its comrades, and the Sultan sent for the loyal old veteran, Shemsi Pasha, who came from Uskub, a two days' journey by rail, with two battalions behind him. He and they had often campaigned before against those chronic Moslem rebels, the northern Albanians. But the atmosphere of Monastir was infectious, and even these tried battalions refused to march. Old Shemsi, brave to the end, was about to start alone for Resna, when an officer shot him dead in his carriage. Two other victims have fallen since this affair, a clerical spy and a general. The troops who used to shout daily on parade, "May the Padisha live for ever," are now cheering for a constitution.

To an Englishman who has seen anything of Turkish garrison life, this sudden display of militant Liberalism among officers is surprising, but not inexplicable. The level of education among them is deplorably low. The lower grades are promoted from the ranks, admirable men and good, but illiterate soldiers. The younger staff officers have tried in recent years to ape the German spirit, which does not make for revolutions. Education, as it is understood in the East, does not necessarily produce enlightenment. Of the two ablest Turkish officers in Monastir known to the present writer, one was a corrupt Palace spy, and the other, a Professor in a Military College, carried out, for the sake of loot, the two bloodiest massacres during the Macedonian rising of 1903. But in this portrait gallery of recollections two amiable and generous types stand out. One was an Albanian Major, chivalrous, intelligent, and kindly, an ardent nationalist who despised the Turks as Asiatics, and hated them as the corrupters of his race. The other was a descendant of a Greek pervert, of only moderate intelligence, but studious, and ripe for revolution. He would say, as he passed a burned Bulgarian village, "It is we Turks, and not those Christians who ought to have rebelled." His favorite theme of conversation was the thesis that the Sultan really oppresses his Moslem subjects more savagely than the Christians, for the Christians have at least their autonomous churches and schools. He would rail against the tyrannies of the service—the constant espionage, the jealousy which forbids an officer to resign his commission and rarely allows him to travel, above all the constant petty obstacles put in the way of study and reading. Neither of these two men could have led a revolt; both would have followed.

Something has happened in the past four years to put the fire of action into such potential rebels as these. In the first place, the men and the "ranker" officers are profoundly discontented. The Turkish soldier will no longer starve and drudge contentedly, for the mere pleasure of obedience. The Yemen campaigns were fruitful in mutinies of a serious, though non-political, kind. The recent Liberal movement among the Turks of the Armenian provinces, which took the form of a refusal to pay taxes or to obey specially obnoxious Governors, had the support of the garrison of Erzeroum. It is probable that the Persian object-lesson has inspired the imagination of the Turkish masses, and the perpetual ferment of revolt in Macedonia must have taught its garrison to regard rebellion as a familiar and natural act. But the real cause of this movement is undoubtedly the new strategy which the Young Turkish Party adopted last Christmas at its Congress in Paris. In the past this party had been a futile, if estimable, band of exiled "intellectuals." They wrote novels and newspapers, but they neither went "to the people,"

nor did they dream of action. Above all, they refused to co-operate with the Christian rebels, and even denounced them as men who were the puppets of a hostile Europe, working for the dismemberment of Turkey. The charge was true a decade ago. To-day the Armenians at least have realised that they have nothing to hope from Europe. The result is that the Armenians and the Young Turks have formed a close working alliance, and fused their programmes. Their common aim is now the deposition of Abdul Hamid, the restoration of the Ottoman Parliament, and the reconstruction of the Empire on a federal basis. The Armenians have lent their brains and their modern conception of politics to the movement. Two well-directed campaigns have been set on foot, to league the peasantry in an agrarian movement, and to revolutionise the army. A few weeks after this historic Congress, thirty-seven "Young Turkish" officers were arrested in Constantinople. A few months later the Macedonian garrison is in revolt. When, in 1825, the "Decembrist" officers persuaded their men to shout for a Constitution at Moscow, it was afterwards discovered that the soldiers imagined that "Constitution" was the wife of the Arch-Duke Constantine. One may doubt whether these Turkish peasants know what they are shouting for. But at least they follow their leaders, and they have ceased to shout for Abdul Hamid. The educated Moslems of Turkey, like those of Russia, Egypt, and Persia, have turned their backs on their stagnant and stifling past.

In the light of these events, the first move of the new Anglo-Russian partnership in the Balkans reads like a conscious stroke of irony. Repression is to come before reform. The first half of the new programme is, accordingly, a proposal, put forward by Great Britain, to invite the Sultan to organise a specially destructive mobile column, under a Turkish general, with Hilmi Pasha as its presiding genius, to hunt down the Macedonian bands. The second half of the programme, which is to be fathered by Russia, will deal at leisure with the reforms to be applied, when "order" has been restored. The division of functions has been very cleverly arranged by M. Isvolsky. Great Britain will incur the odium of repression; Russia will reap the gratitude for reform. One may doubt, however, whether the repression is likely to be more effectual than the reforms. In the first place, the Sultan's army will be too busy in repressing itself to have much energy to bestow on the bands. In the second place, there is nothing new in this idea of a mobile punitive column. Yildiz Palace has dreamt of that before. There is already a force of this kind, with mounted infantry and machine guns and all the other resources of modern Imperialism. The only difficulty is that it does not do its work. The minor officers accept Greek bribes; the senior officers are politicians enough to understand that the Sultan prefers to rule by fomenting Christian feuds. It massacres Bulgarian bands to the last man, for they are really formidable. It allows the Greek and Servian bands to prey on the Bulgarian villages, for that is the easiest way of thinning out the rebellious majority. The new punitive column, if it ever is constituted, will observe this consecrated tradition.

The Anglo-Russian scheme has no very rosy future before it. "Order" cannot be restored while the administration itself is anarchical. The organic reforms, which are to be realised only after a due number of rebels have been slaughtered, are still in the future, like M. Stolypin's own reforms at home. When Sir Edward Grey's original plan has been revised, first by Russia, then by the Concert, and finally by the Sultan, it is unlikely that much of value will remain. The real crisis will come later, and it will come in the form not merely of a local Macedonian, but of a general Turkish problem. It will find us tied to the Power which has worked incessantly for a century to degrade and corrupt the Turkish governing class, the Power which regards the Armenians with a bitter hatred, the Power which has just destroyed the promise of a free national life in Persia. Russian statecraft will certainly not be sympathetic to the ideal of a federal Turkey, with the Armenians and the Young Turks in the ascendant. Shall we find ourselves committed to the policy of seconding her reactionary interventions, as we have tolerated her *coup d'état* in Persia?

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN RADICALISM.

The American Democrats have had a varied career. For seventy years after the close of the Civil War they were shut out from power. Walpole kept himself in office by dubbing every Tory a Jacobite. The Republicans of the 'sixties, 'seventies and early 'eighties kept the Presidency, and, as a rule, both Houses of Congress, in their hands, by branding every Democrat a copperhead, a rebel, a friend of the South, a supporter of slavery. It was not until 1885 that a Democratic President entered the White House. The Republicans had used their long lease of office to surround themselves with a stout hedge of capitalistic interests. The relaxation that follows a great national effort had opened an easy path to abuses. The Reconstruction policy that was adopted in the South argued a deplorable lack of governing capacity. Protection accumulated in the Treasury vast and unnecessary surpluses that were scandalously frittered away. It was essentially as a protest against waste, corruption, the organised robbery of the tariff, and the conception of government as an affair of friends, that Mr. Cleveland was elected. We are able to see now that his two terms of office were a period of incubation, that the Democratic Party had not yet "found itself," and that the Conservatives who dominated its councils had no intention of allowing the measures they had advocated on the stump to be written on the Statute book. Several years of bad trade and poor harvests, culminating in the crash of 1893, and a succession of labor disputes, marked with all the peculiar fervency that Americans throw into their attack upon and their defence of capital, conspired to give the Radicals their chance. The mortgaged farmers of the West and the hungry, dissatisfied artisans of the towns were in the mood for almost any solution that promised relief. Free silver was offered them by men who honestly but quite erroneously believed that "the crime of '73"

was the cause of all the country's misfortunes. They accepted it voraciously, not because they understood what it meant, but because they felt vaguely that wealth was too powerful and labor overborne and oppressed.

That was the real birth of American Radicalism. The Chicago platform of 1896 was hysterically attacked at the time. The entire East thought and spoke of the Democratic Party as under the control of men who, at best, were lunatics, and, at worst, revolutionists, incendiaries, and anarchists; and London seemed to find no difficulty in endorsing and emphasising the verdict. Yet there is little smell of gunpowder about the Chicago platform as one reads it to-day. Apart from Free Silver, it did not contain a single plank to which an English Liberal would object. Plant an English Liberal in the States and he is irresistibly drawn into favoring the Democratic Party. He would recognise that the Democrats are fighting the very battle of individual liberty that the English Liberals have waged for a hundred years. He would be in favor of a tariff for revenue only. So are the Democrats. He would declare war on trusts and monopolies, on all the terrible instruments of oppression which the American plutocracy has collected and wields with cynical remorselessness. So do Mr. Bryan and his followers. He would support an income-tax, and, above all, he would oppose with all his might "government by injunction"—that iniquitous perversion of justice which has made the American courts a handmaid to the arrogance of capital. He would realise, again, that Bryanism is at bottom a duplication, under four heads, of the eternal struggle for the emancipation of labor, and the return to an abler and more equitable democracy. The Bryanites of 1896 denounced Protection less as a mistake in fiscal policy than as a prolific breeder of trusts and monopolies. They denounced trusts and monopolies chiefly because they threatened to doom the youth of America to clerkships in the employ of a handful of millionaires. They denounced "government by injunction" as an unscrupulous abuse of the proper rights of capital; and they favored Free Silver because they believed they saw in the Gold Standard one more engine of plutocratic domination, and one more proof of the sinister alliance between Wall Street and Washington. That their currency heresies were really heresies they now themselves admit. That they were right in their fundamental attitude towards the far more vital questions of social and economic progress, few Americans now would be found to dispute. In 1896, however, the national mind was beclouded by such puerile generalisations as "the East stands for gold and honesty, the West for silver and knavery." Believing Bryanism to be a gospel of public immorality the Americans voted it down.

In 1900 the issue had changed. The United States had become an Imperial and Colonial power, and Mr. Bryan put his opposition to Imperialism in the forefront of his programme. His policy offended not the instinctive sentiments of his countrymen, but their practicality. They could not see that the results of the Spanish war had left them any option but to act as Mr. McKinley acted. Mr. Bryan fought a brilliant but hopeless fight. Twice defeated at the polls, he was faced with an internal revolt against his leadership. The Conservatives rallied in 1904, captured the nominating convention, deposed Mr. Bryan, and chose a candidate who was "safe and sane." The result was instructive. Judge Parker neither startled anybody nor attracted anybody. He was not merely defeated, he was annihilated. Most of the Radicals in the Democratic Party either abstained from voting, or voted for Mr. Roosevelt. Conservative Democracy was rightly appraised by the electorate as nothing but Republicanism and water. Half-frightened by the excesses of Mr. Bryan, half-cowed by defeat, the Democrats had assumed a temporary and unnatural Conservatism only to find it repudiated both by the nation and by the most earnest members in their own ranks. But a party that has once tasted Radicalism can never again be quite the same. There followed after 1904, as there was bound to follow, a reaction against the reaction. The party made a rush not merely to re-occupy, but to push forward the abandoned outposts. Mr. Bryan's ascendency, never really forfeited, became once more an unchallenged fact. The adoption by Mr. Roosevelt of most of the planks in the Chicago platform of 1896 helped to put Mr. Bryan in a juster light. He is unquestionably the only Democrat in the country who can hope to wipe out the enormous lead with which the Republicans enter the campaign. The task may again prove to be beyond his strength. But Bryanism is something greater than Mr. Bryan, and his personal fortunes will not affect or discount the inspiring fact that the Democratic Party is again on the high-road of Radicalism, and in touch once more with realities.

WANTED, A NEW SCHEME OF CULTURE.

The rise and growth within our time of a dozen or more Universities in our great industrial and commercial centres is, in part, no doubt, an endeavour to secure a wider sphere of operation for disinterested culture. But, though the spirit of our older Universities has, in varying degrees of power, informed these new seats of learning, other popular requirements and influences have served to modify, and even to transform, the work and the conception of a University. To have sought to plant about the country a number of little Oxfords or Cambridges, even had such a course been practicable, would have been a very grave mistake. For true culture cannot live either as an individual or a social factor by ignoring the special and practical needs of particular localities and grades of population. It is not merely a matter of historical significance that most of these new colleges have received their early endowments from the local patriotism of successful business men, and that some of them have hardly emerged from the chrysalis condition of a group of technical schools upon a rigorously utilitarian basis of physical science. Disinterested culture, as the flower of personal perfection, has not been the governing ideal in the movement. It is the perception of the truth that the struggle for life, for individual and national success in business, politics, and other lines of material achievement, requires the cultivation

of the sciences, that has furnished most of the impetus. We have come to believe that "efficiency" depends upon trained engineers, chemists, lawyers, doctors, accountants, plenty of them, and we are prepared to find some money and some effort to provide this sort of person. To some very inadequate extent we also realise that a general intellectual foundation must be laid for this technical superstructure. The grave problem of the relation between these utilitarian and local standards of efficiency and the claims and needs of personal culture, we have never as a nation seriously set out to consider. Few even among our "educationalists" seem to realise the danger of the policy of stimulating the utilitarian motives with the view of correcting their excesses afterwards. They grasp eagerly after funds for the endowment of "brewing" chairs, military economics, or "loaded" Colonial history, with the result that the trend towards specific utilities is everywhere eating out the heart from the older and the wiser conception of the functions of a University. Though Lord Morley, addressing last week the members of the oldest of these new Universities at Manchester, stirred but lightly the embers of this hot controversy, his plea for the spirit of a University consisting in "the majesty of truth, the unity of learning, and the interdependence of knowledge," as distinguished from the dominion of technique, was no conventional rhetoric, but the utterance of a true prophet of education. To do both things, not by way of compromise or forced union, but of harmony, to recognise and to secure that the bank clerk, or the mechanic, or the cotton spinner, shall become a better man, a better citizen, a better worker, by studying the wisdom of the sages at the same time as the technique of his craft, and that such association of studies is essential for the conduct of life, this is the task before the University of the People.

Now, very little is being done to realise this ideal, and the fault, in our judgment, is not wholly or chiefly due to the drive of immediate utilities. The trouble lies deeper. Culture, in the sense of serious and vital concerns for the things that matter most in the life of thought and feeling, still remains a cloistered virtue, not merely the "possession" of a class, but a buried treasure in the separate minds of its possessors. There has never been a time when the great human facts and mysteries of birth, life, death, and all the profound and simple passions that gather round them, have been subjected to such a flood of various new light as within our generation. The marvellous revelations, not only of the new sciences, but of scholars and historians, illuminating the longitude and latitude of humanity, are everywhere forcing re-statements of the eternal enigmas and suggesting rich new solutions, or justifying the wisdom of the ancients by converting their speculations into verifiable laws. Would it not seem as if the intellects and hearts of men would be suffused to overflowing with the sheer interest and passion of such a new *renaissance*, and that its intellectual flow would dominate ordinary intercourse in educated circles? But is this the case? It is hard to find even a little coterie in any grade of English society in which conversation is apt to turn and dwell upon any issue graver than the surface features of some secondary question of politics or morals. Even among earnest religious folk, or laborers in some field of social reform, there is a studied avoidance of depths. Intelligent foreigners often express astonishment that in English "society" all matters of gravity and all displays of simple, strong emotion are "taboo," and they are apt to put their surprise too hastily into some theory of national psychology. But the real problem is better illustrated, not in the frivolity of ordinary society, but in the intercourse of personally cultivated men, such as are found in college or public school common-rooms or in London literary or artistic gatherings. Clever utterances will emerge occasionally in the midst of shallow talk about persons and events, but any sort of searching argument, even on matters which are known deeply to interest many of those present, is impossible. The difficulty becomes humorous when the gathering, as sometimes in a common-room, contains "specialists" supposed among them to cover a large segment of the entire circle of knowledge. For the specialist must not talk "shop," and no one else dare intrude upon a specialism.

To search the causes of this inhibition would carry us too far afield. That new knowledge, or even new hypothesis, should be narrowly appropriated to some little group of biologists, physicists, or economists, instead of flowing freely into every mind capable of assimilating it, is, perhaps, the greatest intellectual waste of our age—save one. That one is the persistent, the criminal, neglect of literature. This, too, is in part attributable to the same excess of specialism. What are we to say of the modern professor of theology who, when asked whether he was ready to apply to the New Testament those canons of authenticity which he had found so profitable in dealing with the Apocrypha, replies, "Ah, the New Testament is outside my province"? But it is in dealing with literature that we touch to the quick the inadequacy of "culture" to hold its own against the pressure of utilities in our new Universities. It is not materialism or commercialism that here is chiefly to blame, but the refusal of the directors and shareholders of "culture" to submit to an audit and a re-assessment of cultural values. Compulsory Greek is but the fringe of this great issue, which turns upon the obvious impossibility of applying to the spiritual nutrition of the common people an intellectual and emotional diet framed for the dainty palate of an aristocracy. Only by studying the process of selection and exclusion by which most literature has fitted itself into the place it has occupied in the decorative culture of a class can we understand the careful but far-reaching readjustment that is needed for popular culture. In a word, if practicality needs the softening influence of that pursuit of personal perfection upon which Matthew Arnold laid so much stress, culture itself needs purging of not a few elements of artifice and preciosity which it has acquired by too exclusive association on the one hand with an academic caste, on the other with the recreative life of the leisured classes.

Thus we come round to the old issue of the severance of literature from life, of words from things. The bridging of this chasm is one of the essential tasks in democracy: for a people, liable, on the one hand, continually to commit itself to the hasty grasping after immediate utilities, and, on the other, to be misled by specious tricks of language, can never possess power, lacking, as it must, true self-possession. We believe that the feeling in favor of organising the higher education of the people so as to stir the great latent fund of curiosity about things that matter is gradually settling down to certain serviceable judgments. The first of these is that the prime instruments of the culture of a nation are its own language, literatrue, and history, regarded not only as the repository of its own thought and achievements, but as the interpreter of others. The obstinate preference for alien, and necessarily inferior, instruments is itself sufficient proof of the need of that radical revision of culture standards for which we plead.

A still harder, but not less far-reaching, reform is suggested in the pregnant saying which Lord Morley quoted from Bacon: "When you read, remember you do it not to contradict nor to confute, not to believe nor to take for granted, nor in order to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." Now, gravity of mind and the habit of consideration obtain no proper and proportionate place in the aims of education in the schools and colleges frequented by the sons and daughters of our upper classes. To this, perhaps, more than to any other cause, is attributable that levity of intellectual intercourse to which reference is made above. Not extent of knowledge, nor breadth of vision, nor dexterity in reasoning, are of quite the same importance as this habit of weighing and considering both words and facts. This, at any rate, is true of our age and our people, and those concerned to promote the higher education of the people may safely set before any other consideration the cultivation of a gravity of intellectual habit.

Life and Letters.

OLYMPIA REDIVIVA.

To read a succession of articles, such as have appeared this week, in celebration of the ancient Olympic Games, with their stories of the "divine honors" paid to successful athletes and the breaches made in the walls of cities in order that men so noble might not enter by the common gate, has a curious effect on the mind. It almost makes one doubt whether any nation so eccentric as the ancient Greeks can really have existed, and even have attained a considerable amount of success, upon this earth. The stories, no doubt, are always related apart from their context, and seldom quite exactly; and, of course, the rhetorical effect of mere selection is very great. If one chose to collect all the instances of public or private enthusiasm manifested in England over, let us say, music-hall stars, tame elephants, or millionaires, it would not be hard to produce the impression that almost the whole nation was occupied in admiring one or other of those objects. Yet, when all allowance is made for exaggeration, the Olympic Games had their own meaning, and served their own valuable purpose in history, though, perhaps, not for a very large portion of their twelve hundred years of life.

The immense fame of the Olympiad Festivals comes largely from their having been chosen as giving an era, or a means of dating other events. The Romans had apparently a fixed tradition of the founding of their city; they could date historical occurrences by the year *ab urbe condita*. There was no such fixed era for the Greeks. Some historians dated from the fall of Troy; but opinions varied within some six hundred years as to the time of that occurrence itself. There were divers other systems. Some dated by the Archons at Athens, or by the priestesses in the temple of Hera at Argos. But, apart from other objections, neither system was international, and both implied that the reader must know his list of archons or priestesses by heart. The archons were more satisfactory than the priestesses, because they had, at least, a fixed term of office. A priestess might hold office for one year or for thirty. But, obviously the great four-yearly festivals formed a better basis for dates than either, and among such festivals, the Olympian were probably the best. True, the Pythian Games at Delphi were fully as famous and inspired far more religious feeling. But the temple at Delphi was too much exposed to disturbance and pillage. Olympia lay quiet, out of the main track of war and political trouble. And Olympia professed, truly or falsely, to have a record of all conquerors since the great re-constitution of the Games in 776 B.C. The Games themselves are just declining from their prime glory at the time when we hear most about them, in the fifth century B.C. Bodily prowess was still such an important quality in a man that, if any great athlete happens to play a part in history, the historians generally mention his victories in the Games. But it was no longer an age in which Shaw the Lifeguardsman could seriously be regarded as a more admirable warrior than the Duke of Wellington. And in Pindar, the writer from whom we hear most praise of the Games, there is a constant undercurrent of regret, irritation, almost bewilderment, that the world is no longer attaching proper importance to the great boxing and horse-racing nobles, and to him, their prophet. Pindar, an aristocrat himself, was the poet of Dorian aristocracy. He was the bard of those great houses which, in spite of their not infrequent occupation in trade, their occasional leading forth of an adventurous colony, remained for the most part grumbling and half-forgotten, while the main stream of Hellenic life swept past them. They were men of courage and muscle; great hunters, runners, boxers; if need came, great warriors, though only in the manner of their ancestral tradition, with none of your modern book-learning or siege-tactics. Their object was to be "good men," and they meant by "goodness" what their grandfathers had meant. If they were outstripped in the race of life, it was as their great ancestor Ajax had been beaten by the unworthy Odysseus. Pindar added another quality to the "goodness," or *Aretê*, which he required of his patrons; they must "spend"—spend their money and strength and effort freely, for the attaining and maintaining of their *Aretê*.

It was a great ideal in its day, and Pindar conceives of it greatly. The misfortune is that in the Fifth Century it has ceased to correspond to outward facts. The time which created it was the period after the great race-migrations, especially after the Dorian conquest of the Peloponnese. Mr. Louis Dyer has shown how the Olympian festival is derived from an ancient pre-Dorian gathering of a number of neighbouring villages at a centre which they called "Pylos"; a gathering of the ordinary four-yearly type, with common worship and sacrifice, open competitive games, and opportunities for settling by discussion and arbitration any inter-communal difficulties. A general truce was, of course, necessary for any such common meeting, and was enforced, as usual, by taboos and curses. Eventually the whole territory of Elis, in which the festival was held, was declared "sacred," or, in modern language, neutral, and any invasion of it forbidden.

After the Dorian conquest, this festival became widened and glorified. The Peloponnese became full of conquering warriors out of work, athletes of war, with no one left to make war on. The games had a much closer relation to war than modern athletics have; and the idea of *Aretê*, or "goodness," in a man or a warrior, had become prominent and forceful in the Greek world. The conquerors of the Peloponnese liked the opportunity of practising *Aretê* and displaying it one against another. Only the nobles, as a rule, had leisure for such exercises. Hesiod, the peasant poet, never speaks of the games; neither is Piers Ploughman interested in tourneys. Nobles of other races joined in. The wealthy new nobility of Sicily and Italy not only won horse races—they had more money to buy expensive horses—but actually distinguished themselves in personal prowess. The games served a great purpose. They gave a harmless and humane outlet to the fighting spirit of many conquering tribes. They kept up the invaluable tradition of periodic friendly meetings between neighbour states, of the security of the public roads, of the notion of a fixed international state of peace and decent conduct even in the midst of warring units. And they served intensely, almost too intensely, to keep up that desire for "goodness" judged by competitive standards, which is at the root of many of the best and worst qualities of ancient Greece. Like most conquering nations, the classical Greeks were "good sportsmen." On the whole, one can see that Pindar's men neither cheat nor accuse others of cheating, and mostly take a defeat like men. It is only boys who are said to jeer at a defeated competitor, and those, I suppose, were the boys who looked on, not the boys who competed.

The decline in the importance of the games came when the idea of "goodness" changed. *Aretê* began to be identified, in part or whole, with *Sophia*. Goodness began to include "Wisdom," or the qualities of the intellect, and the old purely athletic virtues inevitably paled. True, a strong element of "wisdom" in various forms found its way into the Olympian Festival. Herodotus read his wonderful book aloud there. The great fifth century sophists lectured there. Poets recited their poems. Hippias illustrated how the "wise" man was self-sufficing, and should be the maker of his own cloak, tunic, boots, and signet ring, as well as the author of his own peace of mind. When Hippolytus wished to "stand high in the Great Games of Hellas," he was probably thinking more of "wisdom" than of pure athletics. But in reality "wisdom" had not much chance of cutting a good figure at these contests. Make the most sympathetic arrangements you will, a lecture by Huxley and a recitation by Tennyson would scarcely have "a fair show" at, say, the Henley regatta or the Oxford and Cambridge sports, not to speak of Epsom. The spiritually active part of

Greece devoted itself more and more to "Wisdom"; the mere pressure of the world worked, as usual, in the direction of success and money-making; and Pindar's Dorian nobles were left to cultivate their splendid bodies and their expensive horses somewhat in a backwater of the national stream. True, they had more influence on ordinary adult life than athletes now have. Euripides, though a good athlete himself, once or twice denounces their influence with an intensity which would not be too great in a modern public school. Plato gently satirises the fashionable young Athenians who showed their admiration of things Spartan by acquiring, at much inconvenience, broken noses and "prize-fighter's ears." And it remains true, and a rather important truth, that in the comparatively simple conditions of ancient society, a man's body was much more with him and more important to him than it is now. The toothless and short-sighted man had then no oculist and dentist to put him, as a matter of course, on an equality with his fellows. The flabby man was not hidden behind good tailoring; the obese man did not fly lightly on a motor-car, he waddled and perspired. And correspondingly there certainly was—the statues alone would prove it—a great deal of sincere admiration for an object which has now been so long and sedulously hidden from human eyes that it has whitened like a starved plant out of the sun, the healthy and well-developed human body.

But in the main, though the concourses of people at Olympia were probably greater in the fifth and fourth centuries than in the seventh and sixth, the inward meaning of the Games was passing rapidly away at the very beginning of our classical period. They represent the ideal of a young Greece which possessed already many of her characteristic qualities, the intensity, the desire to excel and be praised, the frankness and the aversion to cruelty; but a Greece which had not yet awakened to the possession of an intellect or a moral character. And it was with these qualities that the future of Greece lay. After the deaths of Pindar and Bacchylides no more great poets thought it worth while to celebrate boxing matches and races of four-horse chariots or mule waggons. And by the first century Cicero anxiously contradicts the rumor that he has gone to attend the Olympian Games: such a thing would be beneath his dignity, scarcely even reputable.

GILBERT MURRAY.

RECRUITS.

YEARLY in thousands they arrive, because of tradition, necessity, or desire, to start their life. The Big Grey City claims them, and they come—thinking themselves men.

By their quick, untroubled eyes, and lifted head, and a certain conscious pride of walk, they show their youth; and their freshness is revealed in a suggested readiness to smile and look about.

They come from the universities, bound with an etiquette that rules their very talk, or loudly sure of the originality to create new verities; from the public schools they come, still mindful of their monitorial authority, or insistent of their liberty to drink and smoke; and they come from the training places of the Continent, imbued with a whetted taste for the freedom and indulgences of men. But a glad excitement of the mind predominates the infinite variety of their temperament.

For they have no past; for them the little trying disillusionments of present effort are not yet; they only know the elevating stir of large, unproved expectancy. So they are very sure. To them all things seem possible, and all women are fair, and men are but friendly rivals, as in the honorable rivalry of games. Because, in the beginning, they see as from a long way off, and they imagine what they feel they ought to find. For them the written lessons of centuries, and the seriously spoken word of older men, are all as fables, or the bloodless bogey-tales of frightened age. It is their conscious destiny to find out for themselves.

Therefore they come into the stress and gaiety of the city's life, hungry for the knowledge that is to make them old; and they reach out confidently to learn the all that has been known and memorised and written down forever and forever before. The splendid arrogance of youth upholds them all with a present faith and the hope of better things.

So, while various reasons draw them to the city's crowded ranks, they all bring confidence and eagerness—and many bring irresponsibility—and all are free from the fear that sees too far. For the anticipation of imagined things is theirs.

According to their varied tendencies, they gauge the rush and struggle differently—a fair where all is merriment, a wonderland of women's smiles, or a field of victory for by-and-by. And they see vague visions of unknown possibilities, and day-dreams of strange happenings and love; and they feel ambition's first faint urgency. But mostly they feel the power to enjoy. Because, however much they dream of future fame, to all but a few pleasure is paramount at first; work is only a duty of their life.

For the glamor of their early days is very real. Their experience is all in front. And though they try to hide the want of it with carefully drawled speech, or copied cynicism, or silent smiles, an impatient curiosity eggs them on to see and do and know.

Because in their initiation all things seem very good. All is so new; and all they do or see is illuminated and intensified with the imagination of inexperience, which gives a fascinating significance to common things; even the unrealities seem real. Only the anxiety to be correct tempers the joy of their experiences. For the brilliant allurements of unfolding life enthral them utterly. They do not see or care about the underneath.

Enticed by their own enthusiasm, they contrive long leisure for social intercourse; and they think the time well spent. They talk away long afternoons in dainty drawing-rooms, telling indulgent women of their hopes, and they gaze with open homage into the pleasure-worn, renovated face, because the ease and completeness of maturity is wonderful to them. Contented in the confidence of proper clothes, they attend at the places where the pleasure-seekers crowd; and they hunt anxiously, so as not to be alone; and they sit back indolently, and chat and jest, in careless satisfaction with their lot; or they meet by appointment a woman or a girl, and they talk and talk forever of themselves, exacting an overshare of sympathy; or they try with cunning hints to gain a reputation for wickedness; or confidently discuss the life-problems that perplex the minds of learned men. And always they play seriously at making love; for the imagined attraction of some one woman is essential to their state. Even the deliberate graciousness that makes use of them they prize, and act as escort, and pay the required expenses eagerly, thinking the honor of the company sufficient cause.

Under a studious indifference they glow with the satisfied desire of seeing life. At dances, though they may lean against the door, and hide their want of partners with assumed disdain, the lilt and shimmer of the dancing stir their blood; so that they go whenever they are asked, grumbling with spurious dislike; and they diligently arrange beforehand a programme of their own. And at fashionable functions, where rank and fame and riches congregate, they watch and enjoy the pageant secretly, with a hidden thrill at accomplished contact with the public world. The joy of a life of pleasure possesses them.

For, with each succeeding new experience, the excitement and appreciation grow, so that they seek for opportunities, and pay a willing tribute of calls, to help them to a leisure of hurried, overlapping gaiety. Their ambition is a crowded mantelpiece of cards.

Besides the enhanced amusements of a social round, the glamor of the city's life at night attracts them curiously. The tradition of dissipation lures them on with a certain inquisitive excitement of doing wrong.

They risk their temperance and peace of mind in evenings of expensive food and fun. They dine in splendour, without really caring what they eat, because of the glitter and the music and the glow. They drift into the reek and glare of music halls

for fun; but they look into the tired eyes with unexpected diffidence, and meet the feverish jest with almost shy respect, so that their temptation is made easier, by reason of a woman's gratitude. Impelled by inherited beliefs, they go with extravagant regularity to musical displays of woman's loveliness; and they fix their conventional affections on one of the ladies on the stage; so that an eventual contrived acquaintance, that allows of public hospitality, makes them very proud. They sup luxuriously with men, merely to prolong the evening's revelry; or they add their name to a woman's interminable list of temporary hosts—choosing expensive wine; and when their guest is known publicly they are content. Thus they indulge and over-drink and lose their innocence, in a preconceived idea of what is right.

But by reason of the curious immunity of youth, their learning years are wondrously free from serious harm. The careless confidence that makes the fun and trouble pulls them through. For their sin is thoughtless, and their dissipation is merriment. The premediated iniquity that scars and wrecks comes afterwards. They learn, and they lose their illusions in the learning, but they who are fit for future effort do not really spoil.

Thus, when the period of initiation ends after a few short years, they settle down—wiser by a knowledge of the worth of things, and better for a wisdom that understands. For by this early training they are tried. And as the city and the people of the city seem to change, the test and the memory of it help.

THE WATER OF THE MOORS.

The romance of water is little known to him who draws it from the housewall by turning a tap. It is the spirit of a leaden pipe twenty yards long and of iron pipes perhaps twenty miles long, all the brightness of an earlier origin strait-waistcoated out of it. All that can be said for it is that it is good enough for the strait-waistcoated people who compel it from its labyrinth in the depths of a town. Not good enough for us when we come from the tent with bare feet on the dew-drenched grass and ask for water for the breakfast coffee. We dip the can from the torrent gushing between rocks that its impetuosity can wear no deeper than a chance impurity may cling. Then we lay it aside and take our morning dip in the pool from which it gushes, scaring the minnows and the trout with our happy floundering. Now, see the miracles that happen in this moorland water when it is upon the fire. For miles it has burbled and chattered in rocky waterfalls and cascades, sweeping here, tumbling there, resting at whiles, but fully making up for delays by later impetuosity. You can see or divine at sight that its history has been free and happy, but only when the fire quickens under the pot can you fully realise how much air it has gathered in its frolicsome career. The camp kettle that we filled with water is full of great pearls, which even become diamonds as they sway and break, flattening and sparkling with almost colored fire as they dance upward and vanish from their aqueous prison. Don't tell us that the boiling undoes all the tumbling of the trout stream. We have seen those pearls, and by so much the more relish our tea beyond that infused from the spray of a leaden pipe.

The trout, if not the best of all fish, is in every way far superior to those that inhabit even the swift-flowing, deeper, and less joyous waters. They are "coarse fish," while our trout are game—game by virtue of their better table qualities, and game in their love of life and the determination with which they fight for it. The better the water, the better the fish. How does John Ridd (in whose stream we will fish after breakfast) dwell on the delicacy of pickled loaches? We have not tasted them, but we are ready to believe that these tiny fish are excellent. They belong to the joyous stream. It brings them abundant oxygen even beneath the stones which they are bound to use as protection from the trout. When we turn them out, delicate and bearded, they remain awhile almost invisible by their similarity to the bed of the stream, then dart to shelter of another stone. Here, also, are the game little bullheads, capable of choking the grebe or kingfisher that should dare to swallow them, and worthy of a chapter all to themselves.

The insect life of our trout stream is beyond that of all the moors and all the forests through which it flows. Nine out of ten of all the dancing myriads of flies own the water as their birthplace. The stones are coated with little houses slated with chips about the size of these letters, most knowingly cemented together. Others, like the well-known caddis, have skins or overcoats of stick or stone, which give them the advantage of armour without the inconvenience of a fixed abiding-place. Every day the stream gives up a fresh horde of specifically new insects to dance in the sun and then return to feed the trout. All our dragon-flies, from the indigo-green or bronze-winged drakes and feeble demoiselles to the great whizzing "horse-stinger," come from the water. We catch the biggest of them all, and find that a fat fly between his jaws was the absorbing event that permitted us to steal a march on him. He is so rapt in its juiciness that he mumbles it between our fingers till it is all gone. But if you give this great dragon-fly warning of your intention to catch him, you can have no warier antagonist. He measures to a nicety the length of your butterfly-net, and seems to delight in letting you get almost within striking distance, and in dashing to and fro just beyond its sphere of influence.

But where is water for heather and whortleberries these brazen days? Before the sun has mounted half-way the sky is pitiless blue. At times, some taunting, unreachable argosy sails along on some errand entirely unconnected with our wants. Most promising young thunderclouds, rolled into crisp billows that speak of electrical restraint, show their backs above the hills, then revolve out of sight like some marine monster that has been up for a breather and gone back to its own world. But the heat of the world, whether physical or mental, is not diminished by such dreams of cool showers. Most life has fled from the moors. The crow looks over them for such cripples as may not have been able to remove, and migratory bands of doves take berries there as they roam on towards the sea. Long, widening green seams proclaim the more or less perennial watercourses, for here only trees are equal to the task of growing. These coombes are perfect oases in a sun-scorched desert, and they contain all that roams the moors on cool nights or at damper seasons of the year. Here the black-cock crows his thanks for a green and tranquil life; the red stag couches out of sight of man and almost out of scent of flies; the half-wild ponies climb like monkeys down to water that is deep enough to cover the fetlocks, and there stand swishing their tails and waiting for the cool of the evening.

Out of that brazen sky, that dry air that extracts pounds of moisture from the pores if we only sit and pant in it, there falls at night a copious dew. Long before daylight fades, the grass glistens with it, our last perambulation of the tent to see if the ropes are tight is a cold-water paddle, and as we lie in bed, we like to stretch out the arms and feel that the blessed water is really in the air. Now the argosies are thickening in the sky, and the wind that passes through the trees seems to be asking whether they are ready for rain. Their response is a cheering intimation that rain will come. It comes in the middle of the night pattering on our woven roof with welcome vehemence. The big spots, well driven by a forty-mile wind, send each a tiny spray through that kisses the face like dew. Bell after bell is added to the chime of the brook that before morning speaks with a hundred tongues to the two-noted tingle that was its message yesterday. The bog that never runs dry has been overcharged and is sending down the surplus like any pool. The coombes are running, from the last outpost mountain ash. The bracken roots cannot cope with what they have received and the improvident heather is shooting off the water it has been longing for. The caddis grubs have to fight for it in a torrent that rolls stones as big as cricket balls.

Loaches and bullheads are unhoused and must thank their lucky stars that the clear water of their stream is turned thick brown. No less grateful are we for this slight circumstance that puts us on equal terms with the trout. We have waited many days for the rain, and it has come at last.

Short Story.

II.—ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

You said I was to write and tell you all about it; but there is nothing to tell. We never even said good-bye. There isn't one good solid memory, just looks and tones that melt away. All the same, I know he cared.

You told me not to play with fire, and I suppose I have done. Fire's so warm and pretty to play with; besides, it didn't look like fire, truly, at the beginning. It looked like the Higher Life. I wondered why it was so much nicer than it had ever been before . . . and then, somehow, the whole thing blazed up . . . I think I hope he isn't burned so badly as I am.

You see, he was a kind of saint, and he was going to be a medical missionary, and bring all the essential elements of all the religions together, and make everyone live up to it, and she was going to help him—but I haven't come to her. I knew he was engaged to her, but I didn't realise it; and he was coaching with Father —that's how we saw so much of him. He'd taken his B.A. long ago, and he had brilliant talents, and he had intended to be a lawyer, only the Higher Life wouldn't let him. The Higher Life is very particular, and it made him be a missionary after working in the slums.

You know his name was Bernard, and I used to call him St. Bernard. He'd such a splendid medieval face; it made you feel that all your life had been wasted, and you must begin to do something great. I honestly didn't think at first about his caring for me in a human way. I'd as soon have expected Cardinal Newman to come down off the wall in the National Portrait Gallery and say how pretty my hair was, and shake hands. It seemed as if the immortal part of you was the only thing that mattered. I knew my mortal part was rather nice to look at, but he made me think that my immortal part might be a perfect frump all the while. I made up my mind I would be good too, before I'd done.

Then one day I saw his eyes shine, when I'd put on a new hat. Such a dream of a hat; and I'd a kind of a gown on like the dying blue in an evening sky, with little bits of rosy clouds flecked up and down in it! I do love being beautiful, and spending money on dress. It was sweet; and he didn't mean to show it, but his eyes gave him away, for one moment, before he recollected himself, and switched off the light, and looked stern. So I said:—

"I know what you are thinking, that it would send a crippled child in Shoreditch to a cottage hospital. And it would—six of them; but isn't it right to look nice?"

Then he laughed, he couldn't help it, and we plunged into the midst of things, and I told him I really had a soul, but I expected if there was an astral plane, as the Theosophists said, it was going about there all in rags —and wasn't that compensation, or Karma, or Providence, or something—the horrid thing that wouldn't let you eat your cake and have it, no matter how good the cake was?

After that, of course, we grew more friendly, and I thought I would live for others, off and on, anyhow. I went to see the nearest crippled children I could find, and took them strawberries; and I went slumming with the Kilburn Sisters, and came back and told him about it. It was so nice to see his eyes shine again, and feel it wasn't just for my face this time, or my hat—it was for the real Me. Oh, it was lovely being good; I began to think I'd been a ready-made saint all the while without knowing it. I suppose it's only the first step that *doesn't* count in goodness.

We talked about the universal brotherhood, and we got deeper and deeper. I know now it was all a quicksand; but, somehow, it looked like a rock. And I used to play Chopin to him; and one day I saw him pick up a carnation I'd dropped—a big rose carnation—and he kissed it. He didn't know I saw him; and I had no right to pretend I didn't see it drop. I suppose that was the climax, there wasn't much comfort in it. His grip of himself was almost perfect. And—I hadn't realised Miriam then—but you can't *make* a man make love to you, even if you know he'd like it! Only I've wished, ever since, he'd kissed me just that once instead of the carnation.

The next day Miriam came to tea. It was pure accident that I'd never seen her before, and she hadn't seemed to count. I'd always heard of her as very good and very clever, and hardly human, a kind of woman who didn't need love . . . When I saw her I knew she did count—she did need it.

You've never seen Miriam, have you? She's terribly perfect all round. She's always been living for others. She lived for her father first, and then for her invalid brother, and they died, and Bernard will die too, he'll get so tired of being lived for! She's the kind of woman who'd "live each day as if the last" for you!

That's mean, and she's splendid. She's simply soaked in humanity, and she took a tripos in philosophy. She talks about the ultimate reality and about the phenomenal plane—that's the plane people like me live and die on, and it's a worthless plane, no better than a casual ward. She wouldn't be bad looking if she didn't wear the wrong colors, but then her soul's beautiful, and she scores there—souls are so much more durable than bodies, if, that is, we're immortal. Though if being immortal just means being merged in a kind of general glory I don't see that it matters. But, no, I'm sure she'll always have a special glory where *she* is!

I asked her to write in my album, and she wrote about scaling the crags of duty. That's what she'll always do, and so will Bernard, and they'll come out together on the shining table-lands, and I shan't be in it—because the first real crag of duty will either have fallen on me or have left me dead with climbing it.

But she's this kind of woman: if she knew how I cared, and how he cared, she'd give him up like a shot. And you may be a poor tool, but it feels cheap to do to anyone what you know she'd rather die than do to you. I did nothing at college—worse luck! I never took an exam. I hadn't the brains, or the pluck, or the plod. I had lovely times with the dons, and the men; I broke every rule there was to break. But the girls always used to say, whatever I was, I was cricket.

And I watched Miriam; she didn't look to me as if her goodness had made her quite happy. Perhaps goodness never does, not until you're perfectly certain you can't get anything else. But I saw her face in the mirror when she was looking at Bernard, and his face was turned away . . . It isn't often you see a person's bare soul; when you do, you wish you hadn't. I'd meant to make a stand—but I gave in.

There are things even a girl like me can't do, that are like putting prussic acid in someone's afternoon tea, but worse, much worse. I saw what Bernard was to her, what it would mean to lose him. That's why I'm going to Egypt next month with Uncle John and Aunt Fanny. I expect the mummies will do me good. I shall think they were all alive, and now they are dead, and I shall die too, and nothing matters. Only, I couldn't go anywhere while he was ill; he fell ill, you see, three weeks after I first met Miriam—three nightmare weeks, and he has been ill a fortnight. I wanted to send flowers and grapes, but I didn't. He'll think I don't care. When I come back they will be married, and they will have left England.

September 7th.—If ever anyone tells you that goodness is the way to happiness don't believe it, it isn't true. I've never been good before; I never want to be good again. Up to the very last minute I was hoping something would happen. I thought she would find out the whole truth by some miracle and set him free. I wouldn't

have let her lose him, she should have come and lived with us!

Yes, I was good on the surface. I never bought a wedding present. I knew I should only buy something that Bernard would have to look at, that would make him think of me. But, oh, how I begged him to come, with my soul, before I went to Egypt. It seemed as if such a longing must reach from the North Pole to the South Pole. I prayed, too; I don't think much of prayer. I must have begun fifty letters, saying I was glad he was better, asking him to come round and say goodbye . . . If I had! If he had!

But I never sent one of them. I finished quite a number. Several times I directed and stamped them, and took them to the pillar-box, and something stopped me. I suppose a person like Miriam would think it was God. I wish God would mind His own business and leave other people's alone, and let them post their own letters. I wasn't doing any harm to Him! And I'm a heathen, but I did love Bernard; and he loved me, and what if, after all, she never makes him happy?

Well, it's too late now. I've burned all my boats, except this boat that is going away, further and further from England—and I'm on it.

I can't help it, it was cricket. We shall *all* be dead soon.

MAY KENDALL.

Present-Day Problems.

THE HARMSWORTH BRAND.

THE announcement in the "Daily Chronicle," the "Morning Leader," and other journals, that the chief proprietor of the "Daily Mail" has acquired a "controlling interest in the "Times," is far too serious an event to pass unnoticed. The owners of the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Express," appear to have contended for the prize; if these uncontradicted announcements are correct, it has fallen to the "Mail." It is not too much to say that with such a change of direction the life of the "Times" as a journal of authority comes to an end. The "Times" under Lord Northcliffe, may be an amusing, or a vivaciously conducted, or a commercially successful journal; it cannot well possess any moral or intellectual force. Sooner or later, to a larger or a smaller degree, it will be fixed into its proper place as part of a huge factory of printed matter, written to sell, and, incidentally, to acquire such an appearance of influence as may promote this strictly practical and limited aim. Some of its present qualities, such as the furtherance of hard, and essentially unenlightened, views of life, will, doubtless, persist. Other incidents in its later career, such as its publication of the forged letters, or of an obsolete edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," a manager of average prudence and adroitness may regard as warnings rather than as examples of enterprise or of party zeal. A third set of characteristics—the originality of the "Times"; its tradition of independence; its avoidance of snobbery; its air of haughty intellectuality; its power of influencing men's thoughts—must disappear as soon as its production is connected with the working of the loom that throws off treasures of fancy like "Golden Stories" and "The Funny Wonder." For while the object of this "gramophone" press, as Mr. Stead has well called it, is to take in all interests, its undisguised method is to be distinguished in nothing, to wrap up all the concerns of life in swathing bands of commonness, until the salient shows and figures in modern society—from Royalties to actresses—are involved in the net of flattery and advertisement that the conductors of the Harmsworth Press spread out for them. And the result is that whatever this group of tradesmen produce, and their output grows larger and more varied every day, they can produce nothing of individual merit—nothing in which the true elements of literature—passion, humor, truthfulness, deep or independent feeling, intellectual power, noble pity, or not less noble disdain—have any share. When they touch something distinct and interesting, it is straightway spoiled.

Two examples of this art of deformation will suffice. "Good Words" was, in its earlier days, one of the most refined of serious periodicals; to-day, it appears, under the Harmsworth auspices, a paper for lovers of gossip and cheap fiction. The "World" was, under Mr. Edmund Yates, remarkable for the strength of its critical and artistic work, to which men like Mr. Shaw and Mr. Archer contributed. To-day, its chief "feature" is the reproduction of snapshots of titled men and women, in talk with each other on race-courses and other places of amusement. The "religious" papers which this firm publishes have no moral or literary characteristics, distinguishing them from the "secular" papers. The issues which it controls may denounce gambling, or live on gamblers, or gamble directly through "Limericks" and "prize competitions," they may profess any form of religion, or party or national faith, may wrap their wares in all kinds of drapery. But they cannot conceal their aim and quality. To that quality the "Times" will come, and in the process will cease, in time, to possess any life or character of its own.

But before we discuss the nature of the Harmsworth publications, it is necessary to give the public some idea of their number and of the extent to which they are assuming the shape of a vast syndicated enterprise, aiming at the feeding, by a hundred conduit-pipes, of public taste and public opinion. The following, as far as we can gather, is a fairly complete list of the Harmsworth publications:—

PERIODICALS.

"Answers." 1d. weekly. Started as "Answers to Correspondence," and soon lapsing into a sensational periodical. The first weekly to offer large money prizes in competitions.

"Home Chat." 1d. weekly. Ladies' illustrated periodical. Modelled on Pearson's "Home Notes," started a few months previously.

"Penny Pictorial Magazine." 1d. weekly. Illustrated articles and sensational stories.

"The Country Side." 1d. weekly. A kind of "Tit-Bits" for naturalists.

"The Boy's Friend," "The Boy's Herald," "The Boy's Realm." 1d. weekly. Illustrated sensational stories, articles, &c.

"The Boy's Friend" Library. 3d. Reprinted stories from above.

"Pluck," "Marvel," "Union Jack." 1d. weekly. Started as ½d. weekly, ostensibly to "counteract the pernicious influence of penny dreadfuls." Clergymen wrote letters in defence and admiration of first numbers as they were perfectly harmless. On these traditions and testimonials later numbers (of a less ingenuous character) were accepted as "pure literature for the home." See advertisements.

"The Magnet," "The Gem." Later boys' papers of a character similar to the above. ½d. each weekly.

"The Girl's Friend." 1d. weekly. Sensational stories and advice on love.

"The Girl's Friend" Library. Reprinted stories from above.

"Forget-Me-Not." 1d. weekly. Ladies' illustrated paper. Romantic and sentimental stories, fashions, &c.

"Home Circle." 1d. weekly. Ladies' illustrated paper. Romantic and sentimental stories, fashions, &c. This periodical started as "Answers Supplement," and consisted of illustrated love stories. It was afterwards rechristened "Home, Sweet Home," and again altered to the name it now bears.

"Home Companion," "Woman's World." 1d. weekly. Women's illustrated papers similar to above.

"Cosy Corner," "Handy Stories." 1d. weekly. Illustrated novelettes. The second-named started as "Heartsease Library." It then became the "Handy Library," afterwards taking its present title.

"Fashions." (Discontinued.)

"Home Fashions." (Discontinued.)

"Fashions for All." An imitation of Welldon's journals.

"The Rambler." 1d. A cycling paper. (Discontinued.)

"The Sunday Magazine." 6d. monthly. A religious monthly purchased. (Discontinued.)

"Good Words." 1d. Purchased as an old, reputable sixpenny magazine, well and seriously written, and once edited by Norman MacLeod. Transformed into a penny weekly, commonly written, cheaply printed and illustrated, and divided, as are all these publications, between sentiment and sensation, relieved with gossip about clergymen and ministers.

"The Sunday Companion." 1d. weekly. A miscellany of "religious" scraps.

"The Sunday Companion" Library. Stories reprinted from above.

"Sunday Stories," "Sunday Circle," "Golden Stories." 1d. weekly. Filled with highly sensational and sentimental stories, in no way distinguished in character from those appearing in other Harmsworth issues, but with a seasoning of Biblical texts and a Church "atmosphere."

"Horner's Penny Stories." Purchased from an old-established firm.

"Horner's Library," "Horner's Weekly," "Horner's Pansy Stories." 1d. weekly. Started later on Harmsworth's usual lines. Contents similar to Harmsworth's "religious" publications.

"Fannie Eden's Penny Stories." Ditto.

"Comic Cuts," "Chips," two of the most profitable Harmsworth papers. ½d. weekly. Contents include sketches of the careers of criminals worked up into exciting serial stories, with wrappers of "funny," *i.e.*, vulgar, pictures.

"The Jester." Similar to above, only 1d. weekly. It started as a comic broadsheet, the size of the "Daily Mail," under the title of "The Funny Wonder."

"Puck." 1d. weekly. A colored comic paper.

"The Butterfly." ½d. weekly. Similar to "Comic Cuts." Started as the "Comic Home Journal." Failing to sell, it was altered to the "Boy's Home Journal," and then to its present title.

"The World and His Wife." 6d. monthly. Started in imitation of the "Ladies' Home Journal" of Philadelphia.

"London Magazine." 4½d. monthly. Started as the "Harmsworth Magazine."

"The Red Magazine." 4½d. monthly, latest addition to the list. Illustrated fiction. Published so as not to be identified as a Harmsworth publication.

"The Connoisseur." 1s. monthly. A magazine dealing with *objets d'art*, &c.

"New Liberal Review." Owned and edited by Hildebrand and Cecil B. Harmsworth. (Discontinued.)

"The Gentleman's Magazine." 1s. Purchased and discontinued.

EXTRA PUBLICATIONS.

Issued fortnightly until complete.

"The Harmsworth Atlas."
"The Harmsworth Encyclopædia."
"The Harmsworth Self-Educator."
"The Children's Encyclopædia."
"Sixty Years a Queen."
"Nelson and His Times."
"Fortunes Made in Business." Discontinued before completion.
"With the Flag to Pretoria."
"The Russo-Japanese War."
"Punch's Library of Humour."
"Every Way of Earning a Living." 6d.
"Daily Mail" Novels. 6d. each.

NEWSPAPERS.

"The Daily Mail." ½d. daily.
"The Daily Mail" Overseas Edition.
"The Daily Mail" Paris Edition.
"The Daily Mail" Edition for the Blind.
"The Daily Mail" Manchester Edition.
"The Evening News." ½d. evening.
"The Daily Mirror." ½d. daily.
"Illustrated Mail." 1d. weekly. Changed to "Illustrated Weekly." (Discontinued.)
"The Observer." 1d. every Sunday.
"The Weekly Dispatch." 1d. every Sunday.
"The World." 6d. weekly.
"Vanity Fair." 6d. weekly. Sold to other proprietors.
"Manchester Courier." 1d. daily. Conservative.
"Manchester Courier and Supplement." 2d.
"Leeds Mercury." ½d. daily. Liberal Imperialist.
"Glasgow Daily Record and Mail." ½d. morning. Advertised as "Scotland's able exponent of the new journalism."
"Scottish Weekly Record." 1d. Advertised as "The great home journal of Scotland and famed for its serial stories."
"The Globe." 1d. evening.
"Golf Illustrated." 6d. weekly.
"Birmingham Daily Gazette." (Discontinued and amalgamated with the "Birmingham Daily Express.")

ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Daily Mail Year Book." 6d.
"Daily Mail Year Book of the Churches." 6d.

(To be continued.)

Letters from Abroad.

THE TACTICS OF M. CLEMENCEAU.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The French Parliamentary Session ended on Monday and it is a convenient moment to take stock of the political situation. Perhaps it is hardly possible to sum up that situation more accurately than in M. Clemenceau's famous phrase, "Nous sommes en pleine incohérence." There is a check, it must be admitted, to the steady advance towards the Left which characterised the Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes Ministries. This, as one has often said, was to some extent inevitable so soon as, the Church question being out of the way, the social question became the dividing line. But M. Clemenceau's policy has not tended to modify the inevitable.

Nor can it be said that there has been a consistent reaction, We really do not know where we are. What is the "orientation" of the present Ministry? It varies according to circumstances. The Third Republic has seen no Prime Minister who equalled M. Clemenceau as a parliamentary tactician. He plays off the Centre against the Extreme Left, and *vice versa*, with unfailing success, and governs with the support of one or the other as suits the necessity of the moment. As he himself said the other day, the Centre is always delighted to support him when he is acting as a policeman, but when the time of the social reformer arrives, the case is opposite; then he has to depend on the Extreme Left to outvote the Centre.

It is all very clever and very amusing, and there seems every probability that M. Clemenceau's tactics will continue to be crowned with success. I see no reason why he should not still be in power at the next General Election. There are many willing to wound, but all are afraid to strike. One party fears that the Clemenceau Cabinet would be succeeded by one of a more advanced shade; the other party fears the opposite contingency. So, when it comes to the point, the Cabinet has almost always, at least in the Chamber, an overwhelming majority, largely composed of Deputies who would prefer a change if they could only secure the change that they respectively desire. It is a curious, and not a very healthy, situation. I am not sure that a few months (it could hardly be longer) of a frankly "moderate" Ministry would not in some respects be better; perhaps nothing else will restore union to the forces of progress, which are being demoralised by the present state of affairs. A dexterous performance on the tight rope is hardly the fitting sequel to the great democratic victory at the elections of 1906.

At the close of the Session the Government is decidedly "orienté vers le gauche." It has stood firm both on the Income Tax Bill and on the purchase of the Western Railway. It has, though without putting the question of confidence, checked by the narrow majority of two the reaction against the abolition of the death penalty. The firmness of the Government on the two questions first mentioned has surprised both the Centre and the Extreme Left. On both sides it was the impression that the question of confidence would not be put and that the Senate would

be allowed to give the two reforms their quietus. The impression proved to be quite mistaken and it is impossible to deny that M. Clemenceau has shown great courage and firmness, as, indeed, he always does. Nobody doubted his possession of these qualities; what was doubted was the sincerity of his zeal for the reforms under discussion; here again it must be admitted that the doubt was unjust.

Both the proposal for the nationalisation of the Western Railway and the Income Tax have excited the violent opposition of the large *bourgeoisie*, an opposition the vehemence of which is scarcely intelligible. The French State already owns one railway and the income tax has been adopted by the least Socialist of Governments. Yet one would gather from the daily lamentations of the "Temps" and the "Journal des Débats," to say nothing of the organs of avowed reaction, that these measures sapped the very foundations of society.

In France the rich man is now about to be taxed for the first time. The burden of the enormous indirect taxation is borne by the poor and the present direct taxes are grossly unjust in their incidence. To the comfortable *rentier* the *impôt mobilier* is a bagatelle; to the small tradesman the *patente* is grievously oppressive, and the peasant proprietor pays the lion's share of the direct taxation of France. The income tax of M. Cailloux's scheme is very different from the income tax as it is levied in England. It is really graduated (though for some unexplained reason the graduation stops at £4,000 a year), the difficulty of graduation having been overcome by the ingenious device of two separate taxes, one of which—the *impôt globale*, a tax levied on the income as a whole—will be paid only by incomes above a certain amount. It is in this tax that the graduation is mainly effected.

Unfortunately, the income tax will give no remission of indirect taxation; it is a substitute for the present direct taxes. But even so it will give great relief to persons with small incomes, particularly agriculturists, and it will for the first time secure from the possessors of large or substantial incomes an adequate contribution to the national expenditure. Against the proposal on its merits there is no argument save that of greed, and the opposition has centred itself on two points—the "inquisition" and the taxation of the *rente*. Eminent politicians with distinguished names have solemnly argued that the nation will be guilty of a breach of faith if it taxes the owners of *rente*, and a large minority of the Chamber was found to support their exemption. Those who made this preposterous proposal to create a privileged class can hardly have failed to understand that it would destroy the whole measure; that was its real object.

The outcry against the "inquisition" is more plausible, and therefore more dangerous. The *impôt globale* makes a compulsory and universal declaration essential, apart from the fact that the English system of requiring a declaration only from the owners of small incomes is grossly unjust and entails a heavy loss to the Treasury. I was once told by an English income-tax official that, if all income taxpayers were made to pay in full, it would be possible to take a penny in the pound off the tax. M. Cailloux is determined that the stockbroker as well as his clerk shall pay in full. Hence the outcry, which has undoubtedly appealed to a large proportion of small tradesmen, who have been told that their incomes will be revealed to their competitors, and appeals also to the French love of secrecy in regard to domestic affairs.

On both these points the Government has stood firm, and has won the day in the Chamber. There is every reason to believe that it will take an equally firm attitude when the Bill goes to the Senate in the autumn. It is in the Senate that the fight will be most severe. The Senate would reject the income tax if it dared, but I do not think that it will dare. It would certainly have liked to reject the State purchase of the Western Railway, but M. Clemenceau terrified enough waverers to secure a narrow majority. The purchase is now an accomplished fact; not only has the measure sanctioning it become law, but the Chamber has passed the Bill for the provisional administration of the line, which will be presented to the Senate as soon as Parliament re-assembles in October.

It will be seen, then, that M. Clemenceau is not content to act as policeman for the Centre and that for the time being it is to the Left that the Government looks for a majority. Whether this is only a temporary phase time will show. Perhaps, after all, M. Clemenceau intends to take a decided and consistent line in the struggle between the social aspirations of the democracy and the resistance of the *grande bourgeoisie*—Radical or Conservative.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, July 15th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

THE REFORM OF THE UPPER THAMES CONSERVANCY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In connection with Mr. Philip Morrell's most admirable letter in your issue of July 11th on this subject, may I call your readers' attention to the following resolutions which were passed unanimously by the Borough Council of Maidenhead last week? They seem to cover, with the exception, perhaps, of some regulations for the better preservation of the beauties of the river, the whole subject of Thames Preservation. As Maidenhead is the chief pleasure resort on the river, and the Town Council are deeply concerned in the maintenance of the river as a place of public recreation, and have given careful study to the subject, an expression of opinion from this ancient borough should carry considerable weight with the Government.

"That the attention of H.M. Government be called to the infringements of, and encroachments upon, the rights of the public in and upon the Thames, and to the need for the preservation and enlargement of their rights therein and on the towpath and banks thereof; and this Council respectfully suggests that the Port of London Bill be amended to provide:—

"(1) That if the Board of Conservators after notice or complaint in writing to them by any person or body of any infringement, obstruction of, impediment to, or encroachment upon the rights of the public in or upon the Thames or any waters thereof, or any towpath, decline or omit to take any steps to remove or remedy the same, such person or body may appeal to the Board of Trade, who, if satisfied of the grounds of such complaint, may take such steps as the Conservators may be empowered to take, to remove or remedy the same, and may recover from the Board of Conservancy any costs incurred in so doing.

"(2) That, for the further preservation of the rights of the public in or upon the river and towpath, additional members of the Board of Conservators be appointed to represent the various preservation societies, angling, rowing, and other clubs of a sporting or recreative nature upon the river.

"And this Council is of opinion that it is desirable that the Board of Conservators should be empowered to acquire rights of fishing from, and rights of way for foot passengers along, such parts of the towpath as are not already public towpaths, and also to acquire land for bathing places, picnic grounds, and other public purposes."

In connection with this subject, may I also point out that the Government, in dealing with the upper river, are going on exactly opposite lines to those which they have followed in creating the Port of London authority. For the port they have rightly prided themselves upon bringing together a body of absolutely practical and experienced men. For the upper river they have gone almost altogether on territorial lines, and, with the exception of two proposed nominees of the Board of Trade, there is nothing to ensure the presence on the Board of men who understand such by no means simple subjects as river pollution prevention, flood prevention, watermanship, the rules of navigation, fishery preservation, and the construction and effect when constructed of weirs, locks, and other great river works. No one man is likely to possess a considerable knowledge of all these subjects, but some of these branches of riverine knowledge should be possessed by every Conservator. The landowning interest on the Upper Thames would be overwhelmingly represented by the nominees of the county councils, and as nearly all our troubles on the river are in the nature of disputes between the landowners and the public, this arrangement hardly seems, if I may be par-

doned for saying so, statesmanlike, unless it is accompanied by a right of appeal from the Conservators to the Local Government Board in any matter in which public interests are affected.

So far as we know at present, the new Thames Conservancy will be much the same as the old one, except that five nominees of the boroughs above London and two for fourteen urban districts will be substituted for existing representatives of the London County Council and the Corporation of London, whose numbers would be whittled down from twelve to three. Above all things we want on the Board, and I am writing with some forty years' knowledge of the Thames, and Thames matters, practical men representing rowing clubs, fishery associations, and other like bodies; men who have no axes to grind, the interests of no particular locality to guard, and who therefore are the best possible representatives of London and the public generally on the river.

The three most important amendments which the Government could introduce into the Port of London Bill to safeguard the interests of the public in the Upper Thames are, in my opinion:—

(1) The addition of at least six practical men, selected, say, by the Board of Trade or Local Government Board from rowing clubs, fishery preservation societies, angling societies, and the like. These would be the real working members.

(2) A right of appeal to the Local Government Board when the Conservators are in default, in cases in which public interests are involved.

(3) A clear statement in the Bill that it is the duty of the Conservators to preserve the Thames as a public place of recreation, and to protect the rights of the public so far as their existing powers permit them to do so.

With regard to No. 3, I understand that no new powers can be created by the Port of London Bill, but it seems only a proper thing in creating a new authority that there should be a declaration in the statute bringing such authority into existence, that upon the new Board is the duty of carrying out the powers of the old one.

With regard to No. 2, the appeal to the Local Government Board, it was recently stated in the House of Commons in answer to a question, that the Board of Trade had nothing whatever to do with highway matters. The Local Government Board is, therefore, the most suitable court of appeal, as the Thames is a navigable highway, and the towpath and footpath rights on the banks of the river also come under the same category. The Local Government Board has proper machinery for dealing with questions of this kind, and has experienced advisers. The Board of Trade deals merely with commercial matters, which no longer loom largely on the Upper River; it is, of course, on the other hand, the proper authority to deal with the Port of London.—Yours, &c.,

C. H. Cook.

Willow Grange, Goring-on-Thames,
July 14th, 1908.

"THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In the last paragraph of his interesting letter appearing in your last issue, "The Writer of the Article" gives way to a sneer at me and at motor drivers which is characteristic of the spirit both of his article and his letter, and which at the same time affords typical evidence of the knowledge he brings to the matter on which he writes.

His words are: "As to dust, the motorist admits that objection. It is the only one which affects him personally."

Now here comes in the joke. The dust raised by the motor-car causes exceedingly little inconvenience to the driver of the car. Were I to write as recklessly as "The Writer of the Article," I should say it causes him absolutely none. The dust raised by a motor driver he leaves behind him, and his only objection to it is that it makes him a nuisance to other road users.

Almost every paragraph of his letter affords similar opportunity of pointing out prejudice and want of knowledge. I should greatly like to know, for instance, where I can insure against police fines. I have had dozens of prospectuses of motor insurance policies sent me, but I have never heard of one which covers fines. I know many motor owners, and I know none who do not insure their cars, but I know none who do insure their fines.

No object, however, can be served in a controversy exercised simply to try how clever one may show oneself at the expense of another. It is better to see on what points we can agree. The writer of the article pleads that "the furiously driving" motorist should be checked by the police. I agree entirely. He should be checked, and effectively checked. I would go much further. The discourteously driving motorist and the inconsiderately driving motorist should also be checked.

Where I join issue with the writer is: Firstly, when he makes or implies wholesale accusations against all or most motorists; secondly, when he presumes to set up a speed limit which is absurd.

He says that ten to twelve miles an hour is the limit of safety in towns and villages. I believe that he says so purely through want of knowledge, and, had he better knowledge of what ten miles an hour on a motor means, that he would alter his opinion. I have offered to demonstrate that much greater speeds are usually consistent with the safety of the public. Not only so, but that they are unattended by any discomfort to the public, nor need they cause him inconvenience or alarm. I have offered to demonstrate this to the writer of the article here in York, and to prove it, not to my satisfaction, but to his. Lord Russell has, if I remember aright, offered, in a letter to the "Daily News," to give a similar demonstration in London.

I propose to say nothing further than this; my offer remains open.—Yours, &c.,

Acomb, York, Peter Macdonald.
July 13th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I use your columns to enforce an argument for a frequently suggested remedy for the prevention of excessive speeds on the public roads by the users of motor cars, by mentioning the practice of the Stock Exchange? It is this: If a member of the Exchange authorises a clerk to transact business for him, he then becomes absolutely responsible for all business that that clerk may do in his name, even if means the loss of all his fortune. So it should be with the owner of a motor car and his chauffeur; the latter may be no better than a butcher boy in livery, though the owner may be a considerate man; but too many of the reported "accidents" are caused by the wilful heedlessness of the chauffeur. Increased responsibility should be put upon the owner, and abuse of the King's highway, or any other infringement of the rights of the public by the chauffeur in charge of his car should mean severe penalties for the master. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that a fine of £5 or £10 is going to stop the road-hog, whether master or man. What is that to the wealthy owner of a motor car?

This new pastime of the rich is engendering selfishness in them to an enormous extent. To enjoy himself completely the motorist *must* be selfish, I suppose, and be callous to the feelings of others on the highway. Nothing upsets a motorist more than to be passed on the road by a still more powerful car, and then enjoy for a few miles the other's exhaust and the dust he raises; he thinks nothing at all of inflicting this misery upon poor wayfarers he passes in his turn, and in fact is doing it all day long.

The peace of rural England is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The loveliness of our countryside is being ruined by the noisomeness of the new Juggernaut, and lovers of our beautiful homeland, and lovers of freedom, too, should never cease to agitate till this new tyranny is overcome.—Yours, &c.,

Charles Robertson.

Brighton, July 14th, 1908.

"THE TYRANNY OF LONDON."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your recent article on "The Tyranny of London," you seem to me to overlook the other side of the question, that

it serves as a heart to the kingdom and the Empire in a way that no other capital in the world does. All the wealthier and more educated classes keep streaming through it, chiefly because of the Parliamentary season, carrying to it new blood and life; and carrying from it new ideas and manners. It is just because it is not "a concentration of England," but an "amorphous mass"; with more Scots than Edinburgh; more Irish than Dublin; more Jews than Jerusalem; more Germans, I believe, than Berlin, that it is so able really to be the head of the whole; and has solved the problem, attempted in vain before, of a successful ruling city. Not that it does absorb all the life of the kingdom; for Oxford, Cambridge, Birmingham, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin, all have a very real existence; more real, because they are being constantly stimulated by influxes from London; and always sending their best products there. Berlin and Paris, in comparison, stand apart from their countries; Washington, and even Rome, are of little influence, for they have no season which attracts all the best of the people; but through London all the wheels of the Empire pass; and keep bringing out with them something ensnared in their cogs, and caught by their teeth. Some professions seek the place of greatest custom, of necessity; but it is not true that literature, music, and art are all concentrated there; and London sends to the provinces quite as much in these as it takes from them. A Provincial Capital, like those of the minor German States, is notorious for narrow-minded cliquism, and a Scot who has been out of Scotland is a wiser and a better man than the traditional stay-at-home dullard. This circulation of all that is best in the whole Empire through London seems to me to be a fact of the greatest importance, and redeems it wholly from the charges you make. Its outskirts are, indeed, some of the stillest of back waters; but they serve their purpose in keeping up the beat of the heart which sends life through the whole kingdom.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP J. DEAR.

58, Findhorn Place, Edinburgh.

IS THE DRAMA DYING?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Let me assure Miss Stevens that the drama is very much alive, and will, I believe, have a great influence upon life in the near future. To the theatre, I believe, many of us will come to recover our lost ideals. There the dramatist and his audience meet with an open mind freed from dogmatism or superstition, willing and anxious to solve the many social problems that confront us. We have besides excellent actors, and a young school of rising dramatists that Mr. Pinero believes is destined to make the reign of Edward VII. a memorable one for drama.

The art of the drama is distinct from that of the novel. When a successful novel is dramatised all its readers flock to the theatre to see the characters visualised, and the incidents acted that they have read about. There is no pretence at the theatre. These real men and women speak and move, and something really happens—is not simply talked or written about.

The most serious rival to the theatre is the book and the comfortable arm chair, as Miss Stevens seems to know. But in a way both are enervating compared to the theatre because unsociable; we want them all to ourselves, and we like them because here we can escape from criticism and censure. We may fail to realise the humor and the wit of what we read, and no one will scoff at us; we may miss the pathos, and no one will pity us; we may skip the fine passages in preference for the silly ones, and no one will know. But at the theatre we meet our fellow creatures and find our just level. We realise our superiority or inferiority. We are forced to surrender ourselves to the spell of the actors' emotions and the author's creations. We laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep, and we are the better for doing so. We leave the theatre more tolerant of the world than we entered it. We think less about ourselves and more about others. In short, the Book, the Pulpit, and the Stage are all a means of education, but undoubtedly the greatest of them is the Stage.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM POEL.

Dublin, July 14th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter under the above heading in last week's NATION reminds me somehow of a little girl of my acquaintance, who when offered a visit to the pantomime refused on the ground that she would rather go to the British Museum.

If Mrs. Stevens's case is typical, and the magic of the stage has ceased to hold its sway over most men's hearts, then indeed there has passed away a glory from the earth. But we are far from believing this to be so. It is not to the childhood of man, but to the child that is in man, and that is eternal, to which the drama makes its appeal.

Modern drama may have no great luminaries, but such stars as Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Rostand, Hauptmann, our own Bernard Shaw, lighten the darkness; and the old great name (not after all so great in his own day) still attracts a far larger public than the author of "The Egoist," or even of "Esmond." Most of us would not care, any more than Mrs. Stevens, to see our favorite novels dramatised; but would she deny that the genius of a great actor would help her to a fuller understanding of "Othello" or "Macbeth"?

Your correspondent complains that among the disadvantages of theatre-going is the fact that our fellow pleasure-seekers are an unloved stranger crowd. Has she never felt the sympathy of numbers, the thrill that runs through us when we turn and behold our neighbours stirred by the same emotion as ourselves? Surely such moments as these should be sought rather than avoided, as they must serve to strengthen the tie between man and man.

In Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's "Home Life in Germany" she says that on Sunday, which is the great day of the week in German theatres, the play-houses are crowded with people of the lower middle-class, who enjoy "Hamlet" and "Egmont," and are interested in the problems of life presented by Ibsen, Gorky, Tolstoy, or Gerhart Hauptmann. So in Germany, at least, if the drama is dying, it is suffering a hard death!—Yours, &c.,

K. S.

July 15th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Before "dropping a natural tear" over its grave as your correspondent advises, I think it would be well if we first made perfectly sure that the drama is really dead. For my part I believe the report to be as "grossly exaggerated" as it was in the case of the death of Mark Twain.

If the drama belongs, as the writer of the letter avers, to the childhood of man, its existence would still be justified by the fact that we are not so very far beyond that stage at present. But I would rather say that it belongs to the child that is in man—and the child in man is his saving grace. We are a very long way from having done with pretending. So long as we are what we are, so long as life is what it is, so long as its pains are great and its problems insoluble, we cannot do without any of the channels by which we find refuge from the actual in the world of the imagination.

The novel, which your correspondent offers us as a substitute for the play, can never take its place altogether. The drama, and the drama only, answers to a want felt in the hearts of many of us. The art of the actor, that at its best is a very fine art (but one which your correspondent is evidently incapable of appreciating), appeals to our intellectual and aesthetic sympathies; and the opportunities which the theatre affords, the satisfaction that a pleasure enjoyed in common gives, and the bond of union that it forms between otherwise disconnected units, appeal to our social instincts.

The novel is one form of literary expression, the drama another. They are both important, yet they are quite distinct. Of the two, the drama, far from belonging to an earlier stage of our development, is the greater art because of the restraint inherent in the law of its being. "In der Beschränkung zeicht sich erst der Meister," says Goethe. The drama is also the finest vehicle that we have for the interpretation of human character.

But it follows that, inasmuch as the drama at its best is greater than the novel at *its* best, the great dramatist will

always be rarer than the great novelist, simply because he is the greater genius.

It is true, as your correspondent says, that no amount of stage societies or State-aided theatres will improve the present condition of the drama. But that is not because the drama is dead, but because the force that rules these things is not "the army of actors and actresses, stage managers, and stage critics with vested interests," but the bad taste of an unperceptive public. Only the very greatest genius can afford to ignore the popular taste because the force of his genius creates his own public. "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

There are two ways by which the drama may be regenerated: by the growth of finer perceptions in the general public, or by the advent of a genius who can do for the modern times what Shakespeare did for his time. Meanwhile, let us be grateful for what we have. The value of the average play of to-day is on a level with the average novel, and both play and novel, thanks to a sixpenny gallery and to cheap editions, are within reach of the poorest of our fellow citizens.—Yours, &c., ELLA LEVY.

Campden Hill, July 15th, 1908.

THE KING AND FOREIGN POLICY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow one whose inclinations were till lately Republican, a member of several Liberal associations, and one of thoroughly democratic principles, to criticise your leader on "An Untoward Incident"? I feel that at last monarchy has justified itself in the eyes of all peace lovers. Our King has "made the situation" for his descendants, and for any monarch who earnestly wishes to do well by humanity. No man could work harder than Edward VII. has done, since he came to the throne as "member for the Empire," to conciliate European Powers. In our age imaginations seem too weak to picture the horrors of a European war, or the possibility of invasion. We have much sickly sentimentality, but clear vision seems on the wane. The King has done the work nearest to his hand—and done it nobly, with unceasing energy and zeal. Where Hague Conferences have almost fought over the details of peace plans, he has worked smoothly. After all, we cannot unreasonably doom a man who fills a throne to idleness and the mere signing of documents. On the lowest ground employment is necessary, even for a king, and our King has chosen the best employment—that of guardian of the world's peace. That some remote descendant of his should consider himself "his own Foreign Minister" does not concern us now. Future generations may be trusted to take care of that, and check such a development on constitutional grounds. Nor should we feel that if the King considers some of his subjects are endangering the cause of peace he is wrongly using his prerogative as a host in excluding them from his social gatherings. This seems to be a private, not a Royal prerogative. We feel it should be charily used, but that criticism is somewhat in bad taste, especially from those thus excluded. Most of us can remember a Republican feeling in England some twenty-five years ago, even alongside of devotion to the splendid personality of Queen Victoria, but now all such feeling is dead. Our King has made the post of sovereign logical.—Yours, &c.,

JULIE JEPHSON.

4, Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.,
July 11th, 1908.

THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am delighted to see that the Home Secretary, in the Standing Committee on the Prevention of Crime Bill, has abandoned the principle of the indeterminate sentence. A punishment which has no limit attached to it by a judicial tribunal is not in harmony with the principles of English law. The fundamental principle of modern law is to protect individual liberty against the arbitrary action of the administration. The indeterminate sentence gives unlimited power to the administration; it places individual liberty entirely in the hands of bureaucratic officials; it is, as you have already said, a survival under another name of the old and odious *lettres de cachet.*

Apart from this objection in principle to the indeterminate sentence, which, from the standpoint of Liberalism, is a decisive objection, the practical objections to it are almost equally formidable. On this point I can venture to speak with the experience of a man who has passed thousands of criminal offenders through his hands. No man can tell beforehand how a prisoner will act when he is set at liberty. The best prisoners are often the worst men out of doors. A man whose will is broken by prison discipline, who has become a docile instrument of prison regulations, is an excellent prisoner, but when he is liberated he will almost inevitably be a bad citizen. The qualities which make him a good prisoner tend to make him a bad citizen. It is individual initiative, the exercise of individual will, which is required in a citizen of the modern world. It is the suppression of individual will and individual initiative which is the supreme virtue inside prison walls.

It is an unsatisfactory state of things that there should be so many professional criminals about, but we must learn to face the fact that there is no merely penal remedy which will remove them. Crime is almost entirely a social disease, and must be dealt with by social, not penal, methods.

The only penal methods which can be satisfactorily applied to the professional criminal are first a milder prison *régime:* secondly, a period of detention extending over the most criminal period of life; and thirdly (and above all), an extension of the principle of conditional liberation. These principles already exist in our criminal code. They are in harmony with the principles of modern law; they commend themselves to the modern conscience; and in practice they will be far more effective than the un-liberal nostrum of an indeterminate sentence.

I cannot close this letter without saying how much England owes to the present Home Secretary in the domain of prison reform. He has done more than any man living to put our penal administration on a humane and intelligent basis.—Yours, &c., W. D. MORRISON.

Marylebone Rectory, W.,
July 16th, 1908.

THE FUTURE OF THE POLICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Royal Commission on the Metropolitan Police has presented a report, which is very flattering to the force, and a Select Committee is now inquiring into the propriety of a weekly day of rest for the men. There is, however, another question of vital importance that deserves the consideration of the authorities. The Metropolitan Police number 17,000—an army in itself, and at present this army is directed by one Commissioner, three Assistant Commissioners, and five Chief Constables, or nine in all, and not one of these officers has been promoted from the ranks. The mere statement of this fact is sufficient to condemn the existing system. How different are the conditions outside the metropolis. We find that there are 123 City and Borough forces in England, and of their Chief Constables only fifteen have not risen from the ranks. In the Metropolitan Force are men of education, of experience, of capacity, of character, and possessing such knowledge of police work that they would in the highest posts display a skill in the direction and management of the force, which it is hopeless to expect from gentlemen pitchforked from the outside. Were the highest posts to be open to diligent ability, a new spirit would animate the police, and there would be a distinct inducement to the best type of men to join the force. To-day, when a first-class man thinks of joining, he is daunted when he learns that assiduity, character, and skill will never lead a man to the top unless, indeed, they have been exhibited outside the force. To direct the force, ignorance of police duty is at present a necessary qualification.

It has been the custom in the past to discourage men from perfecting themselves in their duties, and from improving the vast machine of which they are a part by appointing to the highest positions officers from the army devoid of knowledge of the duties, and with everything to learn which may render them effective. This, in itself, is inexcusable, but it has the far-reaching effect of robbing the

members of the force of the prizes which should be the reward of their merit. It reminds one of what was done when the post of Registrar-General became vacant; instead of appointing the great Dr. Farr, who had created the science of sanitary statistics, and was pre-eminently fitted for the post, the authorities appointed a dragoon.—Yours, &c.,

J. Fletcher Little.

125, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.,
July 15th, 1908.

"SUFFRAGETTE" HISTORY

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I observe that your correspondent, T. Wilson of Harpenden, has never heard of the "Blast of a Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." T. Wilson naïvely remarks that he does not know "whence Mr. Bowly takes his quotation," although probably the average schoolboy in a non-provided school could enlighten him on the point. A study of the history of their own country is not apparently favored by the supporters of female suffrage. Not long ago I listened to an address by one of the leaders of the movement, in which she indulged us with certain sidelights on English history. "When the Romans first came to England," she informed us, "they were amazed at the power and dignity of the *Saxon* woman." One can appreciate the natural surprise of the Roman soldier at encountering this dignified female five centuries before she landed on these shores. Subsequently the same lecturer introduced us to a Countess of Southampton who, in the year 1675, insisted on acting as a magistrate, and flouted the wrath of King James I. A truly remarkable lady who could quarrel with a monarch fifty years after his decease! These are only two specimens of a carefully prepared typewritten discourse.—Yours, &c.,

W. A. Jolly.

5H, Portman Mansions, W.,
July 14th, 1908.

THE OUTLOOK FOR ENGLISH FICTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—To those of us who are accustomed to expect from The Nation a genuine attitude of criticism towards modern novels (very different from the invidious distinction of 75 per cent. as "standing out from the trash that is nowadays, &c.," which we find in most contemporary reviews), it is rather a shock to read the indeterminate article on "The Outlook for English Fiction" which appears in your issue for July 11th. The writer of the article sets out to express regret that two such worthy writers as Joseph Conrad and Leonard Merrick should receive insufficient support from the public, proceeds to draw up an indictment of modern novelists which practically cancels out with the indictment of the modern reader, and concludes with an appeal to several younger novelists to be true to nature for the sake of discovering whether this may not be "less displeasing to the English palate than [it was] a decade ago."

Further, it is surely unfair to say that Mrs. Humphry Ward is a "typical English novelist." Typically English Mrs. Ward may be, but among the many names given by your contributor, I do not find one whose method or outlook is similar to that of Mrs. Ward.

Is not Mr. Kipling's "Imperialism" rather a superstition? It is at any rate negligible in a criticism of his novels—such as they are. Imperialism has very little significance in a book like "Kim," and if your contributor confuses robustness with Imperialism in Mr. Kipling's other works, it seems possible that his knowledge of Mr. Kipling's preferences has colored his judgment of the works of Mr. Kipling's imagination.

Returning to the appeal to be true: there is, of course, the chance of publication to be considered. I do not imagine for a moment that many phenomenally honest and good novels are rejected persistently by London publishers, but it is conceivable that many books issued at six shillings owe their ultimate form to some outside consideration for saleability. One very serious point is that of length. A book which is to reach the public has to exceed 80,000 words, and this is a condition which, I believe, foreign novelists have not to bear in mind to quite the same extent as the Englishman. The Norwegian and Russian writers of the immediate past have been able to say what they wanted to say in the number of words most suitable; with the English novelist, it is of primary importance that he should secure a theme which will work out to a particular length. This is calculated to destroy spontaneity, excepting in those writers whose imagination is so fecund that the only difficulty is one of compression. One has only to examine George Gissing's novels to see that inspiration was frequently a little numbed, and eked out to make a book of sufficient length (evidence of this may be found in Edwin Reardon's regard for the mechanical proportions of his volumes). I suggest that until this difficulty is removed, together with the implication it carries of the public unreadiness to read for something more than listless pleasure, the novelist will in this country battle unavailingly with his desire to deal cleanly and directly with those problems with which his mind is engaged.

The idea that Meredith mirrors the life and spirit of his generation is novel: it may be true, but upon cursory examination the suggestion seems too large to be fully accurate. I presume the omission of Richardson from your contributor's range was accidental. And lastly, the pleasure expressed in feminine activity might surely have been experienced in England at any time during the last 150 years.—Yours, &c.,

S.

London, July 13th, 1908.

Poetry.

HOODWINKED.

I reined my charger on the height,
A goodly valley lay below,
That shone with waters silver-bright,
And young limbs laving in their flow;
Said I, "O, wasted pilgrim, go;
These heights are chill, the air blows suave
In yonder vale; the lilies grow;
There Love is lowly, Love is brave."

Thick belts of palest roses grew
Wide-blown to suckle wanton bees;
A thousand sea-blue swallows flew,
Slow-wafted on an idle breeze;
Like corks that rode the rippled seas
They floated, or their flight was curled
Like skaters who, with magic ease,
Wrought circles on the sky-blue world.

Sun-blazoned, lulled by unseen fans
Of drowsy winds, the river reeds
Thrilled ripples to the sweep of swans,
Dark-webbed beneath the water-weeds;
Or shuffled soft their tufted seeds
Whose plumes swayed gently as a clock's
Staid pendulum that mocks our needs,
And swift annuls the need it mocks.

From out the woodland, ringing clear,
I heard a voice; I saw the face
Of perfect Love that casts out fear
And bridges farthest time and space;
Whose speed is such it can outpace
The flight of Death, whose looks annul
All strife of hearts; who sang, "Embrace,
I am the unveiled Beautiful."

I waved my lance; I spurred my steed,
Who shook through all his shaggy pelt,
Poor patient beast, he seemed to heed
The tumult of the throes I felt!
I reached the woodland. Down I knelt
Before the vision. Floating swift,
I saw the magic dryad melt
Like plumèd seeds the breezes sift.

Wilfrid C. Thorley.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

WE believe that the process of purchasing the "Westminster Gazette" from Sir George Newnes has been completed by the new company, which starts with a capital of £100,000. The purchase price was £65,000, so that the margin of working capital is ample. The project of a new penny morning Liberal paper will be a matter for future development. The "Westminster" will in future be machined at the offices of "Lloyd's News." We need not say that Mr. Spender's and Sir Frank Gould's association with it is unchanged. That would be indispensable to its existence.

* * *

A COUPLE of weeks ago we announced that "The Women Bonapartes," by Mr. H. Noel Williams, was one of a number of works dealing with Napoleonic subjects to be published during the autumn. Mr. Williams has also found time for a book on "Caroline, Duchesse de Berri," which will run into two large volumes. The story of Caroline's life is full of interest. She was a woman of great resolution and firmness of will. Even her husband's assassination, which took place while he was escorting her from the opera, failed to shake her temper; and during the July revolution she herself offered to lead the troops against the insurgents. Afterwards she went with Charles X. and her son, the Comte de Chambord, to Holyrood, but the plots to restore the Bourbons, of which she was the chief engineer, showed remarkable adroitness. More than once she caused serious trouble to the Government, and in April, 1832, she landed at Marseilles with the object of stirring up a rebellion. After many adventures she was betrayed by a Jew at Nantes, and imprisoned in the citadel of Blaye. Her political influence became of no account when it was discovered that she had secretly married the Neapolitan Marquis, Lucchei Palli, and she was at once released. Her varied and romantic career lends itself well to the type of popular biography which Mr. Noel Williams always handles in a skilful manner.

* * *

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR has finished a new novel called "The Money-Changers," which will be published early in the autumn. It forms the second volume of a trilogy—"The Metropolis," issued last spring, being the first—dealing with the same set of characters and intended to be an adequate representation of the contemporary business and social life of New York.

* * *

STUDENTS of French literature will be glad to hear that Mr. Murray will shortly issue a book called "From Montaigne to Molière: or the Preparation for the Classical Age of French Literature," by Mr. Arthur Tilley. Mr. Tilley, who is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, is the author of "The Literature of the French Renaissance," a work which is regarded in France as one of the best modern contributions to the subject. His coming book is less of a literary history than an attempt to set forth the main political, social, and religious forces that were at work during the century preceding the age of Louis XIV., and prepared the way for the great creative epoch of the classical age.

* * *

AN interesting collection of biographical essays by M. Teodor de Wyzewa is to be published in the autumn by Mr. John Lane. The title is "Some Women Loving or Luckless." Among the subjects treated are the tragic love affair of Princess Sophia Dorothea of Hanover and Philip of Kœnigsmarck; the *liason* of Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway, with the unscrupulous Struensee; the Douglas Cause; the wives of Henry VIII; Mary Queen of Scots, who finds an able champion in M. de Wyzewa; Mary Wollstonecraft; Mrs. Carlyle; Fanny Burney; Costanza Monti; Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Marie Louise de Bourbon, the Queen of Etruria, whom Napoleon treated so hardly; Johanna Eckermann, one of Goethe's victims; Marie de Herbert, whose letters won Kant's admiration; and Madame de V—, one of Chateaubriand's numerous "Inconnues." The book is translated by Mr. C. H. Jeaffreson.

* * *

THE next three volumes in "The Socialist Library," a series issued by the Independent Labor Party, will be "Socialism and Religion," by the Rev. A. L. Lilley, "Socialism and Democracy," by Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., and "Socialism and Foreign Affairs," by Mr. H. N. Brailsford. Mr. Lilley is widely known as a rising theologian, and a leader of the younger school of Anglican Modernists. Like most men of his school, he anticipates that the energy of the Church of England will in the immediate future be directed towards social reform, rather than dogmatic discussion. In "Socialism and Foreign Affairs," Mr. H. N. Brailsford, whose brilliant style and clear intelligence stamp him as one of the most distinguished of British journalists, traces the influence of capitalism in history as the origin of wars. He emphasises the conception of nationality as intellectual specialisation rather than an aggressive competition governed by the interests of the wealthy classes, and urges that the secret way in which diplomatic transactions are now conducted prevents the democracy from having any real control in foreign policy. Many critics of Socialism seem to think that its great weakness lies in its attitude towards foreign affairs, so that it will be useful to have the subject fully treated by a Socialist who has a thorough knowledge of foreign policy.

* * *

SEVERAL promising biographies figure on Mr. Murray's new list of announcements. "From Ploughshare to Parliament" is the title of a memoir of the Potters of Tadcaster, which is founded on the diaries and letters of Richard Potter, the famous "Radical Dick," who, with his brother Thomas, founded the "Manchester Guardian." Thomas Potter was the first Mayor of Manchester, and his house was for many years a rendezvous for political and philanthropic reformers. The documents on which the memoir is founded give a full account of Richard Potter's life from 1793, when he helped his father with farm and shop at Tadcaster, to 1832, when he became a member of the Reform Parliament. The book is sure to be of great interest both on account of the picture it gives of middle-class life in England in the early years of the nineteenth century, and for the light it throws upon the struggle which ended in the first Reform Bill. Other books on the list are a life of Major-General Sir John Ardagh, by his wife, Susan, Countess of Malmesbury (Lady Ardagh), and a "Life of Lord Norton, 1814-1905," by Mr. W. S. Childe-Pemberton.

* * *

MR. C. LEWIS HIND is one of the not very large band of art critics who can make readers feel something of their own enthusiasm for pictures. He is, perhaps, at his best when writing of impressionist painting, and possibly impressionist is the most suitable word with which to describe his own methods. He is at present engaged upon "A History of Landscape Painting," but as he has also undertaken a biography of St. Gaudens, the famous American sculptor and friend of R. L. Stevenson, and also a book upon Watteau, it will probably be some time before it is ready for publication.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"British Imperialism in the Eighteenth Century." By G. B. Hertz. (Constable. 6s. net.)

"Sir William Temple." The Stanhope Essay, 1908. By Edward S. Lyttel. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Diwan of Abu'l-Ala." By Henry Baerlein. Wisdom of the East Series. (Murray. 1s. net.)

"Warp and Woof." A Drama in Three Acts. By Edith Lyttelton. (Unwin. 3s 6d. net.)

"Valladolid, Oviedo, Segovia, Zamora, Avila, and Zaragoza: An Historical and Descriptive Account." By Albert F. Calvert. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Garden of Epicurus." By Anatole France. A translation by Alfred Allinson. (Lane. 6s.)

"Mr. Clutterbuck's Election." By H. Belloc. (Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)

"Littérature et Folie." Par P. Voivenel. (Paris: Alcan. 10 fr.)

"Histoire Générale des Beaux-Arts." Par R. Peyre. (Paris: Delagrave. 6 fr. 50.)

"Jeunes Filles." Roman. Par Victor Margueritte. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE ADVANCE OF ENGLAND.*

SINCE Pangloss it has been a commonplace to ridicule the cant of optimism; the assumption, so easy to those with whom life goes well, that everything is for the best in the best of worlds. The cant of pessimism is no less unreal and no less mischievous. That the society in which we live is imperfect; that so great is its complexity that the remedy of its defects is no easy matter, the best-intentioned change being liable, unless carefully thought out and balanced, to bring about evils as great as, or greater than, those which they are designed to cure—this is true. But that this society has advanced and is advancing; that the moral and material conditions of life are improving, if improving less rapidly than we could wish—this also is true. It is the insistence on this note of qualified and reasoned optimism which is the distinctive feature of Mr. Benn's book.

The second title defines the ground covered. "A record of opinion and action, as distinguished from a record of events, deals especially with those elements of history which are determined by mental causes, by human feelings, human reason, and human will." Two features may be noticed: the attention drawn to the various theological movements of the period, the rationalist, the pietistic, and the critical; and the emphasis rightly laid on the services rendered to good government and to the well-being of the community by the Utilitarians from Bentham to J. S. Mill. *Laissez-faire*, it is shown, had no more than "an accidental and transitory connection" with this school. It was Edwin Chadwick, a friend and disciple of Bentham, who drafted the Report on Factory Labor on which the Factory Act of 1833 was based: and his advocacy of the restriction of the hours of labor, of employers' liability, of compulsory education, and of temperance legislation, makes for Mr. Benn's contention that "our modern socialistic legislation was in part anticipated by the old Utilitarians, and in part has been directly developed out of their principles." To Canning—"the great, the noble, the adored," as Heine calls him—as the leader of European Liberalism, and to his successor Palmerston, ample recognition is given. Palmerston was great rather as Foreign Secretary than as Prime Minister, and his later years were not his best. But his errors were "inspired by the same noble love of justice and freedom which, together with a patriotism more antique than modern, was the moving spirit of his whole political career. As a part of this policy he fought the Crimean War, which, if I am not mistaken, was no such ghastly blunder as is now commonly believed, but a necessary step in the deliverance of Europe from the old despotisms and its reconstitution on the lines of national independence." Tyrannies, Bourbon, Hapsburg, and Romanoff, are near akin. "My view is that France was drawn into the war by England, acting under Palmerston's guidance; but that England's motives were not self-interested, the object of her people being to avenge the wrongs of Hungary, and to deliver Europe from the despotism that had been weighing on it for forty years."

Mr. Benn's judgments are trenchant. Disraeli was "the political bravo of the high Tory Party," and took up a moribund romanticism "in the spirit of a second-hand broker"; of Louis Napoleon, "most persons who retain any sense of political morality will agree with John Austin that 'the man was a scoundrel'"; Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" is designed to rehabilitate popular theology "by a sceptical attack on reasoned belief in general"; of the Education Act of 1902 and of Tariff Reform, "while Mr. Balfour was reviving the old system of privilege and protection in religion, Mr. Chamberlain was engaged in the congenial task of agitating for its revival in trade." With the argument for reciprocity he makes short work. Protection injures the nation in whose interest it is adopted more than those against which it is aimed. That the example set by England would eventually tell on other countries Peel and Cobden certainly believed. It may yet be so; we believe that it will. But, though they anticipated a coming era of universal Free Trade, they "never argued for the abolition of the corn-tax on the ground that it would be followed by a world-wide economic revolution, or hinted at an admission that England would be worse off than before if other countries refused to follow in her footsteps."

A noteworthy, perhaps the most noteworthy, event of the period under discussion was the re-entrance of England into the main current of European thought. In the seventeenth century, and before it, intercourse with the Continent had been frequent; under the Hanoverian kings it had died out, and the country had settled down in a backwater. Owing to the support given by the Bourbons to Jacobitism, and the incessant hostilities between the two countries, France, the natural bridge between England and the Continent, was difficult of access; the German surroundings of the Court were unattractive, the people uncongenial, their language unknown. Coleridge, and, later, Carlyle, did much to remedy this state of things, but till well into the last century the provincialism of English thought and feeling amounted to a disease. The Napoleonic wars had accentuated this isolation. The ideas by which Napoleon I. was inspired were more enlightened than those which animated the Government of George III. But the former, with all their enlightenment, stood for tyranny, the latter for freedom; and the country did not hesitate between the two. It preferred the substance to the forms of liberty, leaving the recovery of the latter to the next generation: and, reasonable as the choice was, its price was heavy and paid to the full. The constitution, as it then was, made neither for efficiency nor for good government: crime was prevalent, military and naval administration defective, religion secularised, the law chaotic. Looking back it is difficult to see how we held our own against abler and better organised opponents. It is "dogged as does it": as we had done before, and have done since, we "muddled through."

At home the country was the poor man's hell. The old Poor Law combined the maximum of expenditure with the minimum of relief to the class for whose benefit it existed. The average yearly cost of action at law regarding settlements and removals exceeded £300,000; laborers' wages were systematically made up out of the rates. Their level, naturally, fell; no one but the farmer and the landlord was benefited: labor was pauperised, the community robbed. The parochial system bred a regular slave trade: it supplied the factories with unpaid labor on such terms that it was not worth the employer's while to clothe and feed his apprentices properly; paupers were easily replaced. "It was often arranged by the parish authorities in order to get rid of the imbeciles that one idiot should be taken with twenty sane children." The wonder, when we remember the conditions under which it developed, is that the inheritance of pauperism to which our own age has succeeded is not greater and more insoluble than it is. The condition of those employed in collieries and mines was even more deplorable: nor, strange as it may appear, did these horrors shock the religious world of the time. Lord Shaftesbury complained that, to the last, few of the clergy supported the humanitarian reforms with which his name is so honorably associated. He was distressed and puzzled "to find support from infidels and non-professors, opposition and coldness from religionists and declaimers." Perhaps this was due rather to want of intelligence, our national fault, than of feeling. We do brutal things, not because we are brutal—we are not—but because we do not understand. And we are as lacking in imagination as in ideas: we cannot get outside ourselves or put ourselves in another's place. Hence an acquiescence in the actual, a disclination to look below the surface of things, a stolid resistance to change.

The same unintelligent temper showed itself in dealing with the things of mind. Orthodoxy was a protest against Papacy, Dissent, and Reform. Beyond this it had little positive content: Bunsen, when he came to England, found to his amazement the religious world distracted over questions which had nothing to do with religion—Apostolic succession, the use of the surplice in the pulpit, and the like. Nor is this want of perspective a thing of the past: a journalist only a few weeks ago described the proceedings of a certain diocesan conference under a headline in large type, "Important Discussion on Vestments." A century,

* "Modern England: A Record of Opinion and Action, from the time of the French Revolution to the Present Day." By Alfred William Benn. Watts, 2 vols. 7s. net.

however, or even half a century ago, things were infinitely worse. The English Church stood apart, on the one hand, from Catholicism, and, on the other, from the larger Protestantism of Germany; its position was negative, the spiritual life for which it stood was small. Education was at the lowest possible ebb: the governing classes opposed its extension; and when this became inevitable the question became, as it has remained, a cockpit for conflicting sects. The important thing was what religious teaching should be given to the children, not that the children should be taught. The Universities were remarkable more for the soundness of their port than of their learning; schools were inefficient and few. Scotland was an honorable exception: it was from Edinburgh, the modern Athens, that the first impulse to improvement came. John Russell and Palmerston were pupils of Dugald Stewart, and under the influence of the university, the bar, and the brilliant intellectual society of the northern capital, the "Edinburgh Review," long the chief organ of Liberal opinion in Great Britain, became a power. In those days it was dangerous to be a Whig. In 1793 a reign of terror had set in, having for its object the suppression of what were called French principles in print or even in speech. In Scotland four persons were sentenced to fourteen, and a fifth to seven, years' transportation, because they had agitated for Parliamentary reform.

We have travelled far since then; and the progress made is an earnest of the progress to be made. Why should we assume, asks the pessimist, that progress is a law of life? that its benefits are genuine? that it will continue and prevail? We cannot, it is true, demonstrate that the world and nature—our own nature included—are not an elaborate conspiracy to deceive us: if a man insists on asserting this, it is impossible to say him nay. But the contingency is a negligible quantity. And, were it otherwise, the game is worth the playing: we play it, by a true instinct, as those who play to win.

THE RAVIN OF NATURE AND MAN.*

Mr. Hudson has earned already rich cause for congratulation in the publication of this book. His account of the capture by hooks of the wild birds drawn to West Cornwall by stress of weather—a process he rightly describes as "hellish," whose clumsy cruelty sickens the reader—has borne immediate fruit in the promotion of a Bill by Sir Frederick Banbury in Parliament, prohibiting the process. The Bill has been adopted by the Government, and should become law before this Session is over. Another appeal in the narrative, if less directly humanitarian, is none the less worthy of response. Mr. Hudson was impressed during a winter stay in Cornwall with the glamour of the "Land's End." Solitary pilgrims and adventurers herded in batches, swarming down to the remote extremities of the peninsula, were all inspired by that mystical longing which they could scarcely explain even to themselves. It was a longing for the end of all the world: the extreme west of Western Britain, beyond which nothing stretches but the salt, enormous ocean, the home of men's great past visions of magical and terrible things. In literature he finds writers "wondering for the last time, as we had wondered for half a century, what the Land's End would be like." In life he beholds special trains from the northern manufacturing cities pouring into Penzance after a night of travel, and every traveller in them filled with but one desire —to attain "the Land's End." "Not Stonehenge, nor Mona, nor Senlac," says Mr. Hudson, "not that hoary fane where Britain buries her great dead, nor any castle or cathedral, or tower or river or mountain or plain in all the land draws us so powerfully as this naked moor and rude foreland, with its ancient, dim memories." Dignity and majesty still abide there, in the wild granite cliffs and lights of tall beacons, flashing over the waste spaces of the sea. Mr. Hudson sees the inevitable changes coming, in the violation of the darkness and the silence, by the villas and hotels, and garages and mutoscopes. He pleads earnestly for the preservation of these sacred regions, and the purchase by the nation or by enlightened individuals of these few acres of barren land; in order to preserve for ever, clean and secure, the region from which, looking westward, the Englishman can see the pathway down which his race has travelled into the adventures of all the world.

"A naturalist's impression of West Cornwall" is the sub-title of this fascinating volume. But it is something more than observation of wild life of beast and bird that Mr. Hudson has put into its brilliant pages. He has described the people as well as the creatures of the earth and sky: he turns from faithful and gorgeous pieces of word painting, of the gorse in spring or the bracken in autumn, to the humorous and pathetic record of human life amongst a remote, detached people, in characteristic as different from the Briton as any denizen of foreign lands. The whole is told in that pure, simple, fastidious English of which this writer is an acknowledged master, which imparts distinction to every page. Certain fundamental antipathies appear here as elsewhere. Mr. Hudson hates, with a generous, fierce hatred, cruelty which is the child of callousness as much as cruelty which is the child of malice and lust. He tells stories of the brutalities of the lower class native, whose conduct the gentlemen and sportsmen rightly regard with horror; but he is none the less in protest and condemnation against the "gentleman sportsman himself, with his insensate passion for destruction." A tame seal is slaughtered out of wantonness, an osprey which had "excited a great deal of interest" amongst all who came to the waterside, is wounded to death in a similar stupidity; the life of a northern diver is accorded to the plea of a ferryman, but the temptation to shoot proves irresistible, and the promise is disregarded. "Stories equally sad and shocking," says Mr. Hudson, "were told me by other lovers of nature and observers of wild life at other points of the coast, of how every rare and beautiful species, every owl, buzzard, harrier, chough, hoopoe, and many other species, had been slaughtered by men who called themselves sportsmen and gentlemen." Even with the seals at St. Ives the annihilation appears inevitable. The Cornish fishermen, at first hostile, finding they committed no hurt, refrained from persecuting them. But the students of the Camborne Mining School "have recently found out a new and pleasant pastime, which is to seat themselves with a rifle or fowling-piece on the cliff and watch for the appearance of a brown head above the water below of a seal going out of or coming into the caves, and letting fly at it." "When they hit the seal," says Mr. Hudson, "it sinks and is seen no more, but the animal is not wanted, the object is to shoot it, and this accomplished, the sportsman goes back happy and proud at his success in having murdered so large and human-like a creature."

The sportsman could, indeed, plead against Mr. Hudson Nature's parallels: for it is as "red in tooth and claw with ravin" that Nature appears in this narrative of things seen. Sometimes it is life against life—the herring gulls pursuing the rock-pipit, a fox savagely assailed by a raven, a black-backed gull tearing to pieces and devouring a young guillemot, while the captive struggled in vain, sending forth its shrill cries for help far and wide. Sometimes it is the vision of the whole sentient world in the grasp of blind, senseless forces; without intelligence, without compassion: as in the experiences of the Great Cold which smashed down upon the unprotected bird life, senselessly ravaging and destroying. In such moments the observer descries visions of a "Nature Maligna" more awful than the old overlords of caprice, violence, or disdain: a spirit on the imprisoned land, and a protest against that spirit. "It seemed to me that the darkest imaginings of men—the blackest phantom or image of himself which he has sacrificed to—was not so dark as this dreadful, unintelligible, and unintelligent power that made us, in which we live and move and have our being." The mood passes: again appears the kindlier air and the benignant sun, with appealing visions of the splendor of expectancy in "the yellow splendor and orange flame of the furze against the blue of the sea": of the splendor of completion in the bracken all dying and glorious, a harvest of fairy gold. Yet the impression of a Menacing Presence in the background still abides: and it is in revolt against a being "all powerful and everlasting, creator and slayer of all things that live, of all beauty, sweetness, and compassion," yet

* "The Land's End." By W. H. Hudson. Hutchinson & Co. 10s. 6d. net

"himself without knowledge or thought or emotion," with nothing significant in that which he has made or unmade, that Mr. Hudson sets the watch and the vision of the little life of man.

THREE GROATS' WORTH OF WIT.

The shilling classic multiplies with extraordinary rapidity. In many bookshops it monopolises wall space to the exclusion of more expensive volumes. For the moment this may not be an unmixed blessing to the publisher of original works. One hopes, however, that there will be an ultimate gain in the increasing love of the best books in every branch of modern literature; that the biographer, the historian, the novelist, and even the poet of the future will find his reward in the more widespread taste for letters that will be diffused throughout the community. In the meantime, three publishers are engaged, with admirable emulation, in furnishing a multitude of "best books" for a fortunate generation of book-buyers of slender means—Mr. J. M. Dent, Mr. Henry Frowde, and the firm of Routledge. "Everyman's Library," "The World's Classics," and "The Universal Library" are series with great individual merits. Mr. Dent has precedence by virtue of his speculative daring. He aspires, it is said, to produce a library of a thousand volumes. How is this to be achieved? Each of us could name his favorite hundred best books, few of us would care to draw up a list of a thousand. Yet the publisher has already produced more than three hundred volumes—not one of them unworthy.

Of the twenty-five new volumes before us, perhaps Mr. Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olive" offers most food for reflection when one moralises over the triumph of the cheap book. For Mr. Ruskin hated cheap books, and an earlier generation had to pay nearly twenty shillings for less printed matter by him than can now be obtained for one. Another writer all too inaccessible for many years was Thomas Love Peacock, whose novels will grow in popular favor the better they become known. It was Mr. Dent who first brought them into vogue with a new generation of book-buyers when he commissioned the late Dr. Garnett to prepare an edition. That edition it is clearly intended to issue in this shilling form, and two of Peacock's romances, "Headlong Hall" and "Nightmare Abbey," are presented here with Dr. Garnett's fine appreciation. As a rule, however, the introductions are by well-known living writers. Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" has a skilful appraisement of both author and subject from Miss May Sinclair, herself a novelist of power. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who could not write ill if he tried, deals with George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," and incidentally replies to Mr. Swinburne's indictment of that book so far as Maggie Tulliver's infatuation for Stephen Guest is concerned. He thinks that George Eliot did not herself realise that in Stephen Guest she was portraying a cad. Mr. Harold Spender writes on Kinglake's "Eothen," and says not a word too much in judicious praise. Two volumes are given over to Francis Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," a most opportune publication at the moment when all eyes are turned to the scene of the exploits of those heroes. Mr. Thomas Seccombe here writes the introduction, and his method offers food for thought as to the purpose of the introduction in such publications as these. Mr. Seccombe, who is one of the ablest and most richly equipped of our younger critics, pays an eloquent tribute to the work of Parkman, to his qualities of accuracy and industry, to his freedom from moralising and theorising. But nowhere does he tell us who Parkman was, the year he was born, when and where he died. In a shilling series these, we should have thought, were the essentials of any prefatory remarks. Mr. Seccombe would probably reply that this information can be obtained in any biographical dictionary, and should be known to the reader. We believe, however, that the only kind of introduction that is required for such volumes as these is an introduction that takes nothing for granted in the way of fact, and is reticent only in the expression of opinion. The literary qualities of Parkman, or of any other writer who is thought fitted for a place in a cheap series of repute, should speak for themselves; but some facts about the author are not redundant.

Of the volumes of the "Universal Library," which are free from introductory matter of any sort, little can be said in praise of the form, which is mean looking. But much may be said in praise of the catholicity of the editor, who has gone far afield for his selection of books. The latest volumes include Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," Dean Plumptre's "Tragedies of Sophocles," John Stuart Mill's essays entitled "Auguste Comte and Positivism," and Sir John Seeley's "Ecce Homo." For their form and general appearance we are disposed to award the palm to the "World's Classics." Mr. Frowde, however, is in no sense a rival to Mr. Dent or to the Routledge firm. In the main, his selection of books is quite different. He is apparently more urgent than either of his competitors in providing *complete* editions of certain authors hitherto little familiar in a cheap, handy form. Here are the works of Gibbon, of Burke, of Hazlitt, and, among novelists, of the Brontës and Mrs. Gaskell. We love these books in the "World's Classics," which, in their appearance, present so much of simplicity and restraint. We admire, in good truth, all these shilling volumes of what are truly called "classic" authors. If our race is not the most cultured on earth, assuredly it is not the fault of certain of our publishers.

THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH.*

These three volumes all deal with the fortunes and vicissitudes of the Roman church at critical periods of its history. The age of Innocent the Great comes first in point of time; it is an attractive period for the historian who knows how to handle his materials, and Innocent is a magnificent figure on the centre of the stage. It cannot be said that Mr. Pirie-Gordon has made full use of his opportunities. He is careful and painstaking, and has evidently bestowed a considerable amount of labour in the collection of his materials. But his volume lags behind the greatness of the theme. There is an atmosphere of immaturity about it as well as an apologetic note which does honour to his heart as a loyal Catholic but seriously affects his credit as an impartial historian. The book may probably please certain sections of his co-religionists, but the bias in it is far too manifest to make it acceptable to the great outside public who are willing to hear all sides, but are repelled by supercilious sciolism. The Catholic church may have a devout son but it has a feeble advocate in Mr. Pirie-Gordon.

"The Great Schism of the West," by Professor Salembier, is a new volume of the International Catholic Library. It is a pity that this volume has no table of contents. At the end of the volume there is a somewhat meagre index, but this index affords no key to the contents of the book. The great schism in the West is that unhappy period in papal history lasting nearly half a century (1378-1418), when the church was rent and distracted by rival popes. M. Salembier admits that this is a scandalous episode in the life of the church, and he starts with the excellent maxim that the historian should say nothing false and conceal nothing true. But it can hardly be said that he always adheres to it in the volume before us. We are willing to admit that the rise of Protestantism has its dark side. But is it a complete explanation of the success of the Reformation to say that it was owing to popular passion, the cupidity of the nobility, and degenerate courts? An impartial Catholic historian like, let us say, Franz X. Funk, would admit that the Reformation sprang out of the necessity for reform, and that the best minds in the church saw this necessity for two hundred years before the Reformation actually broke out. Again, in the mighty struggle between Papalism and Episcopalism, which took place during the great schism, M. Salembier's volume would gain if it exhibited a more tolerant attitude towards Episcopalism. It is probable that the infallibility and absolute supremacy of the Pope is the ultimate logical outcome of Roman doctrine. But the

* "Innocent the Great: An Essay on his Life and Times." By C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon. Longmans, Green & Co. 9s. net.

"The Great Schism of the West." By L. Salembier, Professor at the Catholic University at Lille. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

"The Elizabethan Religious Settlement: A Study of Contemporary Documents." By Henry Norbert Birt, O.S.B., Priest of Downshire Abbey. Bell. 15s. net.

men of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are to be excused if they did not foresee that the papal was finally to beat the episcopal conception of the church. Ultramontanism has got its way in the Catholic church, and it can afford to be just to its unsuccessful competitors.

Mr. Birt's Elizabethan Religious Settlement is a contribution of considerable value to the history of Elizabeth's relations with the church. Mr. Birt points out that Convocation opposed the Reformation in 1559, that the Marian bishops, as one would expect, voted in Parliament against severance from Rome, that the clergy of all ranks suffered deprivation in fairly large numbers rather than conform; that the learned professions were Papist to the core, and that the local magistracy, the county gentry, and the landowners long remained faithful to the old creed. He produces documents to prove that this was the case. These contemporary documents do show that a certain proportion of the classes he mentions did continue to adhere to Rome. But if they had adhered in anything like the proportions he assumes, Reformation would have been impossible.

"LETTERS FROM QUEER STREET." *

In "Letters from Queer Street" we can touch the harsh outlines of painful facts under the thin gauze veils of fiction. Many of the best chapters in "fiction" we possess are virtually pieces of the writer's autobiography. And, on the other hand, many of the most interesting pieces of autobiography, such as De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater," owe their literary value to the play of the author's poetic imagination. The value of the "Letters" before us is that they obviously hold, with little of fancy's adulteration, the simple narrative of hard realities suffered.

Mr. John Mason, the hero, whose correspondence is addressed to an old Colonial chum, is one of those men who are predestined, at birth, to arrive in Queer Street. Of his antecedents we are told very little, but we gather that he is an Australian of good traditions and education, who has seen life all over the globe and fought in the Transvaal war, a thoroughly good fellow, frank and generous, with one inherited vice—a weakness for drink. If he tells us next to nothing of his temptations it is through a manly instinct which prefers to lay bare their results. And accordingly he wins our sympathy from the start.

Having alienated his general acquaintances, and seeking to escape the observations of his respectable friends, Mr. Mason, after being ejected from his lodgings for debt, and from his club for "making a fool of himself," finds himself at large in the London streets with fifteen shillings in his pockets. "Going to ruin is silent work," says a Highland proverb, and many of us know how curiously friends seem to float away and become impalpable directly the tide of our luck ebbs. It is, of course, partly their own delicate desire not to notice our ill-fortune, and partly our own morbid instinct not to go near them that is responsible for our friends' departure. Mr. Mason is no exception to the rule. There is no one in the five millions of Londoners that he can turn to, and so, on catching sight of an acquaintance in the crowd in Piccadilly he turns hurriedly into an old haunt off the Lowther Arcade, and orders a drink. And here we are brought face to face with a romantic episode in Mr. Mason's downward career that justifies us in reviewing "Letters from Queer Street" as fiction. We believe in the incident he narrates, because, as anyone may notice, it is always at a crisis in our career, that romantic episodes occur. But the little incident that strips Mr. Mason of his last fifteen shillings is quite in De Quincey's vein. He rescues a young and innocent girl, "with the wide-open eyes of a child that looks on a life it cannot comprehend," from the clutches of "a man about town," with years of debauchery on his soul, and he spends his remaining shillings in paying her fare back to her Devonshire village. The incident has the air of being "well found" at this stage of the narrative, but fact is often more curious, if less appropriate, than fiction, as we all know. Mr. Mason has another drink, in order to consider ways and means, and then with his last copper bestowed on an abject outcast, he seeks refuge from the malignant downpour of a London rainy night under Hungerford Bridge.

The sensations of a hungry and friendless man, after a horrible, sleepless night in the open, roaming the streets of London for interminable ensuing hours, are most vividly painted by Mr. Mason. The present writer, who has tried it, when he was neither friendless nor homeless, can testify to the biting truth of the narrative. But the value of this personal record is that it may, perhaps, bring home to the comfortable reader what are the sufferings of grim and abject fellow creatures who accost him, with shivering whinings, at night under the bridges. There is nothing so mysteriously, so terribly aloof from us as human suffering. We may estimate its force to be as five, and it may be one hundred, or *vice-versâ*. But, in general, the healthy and comfortable man buttons up his pockets and says firmly, "It can't be as bad as all that," and passes on, on the safe side. So we quote here Mr. Mason:—

> "What a day that was! There have been many others since that were as bad in most respects—as famishingly hungry and as gloomily hopeless—but never a one of them ever contained so much of direful unhappiness and wretchedness. . . . It symbolises to me the uttermost and darkest depth of hell to which I ever descended. . . . I loathe that day: I hate to think of it. Even in the real wretchedness of those through which I pass now, in the worst moments and the most drearily miserable hours that tax endurance to its very breaking strain, I can look back to those aching twelve with a consolatory resignation to my lot in the thought that none can ever be as dreadfully horrible to me as they. I know that I have sounded the lowest depths of mental distress, and whatever may come after—starving nights in the snow, bitter shiverings in the east wind, the chill of frosty dawns by the river-side, the squalor and noisesomeness of such realities as may be available to me—I shall never really suffer again as I suffered then. . . . My back felt as though it had been beaten and scourged with rods of iron, my head ached and was dizzy, and I felt that weakness of hunger which is its worst and most distressing symptom. Of the demoralisation of that weakness of hunger no man can have understanding unless he has experienced it. And he cannot have experienced it thoroughly until he has endured it in a great and rich city. The Arctic voyager, the explorer, castaways in an open boat, soldiers dying of hunger in muddy entrenchments—none of these have ever experienced the miseries of a starving man in London. . . . You remember, Jimmy, how often we were foodless in Africa, the foodless and fireless outposts in the frost, or the unfed bivouacs, or the famished firing-lines in the long wet grass at dawn? But there we were *all* hungry. . . . But here it is so different. You pace wearily through hurrying crowds of well-fed people, eager and keen for the day's business, fortified by good food against the wear and strain that the day's work entails. . . . You, yourself, are the miserable exception. You alone are hungry, unhappy, weak, and wolfish. It is this sense of isolation that is most uncomforting to you. It does not matter that in all the millions there must be hundreds of thousands who are as yourself. You do not realise them. You only realise that you are half dead for want of food, and that unless some good miracle may happen, you must starve, and starve, and starve. . . . I crawled up to the wide open space in the middle of the Park, and threw myself down on my face in the grass, and almost at once dropped off to sleep. . . . When I awakened the sun was well down in the west, and it was late afternoon. And then I remember with a sudden shock who I was. That I was John Mason—a dead-beat, homeless John Mason, starving, aching and stiff. . . . When it all came to me, Jimmy, I rolled over on my face again, and buried my head in my folded arms, and cried like a child. I was weak, and I was 'done'—so forgive this confession of utter weakness. Nobody saw it."

In his starving misery and weakness Mr. Mason thinks of suicide, as he cannot face another such twenty-four hours, but he is saved by finding a gold pencil-case in his waistcoat pocket lining. And so, after coming out of the pawnbroker's, he "steps from the vagueness of the Beyond into the light and warmth of the sausage shop." Then commences the authentic chronicle of a broken man, who finds he can live on about three-penn'orth of food per diem, with nights spent in the doss-house, or in walking the London streets. Mr. Mason soon discovers that nobody wants his services, and that "once London has a man down it has very little intention of allowing him to regain his feet." He is always repulsed when he applies for work, and he passes successively through the stages of misery, sulky defiance, fatalism, apathy, and resigned cheerfulness. There are some very good pages on the psychology of the man who has become callous through suffering. In the "hell" period there is still hope, but "when a man loses the capacity of

* "Letters from Queer Street." Being some of the correspondence of the late Mr. John Mason. By J. H. M. Abbott. A. & C. Black, 6s.

"Not only a Great Novel but a Great Book as well."

HEATHER

By John Trevena, Author of "Furze the Cruel," "Arminel of the West," and "A Pixy in Petticoats." Now Ready. 6s.

THE DAILY MAIL says: "Expected a great novel from him, and he has given it. . . . Not only a great novel, but a great book as well, for 'Heather' is more than a novel. It is not a story told by one who has only the gift of story-telling, though it might have been that and still a good novel, for the gift of story-telling is by no means a little thing. But Mr. Trevena has more than that one gift; he has intellect and sympathy, and his stirring, passionate tale is touched with philosophy, without which, perhaps, no novel ever becomes a living book. 'Heather' is full of thought—thought that is a little harsh and rebellious at times, but always great and courageous and often wise. . . . Mr. Trevena has genius. It hardly matters where he sets his characters—whether in huts, on the moor, in village hovels, in the sanitorium, or in the vicarage, he makes them alive to us. They are many, but we remember them all, and shall remember them long. We are not more likely to forget them than we are persons whom we have really met in life. But beyond the moor, beyond the many persons and scenes and incidents, is Mr. Trevena. A moralist, a stern yet kindly moralist, a man with a big mind, is telling the tale. He preaches at us, but we do not object, for he is giving us health and courage, just as the strong wind of Dartmoor gives them. As the patients in the sanitorium gained weight by breathing the keen air, so we, morally, and intellectually, gain weight by reading Mr. Trevena, for he has much to give. He is a great writer, and has written a great book—quite one of the best that has appeared for a long time."

THE PEOPLE DOWNSTAIRS

By Eva Lathbury, Author of "Mr. Meyer's Pupil." A third Impression is now ready. 6s.

"Characterised by amazing powers of observation."
—*The Queen*

"It is evident that in Miss Eva Lathbury we have a novelist to be reckoned with. Alike in matter and in manner she stands resolutely aloof from her contemporaries."—*Academy.*

"An extraordinarily clever novel."—*P.T.O.*

LEAVEN: A BLACK & WHITE STORY

By Douglas Blackburn, Author of "Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp," etc. Just ready. 6s.

THE FIRST REVIEW: "The truth about South Africa is sometimes a matter of so much variety that perhaps fiction is no bad name for it. Fiction so fervid and realistic, yet so restrained as 'Leaven: A Black and White Story' is, at any rate, an effective way of calling serious attention to undoubted evils. . . . We cannot enter into all the questions raised by this startling novel. . . . It may well be the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of South Africa."—*Morning Leader.*

THE SWORD DECIDES!

By Marjorie Bowen, Author of "The Viper of Milan" and "The Glen o' Weeping." Third large impression. 6s.

"A splendid book. Splendid in that it is full-blooded, bold, dashing, flaming-colored; splendid in that it goes with a tremendous clattering swing; splendid in that it is played under the full glare of blazing sunshine."—*Daily Graphic.*

FRANCE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

By W. L. George, Author of "Engines of Social Progress." Just Ready. Please order it to-day from Library, Bookshop, or Bookstall. 6s. net.

"This book 'lets in fresh air,' and will doubtless tend to sweeten the imagination of its readers and lead them even further into the flowery closes of the Entente Cordiale."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Writes out of the fulness of a plain man's all-round experience."—*Times.*

"Is worth more than a passing glance."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

London: ALSTON RIVERS, LIMITED, 21-22, BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN, E.C.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS.

THIRD ISSUE.

THE BRITISH TRADE BOOK.

Covering the Years 1880-1907, and showing the Course of British and International Commerce, with its bearing upon our Internal Trade and Industries, &c. By JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING. With a Preface by Professor W. J. ASHLEY. Including 340 Tables and Diagrams showing Trade Tendencies, &c., medium 8vo, cloth boards, 10s. 6d. net.

This is the only work that shows clearly and fully the course of British and International Commerce.

A TERRITORIAL ARMY IN BEING.

A Practical Study of the Militia Systems of Switzerland and Norway. By Lieut.-Col. C. DELME-RADCLIFFE, C.M.G., M.V.O., and J. W. LEWIS, late 19th Hussars. With a Preface by Field-Marshal Earl ROBERTS, V.C., K.G. With Illustrations, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net; also paper covers, without Illustrations, 1s. net.

G. H. LORIMER'S NEW NOVEL.

"STOP THAT STRIKE, DAD!"

JACK SPURLOCK —PRODIGAL

By the Author of "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son." Illustrated. 6s.

FIRST REVIEW.

"A very delightful work. Jack Spurlock is a young American whom it is good to meet; Major George Magoffin Jackson claims relationship with one or two of man's best friends in fiction; the tale of their adventures simply rattles along.....Now we think of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, and now we discover traces of Mr. Micawber. We recommend it most earnestly to anybody who is in low spirits."—*Evening Standard.*

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. 416. JULY, 1908. 6s.

FORECASTS OF TO-MORROW. By the Rev. W. BARRY.
THE REVIVAL OF EGYPT.
THE FIRST HOMER. By A. W. VERRALL.
THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET. By the Rev. W. GRESWELL.
THE REDISCOVERY OF ROME. By THOMAS ASHBY (Director of the British School).
A GRAND TOUR IN THE 16TH CENTURY. By EDWARD ARMSTRONG.
OLD-AGE PENSIONS.
CANADIAN PROBLEMS AND PARTIES. By Professor S. J. MCLEAN (Toronto).
LADY LOUISA STUART. By JOHN BUCHAN.
THE UNREST IN INDIA.
A RECKLESS GOVERNMENT.
THE GERMAN PERIL.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

No. 425. JULY, 1908. Price 6s

1. PORT ROYAL
2. LIVERPOOL
3. HYMNOLOGY, CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC
4. THE QUESTION OF LIFE ON MARS
5. FENELON AT CAMBRAI
6. HERBERT SPENCER
7. COLONIAL POLICY UNDER THE EARL OF ELGIN
8. THE DUC DE CHOISEUL
9. THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO EGYPT IN 1798
10. THE "THREE-COLOUR" PROCESS
11. LORD MILNER AND CANADIAN PREFERENCE
12. WOMEN AND THE FRANCHISE

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39, Paternoster Row, London.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

feeling sorry for himself—well, he is done. He is underneath, and he will never 'come up top-side' any more. He is below the surface, and he must adapt himself to the conditions that exist below it He is, as the Melanesians say, 'done-finish.'" And, of course, the comfortable reader must remember that when a man is once beneath the surface there is nobody to bring him up—the strong and happy people are all up above, on the top. After six months of semi-starvation, growing fatigue, exposure to bad weather, and mental and moral isolation, during which Mr. Mason finds by odd strokes of luck the few shillings weekly necessary to support a precarious existence, his nerve begins to give out, and he gets steadily more depressed in mind as he weakens in body. He grows to fear Queer Street more and more, to dread the grim cruelty of London, and to lie for hours wrapped in despairing melancholy, fearing the roar of the streets and the ceaseless rush of the hurrying crowds. He has got it, in fact, so ground into him that nothing is so unforgivable in Society's eyes as the poverty, hunger, and wretchedness of a man who has come down through drink or some other vice, that he begins to fear that he will grow mad. When he is a social pariah, it is the deepest instinct of the respectable world to keep him "right down to it." And even when the homeless vagrant turns in self-defence and preys on society, unless he is of the criminal type, he often turns a little crazy, as Josiah Flynt, the authority on tramps, tells us.

What finished Mr. Mason off was a London winter. "An aching fatigue that besets one, the weary despair that drives one through the friendless silent thoroughfares, the gnawing hunger—all these are spirit-breaking experiences. But add cold to them—frosts that numb your feet; chill winds that whistle round corners and lash you about the ribs; sleet that drives into your face until it aches with pain; rain that drenches your thin clothes; slushy snow in the roadway that soddens your inadequate footwear, and then you have a condition of Hell, my James, that out-hells the worst of Infernos." We have no space here to devote to the closing stages of Mr. Mason's life. When he, finally, met with an accident, and was identified and placed in a nursing home by a kindly acquaintance, he was found to be too far gone with a "'tubercular affection'" to last more than a few weeks. This, no doubt, is one of the gauze veils of fiction that the chronicler finds it artistically necessary to use, to satisfy the public's love of appearances.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Impressions of India" (Macmillan, 3s. net) contains a series of articles contributed by Sir Henry Craik to the "Scotsman," describing a tour which he made in India last year. The collected articles make a readable book, for although the picturesque sides of Indian life have often been described, Sir Henry Craik seems to have enjoyed his visit thoroughly, and writes about it with freshness and zest. He assures his readers that the traveller who goes to India "will never, if he is capable of making any estimate at all, meet with that most irksome of all travelling recompenses—disappointment." The contrast between Western and Eastern life is so great and so evident that one never loses the feeling of being face to face with a strange and unfamiliar world. The book gives a vivid picture of this contrast, and the varied color of Indian country life is well represented. Sir Henry Craik has naturally a great deal to say about the present agitation, its causes and possible results. He is not usually violent or dogmatic, but he seems to have obtained most of his views from Anglo-Indian officials, with the result that his book shows an entire want of understanding of the new native movements. He condemns the subordinate native officials in sweeping terms, and even goes so far as to say that "the greatest blessing that could come to the country would be the deporting of the whole wretched tribe." Hardly less measured are the terms he employs when speaking of our educational system in India—a subject on which, of course, he speaks with authority. But he stops short of agreement with the opinion of "a wise observer of long experience," who declared that "it would have been a happy thing for India had Macaulay never lived." However, despite the political prejudices which Sir Henry Craik took with him to India, his book is not the least valuable of the many volumes upon that country which the present publishing season has given us.

* * *

Owing to the fact that many of the historians of the Oxford Movement have written as if Christianity was introduced into this country about the year 1833, the services of the Evangelical Party to English religion are hardly recognised to a sufficient degree. "A History of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England," by the Rev. G. R. Balleine (Longmans, 5s. net), is a well-informed and readable volume, which should do something to remedy this ignorance. Mr. Balleine dates the existence of the Evangelical Party to 1729, when John and Charles Wesley, with two companions, formed a club at Oxford to study the Greek Testament, and won for themselves such nicknames as "Bible Moths" and the "Holy Club," until a few years later they came to be called Methodists. In 1768 one of the tutors of St. Edmund's Hall complained that among the undergraduates were "several enthusiasts who talked of regeneration, inspiration, and drawing nigh to God." The Head declined to take action, but the Vice-Chancellor held a Court of Inquiry, and six undergraduates were found guilty, and sentenced to be expelled from the Hall and the University. The movement had now started, and soon attracted men like Romaine, Henry Venn, Grimshaw, Milner, Newton, and Fletcher of Madeley, whose sermons and writings established it firmly in the Church of England. The Clapham Sect and the opposition to slavery helped greatly to strengthen the Evangelical ranks, but the main strength of the party soon expressed itself in the great Church Missionary Society, an organisation which has done even more than the Palmerston bishops to spread Evangelical views. Mr. Balleine is particularly happy when writing of the great personalities whom Evangelicalism has produced, but his whole book is a readable and interesting contribution to English Church history.

* * *

The story of Paolo and Francesca has been treated by the poets and commentators of every century since the thirteenth, when the episode took place which was immortalised by Dante in the "Inferno," and became one of the world's romantic tragedies. "Francesca di Rimini: In Legend and in History" (David Nutt, 1s. 6d. net), adapted by Mr. Arnold Harris Mathew from the French of M. Charles Yriarte, is an essay in modern criticism; its main object is to ascertain the proportion of the historical to the legendary in Dante's account. The evidence is most carefully sifted, with the result that the later statement of Boccaccio as to the murder of Francesca and her lover by Giovanni Malatesta, the husband, is accepted as the most substantially correct of any. According to Boccaccio the tragedy took place at Rimini, whither Malatesta hastened from Pesaro, on learning of his wife's infidelity, contemplated or accomplished. The essay contains a good deal of interesting information concerning the social and political position of the Polenta and Malatesta families and the Italian feudal system during the eternal warfare between Guelf and Ghibelline. Mr. Mathew's free adaptation of the text is discreet and scholarly.

* * *

In his just and logical plea for "The Sanity of William Blake" (A. C. Fifield, 1s. net), Dr. Greville MacDonald observes, rather unkindly, that "Blake was undoubtedly mad if we are to believe all that his apologists wrote to prove the contrary." According to Mr. Swinburne, Blake lived like a saint and wrote like a libertine; while Messrs. Ellis and Yeats "invite us to substitute an absolutely unintelligible mysticism for some of the grandest symbolic writing the world has ever produced." Dr. MacDonald, while appreciating the devotion of these authorities to their subject, says bluntly that they misinterpreted him. His own plea for Blake's sanity is ingenious enough. There are, as he truly points out, two classes, the class of Facts and that of Ideas, and Blake, belonging as he clearly does to the latter, cannot be judged by the conventional standard of sanity set up by the former. He was a radical idealist whose "seeing through and not with the eye" was not the vaunt of an imbecile with a belief in his own mystic powers, but a spiritual possession involving a higher faculty for visualisation than is vouchsafed to most. Dr. MacDonald

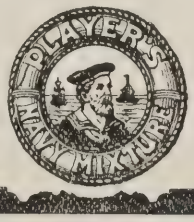
The pipe that clears today of
past regrets and future fears
Omar Khayyam (modernised).

is a pipe filled with

Player's Navy Mixture

A Tobacco of Matchless Charm.

Sold in Two Strengths:
MILD, **5d.** per oz.
MEDIUM, **4½d.** per oz.



John Player & Sons, Nottingham, will forward Testing Samples post free to applicants mentioning this paper.

0442

The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Limited.

TANGYE OIL ENGINE

AUTOMATIC TUBE IGNITION.

NO LAMP EXCEPT FOR STARTING

TANGYES LTD BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

UNDERWOOD VISIBLE TYPEWRITER.

The Machine you will eventually buy

Every character in sight from Date to Signature

The only strictly high-grade visible writer

Especially Adaptable for Invoicing

Underwood Typewriter Co.,
120, Queen Victoria St., E.C.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

HIGHEST QUALITY

TURKISH TOWELS

AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

urges, in short, that Blake was mad only so far as a child is mad, who asserts the supremacy of the higher imagination over mundane reason; and that he was sane in that, in his so-called madness, he was too splendidly consistent to be credited with an erratic brain. This essay contains the substance, illustrated and amplified, of a lecture given before the Ruskin Union last year, and, short as it is, must be deemed a valuable contribution to Blake literature. The clearness of its argument affords a marked contrast to the bewildering maze of paradoxes into which the majority of commentators, including even the most brilliant, have suffered themselves to be drawn in dealing with this elusive and fascinating subject.

* * *

A Novel Reader's Guide:—"The Little Brown Brother." By Stanley Portal Hyatt (Constable, 6s.). A novel of adventure in which Mr. Hyatt, who was a war correspondent during the Spanish-American War, attacks the administration of the Philippines.—"Heather o' the Rivers." By W. H. Thomson (Greening, 6s.). A pleasant love story; the scene laid in a Scottish farm.—"The Dazzling Miss Davison." By Florence Warden (Fisher Unwin, 6s.). The usual novel of mystery and adventure, constructed with rather more than the usual skill.—"The Surprising Husband." By Richard Marsh (Methuen, 6s.). An unpleasant story of a politician who, famous for his violent anti-negro policy, discovers on the birth of his son that he himself is of negro blood. The story might be paralleled from many Americans' and South Africans' experiences.—"Aunt Maud." By Ernest Oldmeadow (Grant Richards, 6s.). A fairly good love story of the introspective type.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, July 10.	Price Friday Morning, July 17.
Consols 2½ per cent.	87 11/16	... 87 13/16
German 3 per cent.	82	... 82½
Russian 5 per cent....	96¼	... 96
London and North Western Railway ...	137	... 134
London General Omnibus	39½	... 38½
Union Pacific Railway	153¼	... 154⅛
Canadian-Pacific	167½	... 172

There has been no important change either in the money or stock markets during the week. The absence of speculation is rather a good sign, and makes me think that a certain City editor who has been prophesying another collapse in Americans for the last six months will not see his prophecy fulfilled. The crops may not quite meet expectations in the United States, but they will probably be good enough to help towards a revival in trade, and the reports from Canada are so good that the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk stocks have been recovering in spite of bad traffics.

The London Omnibus Amalgamation.

The terms of the London omnibus amalgamation are considered fairly satisfactory, and it is expected that they will be carried through without much difficulty. Everything will depend upon the organising power of the new board. The fact that the old London General Omnibus was able to earn good profits for so long shows that it might be done again. There is no doubt that the motor 'buses have been handled in a very stupid and wasteful fashion. The waste due to the racing of rival 'buses will now be eliminated, and this alone is an important advantage. Then it ought to be possible to charge more for the quicker and more costly motor service than for the slower and cheaper horse 'bus. It has been suggested that a good deal of loss might be avoided if the repairing staff were improved. Motor 'buses that don't pay should be withdrawn, and held in reserve, to take the places of those worn out. Altogether there does seem to be plenty of room for improvement, and the real question is whether those in command have the capacity to see and execute a sound policy.

The American Situation.

Now that the contest between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan has begun, and the platforms have been published, it becomes clear that the American railway market has nothing in particular to dread from politics. Mr. Bryan is the more radical, no doubt, but his tariff policy would almost certainly stimulate trade, and the abandonment of silverism removes the old fear of a democratic victory. The following, from Mr. F. W. McAdow of Chicago, to the New York "Journal of Commerce," throws a good deal of light upon the business outlook, and shows that the present conditions are not so bad as some people try to make out. It is, I am sure, worth reading by anyone who has business or investment interests in the United states: "The condition in Chicago as reflected by bank clearings for the first five months of 1908, shows a decrease for 1907 of 278,000,000 dol., but an increase over the corresponding period of 1906 of 337,000,000 dol. The commercial paper houses state it in this way: There has been an enormous liquidation in merchandise lines, in debts of mercantile concerns, and as business improves it will tend to increase borrowing to that extent, as well as improve the credit and standing of business concerns, and if political parties do not inaugurate a too unsettling campaign there will be a marked revival in trade. Four leading lines of trade report a decrease for five months averaging from 33⅓ to 50 per cent. The 50 per cent. reduction is in luxuries and in iron and steel. Seven houses report a gain over 1907. The entire forty lines report a positive prospective increase for fall trade, although the first orders are coming in smaller than the time of the year would seem to warrant, but the outlook is that the volume of a normal year will be reached before the season closes. The commercial agencies give these reasons: That there is less fear of lower prices, and that is restoring confidence; there was no great accumulation of merchandise stocks on hand when the depression came, and, therefore, as soon as the buying movement starts in, it will not be hindered by overstock. In May the railroads borrowed on bonds, notes, and stocks, 154,000,000 dol., against 52,000,000 dol. in May, 1907. The inference is that this amount borrowed will at once enter into construction work and increase the demand. The savings deposits are increasing. Building permits for the first five months of 1908 are about the same as for the corresponding period of 1907. There is a greater volume of trade moving over the railroads than for the same period six weeks ago. The grain receipts and shipments are averaging one million dollars per day, and the whole tone in the Chicago market is one of optimism and immediate improvement."

The Capital of Capitalism.

The extraordinary accumulation of gold that has been going on for months at the Bank of France is merely one of the outward signs of the extraordinary saving powers of the French, and of the equally extraordinary concentration of those powers in Paris. The thrift of the French peasants and merchants and manufacturers flows through regular and well defined channels into certain well-known reservoirs. A good deal of French floating money has been remuneratively employed of late at high rates in Berlin and other centres of Germany, and quantities of German bonds, now so cheap and plentiful, have been exported into France. Lots of hungry Americans have been over in Paris with prospectuses, but these efforts are generally fruitless. As a rule, French investors like Government bonds and eschew American railways, though an exception was made of the last issue of Pennsylvania bonds. It is quite true that the banks direct the conscience of French investors; but (as has been truly said) they could not retain the position if they did not consult and carefully watch at every moment the prejudices and notions of their customers. According to an American observer, the Paris banks are not likely just now to recommend anything big outside the public funds. Russia apparently still inspires sufficient confidence, and "no one here [*i.e.*, in Paris] doubts that the Crédit Lyonnais is preparing for the new loan so long announced and so long delayed." France is also expected to furnish the money for the remaining sections of the "German" railway to Bagdad!

Lucellum.

Liver troubles

are speedily and effectually cured by LIVERETS. The great disadvantage of most liver medicines is that they have a distinctly debilitating effect on the health.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) *Liverets*

STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE

Are especially compounded to overcome this evil. Prepared, as prescribed by an eminent physician, from purely vegetable ingredients, they thoroughly cleanse the liver of all impurities and leave it perfectly healthy. And the valuable tonic properties they possess, stimulate the liver while they relieve it, and, finally, make it sound and strong enough to enable it to perform its functions in a healthy, natural way. Of all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free, 1/1½, from

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. Beware of spurious imitations.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it WILL BE REPLACED.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.

Each packet is dated with the year of issue.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.

All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Moat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

CARTOONS BY "F.C.G."
SHORT STORIES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
LITERARY ARTICLES,
PROBLEMS AND PRIZES,
SURVEY OF THE WEEK,
BRIDGE, CHESS, PHOTOGRAPHY.
NATURE AND SCIENCE,
Etc., Etc.

(One Penny Weekly.)

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

SESSION 1908-9.

Prospectuses and full particulars of any of the following will be forwarded on application :—

FACULTIES OF ARTS, SCIENCE, MEDICINE, LAW AND ENGINEERING
UNIVERSITY TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS
SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
INSTITUTE OF ARCHÆOLOGY
SCHOOL OF TRAINING FOR SOCIAL WORK
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH
SCHOOL OF TROPICAL MEDICINE
SCHOOL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE & SURGERY
SCHOOL OF DENTAL SURGERY
SCHOOL OF PHARMACY
INSTITUTE OF COMPARATIVE PATHOLOGY
DEPARTMENTS OF BIO-CHEMISTRY AND EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE
HALLS OF RESIDENCE FOR MEN AND WOMEN
EVENING COURSES FOR THE DEGREE OF B.A.
EVENING LECTURES AND LABORATORY INSTRUCTION

Fellowships, Scholarships, Exhibitions, Special Grants and Prizes.

The Matriculation Examination of the Joint Board, or its equivalent, must be passed before a Student is registered for a Degree Course.

The Autumn Term commences on October 6th, 1908.

P. HEBBLETHWAITE, M.A., Registrar.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities. Citizenship Course. Leisure Hour Work.

(For Leisure Hour Work, see the Bootham School exhibit in the Franco-British Exhibition, Education Building, Section J.)

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C. Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows :—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

WILLASTON SCHOOL, NANTWICH.

In the Cheshire Plain, four miles from Crewe. Opened in 1900. Modern Buildings, standing in 24 acres of grounds. Preparations for University Scholarships and Matriculation, or for Professional and Commercial life.

NEXT ENTRANCE EXAMINATION JULY 21st, AT THE SCHOOL.

For prospectus and particulars of admission on the Foundation, apply to the Head Master, H. L. JONES, M.A. (Oxon.), or to the Clerk to the Governors 38, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

Rare and curious Books for the collector. First Editions. Court Memoirs Medical, Occult, &c. Out of Print Books and everything that's a book supplied. No matter when published. State wants. 100,000 books on sale. Catalogues free.

HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED. First editions of all kinds. Sporting, Naval, Military Coloured Plates by Alken, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others. Special list of 3,000 wanted. LIBRARIES PURCHASED.

406 pages, 8vo, cloth, 2s. post free.

HEAVEN AND HELL:

Things Heard and Seen.

By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER wrote:—"There is one grand and beautiful idea underlying all Swedenborg's revelations or speculations about the future life. His remarkably suggestive books are becoming familiar to the reading and reflecting portion of the community."

LONDON: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1, Bloomsbury St.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, *Near the British Museum.*
Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

THACKERAY HOTEL,
Opposite the British Museum.
Great Russell Street, London.

These well appointed and commodious **Temperance Hotels** will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS *(including attendance)* **from 3/6 to 6/0.**
Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, From **8/6** to **10/6** per day.
Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
Telegraphic Addresses—
Kingsley Hotel, "Bookcraft, London." Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.
HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

A LIBRARY OF PEACE AND WAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
F. W. HIRST.

1/- NET.

THE
NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:
HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:
13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.
WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.
67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.
THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.
NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.
SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), **DORSET.**
BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.
ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.
ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.
THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.
BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.
BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.
CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.
HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.
ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.
HILLS MARINE VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.
MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing sea. 6/- per day

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.
THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.
COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.
HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.
COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.
CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.
HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.
SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.
ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).
SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.
PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PLYMOUTH.
GOODBODY'S CAFES. And at Torquay.

PORTSMOUTH.
SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.
ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647

SOUTHSEA.
STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

SWANAGE.
"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.
REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.
WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.
WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager

ANDERSON ANDERSON & ANDERSON LTD.

CATALOG POST FI

THE WATERPROOFERS. THE RUBBER HO

ANDERSONS'

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, Ltd.

INDIA RUBBER, WATERPROOF and OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS.

32 GOLD MEDALS AND AWARDS.

GOLD MEDAL

GARDEN HOSE.

NOTE OUR TRADE MARK.

AND FITTINGS

IMPERIAL ARMOURED

For very Rough and Heavy Work.

Diam.	1/2	5/8	3/4	1 inch	per 60 ft.
	56/3	66/3	78/9	118/9	

ARMOURED

Red Rubber Seamless, Strong & Durable.

Diam.	1/2	5/8	3/4 inch	per 60 ft.
	43/9	51/3	62/6	

DENSHAM GARDENIA

Light Seamless Woven Cotton, Rubber Lined.

Diam.	1/2	5/8	3/4 inch	per 60 ft.
	47/6	52/6	60/-	

RAMTOHN HOSE

Very best Hose made. Known to wear 15 years.

Diam.	1/2	5/8	3/4	1 inch	per 60 ft.
1 ply	43/9				
2 ply	51/3	57/6	65/-		
3 ply	57/6	65/-	75/-	103/9	

IMPERIAL HOSE

For hard wear. Known to wear 10 years.

Diam.	1/2	5/8	3/4	1 inch	per 60 ft.
1 ply	36/3				
2 ply	43/9	52/6	61/3		
3 ply	52/6	62/6	72/6	93/9	

MELBOURNE. Seamless Canvas Woven Hose, very light, strong, suitable for Cricket Grounds. N.B.—Not Rubber lined, Sweats in use.

Diam.	5/8	3/4	1	1 1/4	1 1/2 inch	per
	6d.	9d.	10d.	1/1	1/5	yard

RICHMOND

Red Rubber, Seamless, Strong & Durable.

Diam.	1/2	5/8	3/4 inch	per 60 ft.
1 ply	25/-			
2 ply	31/3	37/6	45/-	
3 ply	37/6	45/-	52/6	

VICTORIA

A Good Drab Hose, Excellent Value.

Diam.	1/2	5/8	3/4 inch	per 60 ft.
1 ply	18/9			
2 ply	21/3	27/6	32/6	
3 ply	25/-	31/3	36/	

"Q. V." HOSE

Special Value at price (Complete with Fittings.)

Diam.	1/2	5/8 inch
60 ft.	14/9	22/6
90 ft.	21/3	32/6
120 ft.	27/6	42/6

"VICTORIA" SPRINKLER. 2/3

No. 1 No. 2. TAP UNIONS.

The "Facile" 2/6

No. 3. No. 4. HOSE UNIONS.

"ICH DIEN" SPRINKLER. 8 Arm 15/6, 4 Arm 14/-

HOSE BRANCH No. 5.

HOSE REEL.

No.		each
00.	Small size. To hold	6/10
0.	60ft 1/2in.	8/-
1.	60ft 5/8in.	9/3
2.	120ft. 5/8in.	11/10
3.	120ft. 3/4in.	14/5
4	240ft 3/4in.	17/4
5	300ft 3/4in.	21/-

PRICES FOR FITTINGS.

No.	1/2	5/8	3/4	1in.
1	1/2	1/7	2/-	3/-
2	1/-	1/5	1/9	2/9
3	5d.	3½d.	5d.	7d.
4	1/3	1/7	1/9	3/-
5	3/-	4/3	5/6	9/3
6	4/9	6/3	7/9	12/3
7	2/3	2/6	2/9	3/6

HOSE BRANCH, No. 6

"WINDSOR" HOSE REEL (Galvanised).

No.	To hold	each
00	60ft. 1/2in.	5/6
0	90ft. 1/2in.	6/11
1	120ft. 1/2in.	8/6
2	120ft. 5/8in.	10/6
3	200ft. 5/8in.	16/6
4	200ft. 1in.	27/6

Green Painted. No. 00 4/3

SPREADER No. 7

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

ANDERSONS'

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, Ltd.

RUBBER, WATERPROOF and OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS.

GOLD MEDAL

FISHING WATERPROOFS

THIRTY-ONE PRIZE MEDALS AND AWARDS.

The "BUCKLAND" JACKET. 47/6

Well Ventilated. Storm Cuffs and Fly. With Hooks to shorten to Semi-Jacket for Deep Wading, preventing draggling in Water. 34 in. and 37 in. long.

The LADIES' "BUCKLAND."

Dark Fawn Fishing Costume.

Jacket	47/6
Skirt	31/6
Gaiters	8/11

The "BUCKLAND" COAT. 57/6

For Fishing, Shooting, General Wear.

Well Ventilated, Storm Cuff and Fly. With Hooks to shorten into Jacket for Wading.

OVERALL TROUSERS (Double Seated).

For Boat Fishing, &c. With Waterproof Flap behind the Fly Front. In strong Double Texture.

Twill, No. R14	25/-
Black Rubber	21/-
Fawn or Blue Black	32/6

STORM CAP.

(Ventilated).

Black Rubber, 2/9, 3/9, 6/6.

Double Texture 6/6, 8/6, 10/6.

THE "HAMPSHIRE."

33in. or 36in. long.

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
25/-	21/-	15/6	10/6

THE 'KNOCKABOUT' HAT.

No. 16, 7/6.

No. 10, 6/6.

Folds small for pocket.

OVERALL SKIRTS. (Double Seated).

For Boat Fishing, &c. In strong Double Texture.

33 in. long	21/-
36 in. ,,	23/6
39 in. ,,	23/-

Oilskin 15/6

ANDERSONS'

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON,

INDIA RUBBER, WATERPROOF and OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS

32 GOLD MEDALS AND AWARDS.

GOLD MEDAL

MOTORING COATS, &c.

NOTE OUR TRADE MARKS.

WIND AND WATER PROOF.

Fig. 1. Patent Neck Protecting Collar Extensions under Lapels. Patent Chest Protectors slip automatically in sleeves with coat.

Fig. 2. Patent Neck Protecting Collar Extensions, showing on right, hidden under lapel on left. Patent Chest Protectors partially fastened.

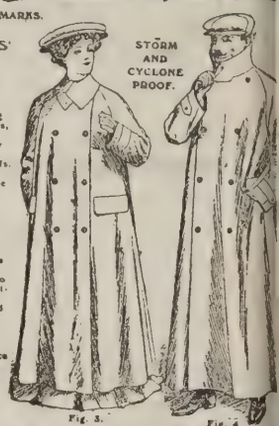
ANDERSONS' Patent MOTORING Cyclone-Proof GARMENT With Patent Neck Protecting Collar Extensions, Patent Chest Protector and Inner Storm Cuffs.

Gentlemen's Shape The "RITZ." Figs. 1 & 4 Ladies' Shape The "CARLTON Figs. 2 & 3

Same Garment, showing use as transition from ordinary coat to warm and comfortable, absolutely wind, water and cyclone proof Garment.

Made in a selection of choice high-class Mackintoshes.

Prices on application.



STORM AND CYCLONE PROOF.

Fig. 3. Patent Neck Protecting Collar Extensions exposed but not fastened. Patent Chest Protectors can be in use or not at will.

Fig. 4. Patent Neck Prot Collar Extensions to be fastened, all absolute protection be in use or not a

LEATHER LEGGINGS. (As illustration.)

	per pair
Super Pigskin	27/6
Selected best Pigskin	21/-
Brown Smooth Hide	15/6
Black or Brown Smooth Hide with seam down back	13/6
Black or Brown Pig Grained Hide	11/6

Cheaper qualities than above, in Brown only 9/6 and 8/6

AIR CUSHIONS

Strong and durable. Covered in Blue, Green, Brown or Drab

Price 21/-

WATERPROOF CAPS. (As illustration)

Super Double Texture Tweeds 12/6 to 18/6 each.

"Gall" shape, Double Texture Tweed, 7/6 to 13/6

GOGGLES.

To fold up flat in neat cases 2/6, 3/9, 5/- and 6/6 per pair

GLOVES.

Real Lambskin (as illustration), lined lambswool, leather palms, 7/6 per pair.

LEATHER GAUNTLETS Double palms and fingers, 9/6 per pair

Lined ditto, 10/6 per pair

WATERPROOF "KEEPWARMS." Warmly lined, 2/6 per pair

Superior quality ditto 5/6 per pair.

LEATHER STORM CUFFS To wear over ordinary short gloves, leather lined 5/6 per pair

SPECIAL FUR GAUNTLET Black Seal Leather Palms, L Lambswool.

25/6 per pair

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

ANDERSONS'

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON Ltd.

RUBBER, WATERPROOF AND OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS.

GOLD MEDAL

FISHING BROGUES

THIRTY-ONE PRIZE MEDALS AND AWARDS.

FOR HARD WEAR.

• "SANDEMAN." Leather and Canvas. No. 1 Quality.

Sizes, 8's to 12's	32/6
,, 13's	35/-

FOR MEDIUM WEAR.

• "TILT." Leather and Canvas. No. 2 Quality.

Sizes, 8's to 12's	27/6
,, 13's	30/-

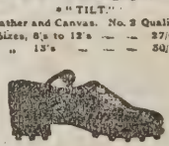
FOR LIGHT WE

"SEVERN." Leather and Canvas.

Sizes, 7's to 12's	32/6
,, 13's	35/-

• "TILT" SHOE. No. 2 Quality.

Sizes, 7's to 12's 25/-



RUBBER SHOE.

Sizes, 6's to 12's 12/6

"NEVERSLIP" SHOE.

Sizes, 7's to 12's 25/-

• THESE BROGUES ARE BRANDED "ANDERSONS' LONDON GOLD MEDAL BROGUES."

AND BAGS

"EXPANDING" SALMON. Ends can be folded in.

14in. by 11in. 10/6

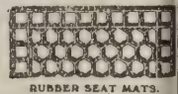
NEW "FREKE." Detachable Rubber Lining.

	Lined	Unlined
No. 1 (18 by 11)	11/6	9/6
No. 2 (19 by 13)	13/6	10/6
No. 3 (22 by 15)	16/6	12/6
No. 4 (25 by 15)	19/6	14/6

"PICKERING" SALMON. Will fold into small compass.

38in. by 13in.

"B.S.A." BOAT CUSHION. 15in. by 9in., Stout Twill 7/6



RUBBER SEAT MATS.

14in. by 10in. 5/6 15in. by 11in.

16in. by 12in. 7/6

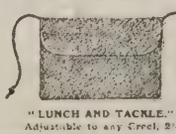
CANOE MATS.

13in. by 10in. 2/6

FOLDING WATERPROOF SEAT

14in. by 10in. 11/6

16in. by 12in. 2/-



"LUNCH AND TACKLE." Adjustable to any Creel, 2/-

WATERPROOF GLOVES. With Fingers, Without Fin

37, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. LONDON. 58-59, CHARING CROSS, S.

70, QUEEN STREET, CARDIFF. 23, CASTLE STREET, SWANSEA.

Or from every high-class Dealer in the United Kingdom.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 17.] SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE DIARY OF THE WEEK ... 587

POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—
The "Main Duty" of the Government 590
The Peers and the Poor ... 591
The Problem of Turkish Reform 592
The Reversal of Our Penal Policy 594

LIFE AND LETTERS:—
An Impeachment of Cathedral Building 595
The Poet of Freedom 596
Do we Over-eat? 597
The Art of Opening 598

PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—
The Harmsworth Brand—II. 599

ART:—
The Londoner and His Buildings 601

COMMUNICATIONS:—
The International Peace Congress. By G. H. Perris ... 602

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—
"Wanted a New Scheme of Culture" By A. E. Z. ... 602
The Working of the Small Holdings Act. By Alfred Rowntree 603
Suffragists and the Temperance Cause. By Kate A. Hessel 603
The Indeterminate Sentence. By Arthur St. John and B. L. 603
The New Spirit in Turkey. By T. Palmer Newbould ... 604
"Is the Drama Dying?" By L. R. and Euphemia Stevens 605

PAGE

Goethe's 78th Venetian Epigram. By David Wilson ... 605
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By R. W. J., Henry Holiday, and S. D. W. ... 605
The Court of Criminal Appeal. By a Criminal Lawyer ... 606
The Licensing Bill and Temperance. By J. W. Wilson 607
Politics in a Hurry. By Edwin Hill 607
Imperial Politics at Municipal Elections. By Albert Raphael 607

POETRY:—
Be Not Afraid. By Herbert Trench 607

THE WORLD OF BOOKS ... 608
Books to be Read 608

REVIEWS:—
Bonaparte in His Prime ... 609
The First Irish Democrat ... 610
Lions and Worse... 610
Comic Verse 611
A Study in Bitterness 612

BOOKS IN BRIEF 614
Gospels of Anarchy and other Contemporary Studies ... 614
The Tower of London 614
A Century of Education ... 616
Edward Fitz-Gerald and "Posh" Herring Merchants 616
New Editions 616
Portraits of the Archbishops of Canterbury 616
A Novel Reader's Guide .. 616

THE WEEK IN THE CITY ... 618

[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

Quebec has kept her 300th birthday nobly this week. The celebrations began on Wednesday with the arrival of the Prince of Wales and the Atlantic Fleet, unless, indeed, we count as the beginning the sight to be seen last Monday of Count Bertrand de Montcalm and Mr. George Wolfe ascending the stairs of their hotel arm in arm. On Thursday, there was a pageant of the landing at Quebec of Champlain, the founder of the only France outside France, and on Friday the Plains of Abraham were dedicated by the Prince as a national park. The view from the heights above the town, both up and down and across the St. Lawrence, is perhaps the most beautiful illustrated page of history that any country has to show. Although Wolfe's bombardment of Quebec is in the pageant, the celebration in the main is of French genius, for it was the French who first conceived the idea of a great colony stretching across from the Mississippi to the lakes, and there are no nobler names in colonial history than Champlain, Cartier, and Montcalm. The presence of the United States ships at the fêtes served to remind the world of the disarmament of the Great Lakes, and France, too, by taking part in the celebrations, bore witness to the strength of the *entente*, and to the fact that under the Liberal colonial system New France can still retain its own individuality in Canada, and be a bond of union between England and the American continent.

* * *

The House of Lords carried the Second Reading of the Old Age Pensions Bill by 123 votes to 16, the 16 supporting Lord Wemyss's amendment postponing the Bill until after the report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law. Lord Wolverhampton, who moved the Second Reading, strangely suggested that the industry clause was open to amendment. The Lords having accepted the principle of a Money Bill and thus ignored their conduct in 1860 over the Paper Duties Bill, cannot alter its structure. The debate, though able in tone and with some brilliant passages, was a singular example of class selfishness. Lord Rosebery, who, though he learns nothing new, forgets everything that he learnt as a Liberal, in particular suggested that the Bill dealt a blow at the Empire which might be "almost mortal," and embarrassed its finance to a degree to which no man living could see the limit. Lord Rosebery did not, however, propose to ward off this vital peril by opposing the Bill. Lord Lansdowne took similar ground, declaring that while old age pensions would cost the nation as much as a great war, its moral effects would be inferior; for while a war toughened the fibre of the people, pensions of 5s. a week at 70 weakened it. Lord St. Aldwyn thought more favorably of the Bill, believing that the country favored it and criticising its details with skill. But he regretted that it was being financed on a shilling income-tax.

* * *

But the most significant note of opposition came from Lord Cromer, that distinguished old age pensioner whose share in the national pensions fund has been commuted for £50,000. Lord Cromer, like Lord Rosebery, considered that pensions to the workers would cripple the Empire, its finances and its military and naval defences. The pith of these arguments was a sensational adoption of the theory of an inevitable war with Germany. We quote Lord Cromer's most reckless words, which have naturally caused a fall in German stocks, and must gravely imperil the prospects of international peace. He insisted that the main duty of the Government was

> "to make provision betimes for the European conflict which may not improbably be forced upon us before many years have elapsed. I am aware that the mass of the people of this country, who do not follow foreign affairs with any very close attention, are not alive to the possibility of any such conflict taking place. I say it is the duty of a Government gifted with both patriotism and foresight, who have means of information at their disposal which is not available to the general public, to provide betimes for that danger—a danger of which I, in common, I believe, with most people who can speak with real authority on foreign affairs, am very firmly convinced."

Lord Cromer added that this risk, and "more than risk," of conflict arose because national interests and race passions were involved, rather than because of deliberately hostile intentions. Perhaps Lord Cromer would inform us in what part of the continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or Australasia, any real conflict of "interests" between Germany and ourselves arises, or has ever arisen. As to race passion, his speech is eminently calculated to arouse it.

* * *

The House of Commons, working under the plan of closure by compartments, which assigns two days to Clause 1 of the Licensing Bill, has passed that Clause by a majority of 208. The chief ground of discussion

was the Government's failure to include grocers' and off-licences in the machinery of the Bill. The Home Secretary defended their exclusion chiefly on the ground of the difficulty of ascertaining their monopoly value, which does not strike us as an Herculean task. Undoubtedly a strong feeling exists in the country as to the Government's failure to deal with existing off-licences. Much of the drinking among women, which has greatly increased during recent years, is believed to be due to the existence of these licences. Even if there were no greater reason for bringing them under greater public control, it is necessary to do so in order to secure them at the end of the time limit. Licensing authorities should surely have a free hand to regulate the retail sale of intoxicants in all its forms.

* * *

The Bill does not provide for this, and there are signs that if it passes, much of the energy of the trade will be turned to stimulating the sale of liquor on and from off-licensed premises. A very large proportion of these places are owned by brewers, and during the last few months they have been seeking to acquire more of them. Owing to the extreme complication of the law, more Parliamentary time than is available might be needed to deal thoroughly with the off-licence question. But one comparatively simple and efficacious step may be taken. The time limit clause may be made to apply to all licences whether "on" or "off," so that in 1923, or whenever it expires, the licensing authority will have a perfectly free hand. This will not impair the rights which the licensing authorities possess in the meantime over all beer off-licences, and wine and spirit off-licences, which have changed hands since 1902. We hope this step will be taken, for the weakness of the Bill over clubs and off-licences has greatly hampered the feeling for it among Conservative temperance reformers.

* * *

President Fallieres and the Tsar meet on Monday at Reval. The object of the meeting is known to everyone. Indeed, for the last week there has been a persistent rumor on the Paris Bourse that the floating of the new loan has already been entrusted to the Crédit Lyonnais. The bargain may not be a nice one, but to the majority of Frenchmen there seems no help for it. Unnatural as the alliance may be, they say, France has need of it, and must pay the price, until some better arrangement is devised. It may be taken for granted that the meeting heralds no great changes in world-policy. France has no ambitious schemes to forward; she is averse from change, for change invariably brings with it the menace of war. Her one entanglement is Morocco, and there, in spite of General d'Amade and the Colonial party, the facts of the situation will eventually prove too strong for her. Though, as the special correspondent of the "Morning Post" points out, the whole of the country save a few coast ports, has declared for Mulai Hafid, she continues to give her support to the deposed and discredited Abd-el-Aziz.

* * *

The Parliamentarians at Tabriz succeeded last Friday in driving out the Shah's mounted levies under Rakhim Khan from all the quarters of the city except one—the Mujtehid's quarter. When, on the next day, they proceeded to attack the Mujtehid's (Clerical) quarter, the Russian Consul-General intervened, and promised the Parliamentarians to telegraph to the Shah and to secure amnesty. No amnesty was given, but instead the Shah has redoubled his efforts against Tabriz. The fighting this week has been indecisive. There is much indignation in Tabriz at the intervention of the Russian Consul, which, it is held, deprived the revolutionaries of the complete victory that was in their grasp. Apparently, the popular leaders in Tabriz were denied asylum in the British Consulate, for Sata Khan told the "Times" correspondent that if this hospitality had been given them the trouble would have been over ten days ago. The refusal is the more remarkable, inasmuch as Sata Khan protests that his quarrel is not with the Shah, but only with the local ecclesiastics, who are violent reactionaries; and, according to St. Petersburg telegrams, the same view has been put before the Russian Consul-General.

* * *

There is no truth whatever in the statements widely made in the Press and elsewhere that Mr. Churchill has entered the War Office or been entrusted with the "overhauling" of the Estimates, or has performed any office or duty outside the regular function of a Cabinet Minister.

* * *

Mr. Tilak, the Indian Nationalist leader, has been sentenced by a Parsee judge to six years' transportation and a fine of 100 rupees for publishing incendiary and seditious articles in the "Kesari." On receiving his sentence, Mr. Tilak said that they were on the threshold of a great Constitutional struggle between popular opinion and a mighty bureaucracy. The punishment of Mr. Tilak is serious, for he represents the Left Wing of the native movement in India, and stands to the agitation in much the same relation as Mr. Parnell occupied to the physical force party in Ireland and America. Part of Mr. Tilak's article seems to us to put crudely the arguments of all reformers that force used against national movements is no remedy, but the other part is certainly revolutionary, declaring that the use of bombs in India was on all fours with their use in Russia, and hinting that they might prove a more powerful anti-British weapon than muskets and guns

* * *

The article, like one or two of Mr. Parnell's speeches, hovered between constitutional doctrine and condonation of violence. Happily, the situation has been relieved by Mr. Buchanan's clear re-assertion, in presenting the Indian Budget on Wednesday, of the policy of reform. Mr. Buchanan, with Lord Morley as one of his audience, definitely announced that the Government were prepared to take a step forward on the fiftieth anniversary of Crown rule in India. Lord Morley, he said, hoped to make his statement before the Autumn Session came to an end. Mr. Buchanan defined our general task in India as that of adapting British rule and administration to those new ideals in India which we were able to satisfy, and particularly to offer to Indians an active and real responsibility for the control of their own concerns. We are glad to see that the expenditure on education has increased by 100 per cent., against which we have to set in five years a fresh sum of two millions a year for military expenditure. The estimated surplus is half a million.

* * *

The constitutional struggle with the colony of Natal over the case of Dinizulu continues. On Tuesday Colonel Seely announced that the Government had decided to pay Dinizulu's salary out of Imperial funds in order to end an embarrassing conflict of opinion between the home and the colonial Governments. But Miss Colenso's telegrams on the Indemnity Bill, which passed the Natal Legislature this week, would seem to indicate that the decision of the constitutional issue is only postponed. The extraordinary Clause 9 of the

last Indemnity Act, which gave the Natal Government retrospective immunity for its acts in repressing the 1906-7 rebellion, has disappeared from the new Act; but, according to Miss Colenso, there is a section of the new Act "covering all orders made by the supreme chief." Among these orders was one for the removal of Dinizulu from the chieftainship. If the Act therefore receives the Royal assent, Dinizulu loses his position whether he is convicted or acquitted in the trial. Miss Colenso describes this as a trick by which the Natal Government seeks to abrogate the special agreement made by Mr. Chamberlain that Dinizulu should not lose his position without the consent of the Colonial Secretary. If her view is sound, the only answer that the Imperial Government could make, supposing that it is not satisfied of Dinizulu's guilt, would be to refuse the Royal assent to the Indemnity Act.

* * *

Wales seems quite as fixed in its progressive faith as Scotland. It is necessary, of course, to allow a discount for all the pollings of 1906. Making this exception, the Pembrokeshire voting is more than satisfactory. The young candidate, Mr. Roch, secured a majority of 2,172. Save at the General Election, Mr. Philipps never secured a higher majority than 1,664. The contest was fought out on the whole Government programme, though it is clear that Welsh Disestablishment had a considerable part in it, and it was necessary for the winning candidate to pledge himself strongly in the matter. The Prime Minister has now promised a Bill for next year.

* * *

The detailed news of the mutiny in the Turkish Army is still scanty, but all the scraps of information go to confirm the belief that it is a serious political movement which the Sultan will be unable to repress by force alone. The Young Turkey Committee has set up its headquarters in the Monastir vilayet, and is sending its emissaries all over the countryside. The agricultural population is said to have been almost entirely won over. In some places the Committee has assumed executive power and begun to collect the taxes; and it recently handed to the Consuls at Monastir a memorandum with a request that they should forward it to their Governments. The memorandum states that the "Ottoman League for Union and Progress" has for its object the "free and sincere application" of the Constitution of 1876; it disavows hostility to non-Mussulmans, and it promises to maintain order through its fighting corps. In this it seems to have been successful; it has the sympathy of the Albanians, and the Bulgarian bands, it is thought, will probably co-operate with the Committee. There have been more assassinations, and in every case the murderer is allowed to escape. Osman Hidayel, for example, was shot in the barracks at Monastir, in the presence of 2,000 troops. The army in Adrianople is also discontented, but not apparently from political reasons.

* * *

Mr. Asquith is warmly to be congratulated on his choice of Canon Moore Ede as Dean of Worcester. As the pupil and lieutenant of Westcott, Canon Ede has kept in close touch with the people, and with popular movements in the North of England. He is a man of intellectual distinction and activity, and he is a liberal in the broad sense in which all effective Churchmanship should be liberal. Another excellent piece of preferment is that of Canon Jephson to a Crown living. Canon Jephson has spent his life in the skilled service of London democracy.

* * *

A crushing blow has been administered to the obscurantist section in the Church of England, which has sought to maintain for it, not without episcopal encouragement, a kind of clerical Alsatia outside the range of civil law, in the decision of the Dean of Arches in the case of Canon Thompson. This clergyman refused Mr. and Mrs. Banister Holy Communion in his and their parish church, on the ground that Mr. Banister had married his deceased wife's sister. Canon Thompson's reliance was on the 99th Canon of 1603, which enables a clergyman to refuse the sacrament to an "open and notorious evil liver." The Dean of Arches, in a brilliant judgment, showing great powers of mind and knowledge, tore this contention in pieces, deciding that the defendant had failed to justify his action, and must be "admonished" for it, and that he must be further admonished to refrain from similar acts in the future. This, be it noted, is the judgment of an Ecclesiastical Court, which High Churchmen, we imagine, will feel themselves bound to obey. Sir Lewis Dibdin based his judgment mainly on the fact that reputable persons, "lawfully married according to the law of the land," can in no moral sense be described as "open and notorious evil livers," and that the proviso in the Act of 1907, which relieves a clergyman of penalties for refusing to carry out the Act, applies to the actual solemnisation of marriage, or the putting up of banns, and not to the exclusion of married persons from Holy Communion. It will be interesting to see whether the Bishops assembled at Lambeth will now advise their clergy to obey the law so plainly declared by their own Court.

* * *

We much regret to record the death on Wednesday of Sir William Randal Cremer. Sir Randal may fairly be called the Father in England of that phase of the Peace Movement which concerned itself with International Arbitration. Though never a Socialist, he joined Karl Marx in founding the International Working-men's Association forty-four years ago, and years before he entered Parliament he worked in the background to give the idea of arbitration form and substance. He was one of the promoters of the Anglo-American movement which nearly came to complete fruition in the Olney-Pauncefote Treaty, and he was twice an informal ambassador of peace to the United States. His personality was reserved and a little eccentric, but he had two great qualities—sincerity and concentration of purpose. He was one of the few Englishmen to become Members of the Legion of Honor, and he always wore its red ribbon in his buttonhole. His disinterestedness was shown in his refusal to accept the £8,000 awarded him as the Nobel Peace Prize, and he died, as he lived, a poor man.

* * *

Although the Italian Legislature, our Rome correspondent writes, does not expire until the autumn of 1909, a considerable agitation has already begun in the Press and among the electors and candidates of the 508 constituencies of the kingdom in view of a possible dissolution of the Chamber. There is no reason of a political character for such a measure, as the Cabinet commands in the Chamber an overwhelming majority, and the present Legislature has given proof of peculiar energy and activity, having already discussed and approved nearly 1,000 Bills, some of them of considerable importance. There is, however, the tradition that no Legislature should be allowed in Italy to run its extreme length of five years.

Politics and Affairs.

THE "MAIN DUTY" OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Lord Cromer, speaking in the House of Lords on Monday on the Pensions Bill, informed the Government that its "main duty" was to "make provision betimes for the European conflict which may not improbably be forced on us before many years have elapsed." We need not disguise the meaning of these words. They imply that, in the speaker's judgment, Germany will one day either attack us or place us in such a position that we shall be forced, in self-preservation or in self-respect, to fight her. We congratulate Mr. Maxse on his new convert to the theory of a Teutonic Jehad against England. Incidentally it suggests that, setting aside compassion for our poor, culture for our workmen and middle classes, science for our industries, the raising of existing standards of life and thought for our whole people, we must abandon the more civilised ends of nationality or subordinate them to the overmastering necessity of keeping this great community of traders armed to the teeth against a country with which we have no tangible ground of quarrel. Thus do artless Jingoes heap burdens on their own folk, for after this declaration of the "inevitableness" of war with Germany from a man in Lord Cromer's position, our Government may find slender ground for asking her to reduce her armaments. Thus do those whom we mis-term statesmen call a halt to the benign processes in the life of nations, and summon them to thoughts of madness and mutual ruin. In such conceptions of policy, at least, lies ample material for the consideration of the International Peace Congress, which meets in London next week. That body includes Germans as well as Englishmen; it is related to the commercial, religious, and industrial elements in both countries; it can speak apart from bad governments that design war, or weak governments that will allow themselves to be dragged into war. It is a very serious question to discover what such a party can do, what forces it can summon to its aid. England cannot act alone. It is not to be disguised that the official German attitude of mind and policy, and especially the German war expenditure, furnish real cause of disquietude But larger than the element of deliberate calculation is, we suspect, the element of fear. Germany, in Ruskin's phrase, is buying so many million pounds' worth of terror of us, as we are buying so many more millions' worth of terror of her. But between this costly exchange of fears, in the continual calculation of the relative strength of the two navies, this year, in the following year, in the year when the approximation seems closest, we are entering a dark and dangerous passage in the history of the two nations, from which the world may not escape without a convulsion. The business of the Roman and Protestant Churches, of the German Socialists, of the English Liberal and Labor Parties, is to intervene in this quarrel, and to stop it before it has gone too far, and for that purpose to gather to themselves all the strength, moral and material, which they can accumulate.

This is the peace question, which, *pace* Lord Cromer, we regard as covering the "main duty" of this Government in its outlook on foreign affairs. But there is an allied question, that of economy in expenditure, which must be an especial concern of this Administration. The Liberal Cabinet were elected on a cry of economy, following hard on a vote in the House of Commons in which the Liberal Opposition called for a reduction of 27,000 men in the numbers of the Regular Army. The present Prime Minister repeated that cry when he was at the Exchequer, and when he introduced his first Budget with an emphatic examination of the state of expenditure, he concluded that "a return to thrifty and economical administration was the first and paramount duty of the Government." That is strong language. Was it merited? On the face of it, it was. Take the question of military expenditure. Within a few hours of the Budget speech of 1906 a statement was issued showing that our military expenditure, counting India and Great Britain together, was 51 millions, whereas the leading military Powers of Europe, France and Germany, only paid 59 millions for the *two* greatest and best equipped armies that the world has ever known. The Prime Minister himself showed in the course of his Budget speech that in ten years the Army had increased 31 per cent. in numbers and 63 per cent. in cost, or 20 per cent. more than the increase in the cost of the Navy within the same period. These figures have not substantially altered during the last two and a-half years of Liberal Government. This year's reduction is largely unreal, for the complete cost of setting up the Territorial Army was omitted from the accounts. Yet even if we treat the naval situation in a pessimistic spirit, the military position is greatly improved. Liberal policy has slipped from the nation's shoulders the burden of maintaining an army of occupation in South Africa. Henceforward South Africa falls into line with Australia and Canada—that is to say, she ranks with the self-governing Colonies, which need no Imperial force of consequence, and in the main organise their own military police. The practical need, therefore, has greatly diminished. Not only is South Africa out of the category of danger-posts, but the pressure on the Indian frontier has been much reduced. For what other purpose do we want an army at all? Mr. Balfour has defined it in a classical speech, delivered as a finding of the Committee of Defence, which has formed the basis of recent military policy. We need some protection against casual raids—a raid, that is to say, on a small scale, for only such an expedition could elude the fleet, or be sustained without overwhelming peril of calamitous loss to the invader. Beyond all these national services we have no call for an army. And if we have no further call for it, if we rely on the Navy to save us from the loss of sea-power and the invasion that must follow such a loss but cannot precede it, what business have we with an expenditure of fifty millions on the home and Indian forces?

But there are further considerations of conclusive weight. The country, rich as it is, has only a certain amount of money to spare for defence. Some bounds must be set to warlike expenditure, or our trade

and credit will languish. The first call is on the Navy. There is no comparison between its share in the business of preserving the national safety and that which the Army contributes. To put on to the Army, which is of fourth-rate or fifth-rate significance in the defensive scheme, is to take away from the Navy, which is of first-rate consequence. Now, the country supports a Government that has set up a certain balance between social reform—which, in plain words, means the building up of a civilised, efficient human society—and military expenditure. Are we to be told, in the third year of the life of a Liberal Government, pledged up to the hilt to economy and social reform, that not the vital point of national defence, but its outworks, stand like a wall against the modest claims of the social reformers? The Prime Minister will not, we are sure, take that line. He has called upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to finance old age pensions. He has assigned him limits within which to work on our present basis of taxation. He has defined the concessions that are to be made, the extensions to be permitted. But if the ground is so circumscribed that, owing to the menaces of the Tory Press, not a finger must be laid on a scale of Army expenditure which has grown by ten millions in ten years, or fifty per cent. since the South African War, what hope is there—to give one example—of a redemption of the pledge to restore 200,000 or 300,000 old men to the ranks of citizenship? Or we take Mr. Haldane himself. Will he falsify the Liberal pledges on the army? Is he coming forward next year with the plea that 40,000 special reservists cost more than 100,000 Militiamen, and 180,000 Territorials than 270,000 Volunteers? That would be to condemn his administration of the Army for ever, for no one in his senses can conceive that the Government would commit itself to a readjustment of the reserve forces on lines that would actually add to the cost of the entire organisation, while reducing its numerical strength, and that a Liberal War Minister will dare to put such calculations before the House of Commons. Mr. Haldane's course in Liberalism has not been so flawless that he can bear such responsibility himself, or that his colleagues can burden him with it.

No; we will not assume that the Government will court shipwreck by any such courses. They will not desert the substance of national defence for its shadow. They will not put militarism and social reform in blank antagonism. They will not set before the House of Commons Army Estimates which the majority will refuse to pass, and which they themselves cannot defend without having speech after speech, pledge on pledge, thrust in their faces, to the discrediting of the moral force of Liberalism and the disruption and confusion of its Parliamentary strength.

THE PEERS AND THE POOR.

Last Monday night in their gilded chamber sat the Peers of England considering the poor. Though times are not what they were for agriculture, there must have been many there whose large rent-roll is taken from the toil of the laborers who till their land and whose spent bodies are thrown into the workhouse when old age has come. The hundred and fifty gentlemen who sat in that House are probably drawing in London ground rents alone as much as, or more than, would suffice to make comfortable the latter years of thousands of workmen and workwomen from whose meagre wages as much as a quarter, or even a third, goes in payment for the place they call a home. In profits on investments, which have evoked no painful abstinence upon their part, drawn from businesses in which others and not they are "busy," in innumerable forms of taxes and tolls upon the brains and skill and muscles of their fellow men and women, these favorites of fortune enjoy great possessions, almost all of others' making, which enable them to spend their youth and manhood in costly, highly varied, and entertaining leisure, or dignified pretence of occupation, while their old age brings an honored career to a secure and comfortable close. A minority among them, after a long, useful, and well-remunerated career in the public service or in some profession, have been raised to their present place. Most of them are supported during all their life, all of them in their old age, by the active labors of their countrymen, who, through rents, profits, taxes, or otherwise, provide the handsome incomes which they enjoy. Some, like Lord Cromer, have received a special and princely parting gift from the State.

No flickering of these plain truths, or of the moral responsibility which they involve, illuminated the debate upon the condition of the aged poor in which the House of Lords indulged on Monday. It would not, indeed, be just to describe the attitude of the speakers as lacking in sympathy with the sufferings of the poor. Such is not the general temper of the possessing classes in this country. We live in an age of easy—we had almost said cheap—sympathy. It was the lack of understanding of the salient features of the condition of the people, as disclosed by the complete failure of our civilisation to provide for the subsistence of the workers during their full natural life, that stood out with such appalling plainness in the debate. Underneath the carping criticism of the finance of the Government measure, the fears of militarists lest the claims of the old people should curb the extravagance of swelling armaments, of Unionist Free Traders lest a high income-tax should provoke reaction in favor of a tariff, of bishops lest the imperial contribution to Church schools might suffer, we can discern no scintilla of a recognition of the obligation of the State towards the necessary task of promoting sound social order and efficiency, which is the true meaning of this Bill. Even among those who professed goodwill, a vain hankering after the futility of a contributory scheme, which would sift out what Lord Lansdowne called "the meritorious poor," was openly expressed. The whole project was discussed, as one primarily concerned with the deserts and rights of individual laborers, from the standpoint of a Grand Committee who might spare a little time from shooting, motoring, or "work upon the bench," to settle what aged workers were "deserving" and what were not. The manifest feeling of the House was with Lord St. Aldwyn when he roundly dubbed the Bill an extension

of out-relief, and predicted the loss of independence and the widespread demoralisation of character which were likely to ensue. We regret to add that the stoutest onslaughts were led by statesmen of past Liberal associations. Why should Lord Cromer, in receipt of a large retiring pension for great but not ill-compensated public services, grudge the ploughman or the clerk a trifling recognition for the smaller service his position and abilities have enabled him to render to his country?

But far more regrettable was the tone of "deep solemn disquietude" adopted by one who but a few years ago was a Liberal Prime Minister, and who with evil deliberation set himself the other night to plough a devastating furrow across the fair field of social reform which in earlier and better days he had been fain to cultivate. If we knew the exact equivalent to the term "demagogy" for appealing to the passions of the few, we should apply it to the speech by which Lord Rosebery strove to inflame his audience by cries of endangering the Empire. To set up the financial and military efficiency of the Empire as a reason for leaving to misery and decay the old people of England is a rhetorical device as contemptible in form as it is destitute of substance. Where are the strength and glory of an Empire which is so poor or so mean that it cannot make decent provision for its old folk at home? The ideal of an Empire maintained by a continually increasing display of armed force, the swelling cost defrayed by the taxpayers of these little islands, themselves too impoverished to take care of their weaklings and unfortunates, differs in no considerable measure from the Slave Empires of the ancient world. Lord Rosebery, and, we deeply regret to add, a weightier authority on Empire than he, Lord Cromer, in setting military expenditure as an alternative to social reform took a strange view of our national resources. We are, it seems, to husband our money for a war-treasure, in order to make provision for the great "European conflict" which Lord Cromer was reckless enough to prognosticate. But what sort of political economy is this? Are we in the fifteenth or the twentieth century, that we reckon the strength of nations by the size of their war-chest, or even by the number of implements of force in their arsenal, instead of by the health, skill, knowledge, character, and industrial efficiency of their population?

Now, the imagination of our people has not idly drifted into this enthusiasm for an old age settlement, nor has the project been foisted on us by a few enthusiasts or political schemers. It has come first to a head as the most pressing among a number of organically related measures of reform needed to raise the efficiency of the working classes so as to make the most of civilised conditions of work and life. Our piecemeal method of legislation has necessarily exposed the old age pensions policy to many misrepresentations which will disappear when it stands in its place as one among many pillars of a new social order. More than one of the speakers in the Lords debate expressed an apprehension that State expenditure would not stop with restricted pensions for deserving people over seventy. They feared that the unprotected young, the sick, the maimed, the blind, the mentally defective, the unemployed, would also claim from society that human care which their relatives are too poor to provide. This increased public protection for the weak they also associate with a general concern of the State for wages, hours of labor, and other conditions of the people. They see all the expense of this social policy mounting up, and involving an interminable series of demands upon the pockets of those who have ability to pay. It was this large vague consideration that was moving in the background of consciousness during the course of this lugubrious debate, and which from time to time blundered into partial expression. And, assuming their shallow view of efficiency and Empire to be correct, there would be grave reason for their disquietude. The Liberal Party, whether it fully understands or not, is committed historically to a widely varied and growing policy of social reform, and to the necessity of finding an adequate finance through an extension of sound principles of direct taxation, imposed upon the incomes which can bear it. The efficiency of national life in modern times demands this larger conception of the State as a basis of the conditions upon which the sanity of national life and the safety of Empire stand. To this policy, though not to an effective method of financing it, even Conservatives in this country are widely committed. There can be neither faltering nor going back. The spirit of social reform is awake and abroad in the nation, and we warn Lord Rosebery and his friends that if they set up their ideal of a Slave Empire as the rival and alternative of improved conditions for the workers of this country, they will prove themselves ill defenders of the State.

THE PROBLEM OF TURKISH REFORM.

The young Turkish officers are setting Abdul Hamid a harder problem than any Sultan has had to face since the days when the revolts of Pashas and Janissaries were chronic. By Christian rebellions and foreign wars the Ottoman throne has never been endangered. They might diminish its territory and empty its treasury, but they never shook the loyalty of the governing class and the fighting races. But this movement carries us back three generations, to the turbulent epoch before the centralisation of Turkey, when a Mehemet Ali or a Passvan Oglou, or an Ali of Jannina, could defy a Sultan who was little better than a feudal suzerain. The centralised despotism created a disciplined army, and now with all the formidable instincts of its acquired solidarity, it is the army as a whole which threatens to revolt. One thinks, as the news of one murder and rising after another comes breathlessly in, of the messengers of disaster who trod on each others' heels in the inspired vision of Shelley's "Hellas." Last week, when we wrote of the rebellion in Macedonia, it seemed as though a few outlawed officers had taken to the hills, backed only by the inert sympathy of the army and the murderous revolvers of a few conspirators. To-day these outlaws are the masters of a great reach of mountainous country on the Albanian borderland; they administer its towns, they hold its passes, they receive its taxes. Behind them is Albania in full revolt. In front of them is Monastir and the railway, and its gar-

rison, as the local correspondent of the "Daily News" reports, is ready to welcome them when they descend upon it. In Constantinople all is confusion, and the Vizier has fallen amid rumors of a Palace plot. Nowhere is there a general who will face the rebels, nowhere, outside the capital, a regiment which can be wholly trusted.

There are three possibilities, each serious in its own degree. The paralysis of loyalty may end by reaching the heart of the Empire, and result in Abdul Hamid's fall. More probably he will attempt to meet the new spirit by concessions, which, if they do not transform the Empire, will at least convulse it. Finally, even if he should succeed in rendering these political concessions nugatory, he must at least consent to keep faith with the army, to pay and feed the men, and to spare the reservists who are weary of the task of continual campaigning and endless coercion. That in its turn must set for him a grave financial problem, and compel him to govern the more disaffected provinces of the Empire in such a way that they will not have to be held down by the mere weight of the army. A cheap army he can no longer have. A costly army will mean either reform or bankruptcy. Whether this movement succeeds or fails, it is a new Turkey which will emerge.

It is not for the Sultan alone that this movement [illegible] an anxious problem. It profoundly affects all the calculations of European diplomacy. We have to ask ourselves what are the relations between the Christians and the Young Turks, and in particular how its success would affect the prospects of the two regions, Macedonia and Armenia, towards which we have an especial responsibility. The movement is at heart undoubtedly patriotic and even nationalist. It is, if we may judge from the manifesto of the Paris Congress of the parties which control it, in great part the fruit of a resentment against Abdul Hamid for the humiliations to which he has exposed his country. His misgovernment, argues this manifesto, excused and justified the interventions of Europe, which were none the less an affront to the dignity of Turkey. The Young Turks are accordingly prepared to remove all excuse for intervention by recognising to the full the rights of the Christians. With the Armenians they are acting in complete accord. With the Albanians, among whom differences of religion count for little, they are obviously on friendly terms of alliance. With the Bulgarians of Macedonia they are now said to be negotiating. For the moment it is only the Greeks who appear—we hope only appear—to think that they have more to gain by keeping on intimate terms with the Palace. If nothing more were proposed than an equality on paper, or even a share of representation in the Parliament which the Young Turks demand, there would be some ground for scepticism. But in the proclamation issued by the rebel leaders from their headquarters in Ochrida there figures prominently one demand which testifies to the tolerance and sincerity of their movement. They insist that Christians shall be admitted to the army under universal service. In that clause they surrender the whole supremacy of the Mohammedans of Turkey as the one class capable of ruling and bearing arms. If the army were to include even a large percentage of Christians, the massacres, the oppressions, and the cruelties of the past would have become for ever impossible. Moreover, since the Young Turks have accepted Armenian and Albanian aid, and would welcome Bulgarian and Arab support, it is obvious that they must be prepared to welcome decentralisation, and to accord to all these intensely nationalist races some measure of local antonomy, or, as Prince Saba-ed-din boldly calls it, "Home Rule." If it were possible to hope for the ultimate success of a movement which avowed such aims as these, it is obvious that it would secure for Macedonia and Armenia a more hopeful future than anything which diplomacy can promise.

The prospect is at least sufficiently attractive to demand from us a certain suspense of judgment, and to suggest that we may have to reconsider our tactics. The liberating work of Europe has been successful wherever it has contrived to detach a province completely from the Turkish Empire. It is in the effort to control or reform what still remained under the crescent flag that it has failed. Each timid effort in Armenia was answered by massacre. The epoch of reform in Macedonia has intensified the chaos and aggravated the bloodshed. Worst of all, these interventions have aroused the fanaticism of the Turks and strengthened every tendency of reaction. The Turks will not see in a Bulgarian conspirator or an Armenian *fedaï* a simple rebel against Hamidian misgovernment. They see in him the agent and pioneer of a hostile Europe, who is working for England or Russia, as they think, for the dismemberment and destruction of their Empire. They watch the long streams of complainants, their own subjects, filing through the gate of a Russian Consulate, and in their anger they can only think of the whole process as a foreign plot. They feel neither more nor less indignant than we should have felt, if in the days of Irish coercion, the Irish Nationalists had carried their complaints to a French or German Consulate. To aggravate their resentment, foreign capitalists, under the shelter of the capitulations, are using their Embassies to wring concessions, sometimes fraudulent, always onerous, for railways or ports or mines, from a stepmother Government, which takes care that it is always the peasant who pays. They refuse, when the fleets sail to Mitylene to exact a debt, to believe that in all this intervention there is any element of disinterested humanity. The good in it is so mixed with evil that the whole becomes hateful. Through these methods we shall never attain the reform of Turkey. The most we can expect is to detach such a province as Macedonia from the Empire, leaving the rest to stagnate in the expectation of a further dismemberment.

If there is a chance, even a remote chance, that the Turks may themselves work out their own salvation, we shall do well to suspend any thought of special intervention on behalf of any Christian race. We lose nothing by delay. The Anglo-Russian proposals cannot be applied to Macedonia while this crisis continues. We must wait until the Sultan's authority is either restored or destroyed. If it is destroyed, a new situation faces us, and a new and much

better solution becomes possible. If it is restored, if the Young Turkish movement proves to be weak or treacherous, then the last reason for restraint has gone, and we need no longer consider Turkish susceptibilities. Benevolent neutrality is for the moment the motto which should govern our conduct. So far no Christian lives have been endangered, no foreign interests been menaced by the revolt in the army. There is a chance of a real *rapprochement* between all the races which have suffered under the Hamidian despotism. Any inconsiderate movement by European diplomacy might sow suspicions where confidence is beginning. If the movement succeeds, there will be scope enough for friendly advice and tactful mediation. If it fails, diplomacy will have work enough to check the dire consequences of the reaction. Meanwhile, its duty is to wait. There must be no renewal of the impatient pressure which destroyed the hope of a Liberal Turkey during the somewhat similar crisis of 1876. Let us at least consult our own instincts of tolerance and sympathy. The Russian tradition is fatal to any unfortunate race which seeks at the eleventh hour to raise itself from the degradation of its past.

THE REVERSAL OF OUR PENAL POLICY.

It is with deep regret that we see the Home Secretary insisting on the retention of the indeterminate sentence after his definite promise at a previous meeting of the Standing Committee appointed to consider the Prevention of Crime Bill. That promise, if it meant anything at all, meant that a prisoner should be discharged at the end of ten years dating from the commencement of his preventive detention. Surely a sentence of this immense duration is amply sufficient for all the purposes of justice. Consider it for a moment. First of all there is ten years' preventive detention. Before the stage of preventive detention is reached there may be seven or ten years' penal servitude. In all the prisoner may have to pass between seventeen and twenty years in prison before he is liberated. But after the seventeen or twenty years' imprisonment has expired, Mr. Gladstone inserts a clause which enables him, at the bidding of his officials, to retain the man for life. The insertion of such a clause nullifies the promise which he made to the Committee last week, and the indeterminate sentence remains as much in force as ever. Mr. Gladstone's promise last week meant that after the expiration of a fixed period the prisoner was to be liberated, no matter what opinions the prison officials or the proposed Board of Visitors might form of the prisoner. But the value of the promise is completely taken away by the insertion of the words that the prisoner at end of his seventeen or twenty years' confinement is still to be detained for an indefinite time in prison if the" Home Secretary has reason to believe that, if released, he will relapse into crime."

How can the Home Secretary or anybody else have reason to believe anything whatsoever about a prisoner who has spent the best part of a generation in a penal establishment? The conditions of existence in such a place are so artificial that they are no test whatever of what a man will do when he is at liberty. The Home Secretary tells us that his proposed Board of Visitors will be composed of certain excellent men whom he has in his mind. We are willing to believe, and we do believe, that he will be most careful and painstaking in the constitution of this Board. We believe that he will put thoughtful and experienced men upon it, who understand criminal character, and are capable of forming an unbiassed opinion upon the facts which are laid before them by the prison staff. But in the end the decision of the Visitors must be largely determined by the reports of the prison staff. It may be said that their decision will be absolutely determined by these reports. It is the prison staff which will decide whether a prisoner shall be liberated or not. And the prison staff, excellent as may be the material of which it is composed, is not in a position to say whether a man when released will become an honest citizen or whether he will relapse into crime. The facts which the prison staff have to go upon are merely the prisoner's conduct when under detention. A well-conducted prisoner will be liberated at an early date; an indifferently conducted prisoner will be detained for life. And yet in a multitude of cases it is the well-conducted prisoner who will relapse into crime when liberated, while the indifferently conducted prisoner, if liberated, might be a perfectly harmless member of society. The fatal blot upon the indeterminate sentence is that we have no test for enabling the prison authorities to decide when it should come to an end. The lunatic in an asylum is under an indeterminate sentence; but the medical superintendent can tell when the patient is restored to a condition of sanity. He can tell when he is fit to resume his place in society; but the governor of a prison can never tell when a prisoner is fit for liberty. Cases are not at all infrequent in which a man is, to all appearance, an incorrigible in one prison and an admirable prisoner in another. One of these cases was brought before the Home Secretary when he was Chairman of the Prisons Committee. In the first prison to which the case in question was committed the prisoner was guilty of so many offences against prison discipline that he received an unheard-of amount of punishment—loss of food, loss of exercise, solitary confinement, the birch, the cat—in fact, all the gruesome paraphernalia of prison discipline. When removed to another prison, the very same prisoner was reported upon as a well-conducted inmate, who rendered a willing obedience to all the prison rules. Under the indeterminate sentence in the one prison he would have been detained in confinement for life; in the other prison he would have been liberated at the earliest possible moment.

The indeterminate sentence is only another method of increasing the duration of imprisonment. It is a return to a state of things which all the great statesmen of the last century found it expedient to abolish. In the eighteenth century the severity of punishment defeated its own ends. It was impossible in many cases to get witnesses to give evidence, or juries to convict, or judges to sum up on the merits of the case. Crime was rampant; the law was powerless. The statesmen of the nineteenth century proceeded upon the principle that the proper method of reducing the proportions of crime was to reduce the severities of the law. The application of this method has had the effect of bringing the penal law more or less into harmony with the public conscience, and the result is that England at the present moment is one of the most law-abiding countries in the world. The indeterminate sentence is the reversal of a policy which has commended itself to both parties in the State. It is a step which places the convicted man outside the sphere of law. It places his liberty at the mercy of considerations so unsatisfactory and shadowy that no one will venture to define them. In both of these respects it defeats and discredits constitutional government.

The practical effect of this new departure from all constitutional precedent will probably be a slow but steady increase of crimes of violence. The armed burglar of the type which used to shoot down the householder, or the policeman who attempted to arrest him, has practically disappeared within the last twenty years. The habitual offender of to-day does not carry arms, and if he steals our property he at least respects our person. But when he begins to realise that he is to be incarcerated for life for offences for which he now receives five, seven, or ten years' penal servitude, he will resume the use of weapons in order to facilitate the chances of escape, and one of the first results of the new experiment will be an increase in the proportion of murders. To many sections of the criminal population the death penalty is not so appalling as the prospect of detention for life. In these circumstances we appeal to the Government to stay their hand before it is too late. All the good points in their measure can be retained without resorting to the indeterminate sentence. It is already rousing resentment among many of their best supporters. It will have the effect of placing them in an odious light before the country.

Life and Letters.

AN IMPEACHMENT OF CATHEDRAL BUILDING.

Mr. Watson's impeachment of Cathedral building at Liverpool has excited a controversy of more than passing interest. A few weeks ago in this paper, in lines addressed to the "City of merchants, lords of trade and gold," he protested in stanzas of austerity and passion against the choice of a community which tolerated squalor and boundless degradation within its borders, while it raised a magnificent Church in honor of its religion. Liverpool, proud of its liberal experiment in architecture, which is to erect the greatest Gothic Cathedral built in England for more than four hundred years, has been somewhat taken aback by the violence of the attack upon its pious enterprise. "Is there anything criminally wrong," asks the Editor of the "Liverpool Daily Post," "in the behaviour of Liverpool towards such evils as exist in its midst, and towards such as suffer from such evils?" "Why should Liverpool's fane not be reared?" he demands, "Why should it not be splendid? Liverpool has been prospered greatly, and is rich. Reverent gratitude is a duty in a Christian city so rich." Those who subscribe to the Cathedral, he asserts, are those who never forget to subscribe to all good Liverpool social objects. He enumerates with pride the multitudinous charities which are working in the slums. "Almost everything that can reasonably be expected is in one way or another being done." Drink, he thinks the greatest cause of the degradation, and his regret is mainly directed towards the "great party in the State and the leader of that great party," for "misusing his great position to purchase, by patronising the liquor interest, an unworthy and debasing victory at the next General Election." Mr. Watson, in reply, refuses to be put off his attack by these allusions to the Licensing Bill. He repeats his charge in the plainest of prose. It is not only a charge of the general inequalities between rich and poor. It is a special reproach against the particular city which alone has set itself to raise a vast and splendid Cathedral. "Nowhere have I seen the contrast displayed quite so glaringly as in Liverpool, where there are now being laid the foundations of a structure the magnificence of which may, indeed, in some way utterly incomprehensible to me, be gratifying to the Almighty, but which at any rate will undoubtedly demonstrate the superfluous riches of some of your pious citizens."

The correspondence suggests an inquiry as old as time, and probably not destined finally to be answered while time endures. What kind of public or private luxury, if any, can be justified, while a considerable section of the human family are sunk in conditions of intolerable poverty and degradation? Few men honestly and squarely face the problem: most purchase a tranquillity by a percentage of doles to reputable charities, by some individual gifts to the poor, or by the fortifying beliefs that luxury is good for trade on the one hand, and that indiscriminate alms on the other is but a cruel kindness. Sometimes the challenge becomes importunate. During the Russian famine or the Macedonian relief operations it could be guaranteed that the gift of some mean sum—a few shillings or at most a few pounds—would preserve the life of a man or woman or child who, lacking that sum, would perish. A moderate sum was accumulated in face of such promises: yet, how, at first sight, could any superfluous expenditure be ethically justified before the importunity of such an elemental claim? Ruskin spent the latter half of his days tortured by this dilemma before which he could never give a satisfactory decision, on the one hand desirous of encouraging that beauty of building and ornament which seemed to him to be of permanent value amongst human achievement: on the other hand roundly affirming that no true art or sane life is possible until all men forsaking, if need be, their pleasant places, effect the restoration of the waste places of poverty to the control of the spirits which are orderly and pure. The traffickers on the Mersey, whose operations in Mr. Watson's poems appear as great as those effected by the Tyrian merchants with the ships of Tarshish, might well complain that they are directing their luxurious expenditure to no unworthy end. While others are squandering the profits of a civilisation, suddenly and beyond estimate opulent, in childish or senile amusement—in horse-racing, in mechanical engines of speed and tumult, in the mere animal exercises of food and drink—they are allotting their gains to the erection of a monument which may be beautiful and certainly will endure. It is the contrast between the private extravagance and public niggardliness which is one of the most disquieting symptoms of the modern world. We inherit our noblest buildings from a population in the main of the economic level of West Ham or Bermondsey, giving, in widespread popular devotion, all that they had: and the Cathedrals of the Middle Age were reared, as the Cathedrals of Ireland are being reared to-day, in violent contrast between the splendour of their glory and the squalor of their surroundings. Liverpool Cathedral is being built under conditions different from the building of Chartres. There the whole countryside gave themselves to the work, men and women harnessing themselves to carts laden with stones and wood, nobles and peasants alike, sometimes a thousand attached to one cart, offered themselves for the work, and "when they came to the church, set their waggons in a circle, so as to form, as it were, a spiritual camp, keeping watch, with candles and lamps all night, with hymns and songs of praise." Perhaps the contrast between the spirit of the twelfth century and the spirit of to-day will stamp its impression on the completed buildings: perhaps Cathedral building has become impossible. But the scourge of wrath should be less directed towards those who have set themselves to an impersonal and not ignoble enterprise than to all that greater mass of wealth which is scattered in ugly ostentation, or mere blind and wasteful exuberance.

Mr. Watson might perhaps retort that in these cases no standard of attainment is elevated, whereas in the case of the Cathedral the "pomp of arch and spire" is raised in direct outrage upon a teaching which demanded as the first interest of humanity a concern for all that are desolate and oppressed. He gazes upon the rising walls of this proud building with something of the anger of the early Franciscans when they beheld far over the Umbrian plain the white walls of San Francesco, built in supposed honor, in actual outrage, of the teaching of the little poor man of Assisi. Here, once again, is a controversy which all the centuries have not yet silenced: how far a religion which proclaims a plain ethical duty, and is, or ought to be, in perpetual protest until that duty be accomplished, can tolerate the diverting of money and effort into the construction of palaces and temples of worship. The reply would probably be that every religion has thus sought realisation in outward expression, and that, not diminished, but rather multiplied, in ages most conspicuous for compassion and active revolt against the harsher irregularities of fortune. To many the question of divergent gift may appear irrelevant, because dealing with different phases of endeavour. The slums of Liverpool would easily swallow up every halfpenny of Liverpool's Cathedral Fund, and yet be no whit the happier or better. The malady of the age—in ultimate analysis, social—will never be healed by individual gifts, however liberal, or individual devotion, however unselfish. Mr. Watson, himself baffled by a problem which Mark Rutherford, in Drury Lane, found "hard and smooth, like a ball of adamant," confesses his helplessness in practical suggestion. The social discontent which is born out of the

poverty of the cities is a clamour which civilisation can neither appease nor forget. It is baffling the whole comity of Western nations in an international demand that these things shall cease, that no tranquillity shall be tolerated until they have ceased. It is destined to make and unmake kings and Parliaments, to cut across and rudely deflect the schemes of statesmen, to bend the courses of human affairs in accordance with its impetuous demand.

THE POET OF FREEDOM.

It was natural that Cambridge should celebrate the tercentenary of her greatest poet's birth by enacting his masque of "Comus." A masque was never aimed at drama, and so, by its very limitations, it escaped failure in the hands of an undramatic poet, and could be represented for the beauty of its language and idea alone. No one looks for more, and since the only alternative for Cambridge actors wishing to perform some work of Milton's was the "Samson Agonistes," they could not hesitate when they had youth to act and a summer audience to please. For about the "Comus" there still hangs something of the youth whose childhood was spent while Shakespeare still shone upon the world—something of Apollo's lute, some memory even of heart-easing Mirth, so buxom, blithe, and debonair. Comus himself enters with the step of careless charm, and it is no savagely abhorred abomination greeting the star that bids the shepherds fold, telling of sounds and seas, with all their finny drove, of pert fairies and dapper elves, and calling for a light fantastic round. The poet had a long and bitter road to travel—a road unpleasing to youth and summer audiences—before he should tell of Samson "eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves, himself in bonds under Philistian yoke." It is no wonder Cambridge chose the "Comus" for her classic lawns and habitations dappled with sunshades.

Upon that long and bitter road no element of ironic tragedy was wanting. Except starvation, imprisonment, and execution, Milton escaped none of the miseries that can attend on noble minds. From boyhood it had been the aim of his existence to compose poetry in the manner of the great poets before him—"to leave," as he said in words that have become almost too familiar, "to leave something so written to after times, as they shall not willingly let it die." Rather that was not merely the aim of his existence; it was the very soul of his nature, the essential demand that would allow him no peace, but hold him unsatisfied and tormented till it was fulfilled. And for its fulfilment he resolved upon and strictly practised a spiritual asceticism, a consecrated devotion that none of our poets has attempted to rival, except Wordsworth alone. Who has not admired that first manhood of unembittered austerity, that pleasant comeliness of body and mind, a vital learning beyond the dreams of pedants, a purity of soul still open to the country air and the wonder of night and morning? The poet might describe himself as beginning late, but before first manhood was over, his success was not merely assured; it was unsurpassed. Before he was thirty he had within his own province of poetry reached a height of accomplishment that no English poet had reached before or has since approached. Life and attainment smiled on him equally. His spirit was irradiated by all the innocent delights of sound and thought and vision: it was braced to the pursuit of a noble purpose, inexhaustible but already secure. "He who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem" he wrote in words only less well known than those others. And it seemed as if nothing could now frustrate that hope, nothing prevent his life from remaining a true poem such as the poems he himself imagined, pervaded by dignified sweetness and a sunshine purity of light.

But the ironic spirit stood ready in ambuscade, and at the height of his poetic power, his happiness and distinction, he ceased for twenty years to be a poet. Among arms, laws are not the only things that are silent. Milton, it is true, might have continued his poetic career without much external hindrance. There was nothing in his position to drag him unwillingly into the field of war and controversy. He seemed the natural associate of learned men like Selden, of cultured and reasonable men like Falkland and John Hales. One can imagine him taking part in the tolerant companionship at Broughton or Great Tew, when the moderate leaders of the constitutional party turned from their politics to the intellectual subjects that still delighted men of education. One can imagine him lamenting the sorry tide of affairs that was diverting the ablest minds from the fine traditions of literature and wit handed down by the great Elizabethans. But from the fate of a fastidious man of letters impotent in a raging world of deeds he was saved by his own grandeur of disposition. He appears never to have hestitated as to his side or his action. For him there could be no party of cultured compromise, no moderate arrangement with the enemy, while freedom was at stake. With an impetuosity all the more admirable because in his verse it is restrained to an intensity of power, he flung himself into the warfare that tore his country in half. Abandoning all for which he had hitherto lived—his learning, his art, that exercise of faculty in which alone a great man's happiness consists—not knowing whether he should survive to return to them again, he grasped such weapons as came to his hand in vindication of a thing dearer to him, after all, than even his spiritual content or the splendor of fame that it was his without question to command. Probably he did not actually recruit in the Parliamentarian army, and that failure is one of the few errors that detract from his nobility. But with a wholehearted sacrifice he gave up to freedom what was meant for art. Laying aside the sin that so easily besets the literary mind, he mingled without disdain in all the sweat and dust of envenomed and deadly controversies. Year after year the mind that had last composed the "Lycidas," and had already set its thoughts upon an epic to equal in renown blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides, now threw upon the world its turbulent and formless pamphlets, distorted by impatience, almost careless of expression, and, if such a thing might be, almost vulgarised by personality. Such faults do not count. They are the poet's glory. The peril of freedom called for any arms, and the strokes for her preservation must fall harsh and quick. Pamphlet after pamphlet leapt from his indignant soul; and whether the theme was religion or politics, or the Press or conscience or married life, each was a blow for personal and individual freedom.

But even in the din of all that conflicting fury the tragic irony kept her silent touch upon the pamphleteer. Milton had performed an act of devotion unequalled by any writer of genius till the pity of mankind's enslavement drove Tolstoy to perform the same. But, though a writer of genius, he made the writer's common mistake of exaggerating the power of words. He had not realised that men are not governed by reason, or even by passion, or even by interests, but by mental lethargy and habits, from which nothing but opposing action can rouse them up. There is no proof that his pamphlets had the smallest effect on public affairs, or that his labors and eloquent indignation altered the course of his own times by a single jog. What was far worse, the party for which he had made so great a sacrifice was seldom worthy of his own ideal. What had Milton to do with "shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call?" Where was liberty under "the new forcers of conscience," to whom new Presbyter was but old Priest writ large? With what enthusiasm could he maintain the high conflict for a Parliament that almost habitually displayed its dulness and lack of courage? It is a hard issue for a man of genius when the leaders of his party, to which there is no alternative but tyranny, begin to compromise and skulk. Attaching himself to no Church, and constant to no sect, Milton passed from one division of his party to another, belonging to all extreme sections in turn, except the insane, and testing each only by that

one touchstone of freedom. At last, as is well known, he found freedom's refuge in nothing but Cromwell's absolutism—"our chief of men," who alone could check the pedantic bores of social tyrannies, and alone could vindicate for England her rightful place as the avenger of oppression and darkness throughout the world.

Hardly had that place been won, hardly had the poet identified himself to some extent with the greatness of Cromwell's rule, when the tragic irony touched him again. The Protector died, and with his last breath everything for which Milton had sacrificed his dearest powers crumpled up and dissolved. It was not a change of Government; it was the collapse of his own people. Honor, virtue, heroism, freedom herself—all were gone. They were shoved aside to be the mock of lean and flashy songs, while all that was mean, corrupt, and paltry celebrated its triumph. Between the country he loved and the Powers of darkness and persecution secret "ententes" were arranged, and the flag that had stood for freedom throughout Europe was bartered for a harlot. There is no need to recount the shame of our country and the poet's woe.

> "Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
> Doing or suffering."

Blind already for eight or nine years, reduced to poverty, experienced in one wife who refused him affection, in a second who died early, and in daughters who openly wished him dead, isolated among sons of Belial, his hopes shattered, his cause lost, his country prostituted to dishonor, he turned to fulfil the high promise of his bright and rigorous youth. He fulfilled it with a completeness that must have surpassed even the hopes of early manhood. He fulfilled it in such a manner that the finest of his critics has said, "An appreciation of Milton is the last reward of consummated scholarship." And yet, even in that noblest monument of our language, the tragic irony has not let him go. Building for after ages, he built upon a truth which he supposed to be eternal, but whose form has hardly survived the passage of three centuries, even if its poetic verity remain. That innocent Garden, that lovely Eve, in whose presence all higher knowledge fell degraded, that prone Archangel and the Tree, have faded as the unsubstantial vision in which they lived in their creator's eyes.

All this he suffered, and now that he has been so long dead, his tragedy seems to mock him still. But there he remains in his place unquestioned, the noblest personality in all our literature, the man whom in the hour of England's need we, like Wordsworth, should most wish to be living. For it was he who first sang "the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty," and in the masque of "Comus" adjured his hearers to love virtue, not for some divine or legal sanction, still less for the greatest happiness of any number, but because "she alone is free." And it was he who, for the sake of freedom, gave up most, even all that he had.

DO WE OVER-EAT?

It has often been remarked that conservative traditions have their most impregnable fortress in popular habits of food and drink. Such movements as take place are not merely very slow, but they are usually achieved by changes of opportunity and fashion rather than by reasonable adaptations. Doubtless hot-gospellers of dietetic reform are more abroad than ever. But this reforming zeal has hardly touched the great mass even of the middle classes, who are content to eat much as their fathers ate, adding a few new condiments and vegetable accessories of minor importance. Even in modes of cooking we are loth to learn, and our standard of food materials has stood almost intact the change from country to city life, from outdoor to sedentary occupations, from manual to brain work.

Though vegetarianism has of recent years attained a considerable vogue in certain "cultured" coteries, and may even be said to rank as a by-path of the radical and humanitarian movement, it must be remembered that in the very countries where this cult thrives most, large classes of workers formerly vegetarian by compulsion are extending their standard of living by a larger consumption of animal foods. Indeed, the cheapness and accessibility of food supplies have led of late to a new "reform" directed more against the quantity than the nature of our diet. Here and in America a few physicians and physiologists have thrown the weight of their authority into a campaign against over-feeding. As is perhaps inevitable, their assault shows signs of excess. It may even be true that more people die by over-eating than by over-drinking, and yet the mastication panacea may be somewhat overdone. Such, at any rate, is the judgment of Sir James Crichton Browne in his searching address before the Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health. The very notion of "parsimony in nutrition" is repellent to what is termed "the natural man," perhaps because for countless ages he has been absorbed in a usually futile attempt to get enough. On this account we think there is not much danger lest the doctrine of economy in eating, which Mr. Fletcher and Dr. Chittenden have lately reinforced by their interesting experiments, will attain a serious vogue in this country.

That doctrine is in itself a not unattractive one. Its central proposition is the substitution of qualitative for merely quantitative eating. Thorough mastication will enable us to satisfy our appetite with a much smaller quantity of food, and will lead us to favor a diet with a smaller proportion of flesh and other foods rich in proteids. At the same time we shall get what we require for repair of tissue and energy with a reduction of work for the digestive system. Sir James Crichton Browne questions the validity and the sufficiency of the experiments adduced in support of this attack on the established diet, and upholds the fuller proteid diet on the ground that "the generalised food customs of mankind are the fruit of a colossal experience accumulated by countless millions of men throughout successive generations." "In all civilised countries the working-classes have as far as practicable arrived at a tolerably uniform diet containing about twice as much proteid material as Professor Chittenden declares to be necessary; and it is inconceivable that they should all, under the most diverse conditions, have fallen into the same mistake." This opens a really profitable topic of reflection for liberal thinkers. Few of us would be disposed to admit that the well-nigh universal belief in ghosts from early antiquity was proof of their existence, or that the same consensus until recent ages was valid testimony to the flatness of the earth. May there exist equally general tendencies to error in the evolution of diet? "Not so," Sir James might reply; "mankind has been selected for survival very largely on a basis of fit food, very little on a basis of fit scientific beliefs."

Within certain limits this answer is doubtless conclusive. But do those limits preclude the wide or even general prevalence of wasteful habits? Assuming, as is indisputably true, that until quite recent times the working-classes, even in the most civilised countries, have almost always been kept upon the verge of starvation, and the growth of population has been seriously retarded by sheer lack of food, may not the rapid rise of the standard of consumption for large masses of the people, which has been the most valuable result of the industrial revolution, contain large elements of excess? Sir James would himself admit, we take it, that imperfect mastication is a common fault, and that many maladjustments between appetite and bodily needs exist, although the "struggle for existence" might have been expected to eliminate them. Unless it is contended that appetite as a gauge of vital needs operates so quickly and so well as to sift within a single generation the physiological virtues out of the new food supplies, it is reasonable to suppose that grave abuses of foods should arise. Even allowing that the slow course of history has ground out the best combinations of food materials out of available local resources for working populations, it cannot be argued that the relative abundance and cheapness of the

various food materials during recent years are kept in any right proportion to these vital needs.

While, therefore, we agree with Sir James in holding that the surprising results in economy of foods obtained by Dr. Chittenden's school and by vegetarian experiments are not sufficient proof of the lasting virtues of these reformed diets, we cannot think with him that biological selection has led us to approximately perfect diet, or that nature precludes tendencies to excess at periods of fresh abundance. We even doubt whether accurate statistics would sustain his assertion that "a tolerably uniform diet" has been achieved in all civilised countries, while his suggestion that Buddhism may have led whole nations like the Japanese to abandon a superior meat diet is not merely dubious history, but is inconsistent with the supremacy which his theory of survival by selection of fit foods involves. Nor does his interesting speculation to the effect that the recent rapid rise of Japan is due in part to "a vastly increased consumption of animal food by the best people" carry us very far or very surely. This same argument might be adduced to support the superior efficiency of European clothing. Besides, what is most remarkable in the rise of Japan is the energy not merely of "the best," but of the people as a whole. And they have not changed their diet, or their clothes.

Upon the striking physiological reasoning in favor of animal proteids as furnishing the best nutrition of the brain cells we cannot affect to form an opinion. But though "chewers," vegetarians, "fruit-and-nutters," and other food radicals may have undervalued the testimony of history to the validity of the orthodox diet of the well-to-do classes in modern civilised countries, we think that Sir James Crichton Browne's reliance on the wisdom of the ages has a far feebler logical foundation than he imagines. While quick poisons and grave habitual excesses affecting the life and strength of the population at a reproductive age are certainly eliminated from popular diets, dietetic vices less destructive may survive. And it may well be the case that rational selection can correct such faults, and even discover fresh elements of nutriment which unconscious selection had left unessayed. That a grave amount of undernutrition prevails in the working-classes, not only of our towns but of our villages, is undeniable; and this condition is due, certainly in large measure, to insufficiency of nutritious foods. This is, we hold, clearly established by the carefully considered dietary based on Mr. Rowntree's inquiry, which involves a minimum expenditure of 12s. 9d. per week on food for a working family of man, wife, and three young children. The current wages do not render this minimum nutrition attainable for large classes of workers even in this prosperous land. But it would be impossible to deny that the trouble is also largely one of perverted diet, composed as much of excesses of non-nutritious or mal-nutritious foods as of a deficiency of nutritious ones. Nature, human or other, may be trusted to look after her interests in the long run. But a part of human nature is the faculty called reason, and the necessity of using this faculty to check the otherwise wasteful and roundabout methods of the biological struggle has surely been established. We would not abandon the claims of long and wide experience to the hasty vaunts of new laboratory results. But we cannot agree that crude empiricism, however "colossal," can dispense with scientific inquiry, either in gauging the nutritive values of old foods, or in adjusting new diets to the changing demands of life.

THE ART OF OPENING.

Be it history, essay, romance, scientific tract, or sermon, there is an admirable art of opening. Every writer ambitious of distinction must have striven for the right beginning, yet not all the great ones have achieved it. Are there precepts? It is not easy to show them, inasmuch as every good beginning is a precept in itself, and of good beginnings there are many kinds. The reader should be so far an adept in his delightful recreation as to know by instinct whether the writer has led off well, indifferently, or ill.

The first sentence of Macaulay's "History"—

> "I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living,"

is sufficiently direct, but less engaging to ear and eye than Gibbon's beginning of the "Decline and Fall":—

> "In the second century of the Christian Aera, the Empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilised portion of mankind."

Among political addresses, the exordium of Walpole's speech on the Peerage Bill (in George I.'s reign) is often quoted:—

> "Among the Romans, the wisest people upon earth, the Temple of Fame was placed behind the Temple of Virtue, to denote that there was no coming to the Temple of Fame but through that of Virtue. But if this Bill is passed, one of the most powerful incentives to virtue would be taken away, since there would be no arriving at honor but through the winding-sheet of an old, decrepit lord, or the grave of an extinct family—a policy very different from that glorious and enlightened nation who made it their pride to hold out to the world illustrious examples of merited elevation."

A powerful and artistic opening, marred by a tiny but most flagitious error of omission in the last clause of the second sentence.

Junius is in general extremely effective at the start:—

> "The submission of a free people to the executive authority of government is no more than a compliance with laws which they themselves have enacted."

Yet he is capable of two grammatical blunders in such an execrable first sentence as this:—

> "While Parliament was sitting, it would neither have been safe, or, perhaps, quite regular, to offer any opinion to the public upon the justice or wisdom of their proceedings."

Turn to one or two of the essayists. Bacon is almost always a magnificent beginner:—

> "It was an high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics) that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired."
>
> "A king is a mortal god on earth, unto whom the living God hath lent his own name as a great honor; but withal told him he should die like a man, lest he should be proud, and flatter himself that God hath with his name imparted unto him his nature also."

In stately and well-chosen terms Sir Thomas Browne begins the second part of the "Christian Morals" with a sentence in which he thrice repeats himself:—

> "Punish not thyself with pleasure; glut not thy sense with palliative delights; nor revenge the contempt of temperance by the penalty of satiety."

Almost any opening of Addison's might be chosen, for its artistry, its humor, or its finely-pointed malice. From speculations as to the fate of Dr. Sacheverell (or had the Lords already found him guilty?), and inquiries as to what Marlborough was doing in the Netherlands, the wits and big-wigs of the coffee-houses must have come eagerly to the reading of the famous No. 1 of the "Spectator," in which Addison strikes up with a characteristic note of banter:—

> "I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author."

Macaulay, in his "Essays," is often a curiously ineffective beginner (for a writer, we mean, who has easily at command almost every expedient of the craft), but he occasionally throws off in a fine hilarious vein:—

> "The work of Dr. Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when first he landed in Brobdingnag, and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys."

Professor Minto, by the way, has noted how Macaulay kept up to the last his familiarity with Swift, Cervantes, Dante, Bunyan, the Arabian Nights, and the Bible, for the purposes of literary illustration.

Lamb makes his bow in a style inimitably his own, and with a felicity beyond compare. It is a piece of

deft simplicity such as this: "I have an almost feminine partiality for old china," or something fantastic or drolly hyperbolical, as in that portentous first sentence on "Poor Relations":—

> "A Poor Relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain on your purse—a more intolerable dun upon your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your 'scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's head at your banquet—Agathocles' pot—a Mordecai in your gate—a Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet."

The sentence is Rabelaisian in its wealth of illustration, vocabulary, and piling up of the effect.

Of Stevenson we have little at hand that is of his choicest, but what a vivacious play of fancy marks this opening of the essay on "Talk and Talkers":—

> "There can be no fairer ambition than to excel in talk; to be affable, gay, ready, clear, and welcome; to have a fact, a thought, or an illustration, pat to every subject; and, not only to cheer the flight of time among our intimates, but bear our part in that great international congress, always sitting, where public wrongs are first declared, public errors first corrected, and the course of public opinion shaped, day by day, a little nearer to the right."

In fiction examples might be multiplied, but we may not multiply them. Who begins thus?—

> "I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population."

Who but Goldsmith, in the "Vicar of Wakefield"? The opening sentence, observes a careful critic, "touches the heart of the story; it is sententious, but its sentiment is instantly lightened by a ray of humor."

Again, remembering what is immediately to follow, could Bunyan have commenced the "Pilgrim's Progress" more perfectly than on this wise:—

> "As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream."

The beginning of "Tristram Shandy" stands quite alone in English fiction; but we prefer infinitely the first four sentences of the "Sentimental Journey." Would that Sir Walter had always started as grandly as he does in the "Antiquary"! It has been well remarked that Jane Austen is an invariably good beginner. This, certainly, is suggestive and adroit:—

> "No one who has ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be an heroine."

And this is a bright, neat little lead in "Pride and Prejudice":—

> "It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife."

Shall we be pardoned for submitting that the first sentence of "Esmond" is careless, cumbersome, and dull?

> "When Francis, fourth Viscount Castlewood, came to his title, and presently after to take possession of his house of Castlewood, county Hants, in the year 1691, almost the only tenant of the place besides the domestics was a lad of twelve years of age, of whom no one seemed to take any note until my Lady Viscountess lighted upon him, going over the house with the housekeeper on the day of her arrival."

Here we have "take possession" and "take note" in most inelegant proximity, while it might be the boy and not my Lady Viscountess who was going over the house with the housekeeper. It is a bad opening for so skilful a hand. In the familiar first sentence of "Vanity Fair," let us hasten to add, Thackeray is felicitous enough:—

> "While the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour."

Here also the structure of the sentence is loose, but the reader is seized on the spot.

We have often thought that, among the many characteristic openings of Dickens, not one exhibits his peculiar quality more distinctively than that of "Dombey and Son":—

> "Dombey sat in the corner of the darkened room in the great armchair by the bedside, and Son lay tucked up warm in a little basket bedstead, carefully disposed on a low settee immediately in front of the fire and close to it, as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him brown while he was very new."

Two lecturers, since they are of the stature of Ruskin and Lord Acton, shall for one moment take the stage. Can we not detect the note of arrogant modesty in the tones of the great John, as he stands on the platform of Bradford Town Hall, setting forth in his harangue on "Traffic"?—

> "My good Yorkshire friends, you asked me down here among your hills that I might talk to you about this Exchange that you are going to build, but, earnestly and seriously asking you to pardon me, I am going to do nothing of the kind."

Imperturbable, refreshing John!

Acton, his editors have told us, eschewed rhetoric, and color-pieces in his massive pages are rare. But he cannot wholly escape from rhetoric, the sense of which is abundantly developed in him. The first sentence of his lecture on "The Rise and Fall of the Mexican Empire" runs thus:—

> "The scene of the tragedy, which I will attempt to describe, is a country on which Nature's fairest gifts have been lavished with an unsparing hand, but where man has done his utmost to thwart the designs of Providence."

A little stiff perhaps, yet not lacking in sonority.

It would possibly surprise the reader to know how many beautiful beginnings could be cited from purely scientific writings, and parenthetically it may be said that Mill's "Logic" abounds in paragraphs of exquisite and impeccable construction. One small example must suffice. It is the opening of Tyndall's treatise on "Light":—

> "Experiments have two great uses—a use in discovery and verification, and a use in tuition. They were long ago defined as the investigator's language addressed to Nature, to which she sends intelligible replies."

That is something more than an utterance of science; it is an utterance also of literature.

Yet must we ever at the last return to The Book:—

> "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."
> "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

The manner of *that!*

Present-Day Problems.

THE HARMSWORTH BRAND.—II.

It is impossible to understand the aim and method of the Harmsworth Press without realising that all its productions are of a-piece. Daily papers, weekly papers, papers for duchesses and papers for servant girls, "Daily Mails" and "Comic Cuts," are thought out on a single well-conceived and well-executed plan. The newspaper business is to be run as a great shop is run. Its interior organisation, its outer face, are equally modelled on this idea. The big shop—say the big draper's shop—must pay; it must pay not in one department but in all. It must constantly seek and follow the public taste in all moods and tenses. It must "dress" its windows with the utmost care; it must always be in the public eye with something new or that looks like being new. It must puff itself constantly; it must use every device to persuade its customers that they are getting "bargains," that they are receiving, in Harmsworthian phrase, "something for nothing." It must never be original, only imitative. It must take from its rivals everything that seems valuable;

it must always be reaching out into new branches, where the old goods are sold under fresh management, and a slight but perceptible variation of cheap-jack devices. It must have a few able heads and managers, who are highly paid, partly by results. For the rest it will be served by a crowd of items, whose special function is thoroughly drilled into them, leaving little or nothing to personal initiative, and whose wage is kept down to the competitive level. Its management must be highly centralised, and rigorous financial control exercised.

Above all, one class of goods must be sold in seeming, but quite delusive, variety. They must be turned out in vast quantities, machine-made, cut to pattern. The Harmsworth papers, therefore, the Harmsworth stories, the Harmsworth gambling devices, the Harmsworth "editorial" methods, resemble each other so closely that if one could conceive the mass of these journals running for a century, it seems probable that the issue of the twenty-first century would differ from that of the twentieth chiefly in the dressing of its dummies. For example, we have before us a kind of "specification" of the fiction plots that were required for some of the earlier numbers of "Answers," the parent stock from which sprang the wondrous growths of later years. Not only the ground plan but the decorative scheme of the jerry-built story is laid down in this remarkable document. *Imprimis*, they "must be sensational, and each instalment should contain a fresh sensation." It must also "carry the reader forward a distinct step in the plot, as though it were a scene in a melodrama," breaking off "at a curtain." The plot should "start at the first line," and there must be no literary superfluities—"no moralising," "no long descriptions of scenery," "no close analyses of emotions." Finally, each bit of the tale must "give scope for sensational pictorial illustration." The moralities are to be respected, and the feelings must be thrilled not shocked, so that though there may be criminals there must be no ghosts—no "phenomena." In a word, all must be clear, objective, not resembling life, but moving, like pictures in the cinematograph, with flashing quickness before the uncritical eyes for which the show has been built up.

Now it is interesting to see how this conception of the art of imaginative writing has worked out in practice. Examine scores of numbers of the Harmsworth publications. Their present mainstay is fiction, for the prize-giving mania seems for the moment to have run its wildest course, and the stories are all illustrated. They proceed in the main on three lines—(1) the so-called story of adventure for boys, (2) the sentimental love story for girls and women, (3) the crime story for all classes of readers, young and old, men and women. The illustrations follow the same threads of interest. They only depict women who are supposed to be beautiful, or pretty after the shop-girl's idea of beauty. For the rest their recurring subjects are violent situations between criminals and detectives, acted crimes, scenes of peril, melodramatic surprises, blows exchanged between heroes and villains, pistols fired, lovers in each others' arms, and a vast output of sprawling, grotesque figures and "comic" incidents borrowed from the Sunday editions of the American papers. So far as style goes, they might all be written by one hand. They are grammatical, they are not indecent or suggestive—as much could not be said for some earlier issues we have seen—there is even, as time goes on, a slight improvement in the mechanical virtues which have been held up to their authors—a certain bald simplicity of method and ingenuity in the development of a series of sensational incidents. The weekly papers have kept for the most part the broad road of vulgarity, with an occasional sharp dip to vileness.

But as between the two main interests of the Harmsworth story—sentimental love and crime—the latter holds the field. Crime for the "Union Jack," crime for "Answers," crime for "Good Words," crime for "The Home Circle," crime for "Pluck," crime for "The Sunday Companion," perhaps the most harmless of all these papers. To do the promoters of these enterprises justice, they have advanced—let us hope by choice—from the frightful crudeness of their earlier ventures. Many of the papers of a few years ago reeked with crime. The stories of the worst murderers—Cream, Palmer, Wainwright, Peace (especially Peace)—were the favorite subjects: their readers of all ages were rarely allowed to stray far from the gallows and the cell, until the murderous records of two generations had been raked and scraped clean of their horrors.

Most—not all—of these noisome ghosts now rest in their graves; the detective story takes their place. A hero once invented, "Sexton Blake" or "Michael Dred," or even "Dirk, the dog detective," lives for ever. He is the Hercules of the great Harmsworth Myth, in labors and perils oft, but gloriously surviving, unmatched in strength and cunning by the hydra brood he quells. The "Union Jack" (a paper for boys), having used up "Sexton Blake" for London, is about to match him with the "Apaches of Paris"; the "Home Circle," when it has thoroughly cheered itself up over "The Black Calendar" (one of a series of "enthralling records of great trials"), can swing back into the imaginative realm as its eye catches the blood-red announcement of "Tracked by Two." What harm do these things do? No one knows. The worst type is gone; and even the earlier papers were a thought better than the low sheets they superseded. But now and then a record leaps to light. Two years ago a boy broke into a safe in Newcastle and stole £90. His father found in his pocket a copy of "The Boys' Friend," a title of some humor, and blamed the paper for his fall. The Editor protested, and the boy recanted the charge. But we have before us a pamphlet with a picture of a hand grasping a bag of gold, and another laid on a banker's pass-book. It dangles before its boy readers the prospect of a fortune as a reward for joining a scheme of hustling colportage. Is that a vision to hold before boys' eyes? On the other hand, great masses of nonsense written for these papers are probably innocent. They are washed clean of evil as of every quality that can be called intellectual. They are ghosts of stories, which, like the shades that met Odysseus, would have to drink blood before they could be invoked.

But whatever the character of the Harmsworth paper, the same machinery of advertisement is set up in order to press it on the public for which it is designed. Each "editor" and group of "editors" set up an unending clatter of self-commendation and suggestion, spin an incessant series of webs for catching and holding the interests of their readers. This machine-made story is the best, "the grandest," ever written. That obscure author is known all over the English-speaking world. The next number will excel all its predecessors, all its rivals. Each paper advertises the other, and succeeds to it in order of publication, till the whole week is covered. Societies, bands of readers, "Chipites," "loyal supporters," Leagues of "Boys' Friends" (there is even a "Cradle Roll" for "Good Words"), are formed to spread the circulation, with bribes to those who yield the best results. A perpetually varied stimulus of money prizes, mostly rewards for foolish time-wasting employments, keeps the admirers of the paper excited and attached. For the moment the gambling elements in these lures—the hidden treasures, the scattered gold, the collection of tram-tickets, the Limerick and missing word competitions—are a trifle exhausted. They must raise an army of disappointed and embittered people; pauses in such delusive strategy are clearly essential. The Harmsworth firms did not start this madness, they followed their usual plan of imitation; they were not guilty of its worst excesses; their chief conductor, able and watchful, may turn to other means of sustaining the vast and flimsy fabric which he has reared.

[*Apropos* of the list of publications published as proceeding from the various Harmsworth groups, the Globe Publishing Company and Golf Illustrated (Limited) ask us to state that neither "The Globe" nor "Golf Illustrated" "are in any way connected with any other publications."]

(*To be continued.*)

Art.

THE LONDONER AND HIS BUILDINGS.

Probably there never was a time when the architecture of London was as much on the lips of Londoners as it is at the present moment. No doubt the opportunities for discussing the subject have been more frequent lately than for some time past, for the last ten years have witnessed an unwonted activity in building operations; old slums have been destroyed and new thoroughfares constructed, while that peculiarly modern feature, the palace-hotel, has set the fashion in more or less tasteful architecture to other buildings having a measure of public interest. Yet these facts, important as they are, do not quite explain the new interest of the man in the street in his day-to-day surroundings. There have been periods of architectural efflorescence before, and they moved him not a whit. Within the last hundred years our architecture has been submerged in turn by a Greek wave and a Gothic one. It was Greek when, in 1818, Parliament was so impressed by the spiritual needs of London that they voted a million of money for the erection of fifty new churches, and called all the architectural talent of the day to their service. The churches were "pure" Greek temples except for their steeples, which were what the architects, at their wits' end to find a pure Greek counterpart to this very Christian accessory, chose to make them; but we do not learn that either the purity of the Greek substructure or the anachronism of its steeple moved the man in the street either to enthusiasm or to laughter. He appears, in fact, to have accepted them with a complaisance amounting to indifference. Similarly, the Gothic revival of the 'thirties and 'forties affected larger London sentiment and opinion rather less than the pre-Raphaelite movement, and infinitely less than the later event, the career of Jumbo from glory to the grave. From these premises one may safely conclude that precedents are wanting for the present popularity of architecture as a subject of general conversation. The fact of the matter is that the Londoner of yesterday took London architecture by rote. He was taught to reverence St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey as monuments of architectural greatness; the rest of London was to him, not architecture, but simply buildings.

However, he is slowly awakening from his long apathy, is beginning to take a pride in his surroundings, to use his eyes, and even to criticise. As we have said, the number of changes in London streets that have been compressed into the last few years, is partly responsible for this, and the character of the buildings erected by the present generation of architects is still more so. There is a certain joyousness even in the worst of the new architecture, and this makes a succulent appeal to the inhabitants of a city long doomed to a sad austerity in its adornment. In regard to styles, the pseudo-Gothic and the pseudo-Greek have given place to Renaissance, with all its multi-hued elements, and statuary, hitherto an outcast, has come to play an important part in external decoration. Then the icy greyness of Portland stone has been replaced almost universally with the warm Bath stone and its kindred, and though on the grounds of suitability and durability this change is open to question, it undoubtedly tends towards the making of a brighter London. Such features of the new architecture are potent to attract the eye and kindle the imagination. If we go deeper, we may, perhaps, find the reason for the readiness of the imagination to be kindled in the growth of the civic idea under more democratic conditions than formerly prevailed; a growth that stimulates the sense of personal connection between the citizen and his city.

Recently two events have happened that have contributed remarkably towards the quickening of his faculties. The one was the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition, and the other the affair of the Strand statues. The buildings of the White City, insincere and meretricious as they may appear to many serious students of architecture, are, nevertheless, a revelation and an object lesson of what is possible in the art of decorative building, and their flimsiness, their exhibition character, does not detract from their importance in this respect. There are few Londoners who would care to see London re-built on the model of Shepherd's Bush, even if such a thing were possible; but as joyous stimulants to architectural fancies, rather than as types of what is desirable for a more beautiful London, these exhibition structures are decidedly inspiring.

The discussion as to the propriety or impropriety of the Strand statues acted, similarly, as a stimulus to our intellectual interest in London architecture, even if it was unproductive of any definite conclusion as to the merits or the decency of the statues themselves. To ourselves, speaking from the architectural point of view, they appear to be without any decorative value whatever. They convey the impression of having been stuck on to the building, to stand uncomfortably in niches so small as to suggest the Little Ease dungeons at the Tower, where a prisoner could neither stand up nor sit down. Their "pre-Pheidian" outlines, viewed from near or far, are pitilessly stark. On the other hand, they express in great measure the sentiment of medical science, and symbolise fittingly the aims and achievements of the British Medical Association in the study of human anatomy that it carries on for the conquest of disease. There is, probably, no public statuary in London where a clear artistic aim has been as faithfully realised as in these, and their very faithfulness gives them a certain nobility. Yet they are far from pleasing. The eye suddenly confronted with them receives a shock, and the shock in several cases deepens into the honest repugnance that belongs to instinct rather than to logic. The fact that offends is, perhaps, less that of what they are than of where they are. If we saw the same statues in sunny Greece or Italy, we should probably acclaim them universally as the masterpieces that some pronounce them to be. Even if surroundings as homely as the British Museum were their habitat, we should be disposed to extend towards them the tolerance with which we view a dismembered torso from ancient Rome. But in the Strand they provoke the Northern hostility to what is alien and unusual; they are interlopers, invaders of our conventions, outrages upon the misty peace of our London skies. They do not offend one's sense of decency, which is a personal sense; they obtrude themselves upon our Northern-ness, which is a national one.

However, the discussion had one useful effect in drawing attention not merely to the admirable new building of the British Medical Association, to which the statues belong, but to many other buildings, with or without statuary, recently completed or in process of construction. The instinct to compare is among the strongest, and an agitation of this kind arouses it. Passers-by who have been impelled, from whatever motives, to study the Strand statues and their building, are prone to look, possibly in the course of the same walk, at another building, and note the architectural difference, if any, that exists between the two. One can picture a man who has stopped to look at the already historic structure at the corner of Agar Street finding a new interest in the far more florid façade of the Waldorf Hotel or that of the United Kingdom Provident Society's building with its ample female statuary, that is frowned upon by the island of St. Clement Dane's; or contrasting the cupola-crowned New Gaiety with the grim and ill-adapted Gothic of the Law Courts; or proceeding down Parliament Street in search of fresh beauties in the exterior of the Admiralty and the War Office, and on, maybe, to the growing dignity of the new Victoria railway terminus; or even making an excursion to South Kensington to view Sir Aston Webb's masterpiece, the present Victoria and Albert Museum, and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse's symmetrical Natural History Museum. By such means the cursory glance becomes the detailed investigation, and the explorer, gratified by the discovery of some fact of beauty, which, not having talked with architects or read text-books, he believes to be a fresh one and his own, goes home and talks about it with authority. Necessarily the authority thus assumed is often open to question, and the interest in the subject is found to be based on anything but the sound knowledge that proceeds from constant observation and comparison. But whether it be shallow or deep, it is undeniably wide-spread. More than that, it is comprehensive to a degree. It is not confined to a particular building, or to one class of building; it embraces everything from a church to a railway station. It is gradually emancipating itself from the mere usage of Gothic and Renaissance as fascinating terms to play with, and from all the vanities of culture that were once deemed its

realities. It is not an appreciation of a special cult in architecture, but a growing, if still immature, sense of the importance of architecture to the national life and of beauty to a town.

Communications.

THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To the man who reads running, Peace would seem to have come in with a rush. Mr. Roosevelt's latest speech, demanding the impossible in the shape of a navy superior to any conceivable threat, sounds like a voice from the dim ages of the past. Group after group of foreign visitors is fêted—this week the Olympic arena (no longer barren of hospitality) and the French deputies and senators have shared newspaper honors; while a ground-swell of advertisement has prepared the public mind for the International Peace Congress which will fill Caxton Hall and Queen's Hall throughout next week. But this last is an occasion *sui generis*, deserving of some searching thought both by friendly outsiders and by its own members. The Congress is to be entertained at a banquet by the Government, at the cost of the new hospitality fund. It is to be received in deputation by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, and is to visit Windsor a thousand strong. It is to be addressed by the Prime Minister and several of his colleagues; and the Bishop of Carlisle will bless it at Westminster Abbey. Is a gathering that has for half a century represented the political Left in the International field strong enough to stand without hurt this sudden access of respectability?

The veterans of the movement are falling one by one—Randal Cremer has this week followed Hodgson Pratt, Elie Duncannon, and General Türr into the peace that is beyond Congresses and Conventions; Frédèric Passy is too ill to come to London; the Baroness von Suttner and Signor Moneta are the only Nobel laureates who will be present. Still, it is evident that the seventeenth Congress will be stronger than any of its predecessors in representative quality. From Iceland to Japan, and from Sweden to South Africa and New Zealand, there is hardly a country that will not have its spokesman. France, Germany, the United States, and Italy send large delegations. Three Japanese professors, several Hindus, half-a-dozen Poles, one of the Paris leaders of the Young Turkish revolt, and some distinguished foreign feminists will illustrate in their own persons some of the livest of contemporary problems. Many aspects of our own pacific sentiment will be in evidence. Three Universities, those of Manchester, Wales, and Birmingham, will participate; as will political organisations like the Cobden, Eighty, and New Reform Clubs, the National Reform Union, the two bodies of women Liberals; the Trade Union Congress Parliamentary Committee, and several of the largest trade unions; the Free Church Council, the Baptist and Congregational Unions, the Unitarian Association, and other religious bodies. The list of subsidiary demonstrations, especially the Young People's meeting on Thursday evening, the Labor gathering in Trafalgar Square next Saturday, and the Teachers' Conference on Friday proves, indeed, when we consider its precedents and the material weakness of the movement hitherto, that Peace Week will this year witness a somewhat notable feat of organisation.

This is all to the good, and still it is not untimely to express the hope that what has been gained in popularity may not be lost in pioneering zeal and political foresight. The sentiment of peace is becoming dangerously cheapened. The realisation of the means by which alone a settled condition of friendship among nations can be attained is painfully infrequent and feeble. What is wanted is a clear understanding of the causes of international disorder, and a network of vigilance committees that will combat these causes in season and out of season. The intellectual work of the peace movement, in fact, is not done; it is only just begun. There are only too many titled persons ready to cry "Peace! Peace!" where there is no peace. The first Hague Conference, almost universally scoffed at in respectable circles, has to its credit at least one enormous accomplishment—the Permanent Court of Arbitration. The second Conference, amid the plaudits of the world, achieved nothing comparable in importance with its decision to meet again in seven years

Seven years! And in the meantime the system of suppressed anarchy called the "armed peace" continues in full swing. Between the two Hague Conferences, according to Sir E. Fry, the yearly expenditure of Europe, the United States, and Japan, on armaments increased from £251,000,000 to £320,000,000. What incredible figure will it have reached ere the third Conference meets in 1914? We understand, of course, that every part of its programme cannot be fully discussed at each International Peace Congress. It is fortunate, therefore, and altogether fitting that this subject, which England has officially espoused, without, perhaps, very fully comprehending its logic, and certainly, so far, without much ingenuity or boldness, is secure of due consideration!—Yours, &c.,

G. H. PERRIS.

July 22nd, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

"WANTED, A NEW SCHEME OF CULTURE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on this subject in last week's issue says so many true and wise things that many of your readers must have been surprised, as I was, at the lameness of its conclusions. You complain of the divorce between the common people and the specialist knowledge brought to light by the "new Renaissance," and you lament the consequent inadequacy of "culture" to hold its own against the pressure of utilities. But you have nothing further to suggest in remedy than that people should be taught, firstly, English literature and history, and, secondly, to "weigh and consider" what they read. This is admirable advice so far as it goes, but it hardly goes to the root of the very large question you raise—the divorce of "culture" from life. Will you allow the argument to be carried a little further by a member of one of those college common rooms with whose conversational gifts you were so much disappointed?

It is quite true that the older universities, and the "schools and colleges frequented by the sons and daughters of our upper classes," have developed a "culture" of their own, based largely upon the study of classical antiquity, which is a closed book to the great mass of the nation. An educational tradition extending over several centuries has produced a peculiar and distinctive atmosphere and habit of mind. It would be tempting to analyse and discuss it—to ask how it has managed to cultivate Hellenism without ceasing to be Christian, and to absorb itself in a rather formal study of literature and yet persist in its task of educating "governors" and "practical" men. But all your readers know the type of gentleman and scholar upon whom this "culture" has been impressed. One can guess beforehand what one will find on his bookshelves—Homer, Plato, and Sophocles (with, nowadays, perhaps Euripides) among the ancients, and Walter Pater and Matthew Arnold predominant among the moderns.

This is "culture" in the most esoteric sense of a word which many democrats have learnt to detest. Who would dare to quote Pater or the *Symposium* at a working-class gathering that has been brought up on the Old Testament, reads Mr. Blatchford weekly, and is buying up the cheap reprints of Darwin, Ruskin, and Carlyle? It is tempting to acquiesce with you in "the obvious impossibility of applying to the spritual nutrition of the common people an intellectual and emotional diet framed for the dainty palate of an aristocracy."

Yet, for all the "artifice and preciosity" you speak of, your conclusion is certainly premature; and there are many who have actually had experience in communicating the ideas embodied in this form of culture to working men and women who would boldly assert that it has already been

disproved. Lord Morley referred in his Manchester address to the Workers' Educational Association and to the enthusiasm for the humanities it has succeeded in generating among many of the factory workers in the North. One of the most striking facts about the educational revival stimulated by this body is the remarkable affinity it has revealed between working-class and academic habits of mind. A university man, fresh from Plato, who spends an evening chatting (or, rather, listening) in a working men's club where this revival is in full swing, could almost fancy himself at a gathering of embryo university philosophers, or among the Athenians in the Agora discussing the One and the Many, or the nature of Oratory, or the relative advantages of one-man government and democracy, with the general secretary of a powerful trades' union substituted for Pericles or Alcibiades. Compulsory Greek is, no doubt, an important educational issue; but if you think that its abolition will lead to a "radical revision of culture standards," I am convinced that you are mistaken. Greek ideas are too interesting and infectious to have been killed even by coddling, and they only become more interesting and infectious when they put on an English dress.

To your two suggested remedies I would briefly add two more. Firstly, the democratisation of the older universities. Academic culture has suffered from a certain intellectual inbreeding. Make it accessible to a wider circle, and we shall see how much vital power it retains. In its details this is a wide and difficult question, but most people in Oxford would agree that the fresh wind blown through the university at the advent of the Rhodes scholars, and, in a lesser degree as yet, of the Ruskin College students, has strengthened rather than impaired the tender plant of culture.

Secondly, it should be recognised that many of the studies which are most distinctive of the "new Renaissance" cannot be carried on satisfactorily through the medium of books alone. Mathematics, metaphysics, and logic may flourish in any surroundings where men have leisure for contemplation. But history and economics, and even the study of antiquity, demand much that a university of itself cannot give—a knowledge of men and cities as well as of documents, and a faculty of learning by observation and intercourse. Scholars and historians are beginning to take lessons in the market-place and in the islands of the Aegean. This not only improves their conversation, but should help to bridge the chasm between scientific knowledge and the life of the people.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. Z.

Oxford, July 22nd, 1908.

THE WORKING OF THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In the discussion in the House of Commons a few days ago on the administration of the Small Holdings Act, I noticed much complaint was made that so little land had been obtained for holdings by the county councils up to the present, and this fact was used as evidence that the councils were almost all opposed to the Act and endeavouring to make it a "dead letter."

I hold no brief for the county councils, but this argument is scarcely fair as sufficient time has not yet elapsed for the committees of these councils to have got their plans fully matured. One council I know of—which is most anxious to make the Act a thorough success—has not yet obtained an acre of ground. In this district almost all tenancies are Lady Day takes, so notices to quit cannot be given until the spring of 1909 for farms that are required to be split up for Small Holdings purposes, and possession in most cases will not be obtained until 1910. On the other hand, where councils have taken pains to let it be known that they intend to do as little as possible, and where there is ample evidence of these obstructive intentions, the sooner the commissioners get to work the better, so that another year may not be lost to suitable applicants, and land obtained for occupation in 1910.

One way in which the Small Holdings Act, 1907, is working, and of which little or nothing is heard, is that landlords who were hardly ever known to split up farms into small holdings are now doing so to no inconsiderable extent rather than have county council tenants in the middle of their estates, and in one area some thirty or forty county applicants have accepted suitable offers, on as good—if not on better—terms than a county council would be able to offer.

When all applicants for land are supplied, then the question of the success of the holders will very much depend on the extent to which they will organise themselves, and it is to this end that Small Holdings Associations should now be laying their plans. Slow work it will, no doubt, be to get our men to unite together, but it will be from small beginnings that the larger undertakings will arise, and if successful live stock insurance societies could be organised on co-operative lines in our villages, this would, I believe, be the best way of introducing the thin end of the co-operative wedge, and out of them larger societies would arise, similar to those which are such a notable success in Denmark.—Yours, &c.,

Alfred Rowntree, Hon. Sec.,
Yorkshire Small Holdings Association.

July 19th.

SUFFRAGISTS AND THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Most of your anti-Suffragist correspondents seem to ignore one important fact, namely, that our country *needs* the co-operation of women in its great human causes, foremost of which is the temperance cause.

Why has the drink problem, this "gigantic evil in our midst," been allowed to assume its present proportions? Why has our Legislature, long before now, not restrained this vast monopoly, but allowed it so to grow up in the community as to become a menace to the integrity of our politics and the security of our country, the master rather than the servant of our public life?

Why is it that temperance legislation has been so far behind the temperance work of our country? This is not one of those vague questions that admit of no answer. There is an answer. Women have done splendid work in their various organisations, such as the British Women's Temperance Association, &c., but they have never been able to make that work effectual in the country because of the lack of political power. The backwardness of temperance legislation has, to a large extent, nullified their work. The drink problem is even more vital to women than it is to men, because of racial and domestic considerations. And it is a remarkable fact that wherever the Parliamentary franchise has been extended to women, as in New Zealand, Finland, &c., a decisive temperance legislation has invariably followed.

The ancient Egyptians represented man without woman as a single grindstone—unable to grind alone. And what the temperance cause most needs to-day is the co-operation of women with men, not only in practical temperance work, but also in temperance legislation.

Suffragists are supporting the Demonstration in favor of the Licensing Bill, in Hyde Park, on Saturday, July 25th, and they appeal to all women to join them, in order to show how much the co-operation of women is needed in this cause, and to make clear the fact that their effectual co-operation can only be secured by means of the power of the Parliamentary vote—Man cannot grind with a single grindstone.—Yours, &c.,

Kate A. Hessel.

Hampstead, N.W.,
July 21st, 1908.

THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have just read my friend Dr. Morrison's letter in your current number, and ask leave to point what appears to me to be the moral of it.

It is not necessarily an argument against the indeterminate sentence to say that it is not in harmony with

English law. English law may not be perfect. And if it is inconsistent with our prison system, some of the wrongs of which Dr. Morrison has done so much to expose and alter, why, then, the answer *might* be: "So much the worse for our prison system."

Now, to take Dr. Morrison's three specifics for professional criminals. "A milder prison régime" may be very desirable, as compared with the present one; but it will be useless unless it is reformative. Mere mildness will not make it effective. Then, as to "detention extending over the most criminal period of life," the question is: What are we going to do with the man (or boy) under detention? Are we going to treat him to "the suppression of individual will and individual initiative," as Dr. Morrison says we now do, or are we going to cultivate these and give them a chance of growing wholesome? And what does Dr. Morrison mean by "an extension of the principle of conditional liberation"? Conditional on what? Conditional on docility and a broken will, which he tells us are the prison virtues?

Surely all people who think about this grave problem must agree that what we want is, not merely milder treatment, not merely detention at any particular period, but *effective reformative treatment*. Is it beyond our powers to devise such treatment? And would it be beyond the bounds of possibility, if we had devised and instituted such treatment, to find men who could be trusted to apply it honestly, and to devise safeguards, so that each person should have as much of the treatment as his case needed, and no more?

Will Dr. Morrison tell me that Superintendent Scott, of Elmira, does not know what one of his patients will do when set at liberty? And if he makes a mistake—why, the man is "on parole," and can be recalled.

With the statement that crime is a social disease, I suppose we shall all agree, and that it must be dealt with by social and not penal methods is to me quite obvious. But that is not to say that we should not attempt some reasonable method of cure to the symptoms of the disease.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

7, Holly Village, Highgate, N.,
July 21st, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Gladstone's approval of indefinite sentences dates back to the year 1895, when he and Mr. Haldane were members of a Departmental Committee on the subject, the former being the Chairman. But the recommendations of the Committee differ in two respects from the provisions of the Bill, and in both of these I prefer Mr. Gladstone's earlier opinions to his later ones. The recommendation of the Committee is to the effect that when a habitual criminal is convicted, he shall be sentenced to a lengthened term of preventive detention—evidently in lieu of the ordinary sentence. The Bill makes preventive detention an additional punishment, instead of an alternative one. It is, moreover, an optional addition, and, like flogging, will probably be adopted by some judges and not by others. I fail to see the object of this change, the original of which is to be found in the writings of Sir Robert Anderson. The object of our ordinary sentences is understood to be to deter the prisoner from repeating the offence. The object of preventive detention is to protect the public against the depredations of persons who cannot thus be deterred. If we have given up the hope of deterring the prisoner by penal servitude or imprisonment, these punishments become purely vindictive, and the preventive detention ought to commence at once. If we have not given up the hope of deterring him, why not try, on the expiration of his ordinary sentence, whether he has, in fact, been deterred? The two parts of the sentence proceed on opposite principles, and no effort is made to see whether the first part has proved succcessful before entering on the second. It may be replied that we know from previous experience that the first part will not prove successful. Then why try it at all? The Bill proposes to act like a doctor who resolves to try curative treatment on a man's leg for a month, and then to amputate it, irrespective of the effects of this treatment.

But, secondly, the report of the Committee recommends a separate prison for preventive detention, and even makes a suggestion with regard to the most suitable site for one. Mr. Gladstone, judging from his speeches, has not entirely lost sight of this; but there is no provision to this effect in the Bill. Preventive detention is to be penal detention in ordinary prisons, controlled by the ordinary staffs, the ordinary prison rules being relaxed only to the extent to which the Home Secretary thinks fit to relax them. Indeed, he does not seem to be bound to relax them at all. The prisoner's treatment, while undergoing preventive detention, is left as indefinite as the duration of the sentence; but it is clearly to be penal treatment in an ordinary prison. This seems to me to render the initial term of ordinary penal servitude indefensible. I can understand (though I do not agree with it) a contention that a criminal should expiate his offence. I can understand that it may be necessary to lock a man up for a long time in order to protect the public, as is done, for instance, in the case of criminal lunatics. But why should a man first expiate his offence in the usual way, and then be detained for a lengthened period for the protection of the public, but under penal conditions which are not essential to that protection?

The report of the Committee does not define the phrase "habitual criminal," and neither does the Bill. Sir R. Anderson distinguishes two classes of habitual criminals—the utterly weak and the utterly wicked, the latter being otherwise termed "professionals." For the former class Sir Robert advocates preventive detention (in an asylum prison) at once. For the latter, he would have an initial term of penal servitude (if, indeed, the whole detention was not to be of that character). Mr. Gladstone sometimes speaks as if his Bill provided preventive detention for professionals only, but I can see nothing in its provisions to limit its scope to professionals. It will, I think, in practice, mete out to both classes of habituals the treatment which Sir Robert advocated for the worst class only, though even as regards that class he assigns no definite reason for the double punishment, which seems to me indefensible on principle.

As to the prisoner's right of appeal, it will not exist in Scotland or Ireland, and the decisions of the English Court of Appeal have up to the present been marked by extreme reluctance to interfere with any sentence. I look upon this provision, even in England, as nugatory.—Yours, &c.,

B. L.

Dublin, July 21st, 1908.

"THE NEW SPIRIT IN TURKEY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the course of the interesting, and otherwise, I believe, accurate article under the above heading in your issue of the 18th inst., you make statements which I cannot but think ill founded in fact, and which are certainly mischievous in their effect on British influence in the Near East. You state that the Turkish force in Macedonia "massacres Bulgarian bands to the last man," and "allows the Greek and Servian bands to prey on the Bulgarian villages."

I have pointed out before that our strength as a nation in relation to this tangled problem of the European provinces of Turkey largely depends on our retaining the confidence of the minor states of the Near East in our impartiality and disinterestedness; and that even were such statements correct no good purpose can be served by emphasising them.

But I venture to contend that you are seriously misled. Firstly, as to the massacre of Bulgarian bands. Although it appeared a few months ago as though there were a diminution of activity on the part of the comitadjis, it was not due to any efforts put forth by Hilmi Pacha, but to internal dissensions and lack of funds on the part of the rival Bulgarian organisations, and to the renewed overtures for an understanding with Turkey made by the party now in power. This party, to quote from its official organ, the "Courrier de Sofia," of the 11th inst., "is convinced that it is only by entertaining good relationships with Turkey, and not by the action of the bands, that the situation of the Macedonian people can be ameliorated." Now, I am not for the moment concerned to take exception to this policy, if loyally carried

out. But I do take exception to your reading of the situation, according to which Bulgarian activity in Macedonia meets with extremely active hostility on the part of the Turks, whereas the Greek movement is encouraged. And when I learn from the "Dnewnik," the "Kampana," and other Bulgarian papers during the past few weeks, of the passage into Macedonia of one armed band after another, under Tchernopeef, Goremtseko, Delgradef, and others, and then hear even more recently of their appearance and baneful activity in districts hitherto recognised as preponderatingly patriarchist, I find it quite difficult to believe either in the sincerity of the new Bulgarian Ministry in carrying out its policy or in the earnestness of the Turkish troops in repressing these Bulgarian bands. How much more difficult, then, is it to credit your statement that the Bulgarian bands are "massacred to a man" by the Turkish pursuing columns.

Then as to the alleged impunity of the Greek and Servian bands. At the present moment there are literally hundreds of Greeks, Servians, and other patriarchists in Turkish gaols, either awaiting trial or serving their sentences, for connection with the bands. Only a fortnight ago the Bulgarian Press related with gusto that Dimitri Rochka and Nicolas Papageorghi had been sentenced to imprisonment for life; that Yorghi Timio had "got ten years"; and that a long string of other patriarchists had received sentences of from one to five years for their alleged complicity in the deeds, or, rather, misdeeds of the antartes. And in the "Courrier" of the 4th inst. I read of the members of a Greek band, captured near Monastir, being sentenced to seven years imprisonment, and in another case, of Leonidas Enthime and Traiko, a courier, receiving five years. And I could quote many other recent cases. True, this isn't "massacring to the last man." But it is hardly impunity to anyone who has the faintest conception of a Turkish prison. And even the Bulgarian organs, for the most part, have given up talking about "complicity" and "impunity." "Greco-Turkish relationships have been for some time past very strained," says the official organ of Mr. Takeff on the 8th inst., and proceeds to enumerate some of the causes, including the Cretan question, the crisis in Samos, and the alleged augmentation of the Greek bands.

I believe, sir, you are in complete agreement with me as to the desirability of putting a stop to the murderous action of the bands, whether Bulgarian, Servian, Greek, Albanian, Roumanian, Turkish, or nondescript. But where and how to begin? That is the problem. I cannot blind myself to the fact that this policy of armed propaganda was begun by the Bulgarians. Then let them be the first to withdraw. The Greeks looked on and restrained themselves for quite six years. But I am absolutely confident, as the result of exhaustive enquiries I have made, that they would not take six months, nor even six weeks, to follow suit were once the Bulgarian comitadjis withdrawn.

But how is this to be brought about? I have as little faith as you in the reforms and mobile columns of the new Anglo-Russian partnership; and feel sure we shall all come eventually to unity on the only just and practical solution, namely, a partition of (what is so loosely called) Macedonia by an International Commission on the basis of the wishes of its people—a solution deemed practicable, I believe, by the President of the Balkan Committee, and one which I should be glad to discuss at closer quarters dared I trespass further on your space.—Yours, &c.,

T. Palmer Newbould.

Broadway Chambers, Ilford.
July 20th, 1908.

"IS THE DRAMA DYING?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I heartily agree with Miss Stevens that to read a fine novel or play over the fireside is a completer pleasure than to see the same imperfectly represented on the stage. But is it possible for this pleasure to be universally enjoyed, and is there not a large class of people whose minds are so untrained to reading that this fireside pleasure is beyond their reach?

For these, in my opinion, the theatre exists, and will continue to exist.

Even though "Othello" and "Hamlet" can never be perfectly represented on the stage, it is better for the many who do not read that they should come to know them thus imperfectly, than that they should never come to know them at all.—Yours, &c.,

L. R.

Hartburn, Stockton-on-Tees.
July 22nd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your three correspondents who replied to my letter on this subject all agree on one point, and that is that it is churlish that we should love better to be alone in the world of fancy rather than hunt pleasure in packs.

They seem to me to forget that, under modern conditions, our whole *working* life is spent on the market, in the office, the hospital, or the factory. We *work* in crowds. But the abiding soul in man cries out for times of solitude, in which she may recreate and rediscover herself. Of old, when each dug in his own vineyard, or sat at her own wheel, the gay and thronging crowd was as much a part of the joy as the play itself. To-day, I say we feel the need of quiet in off times rather than hurry and chatter and noise and glare. Therefore, this is one more support to my claim for letting fancy roam in an armchair rather than in stall, pit, or gallery.

Mr. William Poel repeats the Church and Stage doctrine that of all means "of education undoubtedly the greatest is the stage." This is begging the whole question. *If* the drama is dead, or dying, it is not only *not* a means of education, but is something which a bringer-up of youth would wish to avoid. And I maintain once more that the novel, which has been called into life by the desire of the imagination to live beautifully in harmony with what is around her, is the happy substitute for the drama. And wisdom is justified of all her children.

The drama in the past has done her great work. To-day the novel is her heiress, and

"May she do her work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen,
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean."

Yours, &c.,
Euphemia Stevens.

Bradfield, July 21st.

GOETHE'S 78th VENETIAN EPIGRAM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I send you a rhymed translation of the 78th Venetian Epigram of Goethe, of which you print an unrhymed version on page 303, May 30th, 1908.

"On the prisms or the plants ever laboring, man,
When you might be a-touching soft hearts, as you can?"

"Any fool can do that. What I work for so much
Is the hem of thy robe, Mother Nature, to touch!"

Yours, &c.,
David Wilson.

Myaungmya, Burma,
June 28th, 1908.

"THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—You do well to open your columns to a full *exposê* of the motor tyranny. Having the misfortune to live on the Brighton road, I know something about it. Several deaths have been caused in my immediate neighbourhood by motors, one only the other day, when a poor old woman was literally crushed to a jelly by one of these juggernauts. What is the use of arguing about speeds, when the motorist's primary idea is to get along as fast as he can, and his friends will tell you that the great enjoyment of the thing is to rush through the air at lightning speed? Eight, or even ten, miles an hour is "child's play" to them, although it is fast enough for decent people, who are contented to sit behind one of God's noblest creations, the horse.

Perhaps the worst effects of the motor blight are to be

seen in the country, where the devastation wrought by it is complete. For years I have been in the habit of staying at one of the quietest of Sussex watering places, where a holiday could really be enjoyed to the full by a weary man seeking peace. The place stands back from the sea, with a main road running between it and the beach. It swarms with children in the season, who have to cross this road, and whose parents or guardians are kept in a constant state of nervous tension lest they are run over, for the road is infested by motor cars, motor cycles, motor omnibuses, traction engines, and so forth. Preferring a country walk to the beach, I used the road, which has no side walk at many parts. But I found myself so constantly driven into the hedge by passing motors, and the dust was so intolerable, that I had to give up walking, and, in fact, confine myself to my rooms. Where the enjoyment of motoring comes in, when you have to arm yourself to the teeth, goggle yourself to the eyebrows, and stuff your nose against the stink of petrol fumes, I fail to see. The sights and sounds and smell of Nature do not exist for the motorist, whose organs and senses are destroyed for the moment by the very means he has adopted to secure his enjoyment. What I have said of my favorite seaside resort is true of every other place similarly situated, and, in fact, country life generally has been destroyed, not only for visitors, but for country dwellers, and especially for the little children whose only playground is the public road.

Then, there is the farmer. He has been hit in several ways, inasmuch as there is a lessened demand for the horses he breeds, and for the fodder he grows; while his hedges and the crops abutting on the high road are affected by the showers of dust which settle upon them. Finally, if there is any finality about the matter, he has to pay for the maintenance and repair of the roads cut up by the very persons who are injuring him in these other directions. At least, motorists ought to pay for these repairs, and this reminds me that, in the district in which I reside, the roads are at this moment being coated with tar, at the expense of the ratepayers. There should certainly be a "road tax" on all motors, and it passes comprehension why an imperial tax has not been laid on them long ago. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has admitted that he is on the look-out for a hen-roost to rob, against next year's Budget, and he could not do better than look in at the various motor garages throughout the country, besides putting a thousand or two per annum on a certain motor racecourse, which, by the cupidity of a single individual, has laid waste one of the most beautiful districts of this beautiful, but motor-infested, country. Mr. Lloyd-George need not be afraid of hurting the poor by this operation, because the only people affected would be a parcel of rich vulgarians, who fly through the country as though the roads were made for them and their "infernal machines," as Sir Theodore Martin has very properly designated them.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

Surrey, July 18th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The answers that have been attempted to your admirable articles on "The Lost Liberty of the Road," and other apologies for the ways of the motorist which I have read or heard, lead irresistibly to the conclusion that motoring sets up a mental dry-rot in those who practise it, which eats away their moral sense and their reasoning faculty, at least in all that concerns their pastime. How else can one explain the statements they make, and the arguments they use, apparently in good faith, and in the innocent belief that they are offering a convincing defence?

For instance, one motorist confidently assures us that speed has nothing to do with the power of pulling up in a short distance. Every person not grossly ignorant knows that speed has everything to do with it. Had speed nothing to do with the case of the motor last week that killed the old woman of seventy-nine, and could not stop till it had dragged her mangled corpse fifty yards?

Several motorists have declared that the opposition to the motor is due to the same blind prejudice that objected to railways, and would obstruct all progress. No man in possession of his reasoning faculties could honestly advance a contention so silly as this.

First, the railways are not an amusement of the rich, they are for the use of the whole community. Secondly, they are strictly limited to narrow enclosed spaces, and risk of accident is confined to those who work on them and those who use them. The motor infests every road and lane in the country, ruining their charm for all other users of them, filling them with noise, dust and stench, and rendering them so perilous as to exclude from their use large numbers who have hitherto enjoyed them. As to the depreciation of property, which Lord Russell strangely denies, we hear of it on all sides. A friend of mine owns a house in a beautiful part of the country which he has let regularly every year for a season at eleven guineas a week. He told me last week that now his neighbourhood is so desolated by motors that he cannot let the house.

Another argument exhibiting the same decay in the reasoning powers is one I have met with several times on the subject of accidents. Or, rather, there are two such arguments on that point. First, when motors were much fewer than now, but the proportion of accidents high, motorists would give the actual number of accidents caused by motors and compare them with the actual number caused by other vehicles, without paying any regard to the enormously greater number of the ordinary vehicles. Any child could correct such a fallacy, but it is not more disingenuous than the later contention that, in comparing the two, allowance must be made for the greater distances covered in the same time by the motors. This greater distance in the time (*i.e.*, the greater speed) is the gravamen of their offence and the cause of the accidents, and they gravely ask us to count this in their favor.

In the matter of sickening stench, the motorist seems to think it quite sufficient to allege (without evidence) that it does not injure health. Some time ago the police on duty in places in the city where there were frequent stoppages of traffic, including many motors, petitioned to be allowed to change about to other parts because they suffered torture from sick headaches.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY HOLIDAY.

Oak Tree House, Hampstead.
July 20th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Nothing of late has interested me so much as the correspondence in your paper on this subject. Like the writer of the article of June 6th, I am one of the "hunted," and have had my own experience of what the motorist is. My coachman, too, was knocked down the other day when close to the footpath, was badly bruised and shaken, and narrowly escaped with his life.

But the remedy for all this? The writer of the article says, that a "long and uphill fight" lies before us, if this tyranny is to be overthrown. Who so fit, then, as THE NATION and its staff to lead in the formation of a National Association for regaining the liberty of the road? Funds for this fight will be forthcoming in abundance.—Yours, &c.,

Sutton Coldfield, July 23rd, 1908. S. D. W.

THE COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many of your readers, both lawyers and laymen, who welcomed the establishment of the Court of Criminal Appeal and have followed its working with satisfaction, will have noticed with regret that the Lord Chief Justice is carrying through the House of Lords a Bill which makes an important alteration in the constitution of the new Court. At present it consists of the Lord Chief Justice and eight Judges of the King's Bench Division, appointed for the purpose by the Lord Chief Justice with the consent of the Lord Chancellor. It is now proposed that all the Judges of the King's Bench Division should be Judges of the Court of Criminal Appeal. The present Common Law Bench is notoriously less strong in its *personnel* than at some periods of our legal history, but, were it stronger than it is, it would, I venture to think, be a mistake to regard all its members as necessarily qualified for the task of hearing criminal appeals and revising sentences. This is obviously a kind of work for which special qualities and also special experience are required, and many of the Common Law Judges will be the first to acknowledge that

they possess neither in the requisite degree. On the other hand, there would be very little difficulty in choosing half a dozen, or even eight Judges, who would be recognised by their colleagues as having exceptional fitness for the position. One object which it was hoped to attain through the new Court, was a reduction in the present glaring disparities between sentences. This may, perhaps, be corrected by bringing the minds of the Common Law Judges into joint stock on the subject, but the standard arrived at in this way—a sort of rough give and take, which the competent and the less competent will have an equal share in shaping—will not be nearly so satisfactory and educated as would be one arrived at by a smaller body with steadily increasing knowledge and authority. I hope that when the Lord Chief Justice's Bill comes down to the House of Commons, its provisions may receive the examination and criticism of which they seem to stand very much in need.—Yours, &c.,

July 22nd, 1908. A Criminal Lawyer.

THE LICENSING BILL AND TEMPERANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—As a reader of The Nation, and a Liberal who finds it difficult to discover any point of view from which the present Licensing Bill before the House of Commons is other than deplorable, I would ask you for enlightenment in regard to the note on page 438 of your current issue. You there describe the statements of Mr. Balfour that the Bill confiscates property, and that it is hostile to temperance, as being contradictory.

At the end of the period of the time limit, after 30,000 licences have been eliminated with compensation estimated at one-tenth of that awarded by the Act of 1904, the remaining licences are to be treated as new licences, and are only regranted on payment of the monopoly value. The monopoly value representing the market value of a licence may be regarded as property. This monopoly value has in nearly all cases been bought and paid for as part of the market value at which they were acquired by the present holders, and to take the licences away and only regrant them on repayment, and describe the process as anything but confiscatory, seems simply euphemistic. The other ground of Mr. Balfour's argument to which you refer is that the Bill will not be productive of true temperance. Few people assert that it will, or think that it may. The principal supporters claim no more than that it will clear the ground for experiment. That it is hostile to true temperance is surely clear, for reducing the number of public-houses without regard to the needs of particular districts would surely have the effect of driving those who have used the public-house into those places where the supply of drink is unsupervised and unregulated, *i.e.*, the clubs. These two arguments do not seem to me to be contradictory.—Yours, &c.,

The Bungalow, Leatherhead, J. W. Wilson.

July 1st, 1908.

POLITICS IN A HURRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The Socialists and the Suffragettes want things to go faster. But the means they adopt make things go slower. Unconsciously they may even produce a retrograde political movement, and thereby aid the forces of Conservatism. All progressive people are painfully aware of the shortcomings of the present Liberal Government, and it is right to criticise and use pressure. But it is the great tragedy of our politics that reaction may be produced by the very people who are most in earnest concerning reforms. If the Suffragettes and the Socialists will back up the Government then there is surely more hope for their reforms. But, otherwise, how can we blame members of the Government if they say as a consequence of bad by-elections that—after all, the country is not ready, and you cannot push John Bull faster than he is inclined to go. Then is the opportunity of the Whigs, as in the great split of 1886, when Mr. Gladstone hurried things on through the pressure of the Parnellite Party. The Liberal Party were demolished and Ireland had an extra dose of coercion in spite of the curious bidding for Irish support against Liberalism by Conservative leaders. This Government want encouragement and time to carry out their programme. And yet one man will think that his particular hobby will have a better chance if he helps a Tory Party to power. And another man will have an idea that his special reform may, perhaps, come if he votes for the other man at election time. We must punish the Liberal Ministers, and, of course, the same result takes place as in the past. The politician in a hurry gets punished worst of all.—Yours, &c., Edwin Hill.

Leamington.

IMPERIAL POLITICS AT MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Nearly all over the country, complaints are made that it is almost useless to vote for honest and efficient candidates at municipal elections, on account of Imperial politics being imported into the contests. It was the late Lord Salisbury who gave the cue to this course by importing politics into municipal elections.

In his speech at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, on November 7th, 1894 (on the eve of L.C.C. elections), he said:—

> "We cannot now keep politics out of these elections. . . . . We must not be shy of using all our political power and machinery for the purpose of importing sound principles into the government of London. . . . It is our duty in all these elections to act as a party, and to vote as in the election of members to Parliament."

Ergo, the qualification of Moderate candidates is that they must be party politicians, but from facts we know that Toryism is the arch-enemy in municipal matters (particularly) in London.

It is a pity that political jugglery should be allowed to play such a heavy part in the internal government of the country, when useful legislation is preferable to party triumph.—Yours, &c., Albert Raphael.

National Liberal Club,

July 21st, 1908.

Poetry.

BE NOT AFRAID.

Be not afraid; it was some wise
  Daemon amid that glade of Fate
Tore off the bandage from our eyes
  And stamped us mate and mate.

I am all yours. I kneel, I burn,
  Feel every naked rushing nerve
And tendril of my being yearn
  For you; for you I starve!

I am all yours. What creature else
  Exists but you? Passion divine
Pursued through half-a-thousand hells
  I make, I keep you mine!

Endless you yield what else none gives,
  That torturing, acutest bliss
That quenches self-hood while it lives
  Enheavened in your kiss.

So as the eagle on his ledge
  Huddles and broods above his prey
Eternal terrors in me rage
  Lest some one take away;

Lest I be not the universe
  For you (as you, my mate, for me)
Of every sense—all that confers
  This fearful ecstasy.

None other living shall feel thus
  The blaze consummate light the breast.
For like Death I am covetous
  Of this too perfect zest;
None shall share what possesses us
  Nor what I have possessed!

Herbert Trench.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

"HUMAN NATURE IN POLITICS" is the title of an important work which Messrs. Constable will publish early in the autumn from the pen of Mr. Graham Wallas, who since his release from his long and arduous labors on the London School Board, has devoted most of his time to this literary task. By a close analysis of existing forces and tendencies he presents a new statement of the problem of democracy, discussing many of those questions of individual and social psychology to which French Sociologists, like Gabriel Tarde, have given prominence, but which in this country have hardly begun to get clear recognition as subjects of scientific study. The fresh light thrown by recent experiments in government upon such problems as the proper position of the expert in legislation and administration, the struggle of interests in politics, and the new possibilities of international relations, will form the subject matter of several chapters. The general result of his criticisms of democracy is, we gather, to correct the overemphasis laid by crude equalitarianism upon the operations of the popular will, and to secure proper recognition for the individual elements in political judgment and control.

* * *

To the large number of books about Napoleon already announced as in preparation for the autumn must be added a translation of the "Memoirs of the Comte de Rambuteau," which will be published in this country by Messrs. Dent, and by Messrs. Putnam's Sons in America. Rambuteau was Napoleon's Chamberlain, and his memoirs give an animated account of the doings of the Imperial Court, both by way of informal amusement and public entertainment. The skill he showed in organising balls and *fêtes* conciliated many of the old aristocratic families who were attracted by the theatrical splendour of Napoleon's Court. The book gives an excellent picture of the society of the day, but its main interest is the light it throws upon Napoleon's character. Rambuteau had exceptional opportunities of seeing him in his everyday relations, and these opportunities were turned to excellent account.

* * *

AN unpublished work of Nietzsche, bearing the title, "Ecce Homo: Wie Man Wird, Man Ist," has been edited and prepared for publication by Professor R. Richter, and will be issued towards the end of next month. No arrangements have as yet been made for an English translation, but, considering the revival of interest in Nietzsche lately evident, it is probable that a translation will appear. In the meantime Mr. Fisher Unwin, who publishes the collected edition of Nietzsche's works, announces a book called "The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche," by Mr. Henry L. Mencken. It is partly biographical and partly expository, showing the growth of Nietzsche's views in his own mind, and setting forth their bearing upon practical affairs. In the last part an attempt is made to trace the origin of the Nietzschean philosophy in other thinkers, to estimate its present influence and its possible developments in the future.

* * *

"MR. APOLLO: A JUST POSSIBLE STORY," is the title of a novel by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer now in the press. It discusses the religious thought of this country by means of a series of conversations between Apollo, who suddenly appears in London, and representatives of various scientific and theological creeds. Among those with whom Apollo comes in contact is Lord Aldington, the chief controller of the English yellow press. He believes in Apollo's pretensions, and promises that next morning all the placards of "The Daily Outlook" will be headed "A God in London." On reflection, however, he comes to the conclusion that the British public could never be induced to believe the statement, no matter how true it was, and he decides to boom the Zanzigs instead of Apollo. The conclusion reached by Mr. Hueffer is that science having almost destroyed religion, has now almost destroyed atheism, and that so deeply rooted is the sceptical attitude that it would not be convinced either to belief or disbelief by even the most irrefragable evidence.

MANY readers who enjoy Mr. Hilaire Belloc's brilliant political satire are of opinion that he appears to still greater advantage as an essayist, especially when he treats of open-air subjects. They will be glad to hear that Mr. Belloc is preparing a new volume of essays which, under the title of "The Eye Witness," will be published in the autumn by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

* * *

IN a biography of Rousseau published a couple of years ago, Mrs. Frederika Macdonald attempted not unsuccessfully to clear the memory of Jean Jacques from some of the worst charges that lie against it. She has now made a collection of maxims and principles from Rousseau's writings illustrative of his ideas and convictions concerning education, society, and religion. The extracts have been chosen with the object of showing that the criticism of the past fifty years has misrepresented the true foundation of Rousseau's philosophy of life. The book is to be published by Messrs. Dent, and will have the title "The Human Philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau."

* * *

A LIFE of Pope Gregory VII. is to be published in the autumn by Mr. Francis Griffiths. The author is the Right Rev. Arnold Harris Mathew, the recently consecrated Bishop of the Old Catholic Church in this country. The book is to be called "The Napoleon of the Church"—a title possibly suggested by Guizot, who described Hildebrand as "the Czar Peter of the Church." Bishop Harris makes use of some documents that have not hitherto been printed, but apart from any fresh material that may be brought to light, the book will be interesting as giving an Old Catholic estimate of the victor of Canossa and the chief agent in forming the policy that was pressed to its logical conclusion at the Vatican Council of 1870.

* * *

WE are pleased to see that Messrs. Longmans are to issue in September a new volume by the authors of "Some Reminiscences of an Irish R.M." Few writers of our day have shown greater skill in reproducing the rollicking side of modern Irish life—indeed, they may be said to have almost re-discovered the Lever touch. If "Further Reminiscences of an Irish R.M." is anything like its predecessor it is certain of a warm welcome.

* * *

BOOKS on gardening illustrated by artists of repute have been greatly in vogue during the past season. Apparently there is a large public for such works, and several of them are announced for the autumn. One of the most promising is "Scottish Gardens," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, of which Mr. Edward Arnold is to be the publisher. Sir Herbert Maxwell is both a brilliant and poetic writer, and an expert gardener. The book will be illustrated in color from drawings by Miss M. G. Wilson.

* * *

A BIOGRAPHY of Jonas Lie, the great Norwegian writer who died a few weeks ago, is being prepared by his son, Erik Lie, and will be issued during the present year. A large selection of Jonas Lie's letters will be included.

* * *

A SELECTION from the letters of Oscar Wilde, which Mr. Robert Ross is preparing for the press, will be published during the early autumn.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"George Grenfell and the Congo." By Sir Harry Johnston. (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

"The Twentieth Century American." By H. Perry Robinson. (Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d.)

"Impressions of Henry Irving." By Walter Herries Pollock. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham." By Elizabeth Raikes. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

"International Problems and Hague Conferences." By T. J. Lawrence. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Memories of Gardens." By Alexander Innes Shand. (The West Strand Publishing Company. 10s. 6d. net.)

"A Short History of the English Bar." By Bernard Kelly. (Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

"The Singular Republic." By W. H. Koebel. (Griffiths. 6s.)

"Le Valeur de l'Art." Par Guillaume Dubufe. (Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50.)

"L'Espoir." Roman. Par Georges Lecomte. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

"Erziehung der modernen Seele." Von. A. Horneffer. (Leipzig: Klinkhardt. M. 5.)

Reviews.

BONAPARTE IN HIS PRIME.*

The Duc de Broglie remarked in his memoirs that the four years of the Consulate, together with the reign of Henry IV., formed the golden periods of French history. The remark does no more than justice to the great work of reconstruction which forms the glory of Bonaparte. It is curious how much attention has been bestowed on the military triumphs of Napoleon, brilliant at the time, but fraught with disaster for France in the near future. The natural bent of a certain order of minds towards the petty and personal has also received striking illustration in their absorption in the trivial disputes of St. Helena. I sympathise with the remark of Dr. Fortescue, in his Introduction, that it would have been well for Napoleon, and conducive to the cause of truth, if all the literature emanating from, or relating to, Longwood had been left unwritten or promptly burnt. It is fairer to the man, as well as more illuminating for mankind, to take him at his best, to survey his great and permanent achievements, rather than to pry into the squabbles and dwell on the partisan pamphlets of his declining years.

In the present work we see Bonaparte in his prime. He had a unique opportunity before him. France, owing to the eager strifes of her factions, and the wars resulting from their aggressive policy, had never had a chance of settling down peacefully on the basis of democracy. The parties had been so intent on their own aggrandisement and the destruction of opponents, that they had almost forgotten the nation. No period was more barren of practical results, more fruitful in disillusionment, than that of the Directory after the *coup d'état* of Fructidor (September, 1797). The men who forced themselves on France rejected a peace which Pitt was most anxious to conclude. They plunged into aggressive courses in Italy and Switzerland, which provoked the War of the Second Coalition, and then showed their inability to cope with the difficulties which they themselves had raised. Only one constructive effort marks their time of supremacy, viz., the Act for enforcing almost universal military service—an enactment which Dr. Fortescue should have noted in his account of their doings given in his Introduction. This measure laid the foundation of the military fabric on which Bonaparte was to build; and, as Dr. Fortescue notes, France was saved from invasion by Masséna's victory at Zurich before the hero returned from his eastern adventures. It is, of course, easy to exaggerate here; and Thibaudeau, when he speaks of everything before the Consulate as being in tumult, disorder and anarchy, forgot that some progress had been made in the summer of 1799 under the lead of Sièyes. It should always be remembered that the writers of the Consular period had every reason for decrying the men who governed before them, and we shall, therefore, never get a fair view of things as they really were before the *coup d'état* of Brumaire. The work of scores of memoir writers and publicists has had its effect even on the monumental work of M. Vandal, "L'Avènement de Bonaparte."

Nevertheless, it is in the main true that nearly everything in the way of organisation had to be done by the First Consul, as regards local government, law, finance, public works, the navy, the colonies, education, and the religious question. It is the glory of Bonaparte that he associated his name indelibly with all of these undertakings. The chief value of Thibaudeau's memoirs, the part of which relating to the Consulate now for the first time appears in English, lies in his presentation of the motives which prompted the First Consul to the inception of his enterprises, the method of their accomplishment, and something of their results. No work gives a fuller and more accurate account of the procedure at the Council of State, that workshop of Government where Bonaparte displayed his many-sided energies to full advantage. The confidential character of many of Thibaudeau's notes on its debates is seen by the pains which he took at that time to preserve his anonymity.

In some respects the memoirs are disappointing. They deal scarcely at all with finance—a subject on which those of Gaudin and Mollien hold the first place. For the public works and similar efforts, those of Chaptal are far better, besides revealing more of Bonaparte's personality. But no volumes, not even those of Locré, Pelet, and Fauriel, show us so much of the working of the Council of State and the First Consul's share in it. Take, for instance, the account given in Chapter VI. of the rather half-hearted efforts made for elementary education. Thibaudeau was an expert on this subject, having worked at it in the Committee of the Convention. Chaptal presented a scheme for the foundation of 23,000 elementary or municipal schools, at a cost of no more than 5,000,000 francs a year, and 200 secondary schools or colleges. Napoleon scouted this plan, probably on account of expense, and the well-known system of *lycées* came into vogue. His views on economy were somewhat drastic, witness his statement that a technical school should not cost more than 400 francs a head per annum. It is noteworthy that he entirely excluded religion and instruction by the clergy from his system, though at that time (1801-2) the Concordat was taking its final shape. This part of the memoirs does not deal with that truly Napoleonic foundation, the University of France (1808).

More interesting, perhaps, to the general reader are those sections in which Thibaudeau dwells on the formation of the Consular Court and the doings of its chief personages. His narrative cannot be termed attractive. Napoleon hit off his character when he called his oratory vehement but cold. The medallion of him in the frontispiece shows a critical, eager, and rather anxious face, unlikely to warm beholders, and his style rarely illumines a subject. Yet Thibaudeau had an observant eye. He noted when the three Consuls were making their first State entry to the Tuilleries that they had to use cabs, the official numbers of which were concealed by paper. He remarked on the caution of the Second Consul, Cambacérès, in refusing to reside at the palace because Bonaparte was certain soon to need it all. In his pages we see the First Consul ever busy at daily reviews of troops, receptions, and council meetings; and we watch the swift transformation of the simple and awkward little Court of those early days into the splendour that marked the later Consular *régime*. But is it possible that the change was distasteful to Josephine? Is there one reader of M. Masson's elaborate work on her who can believe the curious *mot* here attributed to her (page 11), "How all this bores me. I never have a moment to myself. *I was born to be the wife of a workman*"? If this was the real Josephine, she is the most misrepresented woman in modern history. More convincing is Thibaudeau's portraiture of Bonaparte as always interesting the Court, "As soon as he had gone all fell flat. His conversation was seldom gay or jesting, but he had a wonderful charm of manner. Nothing that he said was conventional or futile. There was originality and depth in his lightest word, which made all that he said worth remembering and easy to remember."

Unfortunately, Thibaudeau was no Boswell. We have here few of Napoleon's lighter utterances. The value of the memoirs lies in their revelation of Bonaparte as the founder of institutions, planning them wisely, and defending them often with persuasive and illuminating eloquence. Of his statesmanlike utterances none is more striking than that given on pages 142—146, in defence of his proposal of the Legion of Honor. In reply to Berlier, who had denounced it as an infraction of the idea of equality which had always been necessary to the preservation of free republics, the First Consul defied Berlier to point out a single republic which had not granted distinctions for public services. Brutus, he said, was not a democrat, but an aristocrat, who killed Cæsar for seeking to diminish the authority of the Senate. As for any comparison between the French and the republic of the Ancient World, it was absurd. The revolution had not changed the nature of Frenchmen. They were what the Gauls were. Their one sentiment was "Honor." The State must utilise this sentiment. It was time to found new institutions in defence of the State, and the Legion of Honor would answer this purpose. It is in speeches like these that we discern the causes of the success of Bonaparte. He understood men, most of all, Frenchmen.

Dr. Fortescue has edited these memoirs with care and discrimination. His Introduction prepares the reader for

* Bonaparte and the Consulate." By A. C. Thibaudeau. Translated and edited by G. K. Fortescue, LL.D. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

the narrative, and the "Note on the Constitution of the year VIII. (December, 1799)" will be appreciated by students. The footnotes are also unusually full and informing.

J. Holland Rose.

THE FIRST IRISH DEMOCRAT.*

Mr. Sheehy Skeffington may, or may not, have been surprised at the thunder-shower of criticism with which his book has been received in certain quarters in Ireland. He ought to have expected it, for, in writing what he very accurately describes as "a primer of Davitt's ideas," he has spared nobody. Davitt has not yet passed into history, or out of politics. His public career was eminently a battle and a march. He lived under arms; and when he died he left behind him many struggles yet undecided, many eager disciples, and many enemies still sore from his blows. The task undertaken in this book was, therefore, in the nature of cutting through living tissue. Disciples and enemies alike have had their word to say upon it; and condemnation has come also from a still more important class—those political friends of Davitt who declined to be disciples, and who found him always fearless but not always right. And so from different standpoints Mr. Skeffington has been denounced as an anti-cleric, an anti-Parnellite, a cosmopolitan democrat and so forth, an anti-Nationalist, a libeller of the dead, a betrayer of confidences, a doctrinaire who has used Davitt's tombstone as a platform on which to advertise his own views and his own vanity.

All this seems to us very extravagant. Mr. Skeffington obviously writes within certain limitations. He has a distaste for nuances; a passion for broad, firm lines and pronounced colors; a temperamental need for arranging things, political and psychological, into neat sections, with labels about which there can be no mistake. Most lives are a mixture, as Hegel said, of reason and unreason, but Mr. Skeffington would refuse to see his master under the light of that law. Davitt must be shown as always reasonable and always right—except, perhaps, when he induced Lord Morley to make "popular" magistrates in 1893. The effect of all this is to give his book an air of undue simplification. It reads like a novel, bound together by a plot of the strictest logic, and one misses the chaotic heave of real history. Bias also comes in as an inevitable by-product; for, if Davitt was always right, those who did not agree with him, and especially Parnell, must have been wrong. Mr. Skeffington is, in fact, opaque to Parnell. But these defects are easily forgiven for the qualities to which they attach. All allowances made, this book remains, with its clear writing, admirable arrangement, fine enthusiasm, and entire absence of fear, a remarkable contribution to the literature of Irish politics.

What did Davitt achieve? The detailed answer would fill two volumes, but it can be compressed into two sentences. He found the Irish countryside peopled by serfs, and left it peopled by men. He opened out to the democracies of Ireland and England the path to reconciliation. It is not necessary to recapitulate the list of Irish Land Acts. One may say summarily that their effect has been to tear down the whole fabric of feudalism in Ireland and rebuild its agrarian system on democratic foundations. Many wills and minds joined in the making of this revolution, but the main credit of it must always belong to Michael Davitt. From the Gladstone Act of 1881 to the Wyndham Act of 1903, there was not one measure of agrarian reform but sprang from the seed flung abroad by the Irishtown meeting at which the Mayo Land League was started in April 20th, 1879. Davitt was, in a strictly literal sense, the "Liberator of the Irish peasant." At the same time it must not be forgotten that, as regards the form which the settlement of the land question assumed, he was utterly defeated. The motto which the Land League inscribed on its banners was, "The Land for the People." Davitt differed from most of his followers, and differed from Parnell, in taking the formula seriously. He was for land nationalisation, and not for a peasant proprietary. Parnell beat him almost out of public life upon this issue in 1884. "I still hold fondly and firmly to this great principle," Davitt wrote in 1902, "and I believe a national ownership to be the only true meaning of the battle-cry of the Land League—'The Land for the People'—but there are some faiths which cannot move Irish mountains, and I have to confess that mine has proved to be one of them."

His work in England in the labor movement was a noble influence rather than a concrete success. His "Labor World," established in 1890, had but a brief life, in part, no doubt, because it came before its time. Irish politics and journalistic work left him no time to renew the experiment until the last General Election, when he made a platform campaign in support of Labor candidates of every color, from Mr. John Burns to Mr. Hyndman. But he always remained the chief link of union between the Irish and English masses.

His life was crowded with a thousand other activities. There were few parts of the world that he had not seen as political envoy or newspaper correspondent. A considerable list of books stands to his credit in the libraries, the best in a largely human point of view being "Leaves from a Prison Diary," the most ambitious and important, "The Fall of Feudalism." If we are to accept Mr. Skeffington's statement, death found him busy with plans for a task greater, in some respects, than even the Land War, an organised campaign against clericalism. The battle-ground was to be education. Certain preliminary skirmishes point in that direction, especially the fierce controversy in which Bishop O'Dwyer of Limerick showed how little dignity, good taste, or Christian restraint were needed to raise a man to the episcopal bench. Davitt, it appears, would have fought for two things, popular control of primary education, and the secular system. On the first he would have carried the support of every new force in Ireland; on the second he would have been opposed and defeated by some of his own sincerest followers. It may be doubted whether he was the man for this task of re-adjusting the relations between the Catholic priests and the educated laity in Ireland. The circumstances of his life had not equipped him with the wide, calm culture, and depth of meditative experience, out of which that reformer must come. It is only right to say that, much misrepresented as he was, he was always a fervent, and even a narrow, Catholic. The present writer recalls a conversation about two months before his death, with Davitt striking his hand on the table and insisting, almost angrily, "Catholicity is the only spiritual religion, the only *spiritual* religion in the world!"

Lowell has called Lincoln America's first Republican Davitt may very well be called, as his disciple in substance calls him, Ireland's first Democrat. He was a Fenian unashamed; in the mid-heat of the wave of feverish Imperialism which brought about the South African War, he had a hand in international intrigues against England which might have sent him to the scaffold for high treason. But that was not his ultimate dream. War and the waste of war, national and racial hatreds were utterly abhorrent to him. How much he had to forgive England can be understood only by those who read his account, published in 1878, of what he saw and suffered in Millbank and Dartmoor. But in the end he did forgive, or, rather, acquit of all guilt, the democracy of England. He left a positive message not to be found in Tone, Mitchell, Lalor, or even Davis; and beyond doubt, it is as the pioneer of peace between two nations that he would most desire to be remembered.

* "Michael Davitt, Revolutionary, Agitator, and Labor Leader." By F. Sheehy-Skeffington. Fisher Unwin 7s. 6d net.

"LIONS AND WORSE."*

In many respects this is a more worthy book than any that the author has yet given us. In it Mr. Selous endeavours to make some reparation to the many lions he has slain by giving us an estimate of the species that now and then is almost directed from the lion's point of view. At the best, the notebook that is tied to the rifle sling must give but a keeper's-larder kind of account of the animal it deals with. Gun-room natural history is proverbially superficial, and its best excuse can be urged when its subjects are the large and dangerous mammalia that the pacific naturalist can scarcely study at close quarters.

We can expect very little natural history on the subject of such rare and distant creatures as the inyala of which

* "African Nature Notes and Reminiscences." By Frederic Courtney Selous, F.Z.S. Macmillan. 10s. net.

Mr. Selous has only shot two. "I saw amongst the grass and bush," he writes, "what I knew to be an inyala doe, as I could distinctly see it was reddish in color. . . . As I required two specimens of inyala does, the one for the British and the other for the South African Museum, I lost no time about firing." As soon as he had slain the doe, a male inyala sprang to his feet. There was an exciting moment of reloading, "and, as I raised my rifle once more, and took a quick and careful sight on his dark shoulder, I felt as I pulled the trigger that he was mine."

Mr. Selous has shot far more lions, and some knowledge of their habits is rather more essential both for offensive and defensive reasons. From his notebook concerning these therefore a good deal of interesting matter can be gleaned, and we are grateful to President Roosevelt, to whom he had showed his notes, for having insisted on their publication. The roaring lion is generally little to be dreaded. He is usually the full lion giving grace after meat. At such times they pass roaring quite close to the camp, whose smouldering fire they ignore, making the Kaffirs' "hearts die," while the experienced hunter is lulled to sleep by "the grandest of all earthly music." Far more to be dreaded is the silent lion, the first hint of whose presence may be his teeth crashing through the skull as he drags his supper away from close beside the camp fire. With leonine exploits of this kind the book abounds, as also with the lion that charges his assailant in open day—a charge that becomes more than a little exciting when his assailant is a Matabele warrior armed only with assegai and shield.

Beside the lion even the buffalo and the rhinoceros are tame victims of the rifle. As a foe to civilisation the tsetse fly is more potent than all of them, and one of the most interesting chapters of the book is that which traces, with a care that seems irrefutable, the connection between the buffalo and this death-dealing insect. We have had proposals lately to destroy all the game in large African districts in order to be rid of this cattle pest. But if only half the cases given by Mr. Selous are watertight, the sole connection between the buffalo and the tsetse is clearly established. Sebitwane, for instance, destroyed the buffalo up to the Zambesi, and established his cattle posts as far as Linyanti. Then the Barotse, under Sepopo, exterminated the Makololo, and gave back the country to the buffalo—and the tsetse. In 1879 the author found the fly swarming at Linyanti, and in 1899, when the rinder pest had destroyed the buffalo, Mr. Percy Reid finds once more that the tsetse is extinct there. A single bite from this insect usually means a lingering death to the ox, while man can sustain many without suffering more than a thinness of the blood and a wasting of flesh, from which he recovers on reaching non-fly country. Mr. Selous describes the marked effect on his own blood of a rather long exposure to the attention of the insects. His nose having bled in the night, he found in the morning "that the blood which had come from me was not blood at all, but slimy, yellow-looking stuff. It was exactly like the blood of a 'fly-stuck' donkey which I had shot some years before at Daka."

Such are a few of these jottings from a big-game hunter's notebook. With their compilation the glamour of the wild has come upon Mr. Selous, and he does not conclude the book without a quite poetic longing for the old days that can be no more. The luxurious saloon carriage that carries us to the Victoria Falls is all very well, "but no man will ever again sit by a camp fire near one of the little rivers the railway will cross, eating prime pieces of fat elephant's heart, roasted on a forked stick, nor watch the great white rhinoceroses coming down to drink just before dark, nor lie and listen to herd after herd of elephants drinking and bathing in the river near their camp."

COMIC VERSE.*

The Comic Muse lives by the study of incongruities. To borrow an illustration from a living wit, a man can but laugh when he sees his best friend walk up the College Chapel with a pious look in front and an antimacassar behind. The earliest example, the "Battle of the Frogs and the Mice" takes a burlesque form. The lengthy and sonorous epithets of Homeric speech, which have no parallels in an analytic language like our own, are transferred, unchanged or in parody, from the fights of heroes to the small deer of the field and the marsh. The effect is like that of Calverley's heroic line:

"O Beadle of the Burlington Arcade,"

a line rivalled in dignity by a by-product of the Midland Railway Company, the legend on its Western express:

"Bradford and Leeds and Birmingham and Bristol."

Of late years a garbling and skinflint painter has ruined the verse by omiting the conjunctions. It may be that the sense of the magnificent expired at Derby with its rejection of Sir William Harcourt.

The limits of comic verse are not easy to define. It covers the whole ground of the laughable from the most harmless infantility to the most ferocious satire. The same piece, as "Little Jack Horner," may be to the child a matter of innocent merriment and to the man a biting stroke. There is much serious satire that is by no means comic. Even the enjoyment which contemporaries found in Dryden's "Zimri," can hardly have moved them to hearty laughter, and we who never saw the Duke of Buckingham, though we delight in the verses, find our muscles unmoved. Of Buckingham's inconsistencies we are no less aware than was Dryden, but we have not the man before our eyes. Again, our sense of the incongruous varies with the age and country, and, like other faculties, it needs education. The footman who landed in France found something very absurd in the blue of the soldiers' uniform. There are savages to whom a wife without a nose-ring would be as grotesque a figure as a beggar on a throne. The uneducated are naturally conservative, and the child resents any variation on a story or a verse which it has once learned. It should be the work of the comic writer to rise above mere conventionalities and depict real inconsistencies. John Gilpin's profession and habits would have had nothing comic in them if the honest linendraper had learned to ride before he pursued his equestrian course upon the King's highway. Thus of good comic verse the essence is always the same, but the form which it takes perhaps depends less upon fashion than upon the animal spirits of the generation or the writer. At Athens it mounted the stage, and in England, from "Gammer Gurton" to "Bombastes Furioso," often occupied the same field. The later dramatic burlesques, unless we except Sir William Gilbert's, have had less of the literary quality.

The longest of English comic poems suffers from an incurable defect. It would be idle to deny that Samuel Butler had a keen wit, an observant eye, a view of life which gives play to the faculties of man. His mastery of words, of an individual rhythm, of a rhyme both indefensible and irresistible, has set many of his phrases in our everyday speech. But the vogue of his work is irreparably ruined by the malice with which he set himself to lash a fallen foe. Any dramatic power that he may have possessed is destroyed by his venomous spite. Dryden, on Shaftesbury, shows a divinity which outweighs the malice. Pope condensed his fury against Lord Hervey into a few witty lines. Had he bestowed upon the

"painted child of dirt that stinks and stings"

the nine cantos which Butler found too little for his Puritan knight, the dust would lie as thick on him as it lies on "Hudibras." Great length is not in itself inconsistent with the comic form. It becomes inconsistent when it is impregnated with venom. We laugh when Prior tells us how old Alison's maid left her mistress's complexion and eyebrows at Calais. We should tire had the epigrammatist devoted a volume to all the means by which the dame strove to conceal the inroads of time. Nor did Prior make the mistake of adding a curse to his fact. Mr. Graves justly lashes "the yellow cockerel crew," but spoils his effect by a personal addition:

"The Future lies beyond our ken,
The Present stirs our indignation;
And forces from one lowly pen,
This humble meed of execration."

It would seem that he has read Juvenal and not read him

* "Humours of the Fray." By Charles L. Graves. Smith, Elder & Co. 3s. 6d. net.
"The Muse in Motley." By Hartley Carrick. Bowes & Bowes. 3s. 6d. net.

aright. He showed much more artistic power in "Wisdom While You Wait."

Ours is a world of laughter and tears, and he does not adequately present either side who does not present both. Here lies the greatness of Aristophanes, and we may fairly demand something of both characteristics from all his successors. The genius of Calverley has been called elfish, but the epithet is not quite well chosen. Your true elf delights in mischief for its own sake. He turns the milk sour only that he may see the dairymaid's distress. He has no real malice towards his victims, and any one dairymaid will suit his purpose as well as another. Calverley also is free from malice, but he has, what the elf has not, some sympathy with the objects of his ridicule. We laugh at the tutor of the young Augustus Edward, but in our hearts we could wish that his romance had some sounder foundation that the vapid fancies of a weakling mind. What is really meant when Calverley is called elfish is that he could see the comic side of incidents which may in themselves annoy. When Mr. Pickwick had been carried in a barrow to the pound, he threatened to bring an action for false imprisonment. His resolution expired in laughter when he was warned of the possible repartee that he had taken too much milk punch. The peripatetic performer on the barrel-organ may drive irritable nerves to frenzy, but Calverley hears him in no such temper.

> "Grinder, who serenely grindest
> At my door the hundredth Psalm
> Till thou ultimately findest
> Pence in thy unwashen palm."

Such lines recall Tennyson's dictum that it does not matter what you say, the vital point is how you say it. Yet the antithesis is not real, for the manner is begotten of the matter, the attitude of mind and temper finds the phrase. Calverley's imitators try to follow his phrases, but the attempt must be fruitless unless the mind's eye see the facts as the master saw them. Mr. Carrick complains that critics of light verse have one pet formula of praise:

> "This work recalls the cleverness
> Of C. S. C. and J. K. S.,"

and that this formula is really but a disparagement of the two versifiers whom it names. Mr. Carrick seems hardly aware that he himself is much under Calverley's influence. His debt to Stephen he acknowledges by direct imitations. Mr. Graves is somewhat more original, but hardly so amusing. His humour is somewhat dashed by a fiercer touch, and he is, perhaps, at his best when his spirits are highest. His raillery at such momentary scribes as Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Le Queux is quite irresistible.

Mr. Quiller-Couch, who graces Mr. Carrick's volume with a preface, seems to opine that the mature Englishman is unfit to be either a writer or a reader of light verse. We look upon Prior and Gay, he thinks, with a shade of contemptuous pity, and Praed, had he lived to middle age, would have abandoned the frivolous Muse. A generalisation, which is based upon a few instances, may fall before a few others. Cowper had entered upon his eleventh lustre when he indited "John Gilpin"; Johnson, who was, perhaps, never a child, used in his old age to repeat, "in a very pleasant manner," says Boswell, the lines,

> "When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
> To a fine young lady of high quality,
> How happy will that gentlewoman be
> In his Grace of Leeds's good company,"

and Mr. Gladstone used to astonish a solemn acquaintance by the gusto with which he sang negro breakdown songs. Surely any contempt for Prior springs rather from the sordidness of his life and the occasional uncleanness of his verse than for the lightness of his touch. Dean Church, a great man if there ever was one, avowed that in his gray hairs he often forgot that he was not a boy. It may be doubted whether it is so much a question of years as of race and national education. Prior, says Taine, was neither gay enough nor refined enough for the work which he attempted. Gray, in his lines on the pensive Selima, could not help pointing a moral which was not in his theme, for the cat was not allured by gold. The error is like that which turns the laugh of the satirist into a knockdown blow.

A STUDY IN BITTERNESS.*

Mr. Belloc's latest volume is something of a satire and something of a nightmare, and it is difficult to estimate where the satire ends and the nightmare begins. There is irony, of the quality the reader will expect from him; cool, self-assured, savage, the irony which has no pity in it and no tolerance, but only disgust and disdain. There are scenes where the comedy becomes frankly farce, and yet farce unaccompanied by any jolly laughter, but a farce made out of the gyrations and antics of grotesque and monstrous half-human figures. And there are scenes so elusive and intangible in their sense of remote standards of morality and the distortions of the modern world, as to be frankly woven of the stuff of disturbing dreams. It is a cleverness which over-reaches itself and terminates in confusion, mingled with a bitterness that exacts a kind of sympathy with the victim. The questions are everywhere on the surface: Why this cleverness? Why this bitterness? What is the plan, object, motive of it all?

"Mr. Burdon" contained deliberately in many of its brilliant pages a similar suggesion of uncertain ends, of powers behind the visible scenery, almost (as it seemed) behind the volition of men, working for the disruption of a society essentially intolerable and unclean. Here the same apparatus is utilised, but with (in result) less sureness of touch and a more ineffectual result. An aging elderly gentleman of the English middle classes is in each case the central figure. In the early volume a resident of Alexandrovna Villa, in Upper Norwood, in his simple selfish limited life, finds himself entangled in a region of cosmopolitan finance, which breaks his spirit and throws him out only to die. In this latest study, Mr. Clutterbuck—emerging from a similar world at Croydon and Caterham—is dragged into a similar world of political intrigue, and emerges at the end, having attained his heart's desire, as Sir Percy Clutterbuck, ex-Member of Parliament. "Mr. Burdon" stamped upon literature one vision, a vision essentially true if incomplete; of that delirium of greed and arrogance which, at the end of the nineteenth century, established the Chartered Company, engineered the South African and the Westralian "booms," threw upon the successful surface of life the Barnatoes and Joels and Beits and Robinsons, and consummated in the squalid tragedy of the South African War. Tragedy was the keynote of it, and tragedy (of necessity) carrying with it a note of pity. There was pity for an England and Empire, built up in other ways and under a far divergent ideal, being steered on the paths of dishonor towards ruin by financiers and politicians who were blind to all the traditions of a not inglorious past. There was pity for this absurd mid-Victorian merchant, with his limited outlook and his out-of-date standards of friendship and honesty, being baffled and amazed, and, finally, driven to death, by the intrigues and merciless enterprise of a cosmopolitan financial world, in which he had no part or heritage. And with the entrance of death itself—in that ignoble suburban villa—the story took within itself something of the majesty which accompanies so elemental a challenge to all doomed and passing things.

No such external visitants illuminate the squalid story of Mr. Clutterbuck's shamble, along mean and squalid ways, towards the attainment of his heart's desire. He starts his fortune by a deal in eggs, purchased to sell to a kindly Government, at extravagant prices, as food for the soldiers at the war; sold actually to a kindly Government, at extravagant prices, after the conclusion of peace. He consummates his fortune in a gigantic, if unexpected and casual, gambles in "Congoes"—shares, floated by a company formed for the exploitation of the natives, after the missionaries have succeeded in wresting the country away from Leopold. He wins a by-election at the North London artizan suburb of Mickleton, by a passionate protest against the legal decision upholding a compulsory arbitration law upon the men as well as upon the masters. He is unseated, not because of the bribery, direct and indirect, which is so freely practised by both parties—for "the inquiry was conducted with honor," says the narrator, "and the conventions of our elections were allowed"—but because his secretary, in endeavouring to retain his sobriety in a pilgrimage through

* "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election." By H. Belloc. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.

WASHED BY FOUR SEAS

An English Officer's Travels in the Near East.

By H. C. WOODS, F.R.G.S.

Late Lieut. Grenadier Guards.

With an Introduction by Sir Martin Conway. Illustrated with 62 Photographs taken by the Author. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

This record of Mr. Woods's experiences during his tours gives a vivid picture of many little-visited parts of the Ottoman Dominions. The Author devotes special chapters to the defences of Constantinople, to the Bulgarian Army, and to the Railways of the Near East.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN SERIES.

Edited by MARTIN HUME.

Vol. II. PERU

Its Former and Present Civilisation, Topography and Natural Resources, History and Political Conditions, Commerce and General Development. By C. REGINALD ENOCK, F.R.G.S., Author of "The Andes and the Amazon." With an Introduction by Martin Hume, a Map and numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The Standard says: "One rises from the perusal of so lucid and exhaustive a survey with a vivid impression of the growing prosperity of Peru and the resources within it which await the arrival of capital and energy."

The Scotsman says: "Mr. C. Reginald Enock's elaborate and well-studied treatise . . . unites in the happiest way the best qualities of an official manual and a personal description."

The Financial Times says: "He must be a dull writer indeed who could fail to make the history of a country like Peru entertaining, and when one brings to the enterprise an admiration and love of the natural features of the land, like Mr. Enock, a vastly interesting book is bound to be the result. Major Hume's hope that the work will prove valuable alike to traders, travellers, financiers and students is sure to be widely realised. The volume is rendered additionally attractive by over seventy fine full-page illustrations and an excellent map."

Vol. I. CHILE

By G. F. SCOTT-ELLIOTT, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by Martin Hume, a Map, and numerous Illustrations. Second Impression. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The Westminster Gazette says: "An exhaustive and interesting account not only of the turbulent history of the country, but of her present conditions and prospects."

The British Export Gazette says: "This excellent work is far more than a fascinating history. From whatever standpoint it is read it grips the reader, and is alike interestingly informative on the natural features, products, and commerce of the country."

PLEASE WRITE FOR A DETAILED PROSPECTUS OF THE SERIES.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

THE CASE FOR FREE TRADE

is being pithily put from day to day in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

by

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.,

under the title

100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE.

EVERY DAY ONE POINT.

All who wish to have ready to hand an apt reply for the Tariff Reformer should watch this series in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

daily.

What are the most hopeful Signs of the Times?——

The Editor of PUBLIC OPINION invites Essays on the above subject, and offers honorariums of £5, £3, and £2 for the three best Essays sent in.

FULL PARTICULARS to be obtained in this week's issue of

PUBLIC OPINION.

To be obtained of all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or it will be sent post free on receipt of 2½d. in stamps sent to the offices :—

31 & 32, TEMPLE HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Yearly Subscription to PUBLIC OPINION is 10s. 10d. a year post free for the United Kingdom, and 13s. a year if sent abroad.

the public-houses to glean information, had allowed his informants to consume his whisky. Baffled in his efforts towards a peerage by the refusal of the Government to consider his claims, Mr. Clutterbuck sets himself to terrorise the Ministry with vague allusions to the "Anapootra Ruby Mines"—which he is told, by a friend, to talk about, without understanding. He finds himself immediately set against the Mr. Barnett of "Mr. Burdon," now elevated from the title of Lord Lambeth to that of the Duke of Battersea. He is foiled, outwitted, bewildered, denied. At the end his enemies are triumphant; Anapootra remains vaguely intangible, forgotten; his secretary, who has been bribed to accomplish his defeat, announces his departure to "some works out in India, a sort of company"—presumably, Anapootra. And, at last, in a kind of consummation of the squalor of it all, the title he had sought so diligently in success, is flung to him—as a bone to a dog—in failure. On Empire Day, "that day which is now the chief festival of our race, when so many and such varied qualities receive their high rewards, the storm-bound spirit of Sir Percy Clutterbuck was at rest."

There is extraordinarily clever writing in it, with all the easy dismissal of certain hateful things which Mr. Belloc does not so much combat as trample under foot. But the cleverness is of the kind which sometimes only interprets itself to the reader with difficulty, and sometimes not at all. It is glittering, hard, inhuman; giving the impression of writing exercised in a spirit of ferocity, detachment and contempt. These rich men who (in Mr. Chesterton's description) only cannot be bought because they have been bought already, these middle classes whose sole ambition is wealth and rank and social advancement, these mobs of populace, ignorant, violent, despicable, filled only with rude elements of lust, and envy, and anger, form together the elements of a society afflicted with an ultimate corruption; a carcase eaten with maggots and worms. Mr. Belloc's laughter has no joy in it; it is filled with the fierce note of loathing and revolt, the kind of laughter which might have been sounded over the ruin of ancient empires when those who had been long oppressed found nothing in the high places of their enemies but nettle and ivy and the dead bodies of the slain. Mr. Clutterbuck, somewhat stout in figure, of a roundish face, with a thick and short moustache, making a crescent upon it; Mrs. Clutterbuck, in her black dress, with hair parted in the middle, and at her throat a locket of considerable size, containing initials worked in human hair; the "Spectator" and the "Winning Post"; the young Prime Minister with only one lung; the philanthropists who press for reform in the Congo—"Sir Joseph Gorley, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Shoreham, Sir Harry Hog, Mrs. Entwistle, Lord Barry, the Dean of Betchworth, Lord Blackwater and his second son, the Hon. I. Benzinger"; the rich crowd of gnomes and dupes and fools, the poor crowd of gnomes and dupes and fools—all form a company resembling nothing so much as the denizens of the kingdom visited by Gulliver in his latest travels—half human, hideous, hateful altogether.

It is this savage revolt against it all which chokes the laughter in the mouth, and leaves the general effect as of a journey through sand and thorns. Mr. Belloc could have stung his readers to contemplation, even to protest (had such been his desire), if he had liberated any appearances of color to set against the grey, or exhibited one solitary character of all that ignoble rout to whom could be affixed the sentiment of kindness or compassion. He has exhibited instead individuals and a society heartless, greedy, ungenerous, remote; clawing and mowing at each other as they slide down the pathway of dishonor towards an end which excites no satisfaction because it attains no goal of justice, or even of revenge.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Vernon Lee's latest volume of essays, "Gospels of Anarchy and other Contemporary Studies" (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net), is a critical exposition of the leading writers who, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, have voiced the intellecual rebellion which she regards as a main characteristic of the thought of our time. To do justice to an array so diverse as Emerson, Whitman, Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Ruskin, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Wells, is beyond the powers of any single critic, but if Vernon Lee attempts an impossible task, she approaches it in very interesting fashion. Balance, sobriety, and insight are rare qualities in present-day criticism. To these Vernon Lee adds a refined and flexible style which, though now and then bordering on preciosity, frequently reaches actual distinction. But other qualities are necessary in the ideal critic, and of one of the most vital of all, enthusiasm, there are few traces in this book. Renan said that the best interpreter of a religion is the man who had once believed it but who believes it no longer. Vernon Lee gives the impression that—with the exception of Emerson—she has never believed in any of the prophets of whom she treats. The note of serene detachment that runs through the book is likely to excite in her readers a feeling of impatience, even amounting to antagonism. For, despite their many perversities and extravagances, the prophets of revolt have been utterers of the thoughts that breathe and words that burn, and in order to do justice to their teaching it is necessary to share, in some degree at least, their own enthusiasm. It is here that Vernon Lee fails. We see this particularly in her studies of Tolstoy and of Nietzsche. "Tolstoy's ideal of sacrifice is, like his notion of love," she observes, "an ideal of diminution, of sacrifice." Had Vernon Lee ever been a Tolstoyan she would have understood that the genuine ascetic, so far from regarding his self-sacrifice as a mutilation, claims that he is, as Mr. Shaw once said, the "only real voluptuary," and manages to extract a world of joy from his abnegation. Nietzsche, again, when he declared humility to be a vice, was but uttering a protest against the set of rules and conventions which most of us accept because we lack the courage to examine them. The truth is that these "one-sided thinkers," whom Vernon Lee finds so trying, are all bearing witness to some one aspect of truth, pressing it with undue violence, but often doing so because it was precisely the aspect which the world was in danger of forgetting.

* * *

In "The Tower of London," painted by the late John Fulleylove, and described by Mr. Arthur Poyser (Black, 7s. 6d. net), we have a refreshing book about a historic monument that has been either neglected or maltreated in literature. Shakespeare, it is true, introduced it into his historical plays, but only slightly; Scott used it in "Peveril of the Peak" with an effect that mainly suggests what a magnificent background it might have made for another novel, had he been disposed to write one; but only these two masters of dramatic romance availed themselves, and that not fully, of its possibilities. One need scarcely concern oneself with Harrison Ainsworth, who employed the Tower for a "local color" that was not only too sombre, but too wide of the truth, or with the dry-as-dust historians who have used it as a peg on which to hang cumbrous compilations of facts and dates, or with the numerous handbooks that have given the letter but not the spirit of its story. To-day it is much harder than it was to recreate the human interest of the Tower. It has been modernised and vulgarised more than most places of historic importance. The enormities of its new building, its ticket turnstile, its refreshment room, and other improvements are a veil that blurs its significance to all but the keenest visions. Mr. Poyser's imagination, however, has proved itself equal to the task before it. If he does not forget the turnstile and refreshment room, he succeeds in making the reader forget them during his excursions into a living past. The plan of the book is simplicity itself. After a brief introduction, dealing mostly with Tower literature, ancient and modern, we have a historical sketch or panoramic survey of the great personages with whose careers its history is bound up. Tower history begins, strictly speaking, with the Conquest; but the protoplasm of the present structure was, Mr. Poyser points out, a Celtic fort on the river slope of Tower Hill, and this subsequently became a Roman stronghold at the angle of the London Wall which was nearest to the sea. The next chapter is entitled "A Walk through the Tower," and herein those episodes which are directly connected with individual parts of the fortress are treated in fuller detail. Tower Hill, with its grim associations, is the next to receive attention; and, finally, the church of All Hallows, Barking, where Laud and many another celebrity who met

THE PRESS ON "ANATOLE FRANCE IN ENGLISH"

¶ MR. JOHN LANE has pleasure in announcing the success which has attended the publication of THE WORKS OF ANATOLE FRANCE IN ENGLISH. Three Volumes are now ready:—

THE RED LILY ... ... A Translation by WINIFRED STEPHENS.
MOTHER OF PEARL ... ... A Translation by FREDERIC CHAPMAN.
THE GARDEN OF EPICURUS ... A Translation by ALFRED ALLISON.

Demy Octavo. Each Volume Six Shillings. Bound in Crimson and Gold. Initials by Henry Ospovat. End-papers by Aubrey Beardsley.

"The best introduction a foreign reader can have to the writings of the most individual author of to-day. 'The Red Lily' will achieve with English readers the success it had in France."—*Outlook.*

"A man of exquisite and accomplished literary talent, like M. Anatole France, lays no very difficult tasks upon those who peruse his works. He is too cultivated to startle or dismay his readers. With Anatole France you are on excellent terms from the very commencement. He is after all one of ourselves, though a very talented member of an extremely distinguished class. . . . It is the humour of the author of 'The Sentimental Journey,' something gentler than the humour of Thackeray, and more refined than the humour of Dickens."—W. L. COURTNEY in the *Daily Telegraph.*

"Anatolians are wont to contend that M. France is untranslatable, and in a sense this is true, but it must be conceded that Miss Winifred Stephens has come near to attaining the impossible. If the translators of the succeeding volumes are equally successful, there will be little to complain of."—*Bookman.*

"One of the most charming stories of modern times, full of life, pregnant with rich thought, throbbing with a fine soul. 'The Red Lily' is a masterpiece."—*Observer.*

"Everyone knows that the Bodley Head can produce as attractive a book as anybody in the land. We must now all read all of Anatole France. The offer is too good to be shirked. He is just Anatole France, the greatest living writer of French . . . There is always a large public for translations. A hundred Englishmen will read him in English to one that will read him in French."—LEWIS HIND, in the *Daily Chronicle.*

"The publication of the first volume of a complete translation of the works of Anatole France is something of a literary event. The large handsome volumes, beautifully printed and attractively bound, are published at a low price. It is the first time that a living foreign author has achieved the distinction of a complete and careful translation, and we can hardly doubt that the undertaking will be successful."—*Daily Mail.*

"A collective translation in thirty volumes constitutes a ponderable monument of literary faith."—*Nation.*

"It is an admirably written story of 'l'amour,' full of experience of life and enriched by a dozen finely painted word portraits of social types."—*Daily News.*

"The translation of 'The Red Lily' is most admirably done. . . A marvellous new departure so far as the six-shilling novel is concerned. They are all of the excellence we are accustomed to associate with the half-guinea or the guinea book."—*M.A.P.*

"The besetting virtue of the Bodley Head is to give too much for the money. The translation by Miss Stephens is most conscientiously done. It bears throughout the marks of quite exceptional honest care and attention to detail."—*New Age.*

"The book's style is worthy of Anatole France in his most inspired moments. Choulette is a creation of the first magnitude."—*Sunday Times.*

"An extraordinarily cheap and handsome translation of his works. 'The Red Lily' is a wonderfully told story, lit up with flashes of wit and wisdom, and distinguished for at least one incomparable character, the saintly yet satyr-like poet, Choulette."—*Truth.*

"Anatole France is a writer whose personality is very strongly reflected in his works, and especially so in 'The Red Lily.' . . . To reproduce the evanescent grace and charm of Anatole France's is not to be lightly achieved, but the translator has done her work with care, distinction, and a very happy sense of the value of words."—*Daily Graphic.*

¶ *FOR MOTORISTS—AND OTHERS.*

THE PATH TO PARIS. By FRANK RUTTER.
62 Illustrations by HANSLIP FLETCHER. The Record of a Riverside Journey from Harve to Paris.
Crown 4to, 10s. 6d. net.
"An altogether delightful book."—*Outlook.*

STAINED GLASS TOURS IN FRANCE.
By C. H. SHERRIL. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.
"A very well written book with a very good æsthetic perception as to what is best in ancient glass."—*Builder.*

FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TO-DAY.
By WINIFRED STEPHENS. Essays on Bazin, Paul Bourget, Loti, Anatole France, &c.
Crown 8vo, 5s. net.
"The English reader who requires a guide to contemporary French fiction can find nothing better."—*Nation.*

THE DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XVI.:
Marie-Thérèse, Charlotte of France, Duchesse D'Angoulême. By G. LENOTRE. With 13 Full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.
"Exceedingly well done, and of a sort calculated to be exceedingly useful."—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE DIARY OF A LADY-IN-WAITING.
By Lady CHARLOTTE BURY. Being the Diary illustrative of the Times of George IV. Edited, with Introduction, by Francis Steuart. 18 Portraits. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 21s. net.
"Will set the town talking as it talked seventy years ago."—*Daily Telegraph.*

¶ *NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.*

JUST OUT.—A New Novel by HUGH DE SELINCOURT, Author of "The Boyle Marriage" and "The Strongest Plume."

THE HIGH ADVENTURE.
*** A story of a young clerk in the British Museum who develops a distaste for the material views of human relationship. He stretches out eager hands towards an ideal which he can only vaguely formulate in his mind, and which ultimately ripens into an ideal love. The story is steeped in poetry and exhales the aroma of Maeterlinckian drama.

A MAN OF GENIUS. By M. P. WILLCOCKS.
"Miss Willcocks writes with such a keen consciousness of life as a whole (which is one of the attributes of the greatest), that it is a pleasure to read her work."—*Outlook.*

ASHES. By GRAZIA DELEDDA.
"A truly great work."—*Westminster Gazette.*

THE DOOR OF DARKNESS.
By MAUDE ANNESLEY.
"Very interesting, and holds the reader's attention from the outset."—*Westminster Gazette.*

A MISTAKEN MARRIAGE.
By F. E. MILLS YOUNGE.
"An attractive and human story."—*Times*

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

death on the neighbouring scaffold lie buried, is described in a concluding chapter. In the course of his narrative, Mr. Poyser lays stress on a fact that is apt to be forgotten, namely, that up to the time of Queen Elizabeth the Tower was as much a palace as a prison. The Plantagenet and Tudor monarchs found it most convenient as a refuge in times of popular disturbance. It served as a place of pageants and other festivities, not less than of imprisonments, executions, and tortures, and it is this intermingling of the light with the shade in its social history that renders it so fascinating a study. The Gascoyne map of the Tower Liberties in 1597, which is reproduced towards the end of the volume, is a most useful key to the history of the ancient structure, and Mr. Fulleylove's drawings give a faithful picture of the Tower as it appears to-day. The latter are, moreover, typical of the late artist's refined and scholarly talent.

* * *

Although the sub-title of Mr. H. Bryan Binns's "A Century of Education" (Dent, 5s. net) describes the book as "the centenary history of the British and Foreign School Society," it gives an excellent picture of the progress of elementary education throughout England during the past hundred years. The British and Foreign School Society was founded by Joseph Lancaster in 1808 with the object of insuring that every child should be able to read the Bible. For many years the Bible was the only reading book used in the schools, but the Church soon objected to simple Bible teaching and the National Society was founded as an opposition organisation which would train the children in the principles of the Church of England. Trouble next came from the Jews who, after a time, also deserted the Society. Some time afterwards the Unitarians followed their example. On the passing of the first Elementary Education Vote in 1834, the Society received a tardy and meagre recognition by the allotment of £9,500, but the Congregational Union protested vehemently against the payment of money raised by taxes for religious education. These facts are representative of the squabbles that have been the curse of elementary education in this country, and the advocate of a purely secular system would find many arguments in Mr. Binns's pages. But despite the controversy that plays upon its surface the history of education presents many encouraging features. The gradual progress towards greater efficiency, the devotion of teachers, and the heightened feeling on the part of parents that they ought to provide their children with the best education within their reach, all these are evident in the volume. English education owes a great deal to the work of the British and Foreign Society, and this record of its work will be read with interest by all who care for educational reform. Appendices dealing with different aspects of the educational problem are contributed by Dr. Macnamara, Mr. Sidney Webb, Professor Foster Watson, and Mr. Graham Wallas.

* * *

Charity is said to cover a multitude of sins, and one may therefore extend some toleration to Mr. James Blyth's story of "Posh," the boatman who found a friend in Edward FitzGerald, as told in "Edward FitzGerald and 'Posh,' 'Herring Merchants'" (John Long, 4s. net). Mr. Blyth, whose novels are fairly well known to the public, seems a year or two back, after much hunting, to have "discovered" Joseph Fletcher, otherwise "Posh," in a beer-house at Lowestoft. He fixed up an acquaintanceship with him, only to discover that "Posh" had fallen on evil days. An appeal through the "Daily Graphic" and the Omar Khayyam Club produced a sum of money, the sale of certain letters by Edward FitzGerald to "Posh" supplied a little more, and this book is intended to help still further the old age of a man whose sole claim to consideration is based upon the fact that Edward FitzGerald had a most exaggerated impression of his worth. It seems a hard saying, but the effect of the present volume upon the minds of admirers of Edward FitzGerald will certainly be to leave an impression that they might better have kept their subscriptions in their pockets, and that the workhouse, whither "Posh" was inevitably tending when rescued by Mr. Blyth, would really have been the most fitting termination of such a career as is here presented. It is obvious that Mr. Blyth is quite out of sympathy with his hero, and he even admits that FitzGerald's infatuation is inexplicable. FitzGerald is not only the poet of the "one thing done divinely well," but he is one of the best letter writers in the English language. In the admirable series of letters issued by Messrs. Macmillan there are many entertaining references to "Posh" or "Poshy," as FitzGerald called his fisherman friend. "He is a much nobler creature than myself," he tells us in one place; he shares with Thackeray and Tennyson "a certain Grandeur of Soul and Body," he tells us in another; and the like ecstatic language is continued in the many letters to friends that may be found in the correspondence. From this point of view the book is a complete disillusionment. One may still revere the intense humanity of FitzGerald that desired to see in an uneducated man among his acquaintances all the essentials of a fine character; but "Posh" in no way lived up to his friend's ideal. It is hinted that "sack-loads of letters" from FitzGerald to "Posh" have been destroyed or distributed. One hopes that they have been destroyed, for, judging from the examples here provided, FitzGerald was quite at his worst when writing to the fisherman, although his intense humanity and kindliness of heart shine through the letters. Mr. Blyth, in his desire to do a kindness to a fellow-creature, has, doubtless, made the best of the material at his disposal, but, perhaps, that best was hardly worth a book.

* * *

Among new editions recently issued are Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice" (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d. net each volume), forming the first two of a collected edition of the complete works, with illustrations by Mr. A. Wallis Mills, and edited with a brief introduction by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson. The books are tastefully produced, though, in our view, the illustrations hardly come up to Mr. Hugh Thomson's charming pictures in Messrs. Macmillan's edition of the same author. Messrs. Bell have added to their admirable "York Library" a translation, in two volumes, of Goethe's "Dichtung and Wahrheit," under the title of "Poetry and Truth from My Own Life" (2s. net each). The translation is based on the work of Oxenford and Morrison, which has been thoroughly revised by Miss M. S. Smith, scarcely a sentence of the original version being left unchanged. In the same series there is a reprint of Calverley's translation of "The Idylls of Theocritus and the Eclogues of Virgil" (2s. net). Messrs. Bell are to be congratulated on the progress of their "York Library." It is one of the best of the many cheap series now in the market.

* * *

"Portraits of the Archbishops of Canterbury" (A. R. Mowbray, 3s. 6d. net) is the title of a handsomely got-up volume, to which Miss G. M. Bevan contributes short biographical notices of all the Archbishops from Dr. Davidson to St. Augustine. Necessarily the earlier dignitaries cannot be represented by actual portraits, but the deficiency is made up by photographs of tombs, with or without effigies, contemporary seals, coins, and illustrated MSS.; and the gallery is complete and continuous from Archbishop Arundel to Longley who died in 1868.

* * *

A Novel-Reader's Guide.—"The Singular Republic." By W. H. Koebel (Francis Griffiths, 6s.). A good story of life and adventure in South America.—"Gotty in Furrin Parts." By A. E. Copping (Chapman & Hall, 6s.). A racy and amusing sequel to the same author's "Gotty and the Governor." Mr. Copping takes his characters farther afield, but the skipper's dry humour loses nothing by the voyage.—"A Stormy Morning." By Lady Napier of Magdala (Murray, 6s.). The account of the heroine's love-affairs and other adventures in country houses is readable, but the book is loosely constructed, and many of the incidents improbable.—"Good-bye to Market." By R. Murray Gilchrist (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.). A collection of well-written stories of village life.—"The Revolt of Beatrix." By Fred Wishaw (John Long, 6s.). A tale of State intrigue on the lines Mr. Anthony Hope has made popular.—"The Pitfall." By Sir William Magnay, Bart. (Ward Lock, 6s.), and "The Green Mummy." By Fergus Hume (John Long. 6s.). Two stories of hidden treasure with plenty of incident.

BUDDHISM:

Primitive and Present in Magadha and in Ceylon.

By REGINALD STEPHEN COPLESTON, D.D.

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

SECOND EDITION REVISED. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net. (Inland postage, 5d.)

The book as now published in a Second Edition has been entirely re-written. Notice has been taken of such recent discoveries as have become known to the author; but the alterations are chiefly for clear ness and better arrangement.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

NOW READY.—10s. 6d. net.

A CHARMING GIFT-BOOK.

MEMORIES OF GARDENS.

By ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

With a Memoir by Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT, Bart.

Portraits and Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White.

To be had of all Libraries and Booksellers.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.,
33, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS. **Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.**

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

Rare and curious Books for the collector. First Editions. Court Memoirs Medical, Occult, &c. Out of Print Books and everything that's a book supplied. No matter when published. State wants. 100,000 books on sale. Catalogues free.

HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED. First editions of all kinds. Sporting, Naval, Military Coloured Plates by Alken, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others. Special list of 3,000 wanted. LIBRARIES PURCHASED.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

A NEW

"F.C.G." Froissart.

On WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 29, the

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE"

will publish the first chapters of a series entitled

"F.C.G.'S" MODERN FROISSART,

describing in quaint mediaeval phraseology and with illustrations founded upon fourteenth century examples, the principal political events from the end of 1902 up to and including the General Election of 1906.

The series will be continued at intervals throughout August, and the Weekly Editions* of the "Westminster Gazette" will contain the chapters published during each current week. The story of the events familiar to us all in our recent history will be told as if written by Sir John Froissart himself, and, although a good deal of humour is introduced both in the text and the pictures, the narrative will be an interesting record of actual events.

* *THE SATURDAY WESTMINSTER.*

Offices: WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, Tudor St., London, E.C.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

HIGHEST QUALITY

TURKISH TOWELS

AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY

BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;

And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

The Week in the City.

THE MOVEMENT OF LEADING STOCKS.

	Price Friday Morning, July 17.	Price Friday Morning, July 24.
Consols 2½ per cent.	87 13/16 ...	86 13/16
German 3 per cent.	82½ ...	82
Russian 5 per cent.	96 ...	95⅜
London and North Western	134 ...	132¼
Great Eastern	64 ...	64
Great Western	119 ...	117½
Union Pacific	154⅛ ...	159
Canadian-Pacific...	172 ...	172½

THE week has been rather an interesting one in spite of the fact that the exodus of the rich from London and other money centres has begun. The Home railway dividends have been rather disappointing, and a good deal of anxiety has been caused by a slight, but sharp, fall in Consols—variously attributed to sales by the Indian Government, to the disappointment of State bulls, to the Irish Land and other new issues, and to nervousness about war or Old Age Pensions. The first of these causes is certainly wrong; but the second and third are probably the true explanation. Lord Cromer's speech caused more uneasiness in Berlin than in London. It certainly gives some support to the theory that he has associated himself with Harmsworth finance. The Brazil loan has had a cool reception. People here like neither the coffee valorisation nor the battleship programme. Generally, markets have been dull, but Americans have been going strong in spite of declamations about "derrickers."

THE HORSE OMNIBUS AND THE OMNIBUS HORSE.

According to Mr. Richard Tilling, who has been interviewed by the Press, the General Omnibus and Road Car Companies, which together owned not long ago 22,000 horses, now own only 13,000; and this number, he says, is still diminishing, as horse omnibuses are being replaced by motor omnibuses on all the routes. Possibly the process may be checked now that the amalgamation has been carried through. There is no doubt that it is the motor 'bus that has ruined the 'bus trade in London, and, so far as I can see, it might be more sparingly used and higher fares charged than for the horse omnibus, which is so much cheaper to run. It seems that for some time the London 'bus companies have stopped buying 'bus horses; but, strange to say, this class of horse was never dearer than it is now. The old price used to be from £34 to £36, but now it seems they cost £42. Mr. Tilling's explanation is that "the demand for trade horses is very brisk," but it may be that the supply has fallen off in anticipation of the falling off in demand, and that the horse-breeder has over-estimated the development of motor traffic. Indeed, it is stated that there were 10,000 fewer foals reared last year than the year before. It will be interesting to see what happens to prices if the London 'bus companies begin to buy horses again.

THE TRADE REVIVAL IN AMERICA.

In June pig iron production in the States fell to 1,088,000 tons, the lowest point for a long time, and actually less than half the production of June last year! Nevertheless there is confidence of a turn in the tide, for it is certain that the railway companies will have to employ their new capital in extensive repairs and improvements. Moreover, the total of idle cars on the railroads of the United States has been slowly but steadily decreasing for the last two or three months. This helps to explain the buoyancy of American railroad and Steel Corporation stocks during the last few days. Bank clearings, another good index of trade, have also been picking up.

CANADIAN PUBLIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government is being strongly assailed in Canada for its extravagance, and one of his supporters (a prominent financier of Toronto) who is in London tells me that everyone out there feels sure that his majority will be greatly reduced, if not entirely wiped out, at the coming elections. The case is put as follows by financial critics in Ottawa. In the year 1896 the Federal expenditure stood at 41,702,383 dol. For the year which closed on March 31st, 1908, the amount expended, so far as the Government has reported, was 108,778,000 dol. For the present year the Finance Minister, in his Budget speech, estimated that the outlays would be 119,236,000. The figures, therefore, stand as follows:—

	Dollars.
1896	41,702,383
1908	108,778,322
1909	119,236,000

The growth of expenditure can be better appreciated and more fairly compared with that of twelve years ago on a per capita basis. In 1896 the Dominion Government was spending at the rate of 8·14 dol. per head of population. In 1908 the rate was 18 dol. per head. In 1909 the rate will be 20 dol. per head.

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC.

With public expenditure and debt growing thus rapidly, other large money-spending schemes are being pushed at Ottawa by the ruling clique, not all of whom have Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reputation for disinterestedness. One of these is the Government end of the Grand Trunk Pacific, *i.e.*, that part of the road between Winnipeg and Moncton which the country has to build. The odd part of this scheme is that the Grand Trunk did not want it, and there was no call for it. "The thing was added," so I read in a Canadian newspaper, "for grafting purposes, to a sane proposition—the extension of the Grand Trunk from North Bay to the coast—which could have been carried through at an expense of not more than 12,000,000 dol. to the country." When this proposition first appeared the Premier solemnly assured Parliament that the entire cost would be 13,000,000 dol.—not a cent. more. Now the price is being more closely calculated, and the following figures, prepared by the Government itself, may give a fair idea of the impending outlay. The expense of the Winnipeg to Moncton line will be as follows:—

	Dollars.
1,803 miles, at 63,427 dol. a mile ...	114,393,763
Use of money during the five years' construction	10,009,454
Seven years' interest	26,124,676
Three more years in which the Grand Trunk Pacific is free of rent ...	11,196,290
Total	161,724,183

This covers only the cost of the roadbed and the interest that has to be paid under the agreement handing over the line to the Grand Trunk for ten years for nothing.

THE QUEBEC BRIDGE.

In addition to this sum of 161,724,183 dol., Canadian taxpayers are condemned to pay heavily on account of the Grand Trunk line through the mountains. The Government has guaranteed bonds on that section and has agreed to meet the interest for seven years. This liability comes to 9,689,400 dol. Then there is the taxpayers' contribution to the cost of terminals at Quebec, Winnipeg, and Moncton, which will call for 5,470,000 dol. more. But the most startling of the supplementary expenses connected with the Grand Trunk Pacific project, as engineered at Ottawa, is in consequence of the calamity to the Quebec bridge. The Quebec bridge scheme has been described as "the most ingenious of the many ingenious projects for the enrichment of private individuals at the public expense that the Laurier Government has devised." Briefly, the country was to find the money with which to build this bridge, and "private gentlemen, mostly politicians, were to own the structure and to enjoy the profits that were to be made as a result of its use by the railway companies." But part of the bridge fell down last year, and this has upset the calculations of the money-makers; so the country has to assume the following liability:—

	Dollars.
Cost of bridge up to March 1st, 1907 ...	5,422,238
Cost of completion	9,000,000
Total	14,422,238

The building of the line of railway, the granting of the free rental for ten years to the Grand Trunk, the interest on the Mountain bonds, and the cost of the Quebec bridge, brings the total expenditure on the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme up to 191,305,823 dol. This is not the whole story of recent Canadian finance; but it deserves the attention of investors; for it shows that Canadian Government loans will be plentiful in the future.

LUCELLUM.

Liver troubles

are speedily and effectually cured by LIVERETS. The great disadvantage of most liver medicines is that they have a distinctly debilitating effect on the health.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) *Liverets*

STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE

Are especially compounded to overcome this evil. Prepared, as prescribed by an eminent physician, from purely vegetable ingredients, they thoroughly cleanse the liver of all impurities and leave it perfectly healthy. And the valuable tonic properties they possess, stimulate the liver while they relieve it, and, finally, make it sound and strong enough to enable it to perform its functions in a healthy, natural way. Of all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free, 1/1½, from

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. Beware of spurious imitations.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it WILL BE REPLACED.

TANGYE
OIL ENGINE
AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.

NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING.

TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

THE INQUIRER

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL RELIGION

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:

6/6 per year, to all parts of the World.

Published every Friday at

3, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

UNDERWOOD VISIBLE TYPEWRITER.

The Machine you will eventually buy

Every character in sight from Date to Signature

The only strictly high-grade visible writer

Especially Adaptable for Invoicing

Underwood Typewriter Co.,
120, Queen Victoria St., E.C.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.

Each packet is dated with the year of issue.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.

All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

EDUCATIONAL.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities.
Citizenship Course. Leisure Hour Work.

(For Leisure Hour Work, see the Bootham School exhibit in the Franco-British Exhibition, Education Building, Section J.)

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

WEST HEATH SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD.

On high ground close to the Heath.
A day school for Boys and Girls (about 100 pupils).

Principal: **Mrs. Ennis Richmond.**
Headmaster: **Mr. F. V. Bindon (M.A. Cantab.).**
Succeeding Mr. & Mrs. Rice, now taking up work at Bedales School, Hants.

Good Buildings. Playground. Large Grass Playing Fields.

A Boarding house will be opened in September in connection with the above under the immediate management of **Mrs. Richmond** and her son, **Mr. Kenneth Richmond,** as house master.

Michaelmas Term will begin September 22nd.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.
Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors.
Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundrywork and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

WILLASTON SCHOOL, NANTWICH.

In the Cheshire Plain, four miles from Crewe. Opened in 1900. Modern Buildings, standing in 24 acres of grounds. Preparations for University Scholarships and Matriculation, or for Professional and Commercial life.

NEXT ENTRANCE EXAMINATION JULY 21st, AT THE SCHOOL.

For prospectus and particulars of admission on the Foundation, apply to the Head Master, H. L. JONES, M.A. (Oxon.), or to the Clerk to the Governors 38, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars free, McQueen & Co., 1a, Moat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

TOURS.

£6 6s. LUCERNE TOUR.

Nine days. Short Sea Route. No extras for Conductor or Gratuities.

£7 7s. TERRITET—MONTREUX.

No Night Travelling. Magnificent Hotels. One Day Paris. Return Tickets. Seven Days Territet. Short Sea Route.

HENRY S. LUNN, M.D.

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. 4, Charing Cross, S.W. 25, Cannon Street, E.C. 84, Piccadilly, W.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, *Near the British Museum.*
Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

THACKERAY HOTEL,
Opposite the British Museum.
Great Russell Street, London.

These well-appointed and commodious **Temperance Hotels** will, it is believed, meet the requirements at moderate charges of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (*including attendance*) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**
Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, From **3/6** to **10/6** per day.

Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
Telegraphic Addresses—
Kingsley Hotel, "Bookcraft, London." Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.
HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.
THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

A LIBRARY OF PEACE AND WAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
F. W. HIRST.

1/- NET.

THE
NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:
HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:
13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.
WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.
67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.
THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), **DORSET.**
BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.
ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.
THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.
BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.
BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.
CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.
ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.
HILLS MARINE VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing sea. 6/- per day

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.
THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.
COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LANCASTER.
BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

LEEDS.
HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.
COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.
CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.
HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.
SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).
SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.
PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PORTSMOUTH.
SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647

SOUTHSEA.
STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

SWANAGE.
"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.
REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.
WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.
WILFRED LAWSON. Temp. Hotel, J. J. Blundell, Manager

1650

To every particular Member of Parliament,

The humble Addreſs of the Sope-makers of London *that lately preſented their Petition to this Honourable Houſe,*

SHEWETH,

THe Complaint of the Sope-makers in briefis, That by reaſon of an Exciſe laid upon their Materials, and after they have made them into Sope, They are forced to pay 4*s.* 8*d. per* Barrel Exciſe; by meanes of which, thoſe that make it in holes and corners, ſteal the Exciſe of the ſaid 4*s.* 8*d. per* Barrel, and ſo are able to underſell them that pay it; by meanes whereof their Trade is loſt and deſtroyed. For remedy of which, they humbly deſire the Parliament will be pleaſed to lay 12*d. per l.* Exciſe upon all the imported Materials that Sope is made of, and totally take off the foreſaid 4*s.* 8*d. per* Barrel; which they humbly conceive will bring in annually, an equal revenue to what hath riſen of late years, both out of the Exciſe of Sope, and the 6*d.* in every 20*s.* that the Materials have paid, whereby all that make Sope ſhall equally bear the burthen of the Exciſe; and in caſe the Parliament ſhall Judge the ſaid 12*d. per pound* Exciſe upon the materials, not to be enough, they leave it to their Judgements and deſcretions to lay ſo much more above the ſaid 12*d.* in every 20*s.* upon the Materials onely, as they Judge annually will fully make up the ſame.

And they moſt humbly deſire that the Parliament would ſpeedily put this their Juſt Sute to an abſolute and final iſſue, and call upon Colonel *George Thompſon* to make his Report in the premiſes.

Roger Pears

John Hayes	*John Hardwick*
John Lilburne	*Lawrence Whitwel*
Tho. Howlet	*Symon Weedon*
Thomas Woodſtocke	*Robert Barfoote*
John Hutcheſt	*Caleb Phinnies*
Robert Drinkwater	*John Murdock*
Edm. Halley	*Rickard Cox*
William Rudd	*Edward Leader*
Edw. Whitwell	*Tho. Bromley*
Ja. Baker	*William Heſter*
John Wolcot	*Tho. Poultney*

1650.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 18.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

PAGE
THE DIARY OF THE WEEK ... 623
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—
The Danger with the Lords ... 626
The Growth of a Liberal Europe 627
Democracy and the Peace Movement 628
The Harvest of London Reaction 629
LIFE AND LETTERS:—
The Mob-Mind 631
"The Marathon" 632
An American Statesman ... 633
SHORT SKETCH:—
"The Meadow of the Dead" By Padraic Colum 634
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—
Naval Expenditure in 1909. By the Right Hon. Lord Eversley 635
The Harmsworth Brand--III. 636
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—
An Epilogue to an Unfinished Drama. By Ed. Bernstein 637
COMMUNICATIONS:—
The State of the Daily Press. By a Journalist 638
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—
"Wanted, a New Scheme of Culture." By Cloudesley Brereton 640
The Indeterminate Sentence By the Rev W. D. Morrison and Henry W. Nevinson ... 640
Mrs. Humphry Ward's Battalions. By Mrs. Thomas Hardy 641
PAGE
"The New Spirit in Turkey." By T. Palmer Newbould ... 641
"The Art of Opening." By R. Mudie-Smith 641
A Seaside Hotel for Working People. By Lily H. Montagu 641
Lord Cromer's Speech. By the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie 642
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By G. Cook, Geo. Edgar, J. E. Allen, and Henry S. Clough 643
Germany and England. By Arnold Lupton, M.P. ... 643
Do we Overeat? By R. W. J. 643
Coastguard Service. By Charles Sturge 643
POETRY:—
Sonnet—To an Empty Room. By J. Marjoram 643
THE WORLD OF BOOKS ... 644
Books to be Read 644
REVIEWS:—
Poetry and Craftsmanship ... 645
The Decline and Fall of "Grove" 646
The Stuarts 647
A Seventeenth Century Mystic 648
"The Little Brown Brother" 648
BOOKS IN BRIEF:—
Old England 650
Nature Rambles in London ... 652
American Shrines in England 653
Nature Studies by Night and Day 652
Stories by Edgar Allan Poe... 652
The Imperial Drug Trade ... 654
A Novel Reader's Guide ... 654
THE WEEK IN THE CITY ... 654

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The Sultan of Turkey has proclaimed the Constitution of 1876 as the only means of keeping his hold on Macedonia. This was endangered in two ways, by the Young Turkish movement and also in his eyes by the reform proposals of the Powers. The Young Turks made extraordinarily rapid progress last week, and before the Sultan proclaimed his Constitution, it had, in fact, been proclaimed for him in all the principal towns of Macedonia. It is doubtful whether the Adrianople or the Anatolian armies could have been depended upon to fight the Macedonian army; but even a successful civil war would have put the Sultan at the mercy of the Powers. The choice then was between yielding to the demands of Turkish reformers and risking his throne in a civil war with the prospect at the end of it of more European interference. The alternatives would have been hard for the founder of the most highly centralised bureaucracy in the world, but the defection of the Albanians, the ruling of the Sheikh-ul-Islam that the Young Turks in the army could not lawfully be treated as rebels, and lastly, the fact that the movement in the Macedonian army is strongly Nationalist as well as Liberal, were amongst the considerations that turned the scale in favor of a Constitution. The grant of Midhat's Constitution was followed up later by an iradé proclaiming an amnesty and the abolition of espionage; and the Sultan's Council has been reconstituted with Said as Grand Vizier. The telegrams from Turkey have been occupied all the week with scenes of congratulation, and amid the enthusiasm no one seems to have thought it necessary to ask for further guarantees that Midhat's Constitution will not be sent to sleep again as it was in 1877. But certainly the grant of a Constitution has already had a remarkable effect in obliterating the dislocations of race and creed. It is noteworthy that the new British Ambassador to the Porte, Sir Gerard Lowther, was received on his arrival with great enthusiasm. Great Britain has suddenly recovered her influence at Constantinople.

* * *

The House of Lords, disregarding the Constitutional rule which forbids them to amend Money Bills, have introduced two important changes into the Old Age Pensions Bill. The first is an amendment by Lord Cromer proposing that the machinery of the Bill shall come to an end on December 31st, 1915, though the rights of existing pensioners are to be respected. Lord Cromer was not deterred from moving by a solemn warning from Lord Rosebery that the House of Lords should avoid all responsibility for the measure, nor by the Lord Chancellor's forecast that the House of Commons would certainly regard the amendment as a breach of its privileges. Lord Lansdowne, however, supported it on the ground that the Pensions Bill was concerned with public policy as well as with money and therefore that the Lords were entitled to amend it. The Cromer amendment was carried by 77 votes against 45, the 77 including four Dukes and Lord Lansdowne. The second amendment by Lord St. Aldwyn removed the time limit to the disqualification of paupers, and it was agreed to without a division. There is no doubt that the action of the Lords infringes on the famous resolution of 1678, and it is probable that the Speaker will to-day rule it to be a breach of the privileges of the House of Commons.

* * *

Sir Edward Grey made a speech on the foreign situation on Monday thoroughly permeated with the Liberal spirit. Speaking on the reform movement in Turkey, he said that he welcomed the situation, hoped that the Christian nationalities would co-operate with the reforming Mohammedan party, and admitted that an internal progressive movement was better than the forcing of reforms from without. He welcomed the proclamation of a Turkish Constitution, and said that in Macedonia, England would preserve an expectant and sympathetic attitude. He denied strongly that the Anglo-Russian *entente* had, or should have, "any hostile point" towards any Power, or that we aimed at Germany's isolation. On the Congo question he thought that the question of trade must be separated from that of humanity. Forced labor must cease, but that implied a sufficiency of land for the natives. The Government still reserved its view as to annexation. In Persia our policy must be one of non-interference, but genuine movements on behalf of freedom would lack no sympathy from us, and we desired to see a Government resting on the confidence of the people. The speech has been very well received abroad.

* * *

The International Peace Congress, which opened its sittings on Tuesday, has been formally received by the King at Buckingham Palace, the King declaring, in answer to its Address, that the promotion of goodwill

among the nations was the "surest and most direct means whereby humanity might be enabled to realise its noblest ideals." The Christian Conference, which preceded the opening meeting, was attended by many heads of the Anglican and Nonconformist Churches. The most definite statement of the Christian position was that of Dr. Horton, who insisted that the Church could no longer allow, far less bless, war, but must recognise that Christianity forbade it absolutely, and preached non-resistance. Lord Courtney, in an address of singular elevation of tone, insisted that the aim of the Peace Movement was to establish a law doing away with national violence on the lines of the law which did away with private violence. The time would come when the individual States of Europe would be able to carry their causes of disagreement to a supreme court of their creation. Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at the Queen's Hall, amid interruption from rowdy Suffragists, said that it was time to protest against the Christian communities spending £400,000,000 a year on preparations to kill each other. The German scare of to-day was paralleled by the French scare of yesterday. Germany and England exchanged fears, but German panic was more intelligible than British panic, for while we had the two-Power standard for our Navy, she possessed no such two-Power standard for her main force, which was her Army. The modern crusade should be the Peace Crusade, for Peace was now the "great holy purpose" uniting princes and peoples.

* * *

At Tabriz neither the Royalists nor the Parliamentarians have been able to gain further advantage, but Colonel Liakhoff is busy recruiting and arming Cossacks for the Shah's service, and a strong force has already left Teheran for Tabriz. Yet the Shah has only to withdraw the wild horsemen of Rakbin and the Orujtebid, and the town would probably submit without further resistance, for, as its leaders have explained, they have no quarrel with the institution of the monarchy. It is hardly possible to acquit the Shah of wilful vindictiveness in his policy of repression. Thursday's "Times" contained a long account of the formal apology made by the Persian Foreign Minister a fortnight ago, for the blockading of the British Legation at Teheran. The right of political asylum was thus vindicated without equivocation, yet this asylum has since been refused by the Legation at Tabriz under instructions from home. Sir Edward Grey explained, on Monday, that in future the asylum will not be given to people who use the Legations for political purposes, but only to those who are in danger of their lives. The distinction would seem to be a very unreal one in Persia now with the Shah in his present mood, and it has worked very badly at Tabriz. Sata Khan and his friends who were refused asylum at Tabriz were surely in danger of their lives, and there is good reason for thinking that had it been given, the town would have escaped the sufferings that have since overtaken it.

* * *

The Irish Universities Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons on Saturday last by a majority of 188, only nineteen hostile votes being recorded. It passed through the House of Lords on Monday, and was read a second time without a division after what Lord Lansdowne properly described as a course of fair and temperate criticism. Mr. Birrell, in taking leave of it in the Commons, met the charge that it was a denominational measure by saying that it was "intended to meet the educational needs of the people of Ireland, the large majority of whom were members of a particular denomination." This description was endorsed by Mr. Massie, who, in a very interesting article in the "Westminster Gazette," declares that though he would have preferred a "great Irish secular University," the Bill sacrifices "no Liberal principle." It provides an atmosphere for Catholics in much the same sense as Oxford or Cambridge provides an atmosphere for members of the Church of England.

* * *

The one blot of the measure is, we think, the arrangement under which students at Maynooth, the clerical training college, will be eligible for a degree, as Mr. Balfour said, "without having to put in one week's residence at the University." Such a provision must certainly weaken the intellectual character of the Irish priesthood. Undergraduates educate themselves even more than they are educated, and this natural training young Irish priests will lose under Mr. Birrell's scheme. Meanwhile, we strongly endorse the plea of the "Daily News" for the effective preservation of the Medical School maintained by the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. This school will now be the one non-sectarian institution of the kind in Ireland. It has done admirable work, and it has the advantage of meeting the case of poor students who cannot afford an Arts' course. Such an institution should not be crushed by a heavily subsidised school attached to the new University, and British Liberals and Nonconformists have, we think, a right to ask that it should be saved.

* * *

The condemnation of Tilak has led to rioting in Bombay so severe that Australia actually telegraphed an offer to lend a regiment. The trouble began on the morning after the trial, when the bazaars and most of the Hindu shops closed, and by noon on the same day 20,000 cotton operatives had struck work—the first instance, we think, of the use of the strike as a political weapon in India. Rioting began later and continued for several days, and three times the mob had to be fired on by the military before it would disperse. Tilak is the most influential citizen in the Presidency, and his reputation has been made largely by Government prosecutions; but his importance would be the first reason for singling him out for punishment if the jury were right in holding that his writings were Nihilistic. But the motives of the prosecution are evidently not generally understood in India.

* * *

Some correspondence was issued this week with the Natal Government which the "Natal Witness" declared to be tantamount to a rupture between the Crown and the Colony. That is exaggerated language, but the passages were certainly the sharpest in a conflict that has been going on with little intermission for two years. The decision of the Imperial Government to pay Dinizulu's salary was described in a dispatch from the Natal Government as "belittling" to the colonial authority, and likely to lead to more trouble with the natives. A few hours after the receipt of an appropriately chilly reply from Lord Crewe, the Natal Government sent troops up to Usutu, apparently with the idea of fulfilling its threat that it would have trouble with the natives for the third time in two years. A less loyal way of continuing the argument could not have been devised, nor one that shed more discredit on the spirit of Natal's native policy. Happily, the Opposition at home have supported the Government in its contention about Dinizulu's salary, and though Mr. Lyttelton makes reserves in other points of controversy with the colony, there has been no attempt to turn the conflict

to party advantage. As the correspondence and the debate in the Natal Parliament this week showed, there is much disgust in Natal with the contumacy of the Colonial Government. Natalians have begged us to remember that the Government does not really represent them. They call it a "bushrangers' Government," meaning that the electoral system gives disproportionate preponderance to the country vote. Mr. Moor, the Premier, for example, was elected for a county constituency by a smaller poll than the junior member for Durban had of a majority.

* * *

A POINT about the Natal Bill of Indemnity which was raised here last week was discussed by Mr. Seely in the South African debate on Tuesday. It had been suggested by Miss Colenso that the clause of the Bill legalising the proclamation of the Supreme Chief covered a proclamation of Colonel Mackenzie last December deposing Dinizulu, and that, therefore, Dinizulu would never recover his position whatever the result of the trial might be. In reply to inquiries from the Home Government Sir Matthew Nathan stated that Colonel Mackenzie had been given no authority to exercise the powers of the Supreme Chief, and it follows that the Indemnity Bill will not prejudice the status of Dinizulu. If Miss Colenso's view had been correct, the Government was ready to disallow the Indemnity Bill. As it is, the Government mean to advise the King to give his consent as the only means of getting rid of martial law in Natal. With the Royal assent to the Indemnity Bill will disappear the Government's only chance of influencing Natal's native policy or of discouraging the monstrous abuses of martial law of which the Natal Government has been guilty.

* * *

MR. BURNS, met from both sides of the House on Wednesday with stories of the abuses of motor traffic, admitted that public opinion was moving against the motorists, and promised to prepare a new circular to local authorities. We have great respect for Mr. Burns, but we must tell him at once that his remedy, even if it is carried out, is quite insufficient. He is an engineer, and, as such, he is, not unnaturally, a partisan of motor cars, whilst his Department and the Home Office have completely failed to regulate their use in the public interest. It is not a new circular but a new law that public opinion demands. This was practically, though not formally, the plea of strong Conservatives like Lord Halsbury, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Mr. Walter Long. Mr. Long declared that one of the greatest evils of the traffic was its destruction of cottage gardens by dust showers, and the way in which it made life for the poor in rural districts "well-nigh impossible." Most speakers agreed that it was ridiculous to apply the same speed-limit to rural districts or stretches of straight, unfrequented roads and to urban or village thoroughfares, and that it was necessary to set up new standards of speed for different localities. THE NATION has been asked in many quarters to organise the general demand for fresh legislation. As a preliminary step, we may say that we shall be glad to receive from careful correspondents accounts of the driving of motors in various districts during the present holiday season.

* * *

THE trial of Mr. Sievier on a charge of blackmailing Mr. J. B. Joel, better known to the South African courts as Isaac Joel, has ended in a verdict of not guilty. This practically implies that the jury thought that Sievier did not extort money from Mr. Joel by the threat of publishing gross attacks on him, but that Joel aimed at trapping Sievier into committing this crime. The prosecutor admitted that he had done "a dirty trick" in using Mr. Mills to bring about the transaction with Sievier; the jury probably regarded this as almost an admission of having played a "dirty trick" on Sievier. The facts were obscure, and involved much hard swearing. Two comments occur. The first is what is to happen to the £5,000? We do not know whether the bright lexicon of Ruff contains such a word as "ought." If it did, we should have thought that the money should go back to its princely donor. The second is whether, after the finding of the jury, Mr. Joel is to remain an ornament of the turf. The verdict was eminently popular, and the court, as in most of these sensational trifles in which the law intervenes, was turned into a theatre. To-day Mr. Joel is one of the most generally disliked men in England; it will be remembered that he belongs to the set of financiers who engineered the South African War.

* * *

THE trial of endurance which we have agreed to call the Marathon Race ended on Friday week in a nominal victory for Dorando, one of the Italian competitors, and a real victory for Hayes, the American. Dorando ran the twenty-six miles from Windsor to the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush in 2 hrs. 54 min. 46 secs., Hayes's time being 2 hrs. 55 min. 18 secs. But Dorando—who, by the way, belongs to a Bersaglieri regiment, perhaps the finest long marchers in the world—entered the Stadium half dazed and at the end of his strength, fell again and again, and was helped to his feet and supported to the tape by friends and even by officials, who thus spoilt the race they had to judge. The Queen interpreted popular feeling by presenting a special cup to the young Italian on Saturday. Hayes was adjudged the winner, and to him the Marathon trophy was awarded. The cruelty of the test was denounced by many who witnessed its exciting finish, but it is desirable to maintain the physical standard in a great city-State like ours, and feats like those of Hayes and Dorando help to preserve it. On the whole, the American team secured a considerable triumph. They won eighteen events against our twenty-three wins in the Stadium, and established some astonishing records in strength and swiftness of foot. Their friends showed over-keenness in one or two races, and once or twice they seem to have been treated with some want of tact. But the American attack on Lord Desborough's fairness is ridiculous. America seems to over-emphasise our own fault of treating sport not as play but as a form of business.

* * *

THE tramwaymen's strike in Sydney, which ended suddenly this week, is interesting as evidence of the growing dislike among Australian workmen of compulsory arbitration. The subjects in dispute were insignificant, but the men (who are State servants) refused to submit them to arbitration as provided under the Industrial Disputes Act of New South Wales, and demanded a departmental inquiry. When this was refused, they went out on strike, although by so doing they rendered themselves liable to criminal prosecution and to civil action for damages against the union funds. A letter from the Parliamentary Labor Party advising them not to break the law by striking was suppressed, and public opinion throughout was strongly against the tramwaymen. The strike broke down through the ease with which the labor of the men was replaced, and as the Government threats to enforce the severe penalties of the Industrial Disputes Act were not enforced, their value has not been tested, though they certainly failed to act as a deterrent.

Politics and Affairs.

THE DANGER WITH THE LORDS.

It was characteristic of the House of Lords that, in Monday's debate on the Pensions Bill, it should by one amendment propose to limit the duration of the Bill to seven years and by another to strike out the time-limit of two years to the present exclusion of paupers from its benefits. But we shall take leave to say that the Peers will adhere to neither of these generous impulses. In the first place, they have not the power to insist on them, and in the second place, they will soon be convinced by Mr. Balfour that even if they possessed such a power, they will not be allowed, in the interests of the Tory Party, to use it. The constitutional position is quite clear. In the abstract the Lords retain the power to reject a Money Bill altogether. In practice they do not possess it, or, at least, they dare not exercise it with effect, for it is defeated by the old constitutional maxim that supplies only originate with the Commons. Thus the power of the purse, thwarted in 1908, can be reasserted in 1909. This is what happened in 1860 when the Lords threw out the Bill repealing the paper duties, and were answered by the present expedient of including all taxation in a single Bill, and this is what would happen to-day. In any case, the right to amend Money Bills is gone for ever. The resolution of 1678 declares it to be the "undoubted and sole right" of the Commons, in dealing with Money Bills, to "direct, limit, and appoint in such Bills the ends, purposes, considerations, limitations, and qualifications of such grants, which ought not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords." Erskine May held that these "conditions" and "qualifications" included the "duration" of all rates or public charges, the very point which Lord Cromer's amendment assails. If if be argued, as Lord Lansdowne argues, that the Pensions Bill is not a pure Money Bill, the answer is that it is far nearer that definition than was the Voluntary Schools Bill of 1897, when Lord Halsbury, in the sacred name of privilege, forbade the peers to take from the charges it imposed or to add one maravedi to them. The Pensions Bill was ushered into the Commons by a financial resolution, it is already linked by an express provision to the Budget of 1908, and it must enter into the entire scheme of the Budget of 1909. We shall be much mistaken, therefore, if the Speaker does not to-day rule the amendment to be a breach of privilege, and in any case the Government will move to disagree with it, and by irresistible pressure can sweep it away.

In point of fact no pressure will be needed, or rather it will be supplied by the real leader of the House of Lords, who is Mr. Balfour. Lord Cromer's amendment was the work of the man who has had no recent experience of Parliamentary Government, and shows, we are bound to add, singular incapacity for adapting himself to it. Those who have followed our recent Parliamentary history know perfectly well what the House of Lords is and what it is not. It is, as Profesor Lawrence Lowell well says, Conservative with a big "C" not with a little "c." "It has become for party purposes an instrument in the hands of the Tory leaders, who use it as a bishop or knight of their own color on the chess-board of party politics." Mr. Balfour, acting from across the corridor that separates the two Houses, like the unseen player who governs an exhibition of "automatic" chess, will at once advise the peers that the Cromer amendment is not in the game, and that the half-opened move must be retraced. For it shows, in the first place, the singular laxness of view, the want of political sense and knowledge, of the House of Lords. Supposing the amendment were carried. Does Lord Cromer or Lord Lansdowne imagine that in 1915 either a Liberal or a Conservative Government will dare to give up Old Age Pensions, or will even qualify or restrict the national gift of 1908? Both parties would, of course, be equally pledged to the maintenance of the Bill. The Treasury officials would call for a definite financial scheme, the local authorities would say that administrative uncertainty about the continuity of the pensions was intolerable, and public opinion would say that it was cruel. The only political effect would be to discredit the House of Lords and show how incompetent it is, in spite of its superficial show of wisdom and its capacity for large generalisation, when it touches a practical concern of the national life.

But Mr. Balfour will be still more concerned to check the House of Lords in any course which, while it reveals the *naiveté* of young recruits to Toryism like Lord Cromer, deflects that assembly from its appointed purpose of helping him back to power. This, and not the consideration of Bills or policy on their merits, is what the House of Lords is expected to do. Its business is to make Liberalism unpopular. Clearly it cannot fulfil this function by throwing out or mutilating obviously popular Bills. Now and then it is allowed to work its will on special subjects, like Scottish land, where its members have private interests, for Mr. Balfour, being a Scottish landlord himself, and no mere slave of logic, makes allowances for human nature. But this is the by-play of politics. The wearing down of the Government must be accomplished by the scientific method of hitting it through the House of Lords wherever the hit seems likely to please the people, or a section of the people, by dividing the Liberal ranks, by discrediting them through frequent rejections of Liberal Bills, by holding up to ridicule a big Parliamentary majority as a weak and beaten force, by suggesting that the House of Lords is against faddists, Puritans, teetotallers, Socialists, and all extremists and oppressors of the investing widow and the speculative orphan. This is what Professor Lowell means when he calls the Lords Conservatives with a big "C." They are not what Bagehot thought they were or might become, a revising body, with a certain unwritten mandate of conscience and intellect to keep things from going too fast, to give the democracy here and there a chance of second thoughts. And therefore we may at once assess the seriousness of all the Lords' interventions in politics by asking whether they advance or retard the purely partisan ends which the Tory wirepullers desire that the Peers should serve.

For this reason we are not concerned with the Cromer and St. Aldwyn amendments to the Pensions Bill. We confess that we are much more concerned with the growing disposition of the Lords to assert their power of revising legislation on the ground that, under the rule of the guillotine, it is insufficiently considered in the Commons. Here Lord Lansdowne is on stronger ground than the Cromer amendment affords him. There can be no doubt that the guillotine does tend to de-popularise and devitalise the House of Commons. The Lords complain that Bills come up to them late, and that they come up unrevised by the Lower House. Both complaints have a measure of truth in them. The Commons cannot neglect Supply, and ought not to neglect general criticism of politics. The Executive ought not to suppress the personality and work of the private member. All these things are happening, and yet the revision of legislation, rigidly parcelled out as it is by the closure, is most imperfect. The discussion of Supply has this year necessarily been cut down to the minimum of twenty days, and some of the great Departments have gone through the year almost uncriticised. The House, under the new impulse to activity and public spirit which the Liberal Government has awakened, works with immense zeal, but its "general sense," that great instrument of the Parliamentary power, and its function as the "grand inquest" of the nation, tend to be obscured. Great measures tend more and more to represent the uncriticised thought of their authors, that is to say, of the Executive and of the permanent officials, who work more and more obscurely under the new device of legislation "by reference." This process takes interest, independence, *élan*, and real power from the Commons. And there is always a danger lest, in a country like England, timid, and "fond of a lord," an ably managed and reformed House of Peers may absorb the moral and intellectual influence that should belong to the representative House. This is a peril of the future, and though the tasks of this Government are many, it is, we think, bound, before it goes, to fortify the House of Commons against the House of Lords. The Commons want larger powers of criticism and self-government than the rule of the closure allows them, and unless these are obtained, there will be a weakening of the central force in the Constitution.

THE GROWTH OF A LIBERAL EUROPE.

Sir Edward Grey has never made a better speech than he delivered on the Foreign Office vote last Monday. Without departing from his habitual dignity and restraint, he displayed a certain warmth and humanity of feeling, and in all his references, whether to Turkey, to Russia, to the Congo, or to Germany, spoke for the Liberal tradition which is frankly on the side of the people against despotism and financial exploitation. The speech has been praised in every capital of Europe, and those of us who have been among Sir Edward's critics in the past should be the first to thank him for an utterance which was an expression of the best impulses of English public opinion. His reference to the Congo was, perhaps, a little less explicit than the rest of the speech, but the circumstances are peculiarly delicate and obscure. So far as it is possible to follow the protracted debate in Brussels, it is difficult to be optimistic about the prospects of annexation. But Sir Edward Grey made it perfectly clear that the new fact of annexation will find him prepared to insist to the utmost on the observance of the conditions under which the Free State was originally founded. In his handling of the Persian situation, he expressed, in the clearest terms, his sympathy with the hopeful constitutional movement. Nothing is irreparably lost, even in Persia, and though the Shah is master of Teheran, the reformers are holding their own in the most populous city of Tabriz. Even if they are ultimately overpowered by disciplined troops, they have broken the long tradition of Persian passivity. It is proper to insist that we cannot actively intervene in this civil struggle. Our only criticism on the results of the Anglo-Russian Convention is, that while we have scrupulously observed our pledges of non-interference, Russia has been working on the side of despotism through agents whom she formally disavowed but really controlled. Our duty in this conflict is not to intervene, but rather to use our influence with Russia to impose on her an equal impartiality.

The sudden crisis in Turkey imposed a severe test on Sir Edward Grey's statesmanship. It required some imagination to grasp its significance, and some promptitude to adjust our policy to this wholly unexpected development. Hitherto, like every Foreign Minister since Lord Derby, he had proceeded on the assumption that Turkish misrule is quite incurable, that the Moslem reformers are a negligible factor, that our only task is to secure tolerable conditions for the Christians of Turkey, and that the best way to do this is to detach Macedonia, and, if possible, Armenia, from the direct rule of Constantinople. This was at once a logical and a humane policy, and from 1876 to 1908 nothing of importance had occurred to suggest an alternative. A close observer who studied Turkish life on the spot would sometimes raise a protest, and point out how this hostile attitude tended itself to discredit Turkish reformers and to arouse the very fanaticism which we dreaded. But so long as the Young Turks seemed to be living quietly in Paris on the memory of Midhat's achievements, they were outside the reckoning of practical politicians. In two weeks the situation has been greatly modified, if not entirely transformed. The Sultan has restored the Constitution of 1876, and, best of all, he has done this because he had no choice. He has yielded to triumphant force, and behind the arms of the revolted regiments of Macedonia there is now the formal sanction of religion. The elaborate structure of theocracy, which he has spent a lifetime in building, has crumbled away, and the army contentedly follows a revolutionary committee with a Positivist at its head. The ferment of revolt has unchained a fine and generous spirit in the Turkish masses. The mob in the capital pays visits of courtesy to the Armenian and Greek Patriarchs and the Bulgarian Exarch. In Salonica the Bulgarian guerilla chiefs, half bandits, half patriots, have abandoned the ten years' struggle in the mountains to dine with the rival Greek leaders in the mess-room of the Turkish offi-

cers. The bands themselves have melted away, and even Yildiz Palace has been cleared of courtiers and spies. History shows no precedent to such a revolution, and its best aspect is the tolerance, the chivalry, and the magnanimity of these young Turkish officers. They have saved their country alike from despotism and from disintegration at the hands of Europe, but in their triumph they show neither arrogance nor malice.

But even at such a triumph the spirit of criticism lies in wait. We may be sure that Abdul Hamid will plot revenge. It may not be difficult to play on the old instincts of fanaticism. The Parliament when it comes together in November, without a common language or a common culture, untrained and inexperienced, will encounter all the risks of personal, religious, and racial rivalry. It is easy to prophesy that it will fail, and easy to invoke the disastrous precedent of 1876. But the parallel is in two respects incomplete. The reformers of 1876 were a little clique of officials. They had the students behind them, but the army was quite indifferent, and there was no organised popular conspiracy. To-day there is a competent and energetic party of reform, and it has proved its power to control the army. In the second place it was only the Russian War which enabled Abdul Hamid to appeal to the racial and religious solidarity of the Turks. The Christians looked to Europe for salvation. The documents in Midhat Pasha's life made it abundantly clear that Abdul Hamid was from the first as false as Midhat himself was sincere in his work for the Constitution. Lord Derby had the same problem before him as Sir Edward Grey, but he acted with less decision. Then, as now, the choice lay between imposing special reforms on behalf of the Christians, and promoting the general renaissance of the Empire. Midhat Pasha fell because he insisted on the entrance of Christians into the military schools. To-day the Young Turks, with the same sure strategical instinct, demand their admission into the army. There lies the cardinal point. Midhat made one desperate effort to win British support and prove his sincerity. He offered to make the Turkish Constitution an international document, a pledge given to the Powers, a species of treaty which they would have the right to control. The Russian War and his own fall checked that project. It might well be revived to-day. In return for a general pledge of real equality in Parliament, the services, and the army, we might well consent to waive our special interferences in Macedonia and Armenia. These are questions for the future. Meantime, Sir Edward Grey has consented with a wise generosity to postpone the Anglo-Russian scheme for Macedonia. If Turkey will reform itself, Europe would only make mischief by interfering.

This crisis makes its own commentary on the rivalry between Great Britain and Germany which formed the other main topic of Sir Edward Grey's speech. Germany chose in Turkey as in Russia to "put her money on the wrong horse," that is to say, on the Palace. In both countries a revolution, only partly successful in one case, triumphant in the other, has strengthened British influence. It is the general play of such causes as these which creates the "isolation" of which she complains. She is for the despotism of the day; we are for the democracy which in due time surely arrives. While this contrast of method and temperament subsists between the Prussian and the Liberal spirit, there will always be a certain rivalry and antagonism in the realms of diplomacy and opinion. But it is of a wholly different rivalry that Lord Cromer and his school are thinking, when they talk of the probable war in the near future. We notice in this connection a peculiarly foolish and rhetorical article in the "Quarterly Review," which recalls the manner and methods of the Harmsworth school of patriotism. Every transient scare about German waiters and publicans, every Christmas Annual prophecy about a German landing on our shores, every Pan-Teuton dream about a Middle Empire stretching from Antwerp to the Persian Gulf, is here solemnly brought under review and painted in hectic colors of actuality. Does Dr. Schiemann refrain from any word of hostility towards England; that only shows his cunning. Does the campaign of Anglophobia die down; that only shows that its work is accomplished. The mechanism of the coming disaster is carefully explained. Germany is to invade France, while we are preoccupied in the Far East, raising meanwhile a Pan-Islamic movement in Turkey and India. But in such a case the French navy would reinforce our own; Japan is our ally in the East; Turkey is to-day Liberal and Anglophile; the Indian Moslems are determined loyalists. If this school really believed its prophecies, it ought to preach not patience but a preventive war. It ignores the parallel movement which is going on in Germany step by step with the drift to militarism—the growth of Social Democracy, which the ever-increasing burden of debt and taxation only intensifies. "The thing that has been is the thing that shall be," sings this article with a sort of lyrical refrain. One scare succeeds another, and the Jingo of to-day says of Germany what the Mid-Victorian Jingo said first of France and then of Russia. It is true, none the less, that the race of armaments is a real danger, and to danger it adds waste. There have been in this week two remarkable commentaries on this rivalry, first from Sir Edward Grey and then from Mr. Lloyd George. Of their effect we must not judge at once. Prince Bülow's "block" is far from solid, and its numerical superiority is slight. There is in these two facts the pledge of a constant if invisible check behind the scenes upon a reckless policy of armament and expansion.

DEMOCRACY AND THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

The day when peace-makers are subjected to perfunctory blessing as amiable visionaries is passing away, if we may judge by the serious impression made upon the public mind by the International Peace Congress held this week in London. Though wars, rumours of war, and preparations for war still occupy far too large a place in the thoughts and activities of nations, the ideal of international law, administered by an impartial tribunal, as an alternative to the arbitrament of arms, is

coming well into the field of practical politics. Its realisation, however slow and gradual, seems assured to those who have watched through the long course of centuries the substitution of justice for force in a series of enlarging areas of human society, issuing in the establishment of stable peaceful government in a cluster of huge Empires and Federal States which, until quite recent times, had remained secular theatres of strife and bloodshed. The peace movement exists to give consciousness and reasoned direction to a gathering fund of human goodwill and community of interest throughout the world. It still counts among its staunch adherents comparatively few men of great public eminence. But the persistent enthusiasm of little groups of "pacifists" in all the civilised countries of the world has already accomplished much, not only in education but in realisation. For the dramatic display of armaments tends to conceal or to disparage the various achievements of international co-operation which the last two decades have brought to pass. Naturally we feel disappointed at the tardy progress made by Governments in utilising the Hague Conference and its Tribunal. But this ought not to hide the fact that we have had the manifest beginning of a great future instrument of international justice, while the growing willingness of nations to bind themselves by treaty to submit their differences to arbitration is a direct product of the same pacific tendency. Again, the internationalising of trade and travel, with its elaborate machinery of postal and telegraphic bureaux, its railroad and monetary systems, the growth of Congresses, Parliamentary, economic, scientific, humanitarian, artistic, and recreative, each with its little permanent framework, form a contribution to the art of international government even more important than the formal political arrangements of internationalism. Such cities as Rome, Paris, London, Dresden, the Riviera, and at least one country, Switzerland, have already become in thought, fact, and feeling, international places. Every decade brings new cities and areas of country into the same category.

In this real community of life and in the ever-growing stream of commerce have we not a sure source of sympathy and a sure bond of interests such as will in time make war a moral impossibility? And yet it would be foolish, in laying stress on these pacific facts and forces, to ignore dangers, some of which appear to spring from the very facility of intercourse among nations. Not merely among the more brutal and ignorant sections of our people, but among certain schools of thinkers and statesmen, the belief in physical force as the basis of government and the ultimate source of national security is so fixed that they regard internationalism as a flimsy barrier destined to collapse at once before the rush of popular passion or even before the stern dictates of statecraft. The spokesmen of these sinister views assure us that we are under a delusion in supposing that world-peace, even in the distant future, is practicable, or that the eternal hostilities of great nations and races can be over-ridden by cosmopolitan sentimentalism. The "Times," an habitual exponent of such philosophy, alludes to the peril arising from "race passions" and "race prejudices" which may "in a moment of uncalculating feeling force the hands of diplomacy." Now a just assessment of modern forces will reverse the order of causation here ascribed. It cannot be denied that the loose contact of masses of credulous, ill-educated people in great cities presents plenty of inflammable material for the appeal of war-makers. But the craving for war does not rise spontaneously in the masses. It is kindled by unscrupulous diplomacy, reckless finance, the pressure of the fighting classes and of criminal journalism. To a combination of two or more of these undemocratic forces, and not to any inherent disposition of democracy, each one of the recent wars must be imputed. The peril alike of armaments and actual war is traceable to the action of political and economic cliques, who, whether the forms of government are oligarchic, as in Prussia and Germany, or democratic, as in the United States or Great Britain, are apt to dominate the State and use it for their ends. A certain unreality which has attached to the Peace Movements in the past is, we suggest, attributable to a failure to fortify their appeal to moral and humanitarian sentiments by any adequate provision for dealing with the powerful interests, economic and social, which, in every state, support great armaments, instigate them, use and inflame the popular passion in the crises which they have provoked.

In this regard nothing can be more instructive than the juxtaposition of the two international Congresses which meet this week and next. In the early decades of Free Trade the conviction that the bonds of expanding commerce between nations must carry a swift and powerful sense of identity of interests and so secure world-peace, was widespread and genuine. The world is now united by a great network of railroads and steamship routes engaged in carrying goods from land to land. But so far from securing peace it appears as if militarism itself were claimed as an adjunct of commercialism, armies and navies existing to secure and improve markets and areas of investment for groups of manufacturers, merchants and financiers. The endeavour of Mr. Chamberlain to divert the anti-foreign passion generated in the country during the Boer war to politics and commerce, representing the trade of nations not as a co-operation but as an antagonism, did not achieve success. But it cannot be denied that large and powerful classes of our people have been inoculated with this poisonous doctrine. Now, although no great business interest may really be served by war, the creation of the standing menace of great armaments, and the diplomatic uses of this force, involving the risk of war, are profitable assets in some quarters of the business world. While two nations always stand to lose by war, there may be special and powerful classes within these nations which stand to gain, if not by actual war, yet by risking war. Thus, until nominally democratic nations can get fuller control over their foreign policy, there can be no security against the maintenance of these abuses, nor will any growth of general goodwill and humanity fostered by international intercourse do more than abate the danger.

While, therefore, we would not force upon the Peace Movement any merely economic interpretation of history, we would encourage them to a clear recognition of the fact that the problem of peace is nothing less than the problem of democracy, in its political, industrial, and moral aspects. Intelligent, contented, and powerful peoples are the real guarantees of peace, and internationalism, like every other government, must be broad-based upon the people's will. Many new assets for peace are discernible, the reduced pressure of population for outlets in most civilised countries, with improved mobility for those who wish to move, a wider identity of international interests in great business undertakings, the increasing damage and expense of wars, the ruinous scale of warlike preparations. These rational checks, however, we agree, will not suffice unless they are accompanied by changes in those ideals of national greatness and prestige which have lured nation after nation to destruction. These changes of valuations are necessarily gradual, but they need not be slow. Most of the groping of past ages towards partial peace has been blind, or at best but dimly conscious. With every rise in the intensity and the social area of consciousness the peace movement may gain an accelerating pace. It may even move on to a new plain of internationalism with more formal and more real guarantees of peace than hitherto were possible, until it lays the corner-stone of a true society of nations

THE HARVEST OF LONDON REACTION.

The London County Council Moderates have now been in office and in power for eighteen months. They have served half their term. In another eighteen months they will be called upon to render an account of their stewardship to those for whom they act in the capacity of trustees. What is their record? The simple answer

is that they have falsified their trust. They have destroyed municipal institutions which have been built up after years of labor and the expenditure of large sums of public money, and they have destroyed them in order to placate the private interests which supported them at the last election. Who can claim that the victory which the Moderates won a year and a-half ago gave them a mandate to break up the Works Department, and to sell at a large financial loss the plant and machinery with which that great institution is equipped? What authority were the Moderates given to stop the steamboat service and to attempt to sell for £60,000 civic property represented by boats which cost London £210,000? The action of the Moderates in these respects raises a point which is absolutely new to local government, but is a constitutional issue of the first importance. Governments never destroy without mercy institutions that have been established by other Governments at great public expense. They may amend and they may modify, but they draw the line at annihilation. Party opposition to what is called "State Socialism" has never been taken the length of denationalising the telegraphs and abolishing the direct employment of labor in the Government workshops. In all great enterprises involving the use of large public capital it is an unwritten law that parties shall observe a continuity of policy. Unless this were done, indeed, effective and economical administration would be at an end. A Government would set up something which its successors would abolish, national capital would be wasted, and national resources would be crippled. The London Progressives can never re-establish the steamboats service, and it will take them many years to rebuild the Works Department. It seems to us that there should be some public safeguard against a policy of senseless destruction like that upon which the Moderates have embarked, otherwise we may wake up one fine morning to discover that a freak or a snatch vote has placed in power in London a party intent upon selling up the public libraries, the public baths, and institutions of public safety or public investment which have taken years of time and hundreds of thousands of pounds to establish.

The worst offence which the Moderates have yet committed is the destruction of the Works Department. The execution was accomplished in the small hours of Wednesday morning under circumstances which are characteristic of the rule of plunder through which London is passing. The Moderates pronounced sentence upon the Works Department before taking the evidence upon which they hoped to condemn it. The evidence itself was manufactured and tainted. The ruling party deliberately planned the starvation of the Department by the simple expedient of taking the big constructional works away from it and leaving only the small jobbing works. The result was that establishment expenses which ought to have been spread over a large volume of work were concentrated on a limited area of operations, increasing cost and reducing efficiency. It is absurd to suggest that the Works Department has monopolised County Council contracts. During the fifteen years it has been in existence the Department has received contracts to the value of about five and a-half millions sterling, a sum which represents not more than a tenth of the cost of the work actually done for the central authority. The contractors have always been given the lion's share. The Department has saved money for the ratepayers by the work it has carried out, but this saving constitutes, perhaps, the smallest part of its usefulness. The fact that an estimate from the Works Department was to be forthcoming was a guarantee of fair tendering. Contractors could not rig their tenders in the face of a possible offer from the Works Department. The Department also created standards of building, of wages, and of labor conditions. Its existence was a guarantee that the Council's work was performed economically and well. Now that the Department has gone all these safeguards disappear. The contractors will be able, whether they take advantage of the opportunity or not, to divide the Council's contracts amongst themselves at their own prices, and the old guarantee of sound materials and workmanship is lost. Almost any scandals are possible without a Works Department. Its abolition is a plain invitation to corruption to fasten on a service that has publicly and ostentatiously disarmed itself against it.

The treatment of this Department by the Moderates is typical of their general policy. If they hate the Works Department they loathe what is known as municipal trading. Their attitude towards the policy of steamboats shows that they are equally without imagination and foresight. They run a free ferry which costs the ratepayers £25,000 a year, and they refuse to run a steamboats' service because it fails to show a profit. Had the Moderates been wise they would have placed a service on the Thames this summer and would probably have made it pay. In spite of electioneering promises of "more trams and lower fares," the Moderates have declined to make necessary extensions and have attempted in several cases to increase the fares. So far as it has gone the experiment with a surface contact system of traction has proved an ignominious failure. Incapacity is written all over it. By a strange, though a just, coincidence nearly every step the Moderates have taken—nearly every "reform" they have initiated—has proved a justification and a vindication of Progressive policy. The allegation that the tramways accounts were cooked and faked was repudiated by the special auditors whom the Moderates engaged, and whose recommendations, so far as they represented any vital alteration in Progressive financial methods, were postponed until 1914 or 1915, when the Moderates will probably be out of office and forgotten. Another favorite electioneering accusation was that the tramways accounts did not really show profits. Yet two Moderate chairmen have appended their names to official documents declaring that substantial net surpluses have been realised.

In the routine administration of the Council's general services everything is made subservient to party considerations. Official reports that serve the party's ends are published to the four winds of heaven, whilst inconvenient reports are suppressed, and newspapers are deprived of the Council's advertisements if they dare to tell the public what is going on. Even the meetings of the Council itself are manipulated in the interests of secrecy. At a recent meeting this mean and unintelligent faction deliberately wasted time on trivial subjects for several hours so that a report in which the public were deeply interested—concerning the surface contact experiment at Mile End—should not be reached before the next morning's newspapers had gone to press. A more ignominious confession of weakness was never made. Pettifogging economies have been practised whilst large extravagances are committed. It is estimated that by fixing the price of the first Moderate loan lower than it need have been the majority threw away at least a quarter of a million sterling of public money. They wanted the loan to be over-subscribed in order to prove to the public that the change in control at Spring Gardens had repaired the Council's "shattered credit." The loan was about twelve times over-subscribed, the reason being that the price of issue was unprecedentedly low. Estimates are passed for the expenditure of thousands of pounds on flagstaffs for the schools, but the Moderates decline to feed the children out of the rates, and are compelled to admit shameful records of children being fed in stables, while the stewards of the richest and greatest estate in the wide world economise on London's penny postage stamps. They are discovering, however, that they need an unconscionable number of penny stamps to make up the produce of a penny rate, and the demands upon the ratepayer are no smaller than when the "wastrels" were in office. The Progressives gave the London ratepayer excellent value for his money. The Moderates spend as much as their predecessors; but London gets far less for the outlay. On the merest business grounds alone, therefore, apart from great questions of public policy, the ratepayers will be justified in ejecting the present majority from office at the first opportunity, and in stamping with their censure the ignoble clique of vestrymen who abuse even the feeble term of "Moderate."

Life and Letters.

THE MOB-MIND.

In the power of swift and easy communication of ideas and feelings, which is the salient characteristic of modern civilisation, we find our gravest peril as well as our surest source of progress. Denouncers of the levelling influence of democracy are apt to dwell, perhaps with some exaggeration, upon the facility with which the multitude exposes its inert, receptive mind to any novelty of fashion or opinion. There never was a time, we are told, so favorable to craze-mongers and faddists, to the sweep of new fanaticisms in politics, religion, or hygiene, to the wholesale suggestion of mere advertisement, and the irrational dominion of sheer fashion. It is worth while considering how far this is true, and how far it is the necessary defect of the widening of communications which is the virtue of our age. There are three conditions of modern societies which give increased force to the spread of new ideas. First comes that weakening of tradition and of custom as supreme arbiters of thought, taste, and conduct, which is the first fruit of a liberal education extended to large sections of the people. Next we would place the breakdown of the barriers of class and caste which formerly stopped or retarded the mobility of thought and feeling, and kept even fashion in ring-fenced preserves. The existence of whole peoples that can read and write, and are levelled to a common dignity of life by the forms of civil and political equality, is an entirely novel feature of social psychology. Finally, the development of a general apparatus, printing, electrical, and educational, for the simultaneous communication to the whole civilised world of news which formerly filtered slowly and with difficulty from centre to circumference, has revolutionised all the processes of public opinion and popular sentiment.

The bearing of these great changes upon the problem of individual responsibility is not adequately realised. Have we let loose in man a mere horde of gregarious instincts, of idle imitations—a mere mob-mind to be swayed by the emotional rhetoric of the interested demagogue, and by "the howling dervishes of journalism"—or are the same conditions of civilisation which wrought these changes awakening in the individual mind a reasonable judgment, capable of selection, rejection, and control? To many students of popular psychology it seems as if the close contact of modern city life generated a sort of social consciousness definitely hostile to reason, shifty, irritable, credulous, and violent. The dramatic revelation of these forces of unreason furnished by the Jingoism of our nation a few years ago, with its climax of Mafficking, in which all distinctions of class, sex, or personal dignity were flung aside in rabble orgies dignified as patriotism, leaves a feeling of profound disquietude regarding the future of democracy. Nor is it much comfort to be assured that the peril is graver in America than here. There, as Mr. Bryce has pointed out, the prestige of mere numbers overwhelms the individual, bearing down his personality and producing a submission which he compares with that of Oriental fatalism. "In the fatalism of the multitude there is neither legal nor moral compulsion; there is merely a loss of resisting power, a diminished sense of personal responsibility, and of the duty to battle for one's own opinions, such as has been bred in some people by the sense of an over-mastering fate."

The soberest minds in America are concerning themselves deeply with these phenomena of the mob-mind, and Professor Ross's little volume, "Social Psychology" (Macmillan & Co.), offers a suggestive and most illuminating treatment of the whole field of study. The interplay of numbers of minds operating upon one another at low levels by some process akin to, if not identical with, what we call infection, is not of course confined to mere crowded gatherings. Material contact, though it leads to certain more violent phenomena, is by no means essential. The stimulative suggestion of printed words plays an ever increasing part in grouping minds into separate "publics." In fact, the commercial art of journalism is more and more concerned with the formation and maintenance of such publics. Here, however, we come to a perception of the real nature of the struggle between a higher and a lower sociality, a mere horde-mind and a rational humanity. Turn to any field of profitable credulity, the advertisement of some drug or diet. It becomes less possible to build up a successful and an enduring trade without some growing percentage of specious merit in the article, and there is some growing tendency to apply loose but rational tests to the speciousness. As new grades of ignorant purchasers enter the market the merely irrational power of repeated suggestion holds them for a time. But even the savage islander grows gradually more critical of "last year's beads," and the most credulous community of farmers comes at length to sift and rationalise the virtues of the rival pills which mark their early experiments in personal hygiene. Even the substitution of the yellowest Press for an equally yellow platform or pulpit must bring some advance towards rationality. A Shanghai telegram is less provocative of violent reaction than a Trafalgar Square oration.

The immediate peril consists no doubt in the extraordinary rapidity of the extension of areas for the rapid play of new notions and the exposure of rich new virgin soils of credulity to the faddist, the fanatic, the sciolist, and the profit-monger. How to organise in the individual will a valid power of resistance to these sudden invasions of the horde-mind is the problem as it presents itself to moralists and statesmen, and its solution is the secular battle-ground between conservatism and liberalism. Timid or superstitious souls, distrusting reason as a governor of conduct, would look to a revival of authority and tradition in Church and State as the sole sufficient safeguard of conduct. They would, as far as possible, forbid all exposure to new currents of thought and feeling, believing that the old is better. Liberalism, upon the contrary, claims to temper and to check promiscuous receptivity by stiffening the individual judgment and rationalising the personality. Education is to be its instrument, and personal culture is to find its surest test in the increased resistance to gregarious imitation that it furnishes.

The paramount importance of this consideration is not adequately recognised in our educational plans. For, as Dr. Ross points out, "Up to a certain point education fosters the mob-mind by opening the mind to novel ideas before the critical faculty has been strengthened." When social sanity obtains its proper place as an educational aim, a revaluation of the sciences upon this basis will be made. "Hygiene, psychology, and sociology can ward off more folly than astronomy, physics, or geology. For body, mind, and society are the storm-centres of faddism, the breeding-ground of manias." Armed with these sciences can we confront with security the rush of new fashions, freaks, and formulae? Hardly. For, in the first place, these very sciences, of necessity the least exact, are continually generating their own fads and short-lived novelties; the intellectual footing they afford is none too firm. Moreover, as Professor Ross recognises, it would be a too hazardous adventure to turn every man adrift upon the sea of life with a box of scientific instruments to work out for himself a full art of navigation. If it is not wholly true that a little sociology leads to radicalism, depth in sociology to conservatism, it is certainly the case that with thoughtful sociologists a sense of the wisdom of customs and existing institutions tempers their rationalism. If man were a rational animal to the extent of ninety per cent. of his motives, political, industrial, and every other sort of social reform could proceed at a vastly accelerated pace as compared with the actual pace in history. But to feign this proportion of rationality is not to make it. The actual conservatism of man demands recognition by the most revolutionary of reformers, for its neglect has been the most wasteful factor in a false economy of progress. "To

ask religion, government, law, or morality," writes Dr. Ross, "to make extensive and thorough-going changes in a single generation is to ask an army to form a new line in the face of the enemy," for habitual discipline is as essential to the march as the craving for victory itself. The consideration of such changes in the economy of social progress is particularly to be commended to friends of democracy at the present time, for the conversion of democracy from a word into a thing depends largely upon this clear-eyed intelligent assessment of the processes by which the horde-mind can be raised into a collective rational will.

"THE MARATHON."

If poetry is the devil's wine, mankind is no teetotaller. No pledge of truth or science or utility is binding that withholds him from that drink. Matter-of-fact people may exercise their local option till they are dry as dust themselves; mankind eludes them, and into the most prosaic of prohibition States he smuggles the bemused enchantment. His demands upon life are high, nor will he be put off by truth at any price. Let annalists and photographers do their worst; let philosophers strip appearances like an onion till they reveal the thing in itself; to mankind it is the labor of dullness lost, and he remains an artist, a poet, in the soul.

He will have it so, and especially in history there is no purging the drunkenness of his illusions. Our historians may write as badly as they can, they may dip their pens in ditchwater and quote authorities for every line; the reality that they seek is none the barer. Do what he would, Bishop Stubbs composed epics, the very German dramatises, and if you read a parish register, before you have gone ten lines the figures of the dead are moving upon a stage. For drama is man's own contribution to the world, and he demands it everywhere.

Take the story of Pheidippides, which the scholars have been fighting about all the week. Everyone knows it; that story is the one thing everyone does know for certain about Marathon and Pheidippides. Even Browning could not make it unpopular. To be sure, it was all a lie, a pure invention, the growth of slow centuries. No contemporary ever heard of it. If Herodotus had known it, he would certainly have mentioned an instance of happiness equal to the highest he could record—the happiness of Tellus, the Athenian, who lived to see gentlemanly grandchildren and then was killed in battle and buried by the State; or of Kleobis and Biton, the Argives, who dragged their old mother in a cart five miles uphill to service and died in the temple that night while asleep. The fate of Pheidippides resembled theirs, and was as happy; Herodotus could not have missed the story if it had been invented in his time. It certainly had not then been heard of. Six centuries had to pass before we come upon the trace of it, and then the names are uncertain and Lucian himself, who tells the story as we know it, calls the man Philippides. But such matters of fact, inaccuracies, and dubious origins, do not concern mankind. Here was the poetic situation, the touch of dramatic completeness, and men and women insisted that it should be true. Pheidippides met his proper death six centuries after he was dust, and he has been dying it ever since.

One would have thought the bare historic facts enough without embellishment. It was a moment of supreme need; the Persian host had crossed the sea, it had destroyed brave Eretria on the big island within sight of the hills above Athens; it had burnt the town and taken the survivors for slaves and concubines; it had driven a long line of ships hard against the sacred shore of Attica, and now was encamped in barbaric swarms scarcely more than twenty miles away. That was the way the tyrants had come back before, and one of the serpent brood was there to guide them still, having escaped the myrtled swords and the death due to tyrants. Unless help came from Sparta, where was bright Athens now? Let Pheidippides start, a postman by trade and always in training. Past Eleusis, past Megara and the rocks of Theseus he ran, across the isthmus where Corinth was asleep, over the pass into Argos, leaving the Lion Gate of Agamemnon on his left, over the steeper pass into Arcadia, and there, far in front, he saw the jagged peaks of Taygetus where Spartans practised war. A hundred and fifty miles he ran, and within forty-eight hours of the start he was there. He gave his message and had his answer. The Spartans were only too anxious to be of assistance; if Athens fell, their turn would certainly come next; but the army could not march till after the full moon; the decencies of religion forbade it. Five days still to wait before they even started—full eight days before they could arrive, though they marched like the Furies! What a message for Pheidippides to think of as he ran back home, had not Pan himself shouted to him climbing through Arcadia and sent his modest and helpful greeting to the city!

Moon or no moon, Athens must save herself. Alone she sent her sons to the battle, with none but gallant little Platæa to help; ten thousand of them in all—say, one to ten, or one to twenty, who could be sure? Then came the great day of history—the September day that saved Europe from the East and held back curled Assyrians and unalterable Medes and the heirs of Babylonish Nebuchadnezzar from the destruction of our free world. That charge over a mile of open ground, right in the enemy's face, the victory on both flanks, the slaughter on the beach, the sight of Pan, Theseus, and the Man with a Ploughshare openly fighting in the ranks; and then the hurried march home of panting citizens, "stepping out as fast as their feet could carry them," lest the enemy, sailing round Sunium, should be before them at the empty city (for treachery was at work and there from Pentelikon a shield was flashing its heliograph message to the invader); the arrival just in time to hold the harbours and watch the barbaric ships turn their prows and sink one by one below the horizon eastward of Ægina; the honors paid to the dead, the great burial mound and ten columns inscribed with their glorious names for all generations to read; the satisfaction of telling the Spartans all about it when they came at last—that was the real story of Pheidippides and Marathon, just the bald historic facts, and surely it was a story good enough without addition!

But mankind wanted one touch more to complete the drama—just the one touch of necessary perfection. The governors of the city must be seated on their thrones, awaiting the news of fate. Around them is gathered the whole city, shivering with apprehension. Watchers are on the citadel, looking to the east; all eyes are fixed on the dusty track from Marathon. It is afternoon and the anguish of suspense is hardly to be endured. Suddenly a little brown figure is seen running, running as only one man could run—our Pheidippides, who did the record to Sparta and has conversed with Pan! Life or death is upon his tongue—life or worse than death. He staggers into the city and up the street; he can spare no breath for words; right into the presence of the Archons on their thrones he staggers, he falls helpless at their feet, he gasps the two short words of joy and victory, and as he gasps he dies.

The rest of Marathon and its runner is forgotten. Only the thing that never happened is universally remembered, for that is the thing which the spirit of man demands, and most of the history that passes into the lives of men is of that quality, as fine as false. It is unlikely that a wolf suckled the Roman twins; it is certain that Cæsar never hesitated at the Rubicon. The Sibyl did not burn her books; Rome's greatest treasure did not leap into the chasm; we cannot be sure that Henry I. never smiled again; and Prince Hal, for certain, never lay in the Marshalsea. After Pavia, Francis did not write that all was lost but honor. At Waterloo, Cambronne did not exclaim that the Old Guard died but never surrendered, nor did Wellington give the order, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" Of all such things, we may say that they are too good to be true, and we may also say they are too good to be untrue. They are the only history that counts for man. Even to our myths we add mythology, and by an accident of speech Cinderella's

slipper will remain eternally of glass instead of ermine, since every child knows glass to be fit though impossible.

Our poor London crowd has been much abused for its behaviour at the Stadium race—"the Marathon," as they called it in imitation of "the Derby" and "the Leger." Nasty comparisons have been made to bull-fights and gladiatorial shows. We have been called "a community at length debauched by a cheap Press pandering to all that is unrestrained and feverish." "Hysterical" and "bloodthirsty" have been the mildest reproaches thrown at us. The gentlest of our censors has deeply regretted the scene, "especially, perhaps, for one's wife and sister." Well, there was certainly nothing of Marathon about the day. The fate of the world did not depend upon who reached Shepherd's Bush first from Windsor. When Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote that "after this supreme epic" (of Dorando's arrival) "all is anti-climax," and that if he were disqualified it would, indeed, be a tragedy, we may grant that he was overdoing it a little. But still we of the London crowd are not quite so yellow as we are painted. We don't want bullfights or gladiatorial shows. We are not particularly bloodthirsty or hysterical; we are not even entirely debauched by a cheap Press, and our wife and daughter are quite capable of looking after their own feelings. But, like the rest of mankind, we hunt the world for drama. If it is not there, we will invent it. And when the drama is there already—when the little Italian, with something of his country's glory to maintain or lose, comes staggering in and falls and falls again, what generous heart could keep as cold as self-righteousness, what judge remain so Rhadamanthine as to refuse him aid?

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

In the rogues' gallery of American politics "Fingy" Conners, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, that is to say, one of the decisive leaders of the Democratic Party in the wealthiest, the most populous, and the most civilised State in the Union, is a prominent figure. To say that he is the most prominent figure would be unjust. Not unjust to "Fingy," but to the picturesqueness of many of his rivals, unjust, for instance, to "Bathhouse John," that fine flower of Chicago politics, still more unjust to his townsman "Hinky Dink," of whose manners, appearance, saloon, character, and power, Mr. H. G. Wells has given us an understanding picture. Even in his own State "Fingy" is not unique. "Silver-Dollar" Smith, it is true, no longer rules his Bowery Ward, and Boss Tweed and his satellites have passed away. But "Big Tim" Sullivan remains, and "Charlie" Murphy and "Silver-tongued" Grady; the genus neither is nor ever will be extinct; and "Fingy" may at least claim to be a full-rounded specimen. As a name he has for some years past been vaguely familiar to students of American affairs. But how much that was representative of the underworld of Transatlantic politics lay behind his cheerful soubriquet probably very few were aware. Happily, that alert and audacious organ of the reforming intelligence of America, "Collier's Weekly," has lifted the veil. In a recent issue the rise of "Fingy" Conners is set forth in vivid and dispassionate detail. The only touch of malice in this sketch of a great career is that "Fingy's" photograph accompanies it. It was enough for Mr. Henry James to glance at the portraits of the Mayors in the City Hall to realise that the history of New York could not have been other than it has been. "Fingy's" photograph is not less illuminating. It should be printed on the menu of every Fourth of July banquet in the United States as the memento of a queer culmination of one hundred and thirty years of democracy.

"Fingy" Conners, the son of an Irish immigrant, was born fifty-one years ago. His father, after sailing most of his life on the Great Lakes, bought a public-house near the docks at Buffalo, in the very centre of a large Irish colony. "Fingy" inherited the saloon at an early age, and by the time he was five-and-twenty had made himself known as "the stoutest man in a free fight, the merriest roisterer on a spree, the toughest keeper of a tough saloon, in all the dock region." The Buffalo hoodlum of the 'seventies had to fight for the leadership of his gang just as much as the London hooligan of to-day; and it was "Fingy's" handiness with his fists that first made him a power. In his ramshackle saloon cocked up on trestles over a culvert, the Republican heelers of the ward—"Fingy" was a Republican in those days—planned and executed their ballot-stuffing, their "colonising" of voters, their rigging of the primaries. On election day "Fingy," at the head of his gang, would sally forth to see that the Democrats were properly clubbed into defeat. By that time he had lost his thumb and won his nickname. Several stories are afloat on the docks, but this is the accepted version: He and a playmate were boasting, back and forth, of their nerve. "Aw, I bet you," said the playmate, "you ain't got the noive to let me chop you fingy." "I'll bet you you ain't got the noive to chop it," said Conners. They got a cleaver; Conners laid his hand down on the block—and they both won. Down the street ran Jimmy Conners, waving the bloody stump and yelling: "He chopped me fingy! He chopped me fingy!"

Conners' saloon prospered. He bought a second. Politics and drink are usually inseparable. In England it is the big brewer who has the political pull. In America—this, perhaps, is the only point at which the Americans are more democratic than ourselves—it is the retail saloon-keeper. Conners, with his two saloons, his Irish parentage, and his exploits as a bruiser, became the boss of the longshoremen in his ward. But commerce for a while lured him from statesmanship. One of the periodic strikes flamed along the Buffalo docks. The lake steamer companies in those days hired their own longshoremen as they needed them. Conners hit upon the happy scheme of contracting to handle all the freight at the docks. He now controls all the processes of transferring freight from steamer to train, not only in Buffalo but at most of the other lake ports. From four to six thousand men are on his weekly pay roll. He bought up the local steamship agents; he sent his own henchmen to form unions among the longshoremen in his employ; if need were, he ranged through the docks like a Roman noble with his attendant cohort of gladiators, and broke up an incipient strike at the point of the bludgeon. In the 'nineties he tried to capture the grain-handling business, and for a time he succeeded. Whenever a grain-ship arrived at an elevator the custom was for the steamboat company to go to a "boss shoveler" and hire his gang of "scoopers." The boss shoveler kept a saloon, organised a force of workers, saw to it that they bought all their tobacco and drink over his counter, and hired out their labor to the companies at a rate that left him a handsome percentage of profit. Conners, when he entered the business, introduced a wage system under pressure, but the hold of the boss-shoveler and saloon-keeper over the men he strengthened until it became intolerable. Himself supplying all the liquor and cigars, he balanced each man's wages against his consumption of whisky and tobacco; and the man who took his full wages home on Saturday night soon lost his job. A strike followed; it was taken up by a politician whom Conners had offended; the clergy were enlisted; and after a violent struggle and many murders Conners was defeated and the grain business taken out of his hands.

With his freight-handling interests, however, continually expanding, and the other interests—newspapers, brewing companies, street railways, ice-plants—he has amassed, "Fingy" is a millionaire many times over. As he grew richer he passed from cowhide boots to brogans, and from brogans to kid boots with spats, and began to slough off the accent of the slums, a feat of which only the American self-made man is capable. He sold his saloons and took a mansion in the suburbs of Buffalo, ornamenting the garden with the word "Conners" spelled out in white rocks on the lawn. With respectability came political ambition. Up to a few years ago Conners was Republican or Democratic, as the whim

took him. One of his papers supported the former party; the other the latter. "I plays bot' ends, an' I'm the middle and I can't lose. See!" he said. But the dawn of the twentieth century found Conners a convinced Democrat, bullying his way to the front, attracting the notice of Tammany, and pushing and being pushed into the State chairmanship of his party. It was in that capacity that he led the New York delegation of seventy-eight members at the Denver Convention. "No man I have ever met," says the writer in "Collier's," "looks more what he is. His full head of bristling, wiry hair, black in his youth, is quite grey. The face underneath is solid, and hard and tough beyond description—broad, overloaded with muscle rather than fat or puffy, reddish brown from the descending circulation of that full blood which fed his mighty young thews. His short, hooked nose, fine at the point, broad at the wings, sticks out from the plane of his face at a most aggressive angle. The chin is round, solid, and deeply dented. His heavy eyebrows are set high up above the eyes; and in the intervening space occurs a pad of fat which rolls over the eye-ball, covering completely the upper lid. His mouth in repose is wide, thin-lipped, tight shut, and turned down at the corners—a snapping-turtle mouth. When he is roused, when he opens it to roar, it gapes as round and menacing as the muzzle of a cannon, to show the short, scrubby teeth of the fighting-man. He dresses rather well in these days; he has passed from the era of diamonds to the era of London fabrics. When he tries to 'throw a front' his accent is passable, although his grammar stumbles and he betrays himself by ignorant handling of long words. But get him excited—especially rouse the fight in him—and the old, tough, dock-scrapper comes bobbing to the surface."

Short Studies.

"THE MEADOW OF THE DEAD."

The priest turned from the altar and delivered the Gospel to the people; he was a peasant and built on enduring primitive lines, but old age had overtaken him, and there was weariness and feebleness in his attitude and speech. He was translating the Gospel into the tongue of the people, and his labor gave the words a pathetic appeal. Earnestly and with effort he related the Gospel story, and the language he used, the speech of peasants and fishermen, brought one back to the Gospel age. He told the story of the Apostles' vision, the Saviour walking the waters, and the words, "Let fear not be on ye," seemed more intimate, more comforting in the endearing Irish speech. He preached for a while from the text, and then, without any lapse from earnestness or dignity, went on to speak about the crops, about the necessity for spraying the potatoes, about an offer made to the district through one of the Government Departments. Then he spoke for a while about the death of a man well known to all the people, a man who was of the priest's own blood and name. He returned to the Gospel text, and said again, feebly and heavily, "Let fear not be on ye."

The people did not disperse after mass; they waited about the village and near the chapel to attend the burial. The girls went into the houses in the village, and the young men stood together gossiping or telling stories. The devotees went into the house where the dead was laid out, and a few old men and women lingered in the chapel yard to repeat the traditional prayer on leaving mass:—

> "Christ, farewell, Mary, farewell!
> The Apostles keep me till I come again!"

It was a day that might have been consecrated to some village festival. The summer had come with warmth and light and ease, and the corn stood high in quiet attainment. The children were happy in their holiday dresses. Those beautiful Connacht children had nobler promise than the growing corn or the delightful day.

The coffin was borne out on men's shoulders, and the people fell into order and moved after the bearers. Their way was across fields to a churchyard that held many generations of their dead. And now the children pulled woodbine out of the hedges and plucked the foxglove that stood high in the ditches. The procession moved as though the people were taking part in some grave idyll. In that procession one could see a representation of the life and history of peasant Ireland.

Old men tramped resolutely on. They lived by earnestness and hope, and their bowed shoulders and hanging, uncouth hands brought a religious element into the funeral procession. They looked as if they had been moulded by a common force, but many of them had come back to their little patch of land from the streets of New York, from the dockyards of England from the factories of Scotland. Beside these old peasants walked men of a different world, their sons and nephews who were back from America for a season. These Irish-Americans looked prosperous and effectual, powerful of mouth and jaw. The people near the coffin were from the country towns; they were types of those who had profited by the social revolution. The young men of the peasantry looked keen and ready; they were exuberant on the surface, secretive in the depths. The young girls and the old women still wore the peasant shawl; amongst the women, too, there were returned emigrants, bringing with them dresses and fashions that were incongruous here. These women had marked individualities; they were the unconscious guardians of a civilisation that had been swept from all places except the hearth.

The coffin had been borne through the gate, and while the people were still crossing the fields they heard the lament for the dead. It rose suddenly, a savage abandonment to grief. Other voices joined in, and the *caoine* took on its rhythmical, monotonous form. The voice of the women became remote and unfamiliar, and then one heard the veritable cry that has gone up from every field in Europe and Asia, the cry that has a memory of all grief, the sorrow of fathers for their strong sons, the heartbreak of women for their husbands and homes, the desolation and despair of broken clans. The people entered the graveyard with that monotonous lament beating at their hearts. And now, in the beautiful Gaelic phrase, they were in the Meadow of the Dead. The grass was high and green over the ridges of graves and ash trees with youthful branches and leaves joyous in the sunlight grew above the dead. A woman left the throng and hurried amongst the graves calling out to her dead. Then many went amongst the graves, some hurriedly, some slowly and reluctantly. Clay fell on the coffin of the newly dead, but the sound was lost in a general lamentation. Old and young, men and women, wept for their kindred. Some, in the vehemence of their grief, broke branches from the trees, and the green boughs of the ash were strewn upon the graves.

It was no longer a lament for one man dead, it was a mourning for the dead generally, for the fact of death. So thought one who moved amongst the graves, an onlooker. Then one figure brought the sorrow to his heart as with a direct utterance. This was the figure of a girl who knelt by a grave. She was massively and nobly formed, and in her dark face there was an unrealised force, a slumbering passion. She belonged to the dark type that is called Spanish in the West of Ireland, which is Iberian perhaps, and belonging to the people whom the new-coming Milesians described as Firbolgs. She knelt by the grave of a young man, weeping silently, without the *caoine*. The onlooker passed; for him there were dead loves and dead kin, but they were too remote for tears. Nearer and more lamentable were the dead purposes and the dead resolves. Then he mourned for that part of himself that had fallen away; he wept, not for a dead love, but for him whose heart had expanded, not for dead kin, but for him whose heart had been filled with pieties.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Present-Day Problems.

NAVAL EXPENDITURE IN 1909.

THERE can be no doubt that most sedulous efforts are being made by certain organs of the Press and by speakers in both Houses of Parliament to insist on the necessity of an enormous increase of the naval shipbuilding vote in the next and subsequent years, in order to meet the prospective addition to the German Navy of big battleships and big cruisers of the "Dreadnought" and "Invincible" types. The "Times" has put this increase at not less than five millions a year. Other writers and speakers have suggested much larger figures. Mr. W. T. Stead has insisted on the necessity of building two big ships for every one built by Germany, which would mean an increase of about ten millions a year for the next four years, and Mr. Arnold Forster, who was for three years Secretary of the Admiralty, under the most extravagant of Boards, is so impressed with the emergency that he thinks it can only be met by a loan for exceptional shipbuilding after the example set by Germany. Certainly if there be any necessity for such great outlays the financial position of the country for some years to come will be gravely compromised.

Fortunately, Mr. McKenna has not committed himself to any such extravagances. In his recent speech on the shipbuilding vote for the present year he dealt with the future demands with a moderation which gave hope that no exceptional demand will be made on the Exchequer next year. After pointing out that England is at the present time, and will be for the next two years, overwhelmingly strong as regards the new types of big ships, and that in 1911, when the German efforts in the same direction will begin to tell, will have twelve such ships completed, as compared with nine German ships, Mr. McKenna said—

> "he thought that this was a *sufficient predominance, even if we had nothing else*, but we had a very considerable superiority of strength besides the "Dreadnought" type. . . . . Valuable as most people now agreed the "Dreadnought" was, as a new type of ship, no one would assert that the existence of this vessel nullified the existence of previous kinds of ships. These must be taken into account in striking a balance between the two Powers. What value were we to apply to battleships which existed prior to the "Dreadnought" type? When these types were compared with corresponding types in Germany, we were fully entitled to say that with the preponderance of twelve "Dreadnoughts" as against Germany's nine, the great superiority of the old types of ships would give to this country complete security in 1911."

This is almost precisely what I ventured to urge in a signed article in THE NATION in January last. I pointed out that in respect of battleships and armoured cruisers then existing, without reference to the "Dreadnoughts," the British Navy was immeasurably superior to that of any combination of naval Powers which could probably be brought against it, and that it exceeded that of Germany in the proportion of four to one. I stated that I had confirmation of this view from the First Naval Lord of the Admiralty, Sir John Fisher, who had also told me that he had reason to know that Admiral Tirpitz, the head of the German Navy, in a confidential report to the Emperor, had put the superiority of the British Navy at an even higher ratio. It was, I said, an indisputable fact that the German programmes of shipbuilding in 1898 and 1900 had in their result proved to be very grave failures. They had aimed at numerous comparatively small battleships armed by many guns of inferior calibre, in preference to big ships and big guns. Judged by the experience of the late war between Russia and Japan, these vessels were hopelessly distanced by the more powerful vessels and guns constructed in England. The explanation of the German programme of 1906 was to be found in the discovery by their naval authorities of this error, coupled also with the new stimulus provided by the British Admiralty in laying down the "Dreadnought" and the three "Invincibles," vessels so largely exceeding in size and armament even the larger types of recently constructed British battleships, and still more the German vessels of inferior size.

It is now, I think, beginning to be recognised that our Admiralty, in adopting this new type of big vessel, and in making so great advance in size over preceding vessels, committed a very great and far-reaching error. It put other Powers, and especially Germany, to a certain extent on a level with us as regards future efforts. On the assumption that these new types superseded all previous vessels, it made it easy for Germany to start on a new programme under conditions approaching to equality with England.

It appears, however, that many British naval officers of high authority dispute the alleged great superiority of the new types. They contend that vessels of the "Lord Nelson" and "King Edward," and even other types, armed with fewer 12-inch guns, but with more 9-inch and 6-inch guns, giving a greater weight of broadside, are not inferior in power, and might engage the "Dreadnoughts" on nearly equal terms. However that may be, these preceding vessels are of great value, and will remain so for years to come in spite of the existence of "Dreadnoughts." They cannot be left out of consideration in estimating the comparative strength of the two navies, either now or in 1911 and 1912, or in later years.

It should be recollected that the German programme of 1906 extends over a long period of years. It will not be completed till 1920. By the end of that year it is proposed that Germany shall have twenty-two big battleships and twelve big armoured cruisers of the new types. Two were to be laid down in the first year, three in the second, four in each of the next four years, and after that two in each year till 1917, and the ships will all be completed in 1920. The result will be that in 1911 there will be nine such vessels completed, in 1912 thirteen, in 1914 twenty-one, and in 1920 thirty-four. These vessels, a very formidable addition to the German Navy, are estimated to cost £68,000,000, of which thirty-two millions will be provided out of loans, and the other half out of monies voted annually by the Reichstag. In addition to these thirty-four vessels, it is proposed to retain in the service fifteen battleships and eight armoured cruisers now existing. The number of battleships will not exceed the number contemplated in the programme of 1900, though the majority of them will be of far greater size, and twelve armoured cruisers of the "Invincible" type will be added to the programme of that year.

The question arises, then, how England should meet this new development of the German Navy? It will be admitted by everyone that we cannot reasonably maintain the existing proportion of our battleships and armoured cruisers to those of Germany, viz., four to one. To do so would involve the construction by 1920 of 136 big vessels, and starting with twelve already completed or laid down, we should have to lay down twelve of such vessels in each of the next ten years. This would mean an annual charge of nearly £22,000,000 for new big ships, irrespective of other classes of ships such as cruisers, torpedo destroyers, and submarines.

Nor, I think, can it be contended that we should build in the proportion of two to one of the German ships. This would result in 1920 in a number far beyond the two-Power standard. If a proportion of twelve to nine, which Mr. McKenna says will be sufficient in 1911, be taken as sufficient also in 1920, having regard to other then existing vessels of types less in size, the number of big ships required to meet the thirty-four German vessels would be forty-four. Deducting the twelve already built or building, this leaves thirty-two as the number which must be commenced in the next ten years, or three in each year with two over. As many people might be alarmed at the prospect of Germany commencing four such vessels in each of the next three years while England would lay down only three, it may be well to make the number up to four for the first three years, and three in each of the following seven, when Germany will be laying down only two in each year. This will result in forty-five big British vessels in 1920, as compared with thirty-four German, and coupled with the other vessels of smaller types, the "Lord Nelsons," the "King Edwards," the "Formidables," and others, will give us an assured equality over

any two other naval Powers, and a superiority over Germany as great as in 1911.

The most recent programme of France is to construct fifteen big ships by the end of 1919. Of these, six were to be laid down in 1907. In fact, only four have been commenced. It is impossible to contemplate a combination between France and Germany against us. The two-Power standard was devised when Russia had a formidable navy, and when there was possible, if not probable, danger of a combination between France and Russia, or between Germany and Russia. This danger no longer exists in consequence of the disappearance of the Russian Navy.

Let us suppose then that the Admiralty decide to lay down four big ships in each of the next three years, and three in each succeeding year till 1918, and let us assume that each such vessel will cost £1,800,000, exclusive of armament. Let us further assume that one-eighth of each of these vessels will be built in the first year, one-half in the second, and three-eighths in the third year. The finance of such a proposal will result in a charge to the shipbuilding vote of about £900,000 for 1909, £3,600,000 in 1910, and £2,700,000 in the third year. For the year 1909 there will also fall due one-half of the cost of the three big ships laid down in 1907, or £2,700,000, and one-half of the two ships laid down in 1908, or £1,800,000, making a total for the year of £5,400,000. If the same sum be provided for new constructions as in the present year, viz., £7,500,000, this will leave over £2,100,000 for the advance or completion of "Boadiceas" and torpedo destroyers and submarines commenced this year.

In 1910 the four vessels commenced in 1909 will entail a cost of construction of £3,600,000; £1,800,000 will be required for completing the two vessels commenced in 1908, and £900,000 for commencing four more big ships, a total of £6,300,000, leaving about £1,000,000 for other vessels. For 1911 £3,600,000 will be required for advancing the four vessels commenced the previous year, £2,700,000 for completing the four vessels commenced in 1909, and £900,000 for commencing four more vessels, a total of £7,200,000, leaving £300,000 for other constructions.

In 1912 three new ships only will be laid down, in place of four in the previous three years, but the completion of the four commenced in 1910 will require £2,700,000, the advance of the four commenced in 1911 will require £3,600,000, and the three new vessels will require about £700,000, a total of £7,000,000, leaving £500,000 for other work. In later years the requirement will considerably decrease. Three new ships will be built on the average in each year. The cost will be £5,400,000, leaving £2,100,000 for other purposes.

I have shown, I think, how such a scheme of construction, which is only a logical deduction from Mr. McKenna's statement, can be carried out without any addition to the shipbuilding vote for 1909 and the four subsequent years, and with a possible reduction of the vote in later years.

In 1920, on the above scheme of construction, the comparative strength of England, Germany, and France as regards battleships and armoured cruisers, omitting those which will be clearly obsolete, will be as follows:—

	Big Ships of New Types of 20,000 tons		Existing Battleships of 11,000 to 16,300 tons		Existing Armoured Cruisers of 9,000 to 14,800 tons	
	No.	Tons	No.	Tons	No.	Tons
England ...	45	900,000	41	649,000	35	413,000
Germany ...	34	680,000	15	187,000	8	76,000
France ...	15	300,000	16	168,000	22	299,000

	Total	
	No.	Tons
England	121	1,962,000
Germany	57	943,000
France	53	767,000

The naval strength of England will greatly exceed that of Germany and France together, and will be considerably more than double that of Germany. On the strength of these figures I cannot but think it will be admitted by everyone that it would be a grievous waste of money to pile up the numbers of these monster vessels by laying down more of them than I have suggested in 1909 and succeeding years.

EVERSLEY.

THE HARMSWORTH BRAND.—III.

WE have said that the Harmsworth method of running the Harmsworth papers is strictly modelled on shopkeeping. The remark is not really just to the shopkeeper. The law does not permit him to sell "flannelette" for flannel or to advertise "margarine" as pure butter. But there is nothing to prevent the adulteration or misdescription of the things of the mind. A firm like the Harmsworths can describe the mechanical nonsense it purveys as great fiction, it can mask its trade cunning as philanthropy, and label its passion for profit and circulation as public spirit. However, a good deal of direct dealing in non-literary goods is done under the Harmsworth system. Thus the children who take in "The Boys' Friend"—variously addressed by their "sincere friend," the editor, as "dear League members" and "dear young friends," and occasionally exhorted to exert their friendship by acting as child-touts for their sincere editor's newspaper—have been invited by the "Boys' Friend Novelty and General Supply Department" to buy almost every kind of article dear to boys' hearts at "wholesale prices." Another paper arranges with various tradesmen to set up its readers with goods at a discount of a penny in the shilling. Presents of jam, tea, and holiday excursions, which prove, on closer inspection, to be schemes for promoting the circulation of the papers, come within the various departments of the Harmsworth provider. "Good Words" is more ambitious. It deals in "girl evangelists," who, with other aids to faith, are supplied by the "Good Words Evangelists' Bureau." Recently "Good Words" purveyed another kind of article in the shape of suggestive literature, thoughtfully disguised as indignant comment on certain salacious novels. Dr. Horton publicly described this process a few weeks ago as that of "collecting the worst passages in the most immoral books it could find."

But "Good Words" is not the only religious organ issuing from the Harmsworth press. It had a rival in "The Weekly Dispatch." The "Dispatch" has had a long career in journalism, and in a sense it has survived its passage into the Harmsworth melting-pot. That is to say, it has not been killed outright, like "The Sunday Magazine," once edited by Dr. Guthrie. It has only been slain morally and intellectually. Most journalists and politicians of middle age remember the "Dispatch" under Mr. Ashton Dilke, Mr. Fox Bourne, and Dr. Hunter. It was an organ of serious Radicalism, a little dry, but thoroughly competent, appealing to people who cared for ideas and were accustomed to discuss them. What it once became under the Harmsworth management was a scandal even in the not too censorious world of Fleet Street. The scandal has been abated; the "Dispatch" is now a fairly colorless record of sport and trivialities. But during 1906 it was an open sewer. It is impossible to believe that its character was unknown to its proprietors. It shared with the "Daily Mail" some of its most precious possessions in romantic writers. And its most distinguished, most advertised contributor, Mr. Jabez Balfour, was reported in the newspapers as being the guest of Lord Northcliffe on his release from prison.

We have described generally the character of the "Weekly Dispatch" within the period we have fixed. But we must do its conductors the justice of noting that it never ceased to be a religious newspaper. A corner—a somewhat exiguous and obscure corner, it is true—was reserved for "The Sunday Hour." The corner was regularly filled by most of the popular preachers of the day, who may not have been quite accurately seized of the general aim and tendency of this estimable journal, and was adorned by pious counsel and prayers not devoid of unction. One of these aspirations was a petition to be shown "the glory of goodness, the true nobility of character." Unfortunately for the readers of the "Dispatch," their opportunities of envisaging "noble" character were obscured by the overwhelming mass of ignoble, not to say abandoned, character presented for their inspection. While Religion

lurked modestly in its corner, Crime stalked at large over hundreds of columns and scores of pages of the paper. And one type of crime in particular. For months the special occupation of the "Dispatch" was to blazon forth cases of sexual disorder. The miseries of divided households, the squalid recriminations of faithless and embittered wives and husbands, the low secrets of dark natures, revealed in vile or reckless deeds, were raked forth from a hundred sources, the stories embellished with idealised photographs of the offenders, especially of the women.

Even the recorded facts were not enough. The "Daily Mail" some years ago took credit to itself for refusing, very properly, to publish the details of a low case. But its sister publication must not only report crime, and, above all, sexual crime, so fully that a visitor from Mars, gleaning his view of Earth from its pages, would probably conclude that five-sixths of her inhabitants were criminal lunatics; it must force its readers' imagination back to the most morbidly sensational of these offences by giving them a thinly disguised imaginative setting. This was the treatment of the unspeakable Thaw trial. As soon as this case was over, the "Dispatch" started a serial story, which it advertised with the accustomed zeal and circumstance of the Harmsworth journal, called "Evelyn." In illustration and text it repeated, with a thin veil of reticence, the details and texture of the original pattern of depravity. Nothing could more clearly reveal the purpose of the paper to live out of the appetites of the pruriently curious. All through the period with which we are dealing the "Dispatch," with page after page loaded with divorce cases and crime stories, advertised, by means of the firm's specially retained accountants, Messrs. Layton Bennett, the growing circulation of the journal. Seduced girls were allowed to write to the paper asking for husbands, and stating their qualities and accomplishments.

Not that the "Dispatch" was exclusive in its devotion to sexual offences. Average crime was not forgotten. When Mr. Balfour emerged from prison, he was snatched from all journalistic competitors by Lord Northcliffe, and led forth as the captive of that far-glancing spear. He began with a prolonged story of his own life in prison, luridly illustrated and stretching over the whole front page of the paper. The narrative, told with some measure and reticence by a man of unusual intelligence and power of observation, might have had its useful purpose for instructed ears. But that was not enough. A kind of "boom" was set up in Mr. Balfour's personality and unhappy story. Interest in the author was fed by a careful analysis of his character. Under the title "Crimson Crimes," he was set to re-describe in detail the most sensational murders of recent times, including those of "Jack the Ripper" and Deeming. This again was in the early vein of some of the Harmsworth weeklies, the vein of "Chips" and its worthy companions. A series called "Forgotten Fights" served to relieve these golden memories, and to open to the fortunate readers of the "Dispatch" those "heavenly riches—peace and love, trust and hope, goodness and moral strength"—for whose descent their editor prayed.

We desire to be fair, and we do not blame the Harmsworths for all the too notorious vices of Sunday journalism. It is possible that worse papers than the "Dispatch" of two years ago, or of last year, have been published in England. The Harmsworths originate nothing, good or bad. But at length the journal grew too notorious. Its character was suddenly changed, and the offence which seamed its columns like the scars of a foul disease was reduced to something like a tolerable proportion of its contents. But the prolongation of this feature, the continued advertisement of the commercial success of the paper, seem to forbid the theory that this odious adventure in journalism was other than a deliberate choice of method. There is no need to be pharisaic in order to divine and condemn its evil. Crime cannot be kept out of newspapers, and sensational crime will, from time to time, absorb the minds of the people. But to organise the reporting of it on the scale of the "Dispatch" of 1906-7, to open sexual disorder to the full view of the young of both sexes, to weave it into hotly and falsely colored fiction, to spread it out week by week, month by month, till the world seems soaked with it, is an offence of a grave order, and to entrap the simple by seasoning these actions with religious cant, is a graver offence still.

(To be continued.)

Letters from Abroad.

AN EPILOGUE TO AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In the introduction to his book on the "18th Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," Karl Marx refers to Hegel's remark that history repeats itself. "But," he says, "Hegel forgot to add that things occur the first time as a drama and the second time as a farce."

In some of its features the now adjourned Eulenburg trial has recalled this saying. The comparison with the famous trial against Count Arnim that occurred some thirty years earlier lies very near to hand. Prince Eulenburg at a certain time was to Prince Buelow what Count Harry von Arnim had been to the first Chancellor of the German Empire. From a friend he became, like Arnim, if not a rival, at any rate an obnoxious critic. In his case, just as in Arnim's case, it was the question of the Imperial policy in regard to France that occasioned his fall. And, having fallen into disfavor, Eulenburg finds himself a disgraced man in open court, as did Count Arnim. Here, indeed, the parallel ends. Arnim was, even according to the *procès verbal*, prosecuted for political acts, whilst Eulenburg stands before the judges accused of perjury and gross misconduct. Arnim's trial was a State trial, and was treated as an event of high political import. Eulenburg's trial, on the contrary, is a trial in the common criminal court, and would be treated as an everyday criminal affair but for the high rank and the former political position of the accused. Even when convicted Arnim remained a recognised member of the high Prussian aristocracy. The convicted Eulenburg will be looked upon by his own class as an outcast. In Arnim's case Bismarck himself came forward as the accuser. The unfortunate Brandenburgian squire could boast of having been slain by the hands of the all-powerful iron Chancellor. In Eulenburg's case, neither Prince Buelow nor even Count Holstein, the instigator of Herr Harden, who first denounced Eulenburg in the Press, had cause to enter the scene.

To him who judges after appearances this might settle the question of the inferior character of the Eulenburg case as compared with the Arnim case. Your correspondent does not share this view; but I am not going to argue this point here. Nor do I think it proper to speak of Eulenburg as a criminal before his trial is concluded. Undoubtedly the evidence until now is against him, and his ways of defending himself are far from being dignified. He denies things which to the unbiassed appear quite undeniable, and, to clear himself, he throws out innuendoes which he cannot sustain if pressed to a decided statement. But the habit of the British Press to suspend judgment until a case is ended in court seems to me most preferable to the partisan methods a large section of the German Press has displayed at this Eulenburg trial. Seldom, if ever, has public opinion been worked upon during a trial as scandalously as has been the case at this affair. When Bismarck resolved to prosecute Arnim he had, true, the reptile Press at his disposal, and many agencies swamped the Press with articles and paragraphs directed against the former ambassador. But there was a brutal frankness about it all, and the accusations remained absolutely political. This time the campaign has from the outset been one of personal revenge rather than with a distinct political purpose, and through a number of channels most damaging accusations of all sorts were levelled against the fallen diplomatist whilst he was in

prison and could not answer them. He was already out of office when the campaign against him and his friends was started.

What has been his political crime? We are told that three to four years ago it was his influence that neutralised the endeavours of Herr von Holstein, the wirepuller of the Foreign Office, to push Germany into a forward policy in regard to Morocco. It is known what irritation was created in France by the language of the semi-official German Press and some Ministerial speeches on the Morocco question, and it is also known how suddenly Germany's attitude changed in this respect and the *fanfare* grew into *chamades*. The principal author of this change, they say, has been Prince Eulenburg. And at any rate it was this change of policy that caused the resignation, if not dismissal, of Herr von Holstein.

In the face of these facts, one is almost compelled to subscribe to the sentence of the "Berliner Tageblatt" that it was perhaps the most praiseworthy act of his political life that led to Eulenburg's fall. Democracy has no reason to range itself by the side of an Eulenburg. The accused Prince belongs to those privileged classes who are the sworn enemies of democratic reforms in Prussia, and nothing permits us to assume that, with all his literary and artistic accomplishment, he thinks otherwise about these questions than the majority of his caste. But neither has democracy reason to act as the tool of his enemies. Politically they are hardly better than he. Count Arnim fell because, as a class or caste-conscious reactionist, he, in contradiction to Bismarck, wanted Germany to support the monarchical intrigues in France. Eulenburg's private immorality has been exposed by those who knew of it for many years not because of a particularly revolting new misdemeanour, but because of his opposition to the policy of the "rattling sword." A short time after Count Holstein's dismissal appeared those mysterious lines in the "Zukunft," the weekly review edited by Herr Maximilian Harden, where the "harp player"—der Hafner—and the "sweet one" exchanged words about the highest in the Empire. By the harp player Eulenburg, the author of the famous "Song to Aegir," was meant; the expletive, the "sweet one," was the Secretary of the French Embassy, M. Lecomte, and the suggestion was that these two men helped French interests to the detriment of Germany.

In this light the matter has been represented to the public, and the exposure of Prince Eulenburg and his friends—the "Tafelrunde" of Liebenburg Castle—has been described by its authors as instigated by motives of high patriotism only. But one must be credulous indeed to believe it. Guilty as Eulenburg probably was, his exposure can only be regarded as the outcome of a desire for personal revenge. Much has been talked about the liberation of the German nation from the government by a camarilla. But this is all nonsense. It has yet to be shown how personal government can be altogether separated from camarillas. They will return in one shape or the other as long as the policy of the nation is in the hands of irresponsible persons instead of the nations themselves. The Eulenburg gang was thrown over to make room for another gang. That is the only immediate political result of the affair.

Indirectly and in coming years it may have other results beside. There is no denying the fact that it has shown everyone concerned in a most unfavorable light. You meet Pharisaism, cowardice, revengefulness, petty intrigue wherever you look on this page of the history of our time. It must strengthen the desire to change a political system that makes decisions of the greatest import for the welfare of the nations dependent upon the personal feelings and connections between high officials.

The social democratic Press has well understood this, and without showing any love for Prince Eulenburg, is almost unanimous in refusing to play the game of his enemies. But other Radical papers seem to have become the victims of a clever gang of intriguers. Perhaps the very crooked ways of the prosecutor have influenced their judgment. The trial has shown up many defects in our laws and habits concerning penal prosecution. The courts have failed in many respects, and the Press has assumed offices that ought to have been left to the courts. The one was the natural consequence of the other, and slowly people begin to see how much a thorough reform is needed in this matter. But this is a topic which requires more detailed observation.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, July 25th, 1908.

Communications.

THE STATE OF THE DAILY PRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your articles upon the Harmsworth Brand tempt me to make a few remarks upon the state of the daily Press in England, about which many people are troubled; and no wonder. Certain facts about that Press are obvious and disquieting. But vague disquiet will do no good. We must recognise the facts, and try to make the best of them. One obvious fact is that it costs a great deal of money, much more than it used to cost, to run a daily paper efficiently. It is, therefore, a very perilous adventure to start one, as the case of the "Tribune" proves. This being so, those papers are most likely to succeed which are started by men with a great deal of money and much experience in using it to the best advantage. That is to say, papers are likely more and more to fall into the hands of great organisers of business; and that is what is happening. These organisers are not villains; but they sell newspapers, as other organisers sell soap, with the object of making as much money as they can; and there is not necessarily any more harm in that than in other commercial enterprises, provided we all recognise the fact. But the trouble is that we do not recognise it, and that newspapers profess to be different from what they are. Whether or not the opinions of newspapers have had any peculiar value or independence I cannot say. It may be that in the past they have tried to commend themselves to their readers by the value and independence of their opinions. It is certain that the modern purely commercial newspaper does not do so, and that its opinions have no more value or independence than that of any other purely commercial enterprise.

If this were generally understood, these opinions would have no weight, and would do no harm. Indeed, these newspapers would probably soon cease to pretend to have opinions at all, since nobody would want to read them. But, unfortunately, it is not generally understood. The public have got into the habit of taking the opinions expressed anonymously in a newspaper more than the opinions of individuals who sign their names to what they write; and they continue to do this even in the case of the leading articles in purely commercial papers. Thus these articles have an influence which they would not have if it were generally understood how they are produced, and their influence is dangerous because it is based upon a delusion. The power of riches is increasing everywhere among us, and chiefly because we do not see how it is exercised. Rich men are not usually cunning villains who aim at power insidiously, but circumstances all favor their power, and it is only human nature that they should exercise it. Their chief way of exercising it now is by forming the opinions of the poor, and the Press is their chief instrument for doing this. If only the poor knew this, the Press would lose its power; but the poor do not know it. They recognise the fact that the Press has a power over them, but they think it is the power of independent intellect, not of money.

Now there are two ways out of this. The first that the pen should lose its power altogether, that it should cease to express opinions at all and only retail news; the second that it should really exercise the power of independent intellect. The first of these seems to me impracticable. People like opinions in newspapers, and newspapers therefore offer a means of exercising power through the expression of opinions which is sure to be made use of. There only remains the alternative that newspapers should exercise the power of independent intellect; which means that the men

who write in them should have the power which is now possessed by their proprietors. As I am a journalist, I naturally wish this to happen; but I will try to prove that it would be good for the public as well as for journalists. There is only one way of contriving it, namely, that all expressions of opinion in a newspaper should be signed. If that were done, the public would, at least, be under no delusion about the authority of what they were reading. They would know that it was written by one man, that it expressed his individual opinions, and not the opinions of some vague entity with interests and aims beyond their knowledge. Of course, the individual journalist might have corrupt interests; but his chief aim would be to make his name, and he could only do this by the quality of his writing, whereas a newspaper can make its name by the excellence of its news, and may use that excellence to foist the most interested trash in its leading articles upon the public. At present, the anonymous journalist is in the power of the newspaper proprietor, that is to say, of the capitalist, because he is anonymous. However well he may write he makes no name, and, therefore, he is always tempted to say what his proprietor tells him to say rather than what he thinks himself. And there is no journalist so much in the power of the capitalist as the writer of leading articles, for even those who know the names of the anonymous art or musical critics upon a paper cannot identify them. The result is what might be expected. The quality of leading articles in daily papers is usually much lower than the quality of their other articles, and, unfortunately, it is the leading articles that have the greatest and most important influence upon opinion. For they are supposed to possess some mysterious authority, for the sake of which readers put up with their dulness and vagueness and diffuseness. Now there might seem to be no way out of this. For even if leading articles would be better signed, the newspaper proprietor is the man who settles whether they are to be signed. He has the power, which he exercises through his paper, and, naturally, he will not do anything that will transfer that power to his writers. But we have to remember that the proprietor's chief aim is to make money; and that fact, which now makes newspapers so dangerous, may be used to make them saleable. The power of money is a blind power, and chiefly exercised to get more money. The newspaper proprietor, to do him justice, is just as willing to make money by selling a good article as by selling a bad one, and if he can make more money by having signed articles in his paper than by having unsigned articles, he will do so. It it can be proved that signed articles are better than unsigned, and sell a paper better, then signed articles will prevail. I believe the daily Press in England can only be saved by this means, and that, otherwise, the journalist will become more and more the helpless tool of the capitalist, as the novelist would be of the publisher if all novels were anonymous. It remains, therefore, for journalists to fight as hard as they can for the right to sign their articles, and for the public to support them.

I may point out, lest I should seem to be rebuking you, sir, for your unsigned articles, that my chief arguments do not apply to a weekly paper, such as THE NATION, since that must recommend itself to its readers by the quality of its articles alone, and not by the quality of its news.—Yours, &c.,

A JOURNALIST.

July 30th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

"WANTED, A NEW SCHEME OF CULTURE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It would seem that if a new scheme of culture is required, there is also wanting a new *theory* of culture. Has not the whole idea of culture become too bookish, cloistral, and academic, a hothouse plant, in fact, because people have forgotten the origins from which it sprang, and which are, or should be, still some of its main sources of supply. The root of the evil seems to me that people unwittingly postulate culture as the *sine quâ non* of a man's leisure, a highly important point, but not, to my mind, the chief. Surely the really, fully, completely cultured man is the one whose culture pervades, and not only pervades, but *arises* out of, his life's work, as well as giving meaning and savour to his leisure. The man who has to leave his culture at home when he goes into the world reminds me too much of the pious business man who puts away his prayer book on Saturday night for the week.

I have lately been lecturing to an educational audience of some 8,000 people in America on this very subject, in connection with the idea of making education a preparation for *livelihood as well as life*, and the apparent approval shown by the audience of the ideas presented to them emboldens me to ask you to find a place for that part of my lecture which dealt with the formidable objection that the introduction of scientific technical training would endanger the amount of culture the child who leaves at sixteen should receive in the school. The whole argument hinges, it will be observed, on the principle that perfect culture, *i.e.*, the man who lives a self-consistent life, and not in compartments, one cultured and the other not, must be made up of two elements, one general, the product of social environment, and the other special to his profession and calling, and that these two act and react incessantly on one another, inasmuch as the special is really the first kind in the making. Here is the actual analysis.

Now what is culture? Is it Latin or Greek, or mathematics or literature? Are not all these rather the vases and receptacles of a certain essence of culture, but is not our common culture something infinitely wider? Is it not really the ground-down indistinguishable fossil *débris* of all inventions and discoveries, mechanical, mental and moral, often as indistinguishable, as regarding its original elements, as the ground we tread on? Nearly all knowledge has begun, or begins, by being specialist and technical, whether it be the knowledge of the shepherd, the shipwright, or the medicine man. It goes through a second and more scientific stage when attempts are made to codify it and reduce it to a system, be it sheep-rearing, shipbuilding, or theology. The second stage is often overlapped by a third, in which it is taught in the schools, or may, through intercourse, be diffused among the general public. I would instance the three stages that arithmetic has gone through as a good example of how what was a mere necessity for counting grew, as the thinkers got hold of it, to a science, and concurrently passed into an element of general culture, as its knowledge was gradually diffused by the school or by social intercourse.

In its broadest sense, then, general culture represents the sum-total of the socialised results of human endeavour in the mechanical, mental, and moral fields. Can we, therefore, without peril, confine the idea of general culture to mere linguistic, or even, literary, knowledge, whose very vocabulary is largely composed of the half-forgotten formulæ of intelligent work, and exclude the arts and crafts which have contributed at least an equal third with the other two sides of human activity towards the building up of its present heritage? In a word, if we cut ourselves off from all participation in the oldest and most fundamental form of self-expression, how can we consider ourselves the possessors of perfect culture?

But while there is a sort of general basal culture, deep or shallow, narrow or broad, according to the education and upbringing of the individual, which is common to all, and is diffused by the home, the school, or the social *milieu*, there also emerges a special culture from the particular training that each receives, be it that of the future lawyer, doctor, artist, or craftsman, that has its own peculiar form and significance. Such a culture is only possible when the training has been an intelligent one, that is, when the recipient has reacted on his training, and has dominated his subject instead of allowing it to dominate him. In the case of the future craftsman, the aim would be to produce, for instance, trained intelligence, not mere dexterity, and, at the same time the educator would be careful to dovetail the special culture with the more general culture that the pupils receive. I contend, in all seriousness, that this special culture is the most precious a man can possess. It enables him to take joy in his life's work instead of looking on his means of livelihood as a necessary evil, as many do to-day, and find their pleasures in life in such "by-products" as

"hobbies or golf." What should we not add to the sum total of the happiness and efficiency of a nation if we could materially increase the numbers of those who take a real interest in their work!

Now, frankly, what does general education exactly mean? If the history of medieval education proves one thing, it proves that all education was originally technical and professional. Such general education as then existed served as a mere preliminary to the professional end. Bologna and Salerno were monotechnical institutes, the one trained lawyers and the other doctors. Paris was a polytechnic, preparing for the law, medicine, and the church. Latin and, later on, Aristotle were the basal studies in all these cases, simply because it was in Greek and Latin that the lore of the three professions was embodied. By the way, it is of capital importance to note that it was the technical need of turning out a more finished doctor, lawyer, or theologian, that gradually extended the so-called general education to a later age. The growing needs of the technical rendered, in fact, greater the need for more general education, with the result that the bachelor of arts who took his degree at twelve in the twelfth century now takes it as late as twenty or twenty-one. So far, then from the technical cutting down the time for general education it actually lengthened it.

The Renaissance, which confidently believed it had discovered, in the recently recovered classics, a new heaven on which a new earth could speedily be founded, only confirmed the supremacy of Latin and Greek. The professional position was further obscured by the fact that the ancient tongues were henceforth employed for the education of the leisured and aristocratic classes, whose professional training was supplied by the grand tour they were supposed to make at the end of their school studies. The sense of a professional training in England has been further cloaked and masked by the fact that our training of the *classes dirigeantes* in the universities has been rather an ethical training, arising out of social intercourse, leading to a knowledge of men, than an intellectual training in mere book knowledge; in a word, a training in that most difficult of subjects, *mancraft*, so essential to all who enter public life.

It may be interesting to record that, at another meeting, a speaker made a most profound impression by pointing out that this training in mancraft was carried over by the early settlers to America, and the passionate attachment of American democracy to the *general* side of education was explained by the inborn feeling of the necessity for the liberal education that all democracies, if they are to survive, must possess for training their future citizens for political life. It is, indeed, curious, to see English ideals fished up in America after having evaded recognition for nearly 300 years.

You will note that these theories, which can easily take practical shape, would not only greatly widen the circle of culture, but that they also form, as it were, a bridge between the cultured and uncultured, who appear to-day so sharply divided.—Yours, &c.,

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

July 29th, 1908.

THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am much obliged to Captain St. John for his reply to my letter, but I fear he has not grasped the essential points of it.

A full reply to your correspondent would involve a discussion of the whole prison system, and your columns are not the place for that.

I do tell Captain St. John that Superintendent Scott does not know beforehand what will become of his "patients" when they are set at liberty. I tell him, further, that the Elmira Reformatory cannot be cited for the purposes of the present Prevention of Crime Bill. The Elmira Reformatory is intended in the main for juvenile offenders or men in early manhood, and not, in the first place, for old professional criminals of the type aimed at in the English Bill. Besides, if he will read the leaflets of his own society (The Penal Reform League) he will find that the indeterminate sentence does not exist at Elmira. All the prisoners in that prison are committed for a certain maximum period, which must not be exceeded. They are not committed for an indeterminate period. The Elmira system is the system I am advocating, that is to say, a maximum sentence with large powers of conditional liberation. Captain St. John must get up elementary facts before he steps into the arena of controversy.

Captain St. John also omits to notice what I have pointed out, that conditional liberation is not to take place, as he assumes, under the existing prison methods, but, as I have said, under a milder prison regime, in which the opportunities of arriving at a knowledge of the prisoner's real character will be greater than they are now. Besides, as Professor Prins (admittedly one of the most eminent authorities, both as to the theory and practice of penal law and prison administration) has pointed out, there is a fundamental difference between the case of a man under a fixed sentence, with conditional liberation to mitigate its length, and a man under a sentence of indefinite length, with liberation coming he never knows when, or, perhaps, never coming at all.

I do not know what Captain St. John means in the last paragraph of his letter. But I will close mine by repeating what I said last week. The only practical prison palliative (not remedy) in the case of the professional criminal is (1) a fixed period of detention covering the most criminal period of life, (2) a milder prison regimen owing to the length of detention, and (3) a wide latitude in the matter of conditional liberation, so that the duration of imprisonment in promising cases may be shortened. The Prevention of Crime Bill could easily be amended to embrace all these points. At present it is marred, as you have already pointed out, by a clause which is bad in principle and impossible in practice, I mean the clause which enables the authorities to detain a prisoner for ever if they think that, when released, the prisoner will relapse into crime. It is impossible for any human being to say beforehand of a prisoner in detention that he will, or will not, relapse into crime.—Yours, &c.,

W. D. MORRISON.

Marylebone Rectory, July 28th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In defending the introduction of the indeterminate sentence into our laws, Mr. Gladstone, as reported in the "Times," quoted a case which only illustrates one of the many dangers in his proposal. Speaking in the House, on June 12th, he mentioned the case of a man who had been sent to Broadmoor for a murderous assault upon his wife. After a time he was discharged by the authorities. He went out and murdered his wife. Now, this was a case much easier to judge than the ordinary man in prison, for mental disease follows more definite lines than moral failing, if we assume the man in prison has morally failed. What is more, the authorities who decided on the case were, presumably, far more competent to decide than the warders and other prison officials with whom the decision would chiefly lie under Mr. Gladstone's Bill. They were men of high education and special scientific knowledge. Yet they were wrong. In spite of all their science, and the comparative simplicity of the disease, they were absolutely mistaken.

Who, then, is to decide in the case of a man's soul, full of incalculable variety, subject to incalculable changes, conversions relapses, and every degree of hope and desperation? I can hardly imagine a measure showing greater ignorance of the human spirit, or likely to develop a more dangerous tyranny in the hands of the officials and experts who will administer it.

Or, look at it in another way; the more unjust a man feels his sentence to be, the less likely he is to conform to prison rules and win favor with prison officials. If, for instance, I had three times received so unjust a sentence as the Suffragettes are now serving for a political offence, I hope I should have the strength to break every possible rule, to reject the prison food, to tear up the prison clothes, and drive the chaplain out of my cell. Under Mr. Gladstone's indeterminate sentence I should probably be doomed to spend

all my life in the Isle of Wight, while the habitual housebreaker in the next cell, dimly perceiving a sort of tame justice in his imprisonment, would soon earn his release by conforming to every regulation and joining in the hymns with unction.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

July 30th, 1908.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S BATTALIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Does Mrs. Ward well consider what her movement of antagonism to the Suffragists' movement means? She is really blocking the way to the production of splendid mothers in the future. The Suffragist movement is for benefiting men as well as women—the whole race in fact. She will hamper but not defeat them. Again, and again, advances will be made, and new ground obtained everywhere—but delay is an evil.

She can raise an opposing army easily. There are hundreds of women incapable of comprehending the matter and its very grave issues; there are unreflective idle, immoral excitement-seekers, and others, all delighted to join in opposition to something—having no heart pangs, because their hearts are atrophied, their mental status etiolated, whose lives are degraded, being darkened by selfishness caused by what the Suffragists so earnestly desire to banish for ever—slavery to men's opinions and judgments, lack of citizenship, of liberty. Pioneers of new movements for benefiting mankind are ever in a minority. Majorities are too often fools in bulk.—Yours, &c.,

EMMA L. HARDY.

Max Gate, July 28th, 1908.

"THE NEW SPIRIT IN TURKEY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Here is an interesting parallel:—

THE NATION, July 25th, 1908.

"With the Bulgarians of Macedonia they (the Young Turks) are now said to be negotiating. For the moment it is only the Greeks who appear—we hope only appear—to think that they have more to gain by keeping on intimate terms with the Palace."

"Le Courrier de Sophia," July 18th, 1908.

"Il semble que les dernières nouvelles, selon lesquelles la propagande jeune-turque en Macedoine se seraît servie de l'intervention du comité des bandes bulgares, *ne se sont point confirmées.* On a cependant des renseignements que des journaux, des brochures et des feuilles volantes ont été introduits en Macédoine par la Serbie et surtout par la Grèce. Dans ce but des officiers turcs se sont rendus à la frontière grecque. Ces renseignements sont dignes de foi, car *une partie des officiers et prisonniers turcs en Macêdoine sont philhellènes.*"

Yours, &c.,

T. PALMER NEWBOULD.

Broadway Chambers, Ilford.
July 25th, 1908.

"THE ART OF OPENING."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The extremely interesting article in your last week's issue under the above heading tempts one to commend his or her favourite "openings." Surely the following example of the art is supremely good:—

"The ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom, none better chosen for noble prospects. From the tall precipice and terraced gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad campaigns. To the east you may catch at sunset the spark of the May lighthouse, where the Firth expands into the German Ocean, and away to the west, over all the carse of Stirling, you can see the first snows upon Ben Ledi."—"Edinburgh," R. L. Stevenson."

Boswell's opening of Johnson's Life is sonorous and arresting:—

"To write the Life of him who excelled all mankind in writing the lives of others, and who, whether we consider his extraordinary endowments or his various works, has been equalled by few in any age, is an arduous and may be reckoned in one a presumptuous task."

Compare with this the brief pistol-shot opening of "A Sentimental Journey":—

"They order, said I, this matter better in France."

Satisfying openings in fiction I hardly dare begin to quote, but chief among these is that of "Don Quixote":—

"In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to call to mind, there lived, not long since, one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the lance-rack, an old buckler, a lean hack, and a greyhound for coursing."

Among the moderns, Hardy's opening of "The Return of the Native" impresses by its grandeur, and "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford" by its poignancy. But the subject is larger than your space.—Yours, &c.,

R. MUDIE-SMITH.

9, Clifton Villas, W.,
July 29th, 1908.

A SEASIDE HOTEL FOR WORKING PEOPLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I, through your columns, make an appeal to those of your readers who are interested in working boys and girls sent or taken away for a holiday?

While there are many homes for those who need convalescence and many isolated rooms where they can go alone, there is a great demand for what is practically a working people's hotel. That demand the "Green Lady" Hostel, at Littlehampton, of which the Countess of Aberdeen is president, supplies. It is a commodious house, standing in its own shady garden, near sea, river and open country, and it offers board and lodging at 10s. per head per week. Last year some 326 guests were received.

We are doing our best and giving our utmost to make the hostel self-supporting, but still need a sum of £500 to pay off our deficit and to provide for winter expenses.

At this season we would earnestly ask those to whom a happy holiday is ensured, to secure the hostel as a permanent possession to some hundreds of working girls and boys sorely needing a respite from hard work and enervating atmosphere.

Audited balance sheet and further particulars would be sent gladly to any applicant by—Yours, &c.,

LILY H. MONTAGU.

12, Kensington Palace Gardens
July 28th, 1908

LORD CROMER'S SPEECH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There are doubtless many of our readers who, like myself, feel deeply grateful to THE NATION for its forceful and thoughtful words respecting the foolish and mischievous speech of Lord Cromer. We had learned to look upon Lord Cromer as a man permeated with wise and lofty conceptions of statesmanship, whose mission in life was that of an

enlightened healer of the wounds and reconciler of the difficulties of nations; and it is very disquieting and saddening to find him occupied in adding fuel to the fires of international misunderstanding and enmity.

Happily, the speeches of Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, and Earl Percy have done something to relieve the situation created by Lord Cromer's unfortunate utterance. The mischief wrought by the stupid and wicked policy of sowing suspicion and hatred between England and Germany is not confined to the two countries directly concerned. Observe what is happening in Denmark. The people of that country, terrified by the prospect of war breaking out between England and Germany, are proceeding to burden themselves with increased taxation to such an extent that a thoughtful and observant Dane assures me that there will be no money to spare for schemes of educational and social progress for years to come. The Danish Commission appointed to consider the question of defence recommends extended military service, the construction of large fortifications seawards, off Copenhagen, and the erection of several small forts in the islets! Are we surprised at the folly of such undertakings in Denmark? The responsibility rests largely upon people in this country.—Yours, &c.,

W. Copeland Bowie.

London, July 29th, 1908.

"THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir, May I be allowed to point out one statement in Mr. Macdonald's letter in your issue of July 4th which can hardly be justified?

He says that "the motor car does not make the dust." Now it is obvious that as the tyre of a motor car comes into contact with the road, the rubber is forced out on all sides by the pressure on the wheel, and the creeping action thus induced causes much more disintegration in the surface of the road than would be produced by heavier loads on wheels which have no elasticity. The effect is increased by the fact that in motor vehicles all the driving force is between the tyre and the road.

I maintain that the motor car is responsible not only for the raising of the dust, but also for its actual creation, and if only a small part of the time and money now spent in new inventions with regard to machinery were only devoted to the improvement of the roads on which it runs, what a change we should see in the country!—Yours, &c.,

G. Cook.

Liverpool, July 8th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have followed the correspondence in The Nation on "The Lost Liberty of the Road" with sustained interest ever since the article appeared in your issue of the 6th ult.

Experts like Lord Russell, and your ingenious correspondent, Mr. Peter Macdonald, may prove to the satisfaction of themselves, and other motorists, that the car is a new and a safe delight, and the motorist—the real lover of his fellow man and the erring babe, who will patter about the village roadway—habitually saves the life of both by not running over them. But it does not need any expert knowledge of the inner mysteries of motor cars to say that they do run over adults, babes, the village dog, and the busy hen who strays on the road; nor does it need much insight to say that when they don't they often look as if they are going to do. Speedometers apart, they often *seem* to be going too fast; without being a civil engineer you can see the dust, and without having the trained and developed nose of the sanitary inspector you can smell the petrol.

I, too, am one of the out-of-date people who found pleasure in the country highway. Out at Leatherhead, the other Sunday, I stopped to ask my way of a cyclist, and in the conversation we held, he admitted he did not quite know where he was, as he had been avoiding the highway all the morning to escape the motor traffic; while an hour after, on the highway, a village resident, directing me, urged the fields and an additional two miles, rather than the direct highway and the motor nuisance People in the country, untechnical and possessing no knowledge of the beautiful mysteries of motor mechanics, all think alike. And, anyone who saw that highway, from the pedestrian's point of view, would agree. It was worse than walking along the railway, for, at least, trains only pass at intervals, and do leave a period without noise or perfume, while some highroads are filled with a never-ending procession of cars, clouds of dust, which have scarcely time to settle, and a scent which knows no end.

Letter-writing apart, the best suggestion in your correspondence is contained in the shortest note—"S. D. W.'s." Let us set about the "Long and uphill fight," and let the National Association your correspondent suggests be organised. The Nation and its Editor have the prestige which would form a happy nucleus, and I will draw lots with "S. D. W." as to who shall be the first annual subscriber. I think there are many modest users of the roads who would cheerfully subscribe their guineas for a sporting fight against the arrogance that rides panoplied on purple fumes.—Yours, &c.,

Geo. Edgar.

14b, Whitehead Grove, Cadogan Square, S.W.
July 27th, 1908

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—While agreeing most heartily with your general view on the "Lost Liberty of the Road," I venture to differ on one point. You say, and rightly, that the existing speed limit of twenty miles is not observed, and amounts, in practice, to twenty-five; but you infer from this fact that the speed limit ought to be abolished. I draw just the opposite inference. I would reduce it to fifteen miles an hour—a pace unheard of ten years ago. And I maintain that a motor car cannot travel at a speed of over fifteen miles without being a nuisance and a danger.

A second point, on which you did not touch, is taxation. Mr. Lloyd George should raise more than half a million from motor car licences next year. To do so equitably he should tax them on a double standard—weight plus power, *e.g.*, 5s. for each hundredweight and 2s. 6d. for each horse-power.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. Allen.

1, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, E.C.
July 28th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have been a subscriber and reader of The Nation from the first, and of The Speaker before it, but I find the temper of some articles on the motor question, and especially of the correspondence which they seem to invite, difficult to reconcile with its general position in Liberal thought. I am old enough to remember the outcry against the bicycle in the "cads on castors" days, and evidently the same spirit, minus the wit, is still with us. What possible use can there be in writing, and still less in publishing, such a letter as that from "R. W. I." in your present issue? He sets up an abstraction and then claims to know what is the "motorist's primary idea"; tells us that the "sights and sounds and smell of nature do not exist for the motorist," and "that country life generally has been destroyed not only for visitors, but for country dwellers." Then, by way of further enlightenment, we are informed that the motorist has to arm himself to the teeth, whatever that may mean, goggle himself to the eyebrows, and stuff his nose against the stink of petrol fumes. The truth and insight of this last statement may be taken as the measure of the others.

Greater ignorance and prejudice could hardly be packed in fewer words. The sting, as usual, is in the tail, for he says that the only people who would be injured by his suggestions of a prohibitive tax would be a "parcel of rich vulgarians."

This, at the time when the great increase in the number of cars on the road is due to their use by people of moderate means, who, in very many cases, previously had no vehicle of their own.

Many of your readers who are users of motors, regret the unavoidable troubles incidental to a new form of locomo-

tion, and to a large addition of drivers who are new to the road, and are ready to support any reasonable measures for their mitigation and removal, but they are not greatly stimulated by such an attitude.

Surely the public interest will be best served if discussion is encouraged by people who, at least, have an elementary knowledge of the facts, rather than by those who can contribute nothing but abuse.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY S. CLOUGH.

July 29th, 1908.

[We publish equally letters from strong opponents of the motor traffic, as it is conducted to-day, and from strong defenders, like Mr. Clough. The controversy is a fierce one, and cannot always be conducted with perfect equanimity —ED. NATION]

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I wish to thank you for your excellent article in THE NATION, of July 25th, with reference to our military and naval expenditure. I should like to say, with reference to the manner in which noblemen who profess to know threaten us with a war with Germany, that these threats are part of the stock-in-trade of those who are interested in maintaining and increasing our huge expenditure on armaments. Every well-informed person, who is unbiassed, knows that a war with Germany is not a contingency that can be reasonably entertained, but those who profit by our huge expenditures have to get up a scare, so they pretend that Germany is a source of danger. In exactly the same way, the German military and naval authorities, when they want to get extra money out of the poor German taxpayer, get up a scare with reference to some other country, and then as soon as the votes have been passed the scare is allowed to die down until the next time that more money is required. The remarks which have recently been made with reference to danger from Germany are simply in view of the preparation of the Estimates for the Army and Navy. The same game has been played over and over again during the last fifty years, and there are always some greenhorns who are taken in. No German ruler who was not absolutely mad would seek a quarrel with England. Russia, Austria, and France would each require to be satisfied before Germany was allowed to profit by a victory over us, and also would have to be satisfied if Germany was defeated by us. France could not afford to allow Great Britain to be a province of the German Empire, and, were such a contingency probable, would find in Russia a ready ally, and Austria would find her opportunity.—Yours &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

July 27th, 1908.

DO WE OVER-EAT?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your interesting article on this subject induces me to suggest that many people eat heartily without in the least realising that, while certain food may not be absolutely unwholesome, it may be absolutely innutritious. I think this is more or less true of American tinned, or canned, or "boxed" meats, the virtue of which must be largely spent by the process of over-cooking necessary to their preservation. The great thing is to make it "tasty," and this is accomplished by the use of condiments, which, of course, do not add to its nutritive qualities, but rather the reverse. Nor is it certain that the best cattle are used for preserving, the temptation being rather in the opposite direction. These meats are largely used by the working classes in this country, and one outcome of their use has been to bring the art of cookery into contempt amongst the wives of working men. The fatal ease with which a dinner of preserved meat may be served up, without recourse to the gridiron or the stewpan, is, I fear, the chief reason why this class of food is in general use amongst the working classes, and the cause of the laziness displayed by the women of these classes.

There is a widespread notion that meat stands at the top of the list of nutritious foods, whereas it is a good way down, and is excelled by cheese, lentils, and other food substances The sparing way in which cheese is used in most households is very odd, seeing that a navvy, sitting on the ground close to his work, will "put away" a pound or two and a half-quartern loaf, and resume his work like a giant refreshed. What is needed to be realised by most people is that cheese may be eaten as a meal, and not simply as a "digester," and its more general use in this way would help to protect us against the tyranny exercised over us by the American beef trusts. Whether we over-eat or not, I am certain we eat too much meat, either for health or comfort, and we shall do well to bestow more attention on fruit and vegetables, the former especially.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

July 27th, 1908.

COASTGUARD SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Allow me to enter a protest against the proposed abolition of the Coastguard. While it is, no doubt, true that circumstances have changed since the Force was established, any saving likely to result from the suggested change would, in my opinion, be dearly bought at the cost of the loss of the very valuable services at present rendered by that body in connection with shipwrecks and as coast police generally. There seems no reason to suppose that the augmented Customs Force would undertake much of this work, at least on the more lonely parts of the coast where such help is especially needful.

These duties are analogous to the services rendered by the police in protecting life and property on land, and may with equal reason be a public charge. It is to be remembered that voluntary effort already discharges a substantial share of such work in maintaining the lifeboats.

I believe strongly that it is desirable and practicable to reduce our huge naval expenditure, but I hold that such reduction should *begin at the right end*, by calling a halt in the present ruinous competition in armaments, rather than by lopping off a humanitarian service now rendered by the Navy.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES STURGE.

Stoke Newington,
July 27th, 1908.

Poetry.

SONNET.

To an Empty Room.

THE mirror gleams: "I saw, but will I tell?"
A pin: "She dropped me; pity my despair!"
A comb: "I glow—was burnished in her hair."
A rose plucked for her wafts: "Her lips did spell
What I will not repeat, who loved to dwell
Close to the little cross that nestled where
Sorrow for Wrong, and Courage 'neath despair
In her warm blood leapt, leapt, unconquerable."

Swallows! rejoice to build beneath these eaves
Where jasmine clings—the Sun among its leaves
(All fluttered, for she pressed them back last night)
Traces in sweet deceptive light and shade
Her head, upon the pillow where 'twas laid,—
Her fingers, on the book where she did write.

J. MARJORAM.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

WE have heard a rumour that there exists an unpublished novel by Mr. George Meredith, which, according to present arrangements, will not be issued for some years after the author's death. Every lover of letters will be glad to hear that the list of Mr. Meredith's novels is not yet closed, however much he may regret the determination to postpone the publication of the work. It is a coincidence that Tolstoy has lately finished a novel, to which he has attached the same condition of posthumous publication.

* * *

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S essays about books are always pleasant reading, and many book-lovers will be interested to hear that he is preparing a new collection, which, under the title "De Libris," will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Like the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, another ardent bibliophile, Mr. Dobson found the atmosphere of the Civil Service favorable for the composition of some of the most charming *vers de société* in the language. Our readers will not need to be reminded of Mr. Dobson's unrivalled knowledge of eighteenth century art and letters and the charms of style which he brings to their treatment.

* * *

A TRANSLATION of M. Paul Sabatier's recent Jowett lectures on "Modernism" will be published early in the autumn by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The lectures give an excellent account of the origin and progress of Liberal Catholicism throughout Europe. The coming volume will contain, in addition to the lectures themselves, an introduction, full notes, and the texts of the chief Papal Encyclicals on Modernism. The translation is the work of Mr. C. Miles.

* * *

SINCE his appointment to the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge half a dozen years ago, Professor Bury has published a remarkable inaugural lecture on "The Science of History," a "Life of St. Patrick," which roused a good deal of controversy, and has contributed to the great "Cambridge Modern History" planned by his predecessor. In a coming work he returns to Greek history, a subject to which he has already contributed a valuable "History of Greece to the Death of Alexander the Great." The new book is called "The Ancient Greek Historians." It will probably be issued early in the autumn.

* * *

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD, whose collection of short stories, called "A Set of Six," will be published immediately, is at present engaged on a long novel which will deal with Russian Nihilism and its propaganda in the universities and throughout the country. As everyone knows, Mr. Conrad is a Pole, so that his knowledge of the subject is first-hand, and his impressions of the Russian revolutionary movement are sure to be of special interest. There is hardly another instance of a writer of foreign birth and training who has become so completely a master of English as Mr. Conrad.

* * *

WITHIN the past few years we have had several biographies of personages famous in the French Revolution. "The Princesse de Lamballe" by Miss B. C. Hardy, which Messrs. Constable have in the press, should prove an interesting addition to the number of such works in English. Madame de Lamballe was maid-of-honor to Marie Antoinette, for whom she had a great affection. After the flight of the royal family to Varennes she escaped to England, but hearing of the Queen's imprisonment, she returned to share the misfortunes of her mistress. She was brutally murdered outside La Force in September, 1792, and her head, fixed on a pike, was paraded beneath the windows of the Temple where Marie Antoinette was lodged. Michelet describes her as "a pretty little insignificant woman, devoid of ideas and conversation," though he admits that her terrible fate was undeserved.

* * *

THE first number of a new monthly journal to be run in connection with the Workers' Educational Association will make its appearance in October next. The title of the new venture is "The Highway," and one of its main objects will be "to secure the co-operation of University and workshop in realising a democratic ideal of education." The editor, Mr. F. W. Kolthammer, will have the assistance of an efficient staff, consisting alike of workpeople and University men, while foreign correspondents have been engaged in the chief European capitals. The democratising of the Universities is a crying need of our time, and by helping towards this ideal "The Highway" will do real service to education. We wish it a most prosperous career.

* * *

AMONG the color books to be issued in the autumn by Messrs. A. & C. Clack is a volume on New Zealand, by the Hon. W. Pember Reeves. Mr. Reeves had a brilliant career both as a journalist and member of Parliament in New Zealand, where he edited the "Canterbury Times" and the "Lyttelton Times," and was Minister of Education, Labor, and Justice. Within the past week he resigned his position as High Commissioner for the Colony, in order to take up the work of Director of the London School of Economics. The coming book will deal with the picturesque and outdoor aspects of New Zealand life, native stories and traditions being also touched upon. It will thus be in some sense supplementary to former books by Mr. Reeves, in which the historical and commercial sides of New Zealand were treated.

* * *

LIKE all other sciences archæology suffers in some degree from the tyranny of the specialist, with the result that no complete account of the history and bearing of archæological discoveries is accessible in English. This gap will, however, be filled by a translation of Professor Michaelis' work, "A Century of Archæological Discovery," to be issued in the autumn by Mr. Murray. The discoveries on classical soil naturally receive the largest share of attention, but Egypt, Lycia, Assyria, Babylon, and Palestine are also dealt with. Professor Percy Gardner, who contributes a preface, describes the book as "no dry summary, but rather a record of what the writer, watching all with the greatest interest, learned as the scroll of excavation and research was gradually unrolled."

* * *

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a work called "Historical Letters and Memoirs of the Scottish Catholics, 1625-1793," which promises to throw some fresh light upon the ecclesiastical history of Scotland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Its author, Father Forbes-Leith, has discovered at Blairs, Stonyhurst, and in other ancient Catholic archives, a number of unpublished papers of considerable importance, among them being the reports of the chaplains to the Highlanders who fought under Montrose. The history of Scottish Catholicism has been overshadowed by the great conflicts between Crown, Covenant, and Parliament, so that there is scope for much original research in this department of history.

* * *

MR. HEINEMANN announces that "The Life of James McNeill Whistler," by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, is to be published during the coming autumn. Mrs. Pennell's biography of Charles Godfrey Leland was an excellent piece of work, and encourages us to believe that Whistler's brilliant, eccentric personality will be presented in a capable fashion, for Mr. Pennell is not only an artist of great gifts, but he and Mrs. Pennell remained close and devoted friends of Whistler to his death. Another important book to come from Mr. Heinemann is an edition of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," with illustrations by Mr. Arthur Rackham. The subject is admirably suited to Mr. Rackham's grotesquely fanciful art.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Medievalism: A Reply to Cardinal Mercier." By George Tyrrell. (Longmans. 4s. net.)

"The Twentieth-Century American." By H. Perry Robinson. (Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d.)

"James II. and His Wives." By Allen Fea. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Shelburne Essays." Fifth Series. By Paul Elmer More. (Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

"A Week in the White House with Theodore Roosevelt." By W. B. Hale. (Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d.)

"The Wild Geese." By Stanley J. Weyman. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"L'Europe et L'Empire Ottoman: Les Aspects Actuels de la Question d'Orient." Par R. Pinon. (Paris: Perrin. 5fr.)

Reviews.

POETRY AND CRAFTSMANSHIP.*

Charles Beaudelaire, it is said, undertook to teach poetry in so many lessons. It would be rarely interesting to have the experiences of anyone who went through his course; and so learn authentically where a great poet drew the line between technique and inspiration. For, in spite of what is continually being said about the modern poet's fatal facility in technique, a reading of a considerable bulk of to-day's verse forces on one the conclusion that its crying fault is slovenly craft. Quite a deal of inspiration (there is, after all, no better word for it) seems to be traversing the brains of our poets; not, perhaps, such inspiration as produces great poems, but such as might well produce very pretty and agreeable poems which the world might find treasurable. But it rarely produces them. It is too often mated to a slack technique. This is where publication of some of Beaudelaire's lessons in poetry would probably be so useful. For it is comfortably assumed that once a poet has acquired a certain slickness of metre and rhyme, he is one of whom it may be said, Here, at any rate, is technique. But we forget that the poet's delightful use of *le mot qui grise* is also a matter of more or less exact craft, the cunning juxtaposition of words whereby their external beauty and the wealth of meaning stored within them interplay so as to arouse those indefinable feelings and elations which true poetry gives us. The poet who has learned his business knows fairly precisely how to evoke those pleasures. When Milton spoke of Hell's mansions being opened to "the *peering* day," he knew quite well that his choice of that word "peering" was going to make the line immortal. It is in this quarter that modern poetical technique is so culpable.

It must be admitted, however, that Mr. St. John Lucas's "New Poems" are little blameworthy on this score. He has learnt his business as a poet thoroughly, and he can manage with surety the subtler kinds of word-craft. It is possible without unfairness to take an example of his writing at hazard, which is not possible in most books of verse:—

> "O mother, we have left the dens and deeps
> To stand at last upon the wind-pure plain,
> Where, broad and beautiful, the highway sweeps
> *Like a great hope* towards thy starry fane."

Such a simile shows not only a poet's perception but a poet's craft. It is in the other direction that Mr. Lucas's want seems to lie. The emotional impulse of his poems lacks fire, and might often be accused of triteness. "Lazarus," for instance, is an ingenious piece, containing some admirable word-usage; but it never becomes quite so profound as one feels it ought to have been. But we must not be so ungrateful as not to thank Mr. Lucas for his pathetic "Ysumbras," and his finely imagined "Funeral March of a Mad Poet." In the latter, and again in "The Ship and the Raft," Mr. Lucas calls the poet a "mad man" who must, at any cost, have "freedom." We seem to have heard this before; but, considered closely, it looks a somewhat untenable summing-up of the man who, of all men, must reduce his emotions to form and his speech to measure. It is not a madman can do that; only one who is willing to submit himself continually to the strictest control.

Mr. Rowland Thirlmere, again, is a poet not only in his perceptions but in his craft. He is poignantly aware, in his own words, of "Beauty smiling like a bride," and has withal a lusty hatred of "Mammon's damned control." He gives us moreover much that can honestly be called poetry by virtue of his fine feeling for his material. It is difficult to display this in small extracts, but an instance may serve to indicate it. A girl's complexion, for example, is nicely phrased as "the creamy white wherein there lies the phantom of a rose"; which is almost as good as Herrick's "cream inspired with strawberries." Most of his best effects are obtained by illuminating the operations of nature with human emotion, which is one of the poet's most excellent devices. So, he makes the returning tide "suddenly outpour upon the ooze and sand of old desire new life." So he sees, and makes us see, an Alpine peak, "standing crowned with virtue." But Mr. Thirlmere has a fault, and a not inconsiderable one. It may be exemplified in the longest and most important poem in his book, "Mont St. Michel," an elaborately descriptive poem with many excellent linès and several passages of sustained beauty, concluding with some not very extraordinary reflections. Save for these latter, it is hard to strike finger on the fault in the poem; it can only be said that it lacks interest; and, unfortunately, that can be said of most of his book.

Mr. David Lowe follows the tradition of Scottish poetry in preferring to fill his verses with salt of humanity rather than with fantasy and deliciousness. The three ballads at the beginning of his volume are weak, not very clear as to their meaning, and vitiated with such slovenly technique as:—

> "His graphic fun was unalloyed."

Or

> "He moved like one lost in a theme
> Which from sub-consciousness had birth."

Most of his songs are in great need of a tune to make them passable; but the satirical "Glasgow Ditties" are delightful, and should have a salutary effect on the follies they lash, notably the misgovernment of Glasgow. There are also two "Comedies" in the book, dramatisations of legends of the Gaberlunzie-king James. Both are very good reading, and Burns or Dunbar would have approved of "Symon's Wife." But surely such stage directions as this betray a scanty grasp of dramatic technique:, "Alison shows great pleasure at the Gaberlunzie being safely housed in the loft, for her love, Friar John, has promised to visit her."

Quite a different kind of drama is Miss Gore-Booth's "Sorrowful Princess." Mr. Lowe is content to give us mere human nature, but Miss Gore-Booth would present human nature only as a vehicle for her mysticism. The mysticism, indeed, arrives, but all humanity has been crushed out of the play by that tremendous load. Miss Gore-Booth's former volumes have been noted by all who care for poetry, and this play also has no lack of poetry; but that hardly compensates for the woodenness of her characters. A maiden asks St. George who he is, and he replies, "I am St. George of Cappadocia"; this is as if Lord Morley, on being asked who he is, were to reply, "I am Honest John of Montrose."

English Socialism has produced little poetry besides that of Mr. Carpenter; and Socialists ought, therefore, to honor "E. Nesbit" for her "Ballads and Lyrics of Socialism," which will probably do more for her cause than a deal of pamphleteering and lecturing. And even if we consider this modest book as poetry and nothing else, we should be grateful for it. The movement of the "Marching Song," the nobility of "The Ballad of Splendid Silence," the sincere indignation and the tenderness expressed in many of these lyrics, are qualities which we do not find too often. Mr. Augustus Ralli, on the other hand, is one who would use poetry as a means of escape from life, not as an instrument to mend it. "The Morning of Life" is a series of tales connected by a somewhat time-honored machinery: they are supposed to be told for each other's amusement by a "score of jaded worldlings." The construction of the tales is fairly skilful, but they rarely present more than an appearance of poetry effected by

---

* "New Poems." By St. John Lucas. Constable. 5s. net.
"Mont St. Michel and Other Poems." By Rowland Thirlmere. Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
"Ballad of a Great City and Other Poems." By David Lowe. New Age Press. 2s. 6d. net.
"The Sorrowful Princess." By Eva Gore-Booth. Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.
"Ballads and Lyrics of Socialism." By E. Nesbit. Fabian Society. 1s. net
"The Morning of Life." By Augustus Ralli. Routledge. 5s. net.
"The Knocking at the Door and Other Poems." By Alice Maddock. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.
"A Modern Judas and Other Rhymes." By E. Vincent. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.
"Songs of the Uplands." By Alice Law. Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
"The Vigil of Brunhild." By Frederic Manning. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
"West Country Verses." By Arthur L. Salmon. Blackwood. 3s. net.
"Talmudic Legends: Hymns and Paraphrases." By Alice Lucas. Chatto & Windus.
"A Painter's Pastime." By Margaret Thomas. Greening. 3s. 6d. net.

smooth metres and rhymes. The words are used as a prose-writer uses them, not as a poet should, who must seek to extract out of them all their concealed beauties and make them appear new and strange. Mr. Ralli seems to aim at the clarity and simplicity of Morris; but simplicity by itself will not make a poet unless first of all he possesses poetry to simplify.

Simplicity does better in "The Knocking at the Door," by Alice Maddock, for in at least two poems it has something to work upon. The ballad which gives the book its title, and "The Village Widow," are both agreeable poems, but there is not much else in this latest addition to Mr. Mathews' "Vigo Cabinet Series" worthy of notice, beyond that it is all unpretentious and sincere. Of "A Modern Judas and other rhymes," by E. Vincent, it is best to say at once that there appears no reason for the book's existence. The author will be modern whatever happens (he gives us "A Modern Judas," "A Modern Christian," and "A Modern Cassandra"), but, judging from this volume, he is unlikely ever to be a poet. His would-be Browningesque character-studies are devoid not only of poetry but of any insight into human emotional or mental operations. "A Misogynist" is a typical instance of his rhyming, a long, tedious production, painfully versifying all the cheapest, most obvious, and most childish arguments against woman that have oiled the tongues of every third-rate anti-feminist.

> "But not a girl that worked at school a few
> Problems in lever, pulley, plane, and screw,
> Has, when adult, invented one machine,
> Saving her sex, to sew, to wring, to clean."

Or, becoming more profound, this:—

> "What opera, what oratorio,
> What modern drama bears a woman's name,
> Which any man of mark would care to claim?"

And who is to derive either pleasure or benefit from perusal of such stuff as this?

> "Warring, war; and wooing,
> Woo;
> Do not talk of doing;
> Do."

After this attempted cleverness it is pleasant to turn to Alice Law's "Songs of the Uplands." Her portrayals of bird-music in verse are not very successful, especially when she makes a robin say that the earth and its creatures belong to man, but to man the care of the creatures; a convenient sentiment for a sermon, but hardly appropriate in the bill of a robin. There is, however, at least one interesting poem in the book, an elegy on John Donne. Miss Law seems scarcely to realise the profound problem of Donne's nature, or that his love poetry is, perhaps, the most wonderful in our language, reaching from the red flames of desire to the height of super-sexual ecstacy. But the poem has much excellence, and contains these two fine stanzas:—

> "As a hot fire in earthen vessel urned
> Thy fevered heart within thee preyed on sin,
> But, even as fire, consuming while it burned
> Whate'er of earthliness it found within;
>
> "Then, seeking more expanse, its flames next beat
> Upon the vessel's blood-red sides, when, lo!
> The dull material whitens with the heat,
> And shines translucent with the radiant glow."

But Miss Law lays too much stress on Donne's "sin."

"The Vigil of Brunhild," by Frederic Manning is an account of that tragic queen's life put into her own mouth at the supreme moment of her existence. Mr. Manning says he chose a narrative form in order to present Brunhild's psychology in a broader fashion than would be possible in a drama; but we must be permitted to remark that very little of the woman's tremendous nature has managed to insinuate itself into Mr. Manning's pages. The poem, in fact, is not a moving one; and this is largely due to the uniform, unaltering suavity of its verse. The inventions and modifications of a long series of great poets have made blank verse an instrument of unexampled power and subtlety for expressing by its mere movement every conceivable emotion. But Mr. Manning uses none of them, save a few of the most commonplace inversions. As a result we have the fatal effect of a poem whose metre is entirely unrelated to its emotional processes. We must again note that other fault of technique, the omission to use words so that their implicit sense is as apparent as their explicit sense. Yet the poem is worth reading, in spite of these faults, if only for its subject.

Those who care for what we may call thorough dialect verse can be strongly advised to read Mr. Salmon's "West Country Verses." They are full of humour, pathos, and even tragedy, and they may without exaggeration be compared to the best dialect verse of Tennyson or Barnes. It is a kind of writing wherein human nature counts for everything, and all the artifices of poetry count for next to nothing. There is no question of Mr. Salmon's knowledge of, and power to portray, human nature. But the next volume on our list, "Talmudic Legends, Hymns, and Paraphrases," by Alice Lucas, has no excuse for lacking poetic artifices. Poetry whose basis is religion must be provided with all possible splendours, or the greatness of the ideas will suffer degradation by being put into language. The legends from the Talmud and Midrash with which this book opens are not poetised at all, but only versified; and what are we to say when the thunder of "lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors," is turned into these polite phrases?

> "Ye everlasting doors, be ye upraised,
> Ye gates of lofty height."

It is ill to meddle with the Psalms.

Miss Margaret Thomas is right in supposing that her poems show evidence of inspiration. "A Painter's Pastime" is the result undoubtedly of poetical impulse; but that impulse has not found a poet's craft to manage it. Would a painter's inspiration without technique be worth much? And a poet's inspiration avails no more than a painter's unless there be skill to match it. No doubt Miss Thomas writes with ease; but that by itself is no sign of mastery. Need of stern schooling in the craft of poetry is shown throughout her book; it would certainly prevent her from committing such absurdities as this:—

> "As ermine when contrasted with the snow
> Grows dark, so the pale Prior paler grew."

The reader is not helped to realise the increasing pallescence of the Prior by having it likened to the apparent darkening of ermine when laid against snow.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF "GROVE."*

In reviewing previous volumes of the new issue of "Grove's Dictionary" we have had to call attention to the bias they clearly showed against all the more recent developments of music. Grove, in spite of all his faults and his amateurish limitations, was a man of considerable breadth of judgment, and the first edition of his "Dictionary" showed on the whole a good deal of skill in the selection of contributors, and an evident desire to be impartial towards all schools of thought. He made his mistakes, of course—giving Mendelssohn, for example, fourteen times the space he gave to Bach; but if he wrote at immoderate length about his own idols, he was at all events broad-minded enough to recognise that he was not a fit and proper person to write about the idols of others. He probably did not greatly care for Wagner's music at that time; but he had the sense to entrust the article on Wagner to a thoughtful and competent student of him—the late Edward Dannreuther. In his old age, as we can see from a letter of his published in Mr. Graves's "Life," he was utterly puzzled and disgusted by some of Strauss's music; but had he been bringing out a new edition of his "Dictionary" then, he would, we may be sure, have recognised that he was the last person in the world to do the article on Strauss. His successor in the editorship is not so catholic in his sympathies, nor so reliable in his estimates of his contributors; and the new "Dictionary" suffers greatly in consequence.

What, we may ask, is the object of the new issue, if not to do for this generation what the earlier issue did, or attempted to do, for the last—to give it in every case the results of the most modern thought and scholarship?

* "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. IV. Q-S. Macmillan. 21s. net.

Music and musical æsthetics change a good deal in the course of twenty-five years. The complaint of the general public is that, while these have changed, "Grove's Dictionary" has not merely remained unchanged but has become fossilised. Mr. Maitland exhibits a prejudice against everything most distinctly modern that we are sure Grove would never have publicly exhibited, even if he had privately felt it. Mr. Maitland, holding that the last great master was Brahms, and seeing no excellence in music except the kind of excellence that Brahms aimed at, is certainly unfair, throughout the whole "Dictionary," to everybody and everything that does not fit in with his ideal. Further, while he estimates highly the value of the music of Parry and other contemporary English composers, he is somewhat less than just to the music of composers of the other camp, such as Elgar. This being so, he would, had he possessed Grove's breadth of outlook, have taken care that fair treatment was given to every composer and every school of thought with which he personally was somewhat out of sympathy. He should not, of course, have opened the columns of the "Dictionary" to mere idol-worship. Writers could easily have been found, if not in England, then in France and Germany, to discuss the modern musicians sympathetically, yet at the same time discriminatingly; and if Mr. Maitland, writing upon Brahms, and upon friends like Stanford and Somervell, can persuade himself that his own sympathies do not take the edge off his discrimination, he has no right to assume that this would have happened in the case of other writers. Had he acted upon this principle, his own reputation and that of the "Dictionary" would stand higher than they do to-day. Mr. Maitland made a mistake in writing the Elgar article himself, instead of entrusting it to someone less prejudiced against its subject. He fails to bring properly up to date the older articles that deal with musical forms and principles, such as rhythm, sonata, symphony, subject, recitative, quartette, harmony, and melody. If all these things mean no more than they meant in 1880, why in the name of common sense go to the trouble of bringing out a new edition at all? A reprint of the old edition would have been sufficient.

What one asks from the new issue is information upon the developments of music during the last generation or so. Upon all these interesting topics the reader of the new "Grove" is either left in ignorance or is dosed with prejudice. The few lines given to composers like Debussy, Max Reger, and Bruckner, are almost worthless. Nor can it be pretended that these men are not critically discussed because of the danger of expressing opinions upon writers still living, or only recently dead. That danger does not deter Mr. Maitland from expressing himself enthusiastically upon living composers whom he happens to like—see, for example, the overdone eulogy of Miss Ethel Smyth's music. What he will not have is—one will not say eulogy, but sensible criticism, of composers and forms he does not like; so they are either passed over with the barest of mention, or sneered at, or, if they are treated at any length, are grievously mishandled.

The worst instance of this that has yet disfigured the "Dictionary" is the article on Strauss that appears in the present volume. From start to finish it is almost all prejudice, with hardly a sentence of genuine criticism. To say that in Strauss's ideal "musical beauty has no kind of place," that "Aus Italien" "is frankly landscape-painting in music," that Strauss "realised the fact that his eccentricities of style were a great attraction to the public," and "considered it his duty to startle his hearers with some new piece of independence (not to say impertinence) with each successive production," that his aim "is apparently to do nothing more than to follow the verbal suggestions of the programme, mostly by means of his wonderful command of orchestral devices," that conductors take up the works because of the interest there is in doing a difficult thing, that Strauss has now "turned his attention" to the task of "shocking Continental opera-goers," that "there is no injustice in mentioning this as the primary object" of "Electra"—an opera that has not yet been performed, and of which no one knows a note!—that "Salome" was written to gratify "the author's passion for notoriety," that Strauss "admits" that "his main object is to shock and startle," and to see nothing in "Don Quixote" worth mentioning but the imitation of the flock of sheep—all this is to state what is either untrue or misleading. The article, with its grudging praise and its exaggerated insistence on whatever is blameful, is a serious blot on the "Dictionary." And so with almost everything else in the work, dealing with modern ideals in music, that Mr. Maitland has taken under his own care. We have, for example, his stock jibe at "the lovers of ugly music"—as if any human being ever liked music that *he* thought ugly. Mr. Maitland would, no doubt, feel hurt if, after reading his eulogies of Parry, for example, we were to call him "a lover of dull music"; and if he expects justice to be done to his point of view, he should really make an effort to do justice to the points of view of other people. Our reasonable complaint against him is that he falls sadly short of the standard of impartiality a man should try to make his own when he becomes editor of a great "Dictionary" of this kind. As it is, the work is already for the most part out of date. With some rare exceptions, it contains nothing of real value to the thoughtful student of 1908 that he cannot already find in the earlier edition; and each successive volume deepens the impression that the "Dictionary" has now become what Grove certainly would not have wished it to become—a partisan organ.

THE STUARTS.*

In a book about the Stuart Dynasty we expect, primarily, those sad stories of the deaths of kings which Shelley found so enthralling. Mr. Samuel Cowan, however, by a veritable *tour de force* succeeds in making the untoward destinies and persistent ill-luck of the Stuarts uncommonly dreary reading. One lags heavily over these prosaic periods, seeking in vain for the *raison d'être* of such a compilation as that represented in these thousand and odd pages. With Wood's "Douglas" and the "Tales of a Grandfather," not to speak of Mr. Hume Brown's "History of Scotland," what need was there, one can but exclaim, for this very commonplace chronicle, the external attractiveness of which (unless avoirdupois be an attraction) hardly atones for the lack of good metal within? The portraits, enlarged from Miss Strickland's "Queens of England," are things horrible to behold, and ought never to have been included in a work of this kind.

When not repeating other people, Mr. Cowan has a trick of repeating himself. Why need we be told two or three times that Flodden was a great disaster to Scotland, or that many spurious documents conceal the truth about Mary Queen of Scots, of whom Mr. Cowan appears to be a somewhat intemperate champion. Of our James I. and Charles I., on the other hand, he takes the unflattering, conventional views which are, to our conception, anything but the correct ones. The best idea that seems capable of being formed of a character so contradictory as that of James I. is afforded by Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel," and by Ranke in his "History of England." Ranke detects in James elements of genius, both as a writer and controversialist. Naturally thorough and acute, King James labored, not without success, to prove to his adversaries the untenableness of the grounds on which they proceeded, or the logical fallacy of their conclusions. Even in conversation he sought to turn away from particulars and to pass to general considerations, a province in which he felt most at home. "He considers virtue and religion as immediately connected and concerned with knowledge. The confusions in the world appear to him to arise, for the most part, from mediocrity of knowledge, while he finds the most material difference between virtue and vice in the greater inward truthfulness of virtue." King James was thus a pragmatist, and, considering how fruity and well weighed are his precepts of wisdom, it is extraordinary, indeed, how little his own practice corresponded with them. Ranke and Gardiner develop this contradictoriness in the character of James with extraordinary diligence and refinement. Macaulay, Bayne, Sanford, and the older school, using every scrap of antithetic color they could lay their hands on, made a wonderful specimen of *pointillé* out of the portrait. Mr. Cowan only succeeds in making his picture incoherent. Incoherency, indeed, in

* "The Royal House of Stuart." By Samuel Cowan. Two Vols. Illustrated. Greening & Co. 42s. net.

both the style and the content is the mark of the whole book.

A personal history of the Stuart dynasty would have been well worth doing, in however pedestrian a manner. But Mr. Cowan is not content with this. He endeavours to give a current history of Scotland under the Stuarts from Robert II. to Anne. The rise of the family from the rank of High Stewards (or, to go back to the baser etymological beginnings, upper swineherds or wards of the stye) to the position of the Lord's Anointed over three kingdoms and one principality, is one full of historic achievement and historic significance. The early kings of this Scots race were, almost without exception, able, energetic, and magnetic men. They had monstrous difficulties of time and circumstance to contend against. The first six James's, for instance, were all crowned as children, and their reigns began with long minorities. If Mr. Cowan had confined himself to the personal histories of these early Stuarts he could have probably done better. But the early history of Scotland, its unequal struggle against its southern neighbours, and the exhaustion that ensued from the fatal anti-English policy of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, this, and the persistent turbulence and Corsican violence of its oligarchical ruling caste, make it a very confusing and unprofitable subject for most modern readers. To try and combine all this with a family history, to continue the history of Scotland down to 1707, and to exclude the history of expatriated branches of the Stuart family in Modena, Bavaria, Hanover, the Palatinate, and elsewhere, seems to us a most futile proceeding. These two massive volumes on "The Royal House of Stuart" want remaking on a different plan altogether, with other materials, other illustrations, and better workmanship.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY MYSTIC.*

It is a relief to turn awhile, from the contending schools of theology in our own day, to the theologian of the days of Milton, who has become known to us through the labor and enthusiasm of Mr. Bertram Dobell. Here is no rancor, no bitterness, the polemical note is singularly absent; what we have is the record—eager, impassioned, intimately personal, yet free from self-consciousness—of a devout soul's communion with God.

It is a relief, in another sense, to turn to Traherne's "Meditations." One enters into an atmosphere of faith and exultation that is very rare to-day. Doubt crosses his mind only as a shadow melting away, and pain is a root of bliss. The world is home, there is no grain of sand but bears this message, if we could but read it rightly. God is love; and love is the key to all divine and human wealth.

"Our wants are treasures, and if want be a treasure, sure everything is so!"

That is Traherne's spirit; he thinks of want as the gate of infinite satisfaction. The fact is that he realises the immanence of God, which half even of those who profess to believe in it only argue about, and do not realise. There is a black cloud of materialism between our souls and the spiritual realities, and terms like force and matter, heredity and environment, have still power to alarm us. Some of us really do not believe that there is any potter—the clay is left to its own devices. Others cling to the thought of a potter, who meant well. But, when we confront all the agony, all the shame, all the sin, can we say for certain that his hand did not shake?

To one like Traherne, most of us would have seemed like children to whom all the peace, and warmth, and welfare of home are open, but who refuse to cross the threshold, and stay outside in the cold, wrangling, perhaps, for the flimsiest, the most ineffectual, shelters. It is not that we cannot, but that we will not enter. We refuse to abandon the outer darkness of fear and selfishness and envy. We will not accept God's Fatherhood, or His infinity, the unspeakable gladness of communion with Him. We will not live the life of love, the life of which Paul spoke when he said, "All things are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

This self-exile is what Traherne meant when he spoke of "the necessity of hating God and man" as "the greatest bondage that hell can impose,"and of ingratitude, a life surrounded by blessings which we refuse to enjoy, as hell upon earth. And this is why he perpetually urges love's value as the escape from all sin and pain.

"When you love men, the world quickly becometh yours, and you yourself become a greater treasure than the world is. . . . Nothing in the world was ever loved too much, but many things have been loved in a false way, and all in too small a measure."

One can well understand Mr. Dobell's grief when he came upon the sentence: "Hell is a part of God's kingdom, to wit, His prison. It is fitly mentioned in the enjoyment of the world, and is itself by the happy enjoyed as a part of the world."

But surely his comments misinterpret Traherne. The "enjoyment of the blessed" is not increased by the consciousness of the sufferings of hell, any more than a strong man's pleasure in physical well-being is rendered more acute by the fact that there are lepers in the world. Yet, since there are lepers, one may feel a certain satisfaction in the thought that there are leper settlements and methods for restraining the spread of the disease. Traherne believed in moral leprosy, and in a moral leper settlement, which he called hell. If, however, he had lived to-day, his leper settlement would have resolved itself into an institution for the healing of lepers. He did not realise that in the universe as he conceived of it, all punishment must be remedial, nor did it occur to him that a spirit like his own could not touch the hell he dreamed of without transforming it, if not to heaven, to purgatory. How much less could hell resist the touch of the all-encompassing love of God!

But his blunder was one, not of instinctive feeling, but of inherited thought. It is in other passages that we find the real Traherne. "It is in the nature of love to despise itself, and to think only of its beloved's welfare. Look to it, it is not right love that is otherwise! Moses and St. Paul were no fools—God make me one of their number. I am sure nothing is more acceptable to Him than to love others so as to be willing to imperil even one's own soul for their benefit." And again, "I can make merry at calamities, and while I grieve at sins, and war against them, and abhorring the world and myself, descend unto the abyss of humility, I there admire a new offspring and torrent of joys—God's mercies. Which accepteth of our fidelity in bloody battles, though every wound defile and poison, and when we fall, turneth our penitent tears into solid pearl that shall abide with Him for evermore"

* "Centuries of Meditations." By Thomas Traherne. (1636-1674.) Now first printed from the original MS. Edited by Bertram Dobell. Dobell. 5s. net.

"THE LITTLE BROWN BROTHER."*

Folklorists are familiar with the natural process by which a conquered race is made to appear despicable in their conqueror's legends, and how even its gods are abased and turned into malignant spirits. To despise him whom you have conquered is probably the fundamental instinct in "master morality," because this justifies your belief in the good work of subjugation, and establishes, picturesquely, before the world, your own superiority. We cannot expect, therefore, that the majority of novels written by white men on Asiatic or African native life should be little more than vigorous pieces of our civilisation's propaganda. But it is interesting to compare the different tone of the independent explorer with that of the white men who have set out to annex and subjugate some native territory. In the first case the natives' habits and institutions are examined in relation to their history, climate, and general family group; in the second case their characteristics are always painted merely as the dark, depressing background against which the conqueror's civilisation and ethics shine with resplendent lustre. In this novel of racial strife in the Philippines between the white man and the brown, we do not question the author's conviction or his moral sincerity. On the contrary, the value of "The Little Brown Brother" lies in its faithful representation of the frame of mind of the conquering white man when hope of profit and glory, as well as his moral duty, all urge him to take his "little brown brother" in hand.

* "The Little Brown Brother." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. Constable. 6s.

STORIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

JUST READY AT THE BOOKSHOPS.

A NEW, WONDERFULLY CHEAP POPULAR EDITION.

JOSEPH HOCKING'S
CHARIOTS OF THE LORD.

1s. net. 426 pages. Readable type. Crown 8vo, Illustrated, stiff paper cover.

"It grips the reader."—*Daily News.*
"Will be keenly relished."—*Christian World.*
"A fine swinging tale."—*Morning Leader.*
"It has a charming heroine."—*Daily Telegraph.*
"A rattling good story."—*Scotsman.*
"Not a dull page."—*Dublin Express.*

1/- NET.

A NEW, CHEAP, CLEAR TYPE, POPULAR EDITION.

SILAS K. HOCKING'S
THE AWAKENING OF ANTHONY WEIR.

1s. net. 432 pages. Crown 8vo, Illustrated, stiff paper cover.

"A true and telling account of the earthquakes and storms through which God brings many a man to his true life."—*Life of Faith.*

"Rachel's love-idyll is a pretty episode in the tale."—*Record.*

"The best story which Mr Hocking has written for many a day."—*Contemporary Review.*

"From beginning to end the book holds the reader."—*Liverpool Courier.*

1/- NET.

EYE-OPENING BOOKS.

A Series of Books on the Wonders of NATURE, Popularly Written and Scientifically Accurate.

ADVENTURES IN BIRD-LAND.

A Book for Boys. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Home Life in Bird-Land," "Woodland, Field, and Shore," &c. With 90 Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author, and 100 Pen-Sketches by E. RICHMOND PATON. Cloth gilt, demy 8vo, 6s. net.

Just Ready.]

THE BOY'S OWN NATURE BOOK.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., M.B.O.U., With an Introduction by the Hon. Sir JOHN COCKBURN, K.C.M.G., M.D. (late Prime Minister of South Australia.) With two folded Colored Plates, a Colored Frontispiece, and 64 Plates, containing over 150 Pictures reproduced from photographs taken direct from Nature by the Rev. S. N. SEDGWICK, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d

"Young readers of Mr. Westell's previous works will nevertheless find this, his latest book, full of quite new things."—*County Gentleman.*

"A charming book."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

"Mr. Westell makes wonderfully plain what even very young people may learn in country wanderings by the careful use of eyes and ears."—*Scotsman.*

"The illustrations are excellent."—*Morning Leader.*

"Will give boys an increased interest in the things they see in fields and woods, or on the shore."—*Daily Mail.*

Recently issued by the same Author.]

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY.

A Reliable Guide to British Wild Life and Nature Photography. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

FIFTY-TWO NATURE RAMBLES.

A series of Open-Air Talks for Young People. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., M.B.O.U., Author of "Every Boy's Book of Natural History," &c. With five Colored Plates from Drawings, and 100 other illustrations from Photographs. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

New Edition. Just Ready.]

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the late Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History," &c. With 16 full-page Plates and numerous Illustrations in the text. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

BY MEADOW, GROVE, AND STREAM.

An Introduction to Nature Study. By HENRY HILTON BROWN, F.E.S. With 2 folded Colored Plates, Photogravure Frontispiece, and 171 Figures in Black and White, from Original Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Just Ready.]

GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELDS OF NATURE.

By EDWARD T. CONNOLD, F.Z.S., F.E.S. With an Introduction by DAVID ANDERSON-BERRY, M.D., F.R.S.E. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 24 pages of Plates from Photographs, Photo-micrographs, and Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Medallion on Cover, 3s. 6d.

HOW TO STUDY WILD FLOWERS.

By Rev. GEORGE HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., &c., Author of "Plants of the Bible," New Edition, with 12 double-page Colored Plates and 57 other Illustrations. Cloth Gilt, with Colored Pictures on cover, 2s. 6d.

Published at 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

IS CIVILIZATION IN DANGER?

By RENÉ-L. GERARD.

SEE

HIBBERT JOURNAL

Single Numbers 2/6 net. 2/9 post free.

Other Contents of July Number—

Pluralism and Religion. By Prof. WILLIAM JAMES.

Science and the Purpose of Life. By Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

The Religionist and the Scientist. By the Rev. G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS.

"An Appeal to those at the Top"—and Something More. By SIR EDWARD RUSSELL.

The Right to Constrain Men for their Own Good. By PROF. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

Religion and Our Schools. By Prof. JOHN DEWEY.

Enlightened Action the True Basis of Morality. By Prof. A. H. LLOYD.

The Romantic Element in the Ethics of Christ. By STANLEY GERALD DUNN.

The Problem of Immortality. By RUDOLF EUCKEN.

The Religion of the Sensible American. By President DAVID STARR JORDAN.

The Church of Scotland and Its Formula. By the Rev. A. J. CAMPBELL.

The Burden of Language in Religion: A Catholic Study. By W. J. WILLIAMS.

Discussions, Reviews, Bibliography of Recent Literature.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

WORKS by the late

OTTO PFLEIDERER,

Professor of Practical Theology in the University of Berlin.

Vol. I. Ready. Demy 8vo. *Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.*

Primitive Christianity.
Its Writings and Teachings in their historical connection.

Second Edition. Ready, two Vols. Demy 8vo. *Cloth, 12s.*

Paulinism:
A Contribution to the History of Primitive Christian Theology.

Ready, four Vols. Demy 8vo. *Cloth, 24s.*

Philosophy of Religion on the Basis of its History.
Vols. I. and II., History of the Philosophy of Religion from Spinoza to the present day. Vols. III. and IV., Genetic, Speculative Philosophy of Religion.

Ready, Crown, 8vo. *Cloth, 3s. 6d.*

The Early Christian Conception of Christ.
Its Significance and Value in the History of Religion.

Complete Catalogue and Lists free upon Application.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

Ready this Day the August BOOK MONTHLY. 6d. net.

Contents.

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR. A Summer Gossip about Books and Authors, with a Bouquet of Illustrations.
A REPRINT REFERENDUM. Which Indicates the Standard Books that are Most Popular.
CONSIDERED TRIFLES. Great Things in Literature from Little Things in Life.—By R. Cochrane.
A LONDON LETTER. La Belle Canadienne and Other Over-Sea Observations.—By the Editor.
OUR "BEST SELLER." How to Form a Little Shakespeare Library.—By E. Hallam Moorhouse.
THE HISTORY NOVEL. And the Right Mixing in it of Fact and Fiction.—By Georgiana Bruce.
LIGHT AND LEADING. New Fact and Current Opinion Gathered from the Book World.
THE GENERAL READER. Snap-Shot Reviews of the Best and Best-Selling Books.
NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY. Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.
BOOKS OF THE MONTH. A Classified Catalogue of the Noteworthy Books, New Editions, and Reprints of July.
THE PERIODICALS. Contents of this Month's Reviews and Magazines.

Publishers: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

Mr. Hyatt's novel opens with a description of the entry of a column of American infantry into Calbayog, the capital of Lamu, one of the Philippines. The soldiers, very appropriately, are thundering out a prohibited marching song:—

> "Damn, damn, damn the Filipinos,
> Pock-marked, yellow-skinned ladrones,
> Underneath the Starry flag,
> Civilise them with a Krag,
> And return to us our beloved homes."

Appropriately, because the news of peace and of the coming withdrawal of the troops from Lamu, has made the soldiers feel that "they were being robbed of the fruits of their labors, and their fallen comrades were to go unavenged, because politicians, who risked nothing and suffered nothing, wished to have the credit of finishing the war." It is all the harder on the men since the natives fighting "merely to kill, not to gain any tactical advantage," like our late foes, the Boers, selfishly refused to "come out in the open," and since the soldiers had been looking forward hopefully to the day "when they should force the enemy to an unconditional surrender, and so be able to hang the leaders comfortably and at their leisure." This patriotic dream has been suddenly dissipated by the Civil Government, and it is a bad omen that even "the high gallows in the plaza, erected by some wise and energetic Spanish governor," had been hewn down thoughtlessly in the short burst of enthusiasm which followed the defeat of the Spaniards in Manila Bay. To the half dozen whites the first chapters introduce to us, the patriotic Americans, Major John Flint and George Soley, the honest editor of the "Manila Herald," and the English trader, Robert Westley, and his daughter, the bright English girl, Clare, and to Derek North, an officer and a gentleman, late of the Indian Staff Corps, this rose-water peace is infinitely depressing. For they are all whites who "know the East," who know that "the brotherhood of man is a theory, the color-line a fact," and that America's humanitarian policy in the Philippines has been "deplorably shortsighted," since the bulk of the natives are treacherous and lazy, and that their leaders are actuated merely "by sheer love of disorder, of brigandage, and of hideous cruelty." To these white people the American Government's policy of turning the mestizos or Manila half-breeds into Government officials is an absolutely fatal one, for the half-breeds, like the villain of the story, Antonio Anugar, only dream of "founding a republic in which they themselves would hold the reins of power, and so have unlimited opportunities of satisfying their cupidity and lust."

Such are the gloomy prognostications of the men who "know the East," and the plot of "The Little Brown Brother," is skilfully woven to ridicule the policy of pacification in the Philippines. Every page of the book is saturated with the racial antagonism of the conquering Imperialist. That is why it is of such interest, and demands consideration. There is the usual sentimental situation between the English ex-officer, Derek North, and the bright English girl, Clare, who rides after and fires eagerly at a "horrible pulajan," and we assist at the scene where Beauty encourages her warrior to do the "sportsmanlike" thing, and round up the "fighting pulajans" with Captain Cochrane and his constabulary. Derek North has left the army under a cloud, but Clare helps him back to the bright path of duty and honor:—

> "'There is the governor, my pet aversion, coming this way.'
>
> "Derek took the measure of the mestizo at a single glance—the stout figure, the heavy jowl, the sensual eyes, the self-conscious swagger.
>
> "'Don't speak to him,' he said, suddenly.
>
> "Clare flushed, then laughed uneasily. 'I—I can't help it,' she answered.
>
> "The governor lifted his hat with the elaborate flourish dear to his kind. 'Good evening, señorita,' he began, then looked inquiringly at the Englishman.
>
> "Clare muttered the words of introduction in a voice curiously unlike her usual distinct tones. The governor murmured his pleasure, but Derek merely raised his topee. He was not accustomed to seeing the women of his own color talking to half-breeds, and he listened with barely-concealed impatience to the governor's inquiries about Clare's health" (p. 80.)
>
> "Derek smiled. 'No, I was going to change at Cochrane's quarters. I hate walking about the town like a wild man.'
>
> "'How silly you are! I want to see you, though. I have never seen you in anything like a uniform. Go up and change now.'
>
> When he came back a quarter of an hour later in well-worn khaki, with canvas leggings, a shot-cartridge bandolier, and a short Winchester shot-gun, her eyes sparkled with appreciation. 'You look very nice,' she said. 'It suits you well. But why haven't you got a revolver?'
>
> "'I think these shot-guns are better,' he answered.
>
> "The girl knitted her brows. 'Yes,' she said, slowly, 'I suppose they are, and revolvers are awfully heavy, clumsy things. Still, I think you should carry one, too. Will you?' (p. 156.)

A tyro could foretell, from these passages, the course of events. While Derek is occupied with Captain Cochrane in toiling after the rebel leader, Papa Pablo, and his bloodthirsty pulajanes, who, as Clare puts it tersely, are "Hillmen—beasts, murderous, horrible brutes," the evil-looking sensual governor, Antonio Anugar, is hatching a "diabolical" conspiracy "with half the leading natives in the city, and most of them civil servants," to seize three or four of the southern islands, and spread a general rising through the group. Anugar only fails because Pete Jansen, who is commanding a Yankee coastguard vessel, betrays the wicked governor to the humanitarian Commissioner Furber, and then betrays Furber to old Enrique, a rival hill chieftain who happens to detest Papa Pablo and the pulajanes. Anugar, however, to point the Imperialistic moral, has gone so far as to incarcerate the English trader, Robert Westley, and to assure the bright English girl that she should "never, never see her father again, unless ——" she should be prepared to pay the unspeakable penalty. And, of course, Derek, who returns in the nick of time, goes "livid with wrath," and shoots the vile Anugar between the eyes with "the identical revolver Clare had bidden him carry." So much for Commissioner Furber's pacification policy! A policy which, according to the computation of the patriotic Major John Flint, results in a stifled insurrection and the death of between fifty and a hundred thousand peasantry, from sheer starvation and misery, and the economic ruin of the survivors.

We are asked to swallow these startling things in the latter pages of the novel, in order that the Imperialistic moral may be rammed well home on us, but we cannot stomach the American journalist, Mr. Soley, who, with all the facts in his hands, refuses to publish them on the ground that "they are too strong. It would raise a revolution in the States, or something very near it. . . . No, it is shameful copy, magnificent copy, but it's too shameful to put in print!" We fear that the editor can pull the long-bow more easily than the major can find the bull's-eye. And we would recommend Mr. Hyatt in the next patriotic novel he writes to construct his foes, the pro-natives, out of material more convincing than *papier-mâché*. Commissioner Furber is scarcely even a marionette; his portrait is painted in the Raw Head and Bloody Bones style. We have said that we do not question the author's sincerity. It is quite easy for us to place ourselves in Derek North's or Clare's shoes in Lamu, and we cheerfully agree that "Nature never intended that civilised man should travel in the island," and that "this wholly inglorious campaign against savages was not worth one white man's life." But it is amusing that an author fails to see the natives' side of the shield. Lack of imagination in a conqueror may be an asset, but it comes nigh stupidity in a novelist. The naïve tone of the story, with its reiterated accusations of "cruelty, passion for disorder, hatred of work," against the Filipinos, reminds us curiously of the Elizabethans' tone towards the "Irish savages." Mr. Hyatt might study with advantage the "Thirteen Stories" of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and also the latter's "Hernando de Soto."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The work of the writer is made decidedly subordinate to that of the artist in "Old England: Her Story Mirrored in Her Scenes," the text by W. Shaw Sparrow, the pictures by James Orrock, R.I. (Eveleigh Nash, 24s. net). Mr. Sparrow seems to have felt it his duty to keep the reader's mind bent upon Mr. Orrock's illustrations, and to lose no opportunity of pointing out merits that might otherwise

MISCELLANIES. (Fourth Series.)

By JOHN MORLEY.

Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Contains Papers on Machiavelli and Guicciardini. John Stuart Mill, and other Pieces.

The Government of England.

By Prof. A. LAWRENCE LOWELL. In 2 vols. 8vo. 17s. net.

Westminster Gazette:—"An Englishman has written what we believe is acknowledged in America to be the standard book about the institutions of the United States; and an American now returns the compliment by writing what bids fair to be the standard book for English readers about the Government of England. . . . We have only to say in conclusion that we have seldom met a book which is so full and varied in its knowledge and illustrations, and at the same time so suggestive and philosophical in its ideas and speculations.'

Impressions of India.

By Sir HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P. Crown 8vo. 3s. net.

Standard:—"Contain not only a pleasantly written account of his travels, but also many remarkably shrewd observations on various aspects of the present political situation."

NEW AND CHEAPER IMPRESSION.

Personal Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia, 1862-63.

By WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

The Eversley Tennyson.

Annotated by ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON. Edited by HALLAM, Lord TENNYSON. In 9 vols. globe 8vo, 4s. net each. Vol. VII.—DEMETER, AND OTHER POEMS, Vol. VIII.—QUEEN MARY AND HAROLD. [August 7th.

The Logic of Will.

A Study in Analogy. By HELEN WODEHOUSE, D. Phil. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

AUGUST NO. NOW READY.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d. Annual Subscription, 16s.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. IX.—A Visit to Japan in 1894. By MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

TO BUILD A FIRE. A Story. By JACK LONDON, Author of "The Call of the Wild," &c.

MY KITTENS. By CARMEN SYLVA (Queen of Roumania).

THE SPELL OF EGYPT: AS REVEALED IN ITS MOUNTAINS. IV. By ROBERT HICHENS.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., LONDON.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

THE CASE FOR FREE TRADE

is being pithily put from day to day in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

by

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.,

under the title

100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE.

EVERY DAY ONE POINT.

All who wish to have ready to hand an apt reply for the Tariff Reformer should watch this series in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

daily.

What are the most hopeful Signs of the Times?——

The EDITOR of PUBLIC OPINION invites Essays on the above subject, and offers honorariums of £5, £3, and £2 for the three best Essays sent in.

FULL PARTICULARS to be obtained in this week's issue of

PUBLIC OPINION.

To be obtained of all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or it will be sent post free on receipt of 2½d. in stamps sent to the offices:—

31 & 32, TEMPLE HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Yearly Subscription to PUBLIC OPINION is 10s. 10d. a year post free for the United Kingdom, and 13s. a year if sent abroad.

pass unnoticed. We do not think this the best way to work on a book of this character, and we regret it all the more because Mr. Sparrow touches upon many interesting subjects. He begins by an introduction on "Art and Landscape as Social History," in which he justly claims that a mass of detail concerning our social history may be learned from a discerning study of the great English landscape painters. Then we have an account of passages in English history springing directly from the sea-coast and the sea, beginning with Cæsar's landing and ending with Grace Darling's rescue of the survivors of the steamer "Forfarshire," in 1838. This is followed by an excellent chapter on the influence of roads and bridges, in which Mr. Sparrow opposes M. Jusserand's view that the medieval highways were badly kept. The references to bridges and roads out of repair in medieval documents, Mr. Sparrow thinks, must be taken as evidence that their general condition was good, "for the usual and common things of life are not often mentioned in public documents of the early times." He cites Thorold Rogers in support of his contention, and the speed with which medieval troops were able to move is another argument in the same direction. There is an excellent chapter on "How They Built in Old England," and other subjects dealt with are the church, the feudal castles, forests, archery, the romance of the "grene wode," and the reign of the sheepfolds and shepherds. Had Mr. Sparrow been less closely bound to the illustrations his book would have been better reading. As it is he is often scrappy and occasionally trite. Mr. Orrock's pictures, of which there are eighty admirable reproductions, are the feature of the book. They have been chosen from out-door sketches covering fifty years of work, and are delightful reproductions of the spirit of English rural landscape.

* * *

The "Country in Town" Exhibitions at the Whitechapel Art Gallery have provided ocular demonstration of what is possible in the way of nature-study within the metropolitan area, and Miss K. M. Hall's suggestive and stimulating book on "Nature Rambles in London" (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net), should further encourage the pursuit of this altogether healthy recreation. Miss Hall is the curator of the Borough of Stepney Museums, one of which is a Nature Study Museum; and here the inhabitants of the parish of St. George-in-the-East and others can investigate at first hand a fair proportion of the plant and insect life that is treated in those pages. The London parks supply the additional phenomena with which the book deals. The "Rambles" begin with the early spring, and extend practically over the whole year, Nature being described, as it were, season by season. Nearly every topic is touched on. Arboriculture receives special attention at the author's hands; she traces the life-story of several well-known trees from their first budding to the fall of the leaf and the dispersal of the seed. She has also some criticisms to pass on the unsuitability of certain trees selected for the adornment of our public thoroughfares, and on the wholesale maiming of their forms that too often takes the place of pruning, when they are discovered to be too cumbrous for their surroundings. The gardeners of the seventeenth century, the fruits of whose skill we enjoy to-day in our old parks, understood these things better; or perhaps they succeeded where we fail through their not having been in so desperate a hurry to see the triumph of their labors. In the nature nursery at Stepney there are beehives and bees, and these have given Miss Hall an opportunity for writing with knowledge and considerable freshness of style on a subject that has attracted authors so far apart as Maeterlinck and Lord Avebury. The problem of the London sparrow, the many feathered residents in St. James's Park, the science of the despised and little understood fungus, and the lore of the common spider are other themes that help to make the volume attractive to the general reader. Mr. Henry Irving's photographs of natural specimens are worthy of all praise, and Miss Beatrice Harraden contributes an appreciative foreword.

* * *

Mr. Alfred T. Story's "American Shrines in England" (Methuen, 6s.) is mainly intended for Americans who wish to visit or read about places associated with some of the men whose names are famous in American history. But the book will also be read with enjoyment by Englishmen who like to remember that many of those who helped to found the American Republic, or to mould its destinies, were of English stock. Six chapters are given to an account of the Washington family, Sulgrave and Brington, in Northamptonshire, Wormleighton, just over the border in Warwickshire, and Purleigh, of which Lawrence Washington was the rector, all being described in entertaining fashion. Ecton, the home of the Franklins, is next dealt with, and then we pass to Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, associated with the Pilgrim Fathers, to Bucks, the home and burial place of William Penn, to Denbighshire, the county of the Yales, back to Southwark, whose cathedral holds John Harvard's monument, and to many another resort which patriotic Americans are likely to visit. Mr. Story makes a pleasant companion for these excursions. We have seldom read a series of biographical and topographical sketches of greater interest.

* * *

A disappointed collector of moths was once heard to remark that Nature had provided for everything and everybody except the specimen-hunter. The latter, however, if he be a true lover of nature as well, will find no such petty exception to the general beneficence of her scheme; he will, on the contrary, thoroughly endorse its perfect completeness. In the eight essays which comprise Mr. F. C. Snell's "Nature Studies by Night and Day" (Fisher Unwin, 5s.), the author succeeds in proving how very complete that is. The book is no dry-as-dust scientific treatise. It is intended for the general reader, who will find much to interest him therein, and, if he has read his Darwin, or has a first-hand acquaintance with the subjects dealt with, a good deal more. The essay on "Protective Coloration in Nature" treats of what is perhaps the most fascinating topic of all, viz., the relation of the colors of animals and insects to their habits of life and their surroundings, but the whole wealth of Nature and, what is not less important, her economy, is suggested by the chapter on plants asleep and awake "In Nature's Garden," by "The Life History of the Common Frog," and by "The Study of Fungi." The carnivorous habits of the common sundew have furnished the author with matter for some curiously interesting experiments. He has also written instructive and useful essays on "Clouds and Cloud Photography" and "Nature Photography by Night." Nature study is a pursuit that has recently increased its popularity to a very great extent, and this informative little book, accompanied by photographs of real illustrative value, should have the effect of stimulating interest in many subjects that have hitherto been looked at superficially or insufficiently understood.

* * *

The latest addition to Messrs. Jack's series "The World's Story Tellers" is "Stories by Edgar Allan Poe" (1s. net). It contains seven of Poe's stories, together with a good introductory essay by Mr. Arthur Ransome. In Mr. Ransome's view Poe will be remembered not so much by his detective stories as by his more weird and mystical tales. "They are not stories from which we can learn life: but they are the key to strange knowledge of ourselves. They leave us richer, not in facts but in emotions. We find our way by their help into novel corners of sensation. . . . . Like old melody, like elaborate and beautiful dancing, like artificial light, like the sight of poison or any other concentrated power, they are among the significant experiences that are open to humanity." But, allowing for the wonderful fascination of these stories, we have little doubt that Poe will also be remembered as the first story-writer to employ exact science as the basis of his tales of the marvellous. The vindication of Poe, as Mr. J. M. Robertson pointed out in a brilliant essay—perhaps the finest appreciation of Poe in existence—is that, even when treating the most weird and abnormal themes, he is always a realist in method. It is in this combination of imaginative power with realistic detail that his power lies.

* * *

The third edition of Mr. Joshua Rowntree's "The Imperial Drug Trade" (Methuen, 2s. net) hardly requires

ALBANY REVIEW.—AUGUST.

"The Country and the Lords," EDWARD JENKS; "The Revolt of Woman," HAROLD SPENDER; "Dante on the Baptism of Statius," A. W. VERRALL, Litt. D.; "From a Poor Man's House"—Concluded. STEPHEN REYNOLDS; "Invultation: A Study in Black Magic," JAMES HOOPER; "The Education of Young Birds," DOUGLAS DEWAR; "The Small Holdings Act in Operation," HUBERT BEAUMONT (Secretary of the Central Small Holdings Society); "Machiavellianism," G. LOWES DICKINSON; "Persia, Macedonia, and The Anglo-Russian Entente," W. A. MOORE; "The Poems of Mary Coleridge," F. MELIAN STAWELL; "At the Foot of the Scaffold: II." Mme. SAVINKOV (Translated by Mrs. Garnett). Current Events: Persia; Politics at Home; The Output of the Session; The Old Age Pensions Bill; The Prospects; The House of Lords; The Presidential Election in the United States.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, W.

A NEW "F.C.G." Froissart.

On WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 29, the

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE"

will publish the first chapters of a series entitled

"F.C.G.'S" MODERN FROISSART,

describing in quaint mediaeval phraseology and with illustrations founded upon fourteenth century examples, the principal political events from the end of 1902 up to and including the General Election of 1906.

The series will be continued at intervals throughout August, and the Weekly Editions* of the "Westminster Gazette" will contain the chapters published during each current week. The story of the events familiar to us all in our recent history will be told as if written by Sir John Froissart himself, and, although a good deal of humour is introduced both in the text and the pictures, the narrative will be an interesting record of actual events.

* *THE SATURDAY WESTMINSTER.*

Offices: WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, Tudor St., London, E.C.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

Financial Review of Reviews.

AUGUST. 1/- nett.

Special Articles:

HOW IRELAND WOULD BE FINANCED UNDER HOME RULE.
By J. G. SWIFT-MACNEILL, K.C., M.P.

THE DANGERS OF STOCKS QUOTED AT A PREMIUM.
By GEORGE WITHERS.

WHAT IS A TRUE RESERVE FUND?
By PHILIP TOVEY.

Also Topics of the Month, Analysis of Companies' Accounts and New Capital Issues; Four Years' Prices, Dividends and Yields of 5,000 Stock Exchange Securities. 300 pp. 1s.

Publisher, 2, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W.

BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]
MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

Rare and curious Books for the collector. First Editions. Court Memoirs Medical, Occult, &c. Out of Print Books and everything that's a book supplied. No matter when published. State wants. 100,000 books on sale. Catalogues free.

HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED. First editions of all kinds. Sporting, Naval, Military Coloured Plates by Alken, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others. Special list of 3,000 wanted. LIBRARIES PURCHASED.

UNDERWOOD VISIBLE TYPEWRITER.

The Machine you will eventually buy

Every character in sight from Date to Signature

The only strictly high-grade visible writer

Especially Adaptable for Invoicing

Underwood Typewriter Co.,
120, Queen Victoria St., E.C.

an introduction to the public. When the book was issued in 1905, it did not fail to attract the attention of every thinking man who was cognisant of the principal curse of the Chinese nation—the devastating traffic in opium—and its judicial handling of the facts, coupled with a quiet, but terrible, indictment of the one-sided findings of the Royal Commission of 1894, was studied far and wide. The new edition contains four supplementary chapters, grouped under the heading of "A New Era." Their office is to prove to the hilt what Mr. Rowntree has contended all along, namely, that China herself is doing her best to abolish the opium habit among her population. The Imperial edicts against the use of the drug are being stringently enforced, and though the extra-territoriality of foreign residents is a clog upon the wheel of her statesmanship, the action of our present Government, in so far as it concerns the poppy cultivation in India, and the importation of the drug from that country into China, has encouraged the reform. Not only the conscience-less Opium War in which we engaged, but the whole attitude of British statesmen towards this question constituted a reproach, for the removal of which our more recent policy, cautious as it is, will scarcely suffice. The principal statistics of the trade have been brought up to date in an appendix to this useful volume.

* * *

A Novel Reader's Guide.—"The Wild Geese," by Stanley Weyman (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.). The "wild geese" were those Irish soldiers who joined the armies of foreign States during the early eighteenth century. Mr. Weyman's romance is well constructed, and gives a fair account of the Ireland of the period.—"The Council of Justice," by Edgar Wallace (Ward, Lock, 6s.). A sequel to the same author's "The Four Just Men," written in the melodramatic style of its predecessor.—"The Song of Hyacinth," by John Oxenham (Methuen, 6s.). A collection of readable short stories of the magazine type.—"The Pursuer," by Morice Gerard (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.). A romance, its subject the foiling of the schemes of a gang of cosmopolitan financiers.—"The Leading Lady," by Archibald Eyre (Ward, Lock, 6s.). A child changed during infancy, a famous actress, a peer's son, and a bank robbery are the principal ingredients of a book which, despite its improbabilities, manages to hold the reader's interest.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, July 24.	Price Friday Morning, July 31.
Consols 2½ per cent.	86 13/16	... 86 13/16
German 3 per cent.	82	... 82½
Russian 5 per cent.	95⅜	... 95⅜
London and North Western	132¼	... 132¾
Great Eastern	64	... 65½
Great Western	117½	... 119¼
Union Pacific	159	... 157⅞
Canadian-Pacific...	172½	... 175¼

The last account was a disastrous one in the Home Railway market. South-Western and South-Eastern fell six, Central London five, Brighton ordinary and deferred four, Great Central preferred three, and so on. American Railways were as buoyant as ours were depressed; for Illinois rose 8½, Union Pacific 5½, Southern Pacific 4½, and most of the Erie issues three. Canadian Pacific rose six, but Trunks barely held their own, and Hudson's Bay were low. Good judges whom I have met of late consider that prices in the American market have now reached an artificial height, from which a fall is probable. The Foreign market was depressed, partly by the revolution in Turkey, partly by the German scare. But the speeches of Sir Edward Grey and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have restored confidence, and there has been a fair amount both of speculation and investment business. The Stock Exchange grumbles; but the new issues (with the exception of the Brazil loan) have really been taken up wonderfully well.

The Railway Rate Controversy in the United States.

The controversy over the proposed advance in freight rates began with the publication in the middle of July of the correspondence between the Manufacturers' Association and Vice-President Brown of the New York Central. The letter of protest to Vice-President Brown stated that "the manufacturing and commercial interests have suffered fully as much as the railroads by the recent depression, and they are just as slow to recover from the effects." The letter added: "We do not deny the rights of the carriers to make rates, but we believe that any advances in the present rates would retard the return of normal conditions and delay indefinitely the era of renewed prosperity." The Vice-President's answer was that during the past eighteen months the converging lines of expenditure and receipts have suddenly been brought so close together "as to alarm shareholders and investors, and it is certain that, in order to pay fixed charges, taxes, and operating expenses, with even a very moderate return to shareholders, there must be either a moderate increase in freight rates or a very substantial reduction in wages of railroad employees." The "New York Evening Post" considers that "for the railroads to attempt to increase freight rates at a time when the demand for transportation has dropped off is, according to all known laws of supply and demand, indefensible." President McCrea, of the Pennsylvania, admitted as much in his statement that "the time was not opportune for an advance in all class rates." Then comes the question, "Why is it, that after ten years of the greatest prosperity in the history of the country, followed by only six months of trade reaction, the railroads are pleading poverty?" Vice-President Brown, of the New York Central, who is acting as the spokesman for the railroads that favor an increase in rates, answers, "The foundation for an increase of freight rates lies in the fact that for ten years there has been a continuous rise in the price of almost everything except freight rates. The demand on the part of the railroads for an increase in freight rates at this time is not based on the existing depressed business conditions." Of course not, it is based on the existence of high tariff and tariff-fostered trusts, which create artificial prices and raise the cost of transport

The Free Trade Movement in the States.

From this point of view it is worth noting that the two leading financial and commercial newspapers of New York—the "Journal of Commerce" and the "Wall Street Journal"—have both been dealing editorially with the Protectionist Tariff. Neither of them can be regarded as crusaders on behalf of Free Trade. They look at these questions with the eyes of the business community of New York. What do they see and what do they say? Here is the "Wall Street Journal" discussing "the things essential to national development on truly conservative lines." They are (1) the preservation of forests and the prevention of other forms of national waste in the exploitation of natural resources, (2) the reduction of the tariff so that American manufacturers will be able to sell their goods abroad, (3) a proper banking and currency system. The chief space is devoted to arguing the second of these three policies, and the "Journal" urges that breakdowns will, and must, constantly recur "so long as our manufacturing industries are so exclusively dependent upon the home market, as to pass from excess of orders in one quarter of the year to almost absolute stagnation in the next." Broad as the home market of the United States is, "it is not wide enough to give balance and continuity to our industrial capacity." But the world-market will never come so long as an excessive tariff "enhances the cost of production above the competition level in international trade." The "Journal of Commerce" says that the tariff was originally created in order to diversify industries, but that the arguments which could be urged for it then are no longer applicable. From all that I can hear there is a pretty general desire in the States for great reductions in the tariff, and this is one reason why Mr. Bryan's chances are thought to be rather good.

Lucellum.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's
Navy Cut
Tobacco and
Cigarettes

Sold only in the original Packets and Tins, and may be obtained from all Stores and Tobacconists of repute

0487.

TANGYE
OIL ENGINE
AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.
NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING
TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE
RED WHITE & BLUE
Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.
Each packet is dated with the year of issue.
ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.
All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow: Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

BIRKBECK BANK
ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

Liver troubles

are speedily and effectually cured by LIVERETS. The great disadvantage of most liver medicines is that they have a distinctly debilitating effect on the health.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) *Liverets*
STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE.

Are especially compounded to overcome this evil. Prepared, as prescribed by an eminent physician, from purely vegetable ingredients, they thoroughly cleanse the liver of all impurities and leave it perfectly healthy. And the valuable tonic properties they possess, stimulate the liver while they relieve it, and, finally, make it sound and strong enough to enable it to perform its functions in a healthy, natural way. Of all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free, 1/1½, from

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. Beware of spurious imitations.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY of BIRMINGHAM.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE,

Associated with the General and Queen's Hospitals for Clinical Teaching.

SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY.

In conjunction with the Birmingham Dental Hospital.

THE WINTER SESSION OPENS OCTOBER 5TH, 1908.

The University grants Degrees in Medicine, Surgery, and Public Health, and a Diploma in Public Health; also Degrees and a Diploma in Dental Surgery.

The Courses of Instruction are arranged to meet the requirement of other Universities and Licensing Bodies.

For Prospectus and further information apply to—
GILBERT BARLING, M.Sc., F.R.C.S., *Dean.*

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities.
Citizenship Course. Leisure Hour Work.

(For Leisure Hour Work, see the Bootham School exhibit in the Franco-British Exhibition, Education Building, Section J.)

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts, 3, 4, 5 and 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

Superintendent ... Miss HESTER DAVIES.
Secretary ... ... J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.

The School is under the Management of a Committee appointed by the Council of the College. It is under Government Inspection, and the Committee is empowered to grant Diplomas in Cookery, Laundry work and Housewifery, under the cognizance and with the approval of the Board of Education.

The Departments of the Training School of Cookery and Domestic Arts are as follows:—

1. TRAINING SCHOOL OF COOKERY.
2. TRAINING SCHOOL OF LAUNDRY WORK.
3. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEWIFERY.
4. TRAINING SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING.
5. TRAINING SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the School, at 6, St. Andrew's Place, Cardiff.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.

Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields; gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Next Term, Sept. 18th. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING.—Typewriting of every description high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK. For Country or City Gentlemen. Guaranteed to fulfil every requirement. Post free 10/6, or Particulars from McQueen & Co., 1a, Moat Rd., Leicester.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

HIGHEST QUALITY
TURKISH TOWELS
AND SIMILAR GOODS.
SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

TOURS.

£6 6s. LUCERNE TOUR.

Nine days. Short Sea Route. No extras for Conductor or Gratuities.

HENRY S. LUNN, M.D.

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. 25, Cannon Street, E.C.
4, Charing Cross, S.W. 84, Piccadilly, W.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class Eng[illegible]ily Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Incl[illegible]ms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published week[illegible] Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.

67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.

BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

HILLS MARINE VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing sea. 10/- per day

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LANCASTER.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

STONEWELL RESTAURANT. T. M. Hey, Proprietor.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

READY IN AUGUST.—Crown 8vo, 6s.

HOLY ORDERS: The Tragedy of a Quiet Life,

By MARIE CORELLI.

The demand for MAX PEMBERTON'S **LOVE THE HARVESTER** *is so great that a Second Edition is ready.*
A Second Edition is also in preparation of **THE EASY-GO-LUCKIES.**

METHUEN'S POPULAR NOVELS.—6s. each.

NOVELS NOW READY.

SCARLET RUNNER	C. N. and A. M. Williamson
THE CROOKED WAY	William Le Queux
THE PASSION OF PAUL MARILLIER	Adeline Sergeant
HARDY-ON-THE-HILL	M. E. Francis
THE SURPRISING HUSBAND	Richard Marsh
LOVE THE HARVESTER	Max Pemberton
THE EASY-GO-LUCKIES	Maud Stepney Rawson
THE SONG OF HYACINTH	John Oxenham
A SET OF SIX	Joseph Conrad
THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT	Beatrice Whitby

FORTHCOMING IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

MR. APOLLO	Ford Madox Hueffer
ANTHONY CUTHBERT	Richard Bagot
CINDERELLA OF CANADA	Sara Jeannette Duncan
HOLY ORDERS	Marie Corelli
SPANISH GOLD	George A. Birmingham
HILL RISE	W. B. Maxwell
ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN	Francis Aveling
THE GREAT MISS DRIVER	Anthony Hope
MIRAGE	E. Temple Thurston
INTERPLAY	Beatrice Harraden
A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE	Constance Maud
THE HEART SMITER	Mary E. Mann
SALTHAVEN	W. W. Jacobs
OVER BEMERTON'S	E. V. Lucas
THE WIND IN THE REEDS	Kenneth Grahame
THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT	Philip Gibbs

A SUMMER TOUR IN FINLAND. By PAUL WAINEMAN. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by ALEXANDER FEDERLEY, and 16 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

Has recently completed a new tour of this country, from Helsingfors to Tornea, the most northerly town in Europe. During his trip the author collected a mass of personal impressions of the people, land and principal towns, from the wild scenery of the far north, where the peasant's hut is the most luxurious abode, to the old aristocratic homes in the south of Finland. The book is illustrated in water-colors by a well-known Finnish artist.

THE LORE OF THE HONEY BEE. By TICKNER EDWARDS. With 20 Illustrations from Original Photographs. Crown 8vo. 6s.

This is a history of bees and their masters, from the very earliest times down to the present. The wonderful communal life within the hive is touched on in all its varying aspects; and the reader is introduced to a class of men from all ages as quaintly original as their calling is inimitably picturesque. The book covers the whole field of ascertained facts in the natural history of the honey bee, as well as the romance of beemanship past and present, and nothing better could be put in the hands of the beginner in apiculture.

THE COMPLETE OARSMAN. By R. C. LEHMANN, M.P. With many Illustrations, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"The book is copiously illustrated, and may fairly be said to be the best and most complete book on the subject."—*Daily Mail.*
"The volume contains the fruits of ripe experience, keen powers of observation, and illustrations of a master hand."—*Sporting Life.*
"Among the manuals of oarsmanship in our language there is not another so detailed and so helpfully done. It is a complete dissection of the art."—*Outlook*

THE YOUNG BOTANIST. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., and C[illegible]ER, F.R.H.S. With 8 Coloured Plates, and 63 in Black-and-White, by C. F. NEWALL. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

In an original and concise manner the book sets out in tabular form full accounts of commoner British wild plants, their English and Latin names, where they grow and when they bloom, their form and str[illegible]lient features, medicinal uses, &c.

JAMES II. AND HIS WIFES. By ALLAN FEA. With 40 Illustrations, demy [illegible]. 6d. net.

Few people have a good word to say for poor King James, because he was a [illegible] Yet he had many good points, and had he appeared as a monarch at a less critical political period, his better qualities would [illegible] have been so entirely submerged by ill-luck. The writer (avoiding politics as far as possible) shows him as he was, with all [illegible] failings. Certainly his picturesque and dramatic surroundings, not to mention his misfortunes, make him one of the most interes[illegible]g characters of the seventeenth century. The author gives the finest and most authentic portraits, many of which have not hitherto been reproduced.

THE ALPS IN NATURE AND HISTORY. By W. A. B. COOLIDGE, M.A. With 20 Illustrations and 9 Maps and Plans, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

In this book, by one of the chief authorities on the subject, the political history of the Alps is lightly told, and the story of their exploration given. The Alpine pastures, glaciers, and great passes are fully described, while separate sections deal with the beasts, the birds, and flowers.

"Those who know the Alps will welcome much knowledge that makes the country more absorbing than ever, and newcomers will find the book delightfully illuminative."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*
"Into this book the author who knows the Alps best has put the best of his knowledge."—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE REVOLT IN HINDUSTAN, 1857-1859. By Field-Marshal Sir EVELYN WOOD, V.C., G.C.B. With 8 Illustrations and 5 Maps, crown 8vo, 6s.

"Among shorter histories this will henceforth take the first place in popular esteem."—*Times.*
"Read this simple and restrained narrative, and reawaken your pride in the courage and resource of your countrymen."—*Daily Mail.*

THE CITY OF GENOA. By ROBERT W. CARDEN. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by WILLIAM PARKINSON, and 20 from Photographs, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

This book sets out briefly the history, life, and art of a city about which very little has been written in the English language.

THE ROMANCE OF NORTHUMBERLAND. By A. G. BRADLEY, Author of "Round About Wiltshire." With 16 Illustrations in Color by FRANK SOUTHGATE, R.B.A., and 12 from Photographs, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

This is a full and interesting description of the more romantic parts of a romantic country, dealing with the Roman Wall, the great castles, the towns and villages full of historical interest, the famous valleys, and the marches so renowned in Border song and story.

"A model of what such a book ought to be . . . picturesque and attractive."—*Yorkshire Post.*
"Mr. Bradley has happily caught the characteristics of Northumbrian scenery—sombre, impressive, and romantic in association."—*Standard.*

A BOOK ABOUT YORKSHIRE. By J. S. FLETCHER. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by WAL PAGET and FRANK SOUTHGATE, R.B.A., and 12 from Photographs, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Without being in any sense a guide-book, "A Book About Yorkshire" gives readers a full account of the Three Ridings, of the places and scenery of most note within their borders, of the legendary lore, and of the chief historical monuments.

"It covers the wide world of things worth seeing and saying as well as a single volume could."—*Athenæum.*
"This is just the book that lovers of English country and old associations will delight in . . . at once interesting and entertaining."—*Spectator.*

THE COURT OF RUSSIA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS. With 20 Illustrations, 2 vols. demy 8vo, 24s. net.

"Very entertaining and never dull."—*Times.*
"May be warmly commended to the general reader."—*Athenæum.*

METHUEN and CO., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1908.

The Nation

VOL. III., No. 19.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1908. [PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE DIARY OF THE WEEK	659
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—	
A Lesson from Haggerston	662
Free Trade as an International Policy	663
The Tradition of the Barricade	664
LIFE AND LETTERS:—	
The Romance of America	666
In the Mediterranean	667
A Gr en Heaven	668
The Surplus of Summer	669
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—	
The Harmsworth Brand - IV.	670
THE PERSONALITIES OF THE SESSION. By James Drysdale	671
MUSIC:—	
The Error of Bayreuth	672
COMMUNICATIONS:—	
Mr. Gladstone's New Way with Old Offenders. By Tighe Hopkins	673
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—	
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By George Calderon, R. W. J., and S. D. W.	674
The German Gymnastic Fetes. By Observer	675
Mrs. Humphry Ward's Battalions. By (Mrs.) Florence Travers	676
Another "Marathon Race." By Andre de Bavier	676
Haggerston and After. By F. W Soutter	676
"The Tempest" Crux. By N. W. Hill	676
POETRY:—	
Joy and Pleasure. By W. H. Davies	676
THE WORLD OF BOOKS	677
Books to be Read	677
REVIEWS:—	
A New Historical Method. By Prof. Dill	678
Through Fellowship to Faith	679
The "Complete" This or That	680
The Land of Invasions	680
Romance as it is Written	680
BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
Many Mansions	682
On Cumbrian and Cambrian Hills	684
The Castles and Keeps of Scotland	684
Outposts of Empire	684
The Babees Book	684
The Monthly Reviews	684
THE WEEK IN THE CITY	686

[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

A FRIGHTFUL motor car accident took place on the Brooklands track on Bank Holiday. A Mercédès car, going at the rate of over 100 miles an hour, overturned, and the young mechanic was killed. The coroner at the inquest said that the high speeds "pandered to a degenerate taste." The same papers which recorded this death told of a cyclist knocked down and seriously injured at Reigate by the driver of a car who did not stop to see whether he had killed or merely maimed a fellow-creature; of a clergyman killed at Towyn (both legs broken and one ear torn off); and of a five-year old child killed instantly, at Mold, in his mother's presence. Next day a motor omnibus got out of control near Leamington and "seriously injured" many people; a cyclist came into collision with a car on Egham Hill, and was "not expected to live"; a car smashed up a coach full of Yeomanry at Wroxham; and two men were "terribly injured"—probably to death—near Aberdeen, the car driving off, and no one being able to identify it; on the next day again a man was committed for trial at Shipley, near Horsham, for running over and killing a girl of seventeen. It is in view of such a state of outrage that we venture to ask those of our readers who are interested in this question to observe the conduct of motor cars, during the holiday season, in their neighbourhood, and to be so good as to report to us on the following points:—

1. The speed of the cars and the conduct of their drivers.

2. The dust nuisance and the injury to roads.

3. The opinions of various classes—magistrates, house-owners, farmers, and cottagers.

4. Their view of the form which remedial legislation should take.

* * *

THE International Free Trade Congress was brilliantly opened at the Caxton Hall on Tuesday. It has included Continental Free Traders of the distinction of Professor Brentano, Dr. Barth, and M. Guyot. It was addressed by Mr. Churchill, and the Cobden Club dinner in its honor was dignified by a speech from the Prime Minister. Mr Churchill's speech was an eloquent exposure of the intimate relation between peace and free international exchanges. There was, he said, not a single Free Trade doctrine which did not add to the store of goodwill and mutual trust between peoples, not a single Protectionist proposition which did not diminish it. The Protectionist looked to pure national self-concentration; the Free Trader to an inextricable interweaving of the affairs and interests of the nations. The idea of union was winning all over the world as against that of isolation, and the prosaic bonds of commerce were stronger factors for peace than all other pacifying instruments. Mr. Asquith's main point was the unchanged economic necessity of a Free Trade system for these shores, a point which Mr. Russell Rea well emphasised by saying that while there was a Protectionist movement in England, Free Trade was "fixed, settled, established." The Prime Minister further insisted that Free Trade was perfectly compatible with social reform, and that three years of Free Trade policy had already yielded the abandonment of borrowing for normal expenditure, the remission of millions of taxes, and an unexampled reduction of the National Debt. A very useful point was made by Herr Gothein in showing that the Free Trade vote in Germany was 4,405,000, and the Protectionist vote not more than 5,164,000. But, perhaps, the most remarkable movement towards Free Trade is in America, where both parties are now united in calling for a reduction of the tariff. We shall recur to this subject next week.

* * *

PERHAPS the most valuable of the many powerful and original papers read at the Congress was contributed by Mr. Franklin Pierce, of the United States, who declared that the high tariff was the direct cause of the creation and maintenance of the 400 odd combinations in restraint of trade, and that the States in getting rid of the absolutist rule of George III., had only substituted government by Oil Kings and Steel Kings, whose system was, in its way, as oppressive as that of the Tsar. Controlling politics through their contributions to the campaign funds of the parties—the great manufacturers subscribed five million dollars to the Republican funds in the contest of 1896—the trusts in return exact from Republican politicians the most rigid adherence to their commercial interests; while their influence on American life hopelessly materialises it. Mr. Ehrich pointed out that 300,000 freight cars were lying idle in the States, even after the return of hundreds

of thousands of laborers to Europe. Germany and the States, the two leading Protectionist countries, had, he insisted, suffered most from the depression; England, the Free Trader, least. We observe that no attempt has been made in the British Protectionist Press to rebut the remarkable and, indeed, overwhelming testimony adduced at the Congress as to the multifold social oppression and the universal industrial depression accompanying Protection.

* * *

Hard on the news of the working agreement between the Great Northern, the Great Central, and the Great Eastern Companies, comes the news of an arrangement between the London and North-Western and the Midland Railways. The scope of the new combination is said to be smaller than that of the agreement between the Great Northern and the Great Central. The latter pooled the entire traffic of the two companies, but it is stated that the Midland and the North-Western scheme will only cover the receipts from competitive traffic. The agreement is said to provide for "a long period of years," and there is a possibility of the Great Western joining in. The shareholders are promised "considerable economies in working expenses," while the public are, as usual, tempted with "increased facilities" in passenger and merchandise traffic. The capital involved in the two lines is the enormous sum of £321,000,000, and it seems inevitable that the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company should also be affected by it. Thus two great railway combines now aim at sharing or competing for the business of the North and the Midlands. Nothing is said as to asking Parliamentary sanction for the North-Western-Midland agreement. But we cannot doubt that the Government, in the interests of the trading community, will take early and most serious note of the new railway situation. We imagine that the Railway Commissioners, or the Board of Trade as a Department, must intervene, and that a Bill will be necessary. Before many months are over we may have a demand for railway nationalisation as a mark of the end of competition in English railways and the opening of the American system of railway trusts.

* * *

It was evident from the first that the Turkish revolution owed its wonderful success, not to any sudden upheaval of discontented elements, but to the work of a powerful subterranean organisation which had carefully laid its plans in advance; but it is only during the last few days that the outside world has been able to gather an adequate impression of the strength of the forces at work. Salonica, and not Constantinople, is now the seat of Government, and from there the Young Turks direct the administration of every part of the country through local committees, which impose their will upon the authorities. The Constantinople committee has only just been put on its feet, but already it has succeeded in capturing the whole of the Press, in making a clean sweep of the Palace, and in overturning a Cabinet. Never, surely, has a revolution achieved so much with so little apparent effort, and with clean hands. The chief strength of the committees lies in the adhesion of the army, and as long as the troops continue to obey the commands of the revolutionary officers, there is little chance of a reactionary movement. Nevertheless, as one of the Young Turkish leaders has declared to the correspondent of the "Temps," the committees do not intend to abdicate until the regular working of the Constitution and the Parliament are assured and the Turkish people are securely on the way to national regeneration.

Meanwhile, the material prospects of the new movement have been much improved by the resignation of the aged and weak Said Pasha in favor of the more vigorous and Liberal Kiamil, who is the new Grand Vizier. The new Government is unusually able and trustworthy. It includes both an Armenian and a Greek, the two able Christian races without whom the Government of Turkey could not go on. The Ministries of War and Marine are to revert to the constitutional system, and the Sultan's special power of appointment is to go. The remarkable enthusiasm for the British Ambassador in Constantinople continues.

* * *

The failure of the general strike proclaimed by the *Confédération Générale du Travail* should act as an encouragement to the French to develop the trade union system on English or German lines. The hopes of the Federation were based, not on the organisation of the French trade unions, which is notoriously bad, but on the chance that the "ferocious measures of repression" taken by the Government a week ago would produce the atmosphere of excitement favorable to the violent action of a community of determined men. The facts about these "ferocious measures" are still somewhat uncertain. The original dispute at Villeneuve St. Georges, a suburb of Paris, was not an important one, and the sympathetic strike of the builders of Paris was proclaimed for twenty-four hours only. It was in the procession of these strikers to Villeneuve St. Georges that the collision with the troops occurred. In the fighting, which was extremely fierce, five civilians were killed, and a dozen or more soldiers seriously injured. After the proclamation of a general strike, the French Government had the executive of the Federation arrested, but another one was immediately appointed. There is a strong demand in France for the repression of the Federation, to which it is to be hoped M. Clemenceau will not be so foolish as to yield.

* * *

On Thursday a trifling blow was struck by the Union of the Syndicates of the Seine, in revenge for its expulsion from the municipally endowed Bourse du Travail, from which the larger Confederation was shut out two years ago, as a natural consequence of its marked Anarchist tendencies and propaganda. The electricians of Paris left their work for a couple of hours at a quarter past eight, just when the restaurants in the most brilliantly lighted city in Europe were full of diners. The result was a brief and partial plague of darkness, for the gas-workers did not join the electricians. Newspapers which did not possess an independent electrical plant were unable to appear, or were much handicapped in their work. We do not know whether "L'Humanité," the very able Socialist organ, was affected. Paris was alight again before ten o'clock.

* * *

Haggerston has been lost to the Liberal Party, Mr. Rupert Guinness, the heir of Lord Iveagh, being elected by a majority of 1,143 over the Liberal, Mr. Warren, of 1,881 over the Socialist, Mr. Burrows, and of 157 over the Liberal and Socialist combined. With one exception the constituency has been Liberal since 1892, though in 1900 the majority was very narrow. Mr. Warren was unknown in the constituency, and, in this respect, both Mr. Guinness who, with his wife, had sedulously nursed it since the General Election, and Mr. Burrows, a famous and attractive figure in London Socialism, had the advantage of him. The Labor Party gave no support to the Socialist candidate, but the defeat, apart from the coal-and-blanket-policy of the

Conservative, tells a plain tale of the discouragement which attends a division of forces.

* * *

The first experiment in field training for the Territorial Army, which opened on Bank Holiday, appears to have been successful. About 20,000 men were collected on Salisbury Plain, and large bodies assembled at Lydd and elsewhere. The men are said to represent the pick of the Volunteers, with most of the older men eliminated, to be intelligent and interested in their work, in the new guns provided for them, and in the part they now play in the new and larger system of organisation by brigades and divisions. The artillery in particular appears to be a workmanlike force, beyond the expectations even of friendly critics. The weakest body, in physique and numbers, appears to be the London division, and some of the town battalions are also described as physically poor. The force, on the whole, seems likely to provide a fully sufficient nucleus for defensive purposes, and the argument for conscription, based on the hope that it would fail, is in abeyance. The main objection is its costliness. We regret to see some foolish remarks attributed to Lord Lucas, the new Under-Secretary for War, in addressing an encampment of the Public School Brigade. Lord Lucas is reported, we hope wrongly, to have spoken to these boys of the "glories" of fighting, and coming home covered with decorations, and he added that "distinguished soldiers" would tell them that they had "a jolly fine time in active service—that the only drawback to soldiering is peace time." "Distinguished soldiers" —*e.g.*, the Duke of Wellington—who happen to be honest men, say, of course, precisely the reverse.

* * *

The great fires in British Columbia are the most serious that even British Columbia has ever known. A region more than 100 square miles in extent has been devastated by the flames. Fernie, a considerable mining town of 6,000 inhabitants has been destroyed, besides many mining villages, and thousands of women and children are without shelter or food. The casualties are not as high as were at first reported, but something like a hundred lives have been lost. The immediate danger is starvation. When forest towns like Fernie are destroyed, it means that not only are the houses wiped out in a few hours and the people left homeless, but the wage-earners are left without employment, with the hard winter drawing nigh. Even to provide for immediate requirements is a difficult problem, but the people along the Pacific coast are aware of the necessity, and a vast quantity of supplies are being rushed into the stricken district by every train.

* * *

Mr. Stead has published an interview with M. Stolypin in the "Times," which performs a somewhat dubious service to the Russian autocracy. Mr. Stead strangely describes the Russian Prime Minister "as the best type of an English Whig." We can imagine the shade of Fox expressing energetic objection to the inclusion of M. Stolypin in his old party. M. Stolypin made many excuses for the reign of terror which he has initiated, the excuses of the man who "regrets" "the necessity for capital punishment" and steadily pursues it. But his admissions, and those of his *adjoint*, M. Makaroff, were much more significant. Thus these officials confessed that 14,000 people had been exiled by administrative order, and great numbers—not, perhaps, 300,000 —expelled from their native Provinces by local Governors. M. Stolypin thought that fifteen executions a month might be nearer the truth than fifteen a day, though figures stating that there had been at least four public executions a day from 1905 to 1907 by order of the fixed court martials alone, setting aside the field court martials, have been supplied by the St. Petersburg papers. M. Makaroff also admitted that 240 executions had taken place last year. He ignored Mr. Stead's request for the better treatment of M. Tchaikovsky, and gave no definite promise that he would be brought to trial. The position of the Jews M. Stolypin thought "very difficult to alleviate." It is necessary to add that, though M. Stolypin would not promise to do justice in Russia, he was willing to let the Salvation Army enter it.

* * *

The accident to Count Zeppelin's airship was an accident, and indicated no defect in its mechanism. It need not happen oftener to a motor car with a balloon, which is what an airship is, than to a motor car on wheels. The German Reichstag has voted him £25,000 as a consolation prize, though he has still to fulfil all the three conditions laid down. These were, first, that the airship should be capable of keeping afloat for twenty-four hours and travelling 600 miles, that it should be able to alight and rise from land and water, and that it should be able to manœuvre at a height beyond the reach of bullets. In spite of accidents Count Zeppelin's airship may be held to have satisfied the first two conditions; but the fulfilment of the third, which is the most difficult, and, in some ways, the most important of all, is still exceedingly doubtful. His airship owes its greater manœuvring power and speed to the rigid aluminium envelope in which the gas chambers are enclosed, but this advantage is purchased by an increase in weight and size, which may yet be fatal to its becoming the generally accepted type. The English designers fell into the opposite mistake of making their balloon gear too flimsy to stand a stiff breeze, a defect which will, doubtless, not be repeated in the new design. But the successor to "Nulli Secundus" has not yet made its public appearance, though it should do so very shortly now.

* * *

We regret to observe the death of Mr. William Lavino, who succeeded Mr. de Blowitz as Paris correspondent of the "Times." Mr. Lavino had not M. de Blowitz's genius and *flair* for news, but he was a thoroughly able and extremely well-informed journalist, and his relations with the French Government were probably quite as close as those of his brilliant predecessor. He did good service in promoting the Anglo-French *entente*, and in interpreting for English readers the policy of the Church Separation Act. He indulged in no coquetries with Royalist or Imperialist parties or movements, and in character, in method, and in accomplishment, he represented the best type of the old English journalism, a type now almost dead.

* * *

In Ireland the event of the week has been the Oireachtas or Gaelic League Festival and Assembly. The Oireachtas was founded to encourage and display the native culture, the poetry, the music, the oratory, and the story-telling of the Gael. It is held in Dublin annually during the first week of August. It is primarily a literary and musical festival, but since the League adopted the industrial policy, an exhibition is held in connection with the festival. The industrial exhibition this year shows an advance in technical skill, and this advance is most notable in the wood-work section. During Oireachtas week the delegates from the various branches of the League in Ireland and abroad meet to discuss questions of policy, and to elect a governing body for the ensuing session.

Politics and Affairs.

A LESSON FROM HAGGERSTON.

THE loss of the seat at Haggerston will, we hope, impress the Government with the necessity of looking both to its organisation and to its electoral policy. If the letter we publish elsewhere be well-founded, there has been some serious neglect. Sir Randal Cremer's approaching retirement and Mr. Guinness's pushing candidature, advertised by its persistence and by its peculiar method, were both known months before the election came about. Why were they ignored, as similar facts have been similarly ignored elsewhere, and an able Liberal candidate thrust into the field a few days before the poll to plead his case not only against a rich, "nursing" candidate, but in the face of a competent and high-minded exponent of Socialism, familiar to the London democracy? The consideration of facts such as these belongs to the business of electioneering. We cannot reckon that even a constituency of the type of Haggerston will always return a Radical or a Socialist candidate. We could make such a calculation with certainty of an industrial quarter in Berlin or Paris, but not in England. The British workman does not follow a continuous line of political development, as to which we can be sure that though he may travel a little slower or a little faster than his fellows, he will never deviate far from its main direction. He may be caught by adroit "slumming," or by the lure of interested trades, or a tide of sentiment may sweep him far out of the bounds of his interests or his main intellectual vision. His political view is hardly steady enough to make him a Socialist; tradition and Free Trade, and his instinct for freedom and progress, keep him to Radicalism or a Labor Party, where he is reminded often enough of his faith, and where he is attracted to large and simple issues. But if he is neglected, and if his ideas are distracted, he may very well yield many a prize to reaction. In the South of England he is distinctly liable to these reversions, and yet Liberal neglect of the South since the election has been conspicuous. The sooner members of the majority realise that they are not coming back to Parliament unless they work hard to get back, the better for Free Trade and Liberalism.

There is the more reason for this counsel when we remember the very active propaganda of Protection that is going on from John o' Groats to Land's End. The Protectionist campaign began the day after the General Election. It has been much simplified and coarsened. Its sentimental, Imperial, side is practically abandoned. It was significant that even Mr. Austen Chamberlain made no attempt to defend a preferential amendment to the Budget, while Imperialist organs like the "Morning Post" practically ignore preferences, and concentrate on the more palpable bait of a protective tariff for British industries. This was the line of Mr. Guinness at Haggerston, and it is the inevitable consequence of the discovery that the protective policy of the self-governing colonies is a deep-rooted conception of their national life, and that preferences to the Mother Country are mere surface play. It is the crude old Protection which is now being preached in England, without a veneer of "science" or a perceptible vein of Imperial sentiment. It furnishes something like a creed for the half-baked and the ill-informed, something warmer and more definite than the chill abstractions of Mr. Balfour's political philosophy. Toryism has again an idea, and a bad one, to work on—a new supply of inferior grist for its mill. And there is no disguising the fact that this rank atavism in our politics corresponds with a growing want of enterprise and method in our business. Men who have inherited large commercial interests, and have given up a good part of the last decade to sport or travel, or the kind of dignified half-work which means either that they are ashamed of "the shop," or have lost their zest for it, readily grasp at the notion of reviving a neglected business by the simple process of excluding foreign competition. It is the idleness and snobbery, the lackadaisical conservatism, of England that call for Protection, even when her brain and better manhood refuse it. On these lines, if we are not mistaken, much misdirected energy is being applied to the perversion of our working people. We hear from many quarters of a steady output of canvassing and speech-making for Protectionist candidates, pursued in the leisure hours of the well-to-do and extending to all parts of the country, without effective reply from the Liberal or the Labor organisations. This movement is undoubtedly aided by the notion that the Liberal Government attacks "property," and by the serious fact that there is a singular slackness in some departments of our industrial enterprise. Speculation is not active, the country is not being rapidly developed—for instance, less than fifty miles of railway were last year added to our mileage—and the sceptical and helpless mood which a Protectionist movement generates is doing sensible injury to our trade and to our political life.

This is not a matter for the Liberal Party to consider alone. The Labor Party is equally interested. It did not promote or encourage the last two "split" candidatures. Its leaders, we imagine, divine well that the general cause of social reform must for the present be served through the medium of a Progressive Government, and that Protection, linked to old Toryism, must at at all costs be kept out of power. But they must also begin to realise that Liberal energies are flagging before the many divided battles that have been fought at the by-elections, and that this slackening of zeal transfers votes, not to their representative, but to the Tories. All

winning parties tend to go down from the moment of their realised success, all beaten parties to rise from the hour of their heaviest fall. At the last election it happened that both Liberalism and Labor got rather more strength than they had a right to expect, and now both must expect to suffer in proportion. But it is the commonest wisdom for them to apply themselves to minimising the reaction from 1906. This task they can only achieve in a measure of concert. Why should such a general cohesion be withheld? There is no longer a Whig Party; the relapse of the Free Trade Unionists into Toryism forbids its revival within the bosom of Liberalism. At their best Liberalism and Labor represent the more generous and elevated mind and disposition of the British people; they have to work out together, in view of the present disposition of social forces, the problems of peace, Free Trade, unemployment, the reorganisation of the State on its educational side, the revision of its taxation, the reformation of its industry, the re-settlement of the people on the land. Middle-class Liberalism is the only scientific instrument of these changes, as it is the only power that can stop the frightful disintegration which Protection would produce. If this force is wise, it will make large concessions to the Labor Party, definitely assigning them seats where the industrial vote is preponderant and thoroughly organised. We would make over seventy, and in time a hundred, seats to such a party with confidence that good would ensue. But such advances must be reciprocal, and they must be guaranteed by broader and more courageous views of statesmanship than have hitherto guided the counsels of the Labor Party. Labor can, if it pleases, go down with Liberalism, for it shares all the dangers, all the sources of weakness in the fibre of our workers, which contribute to a Liberal decline. But the two armies can easily keep the field together. With Scotland, Wales, the mining districts—secured to Radicalism by the mean opposition to the Miners' Bill—and the North of England, all generally steady for progress, and with Ireland always democratic, the defection of the South of England will not be fatal, and we may well hold the British constituencies for social reform and against Protection. But the years are passing. Half the term of the Government is over, and while its work is only begun, it is time to examine and adjust the conditions which govern the renewal of its power.

FREE TRADE AS AN INTERNATIONAL POLICY.

By a wise and happy continuity the Peace Congress of last week was followed this week by a Free Trade Congress held within the same walls. The essential unity of these two great causes was expressed by Mr. Winston Churchill in an illuminating phrase of his opening address, "The bearing of Free Trade on international relations is peace." Since a new apple of discord was flung on to our political arena by Mr. Chamberlain five years ago, the controversy has run too exclusively on national lines. Perhaps it was inevitable that this should have been the case. For those who forced this issue naturally made their appeal upon a separatist view of the commercial intercourse of nations, and offered to plan a fiscal policy upon a purely national basis with complete disregard to the goodwill and the interests of other nations. Nor has it been easy, in the closeness and the heat of the political strife, to disentangle the issue from this narrow setting, and to survey its more momentous aspects. Indeed, to do this requires us to unmask the insidious fallacy that the commercial development and prosperity of other nations, such as America and Germany, are in themselves a menace and injury to our commerce and industry.

The Cobden Club, which planned this Congress, has performed an invaluable service in gathering the testimony of so many eminent business men and economists from the leading commercial nations of the world in denunciation of this baneful heresy. Our Protectionists sometimes seek to disguise the naked meaning of their enterprise by the distinction they draw between Free Trade and Free Imports, alleging that not merely do these two policies differ vitally in theory, but that, as Free Importers dealing with protected nations, we habitually get the worst of every act of intercourse in which we engage. For this reason, if for no other, it is instructive to have the direct evidence of well-informed members of protected nations regarding the effects of that experiment which we are urged to undertake. The full daylight thrown upon the operations of foreign tariffs in various foreign countries, new and old, large Empires and petty States, by the careful papers and speeches at this Conference, will serve alike to confirm and enlarge among Free Traders their faith in their principle, and to disclose more exactly the nature of the dangers and corruptions which everywhere spring up under the shadow of a protective tariff. From France and Germany, from the great democracy of the United States, and from our own self-governing Colonies, come overwhelming proofs of the damages inflicted upon the peoples of these countries by enhanced prices of the necessaries of life, by the fostering of trusts and combines, and by the encouragement of every form of industrial oligarchy and economic bondage. Perhaps the most instructive lesson for our people is that furnished during the last decade by the United States and Canada, of the utter impotence of a powerful political party committed to Free Trade to release its people from the fatal coils wound about its body by the groups of business men once empowered to fill their private purses from the public funds and from the pockets of their fellow citizens. The betrayal of Free Trade by the Liberal Party of Canada, rightly apprehended, forms one of the most tragic, as well as the most ignominious, incidents in

recent political history. In the testimony of our foreign visitors the most striking feature is the contrast between the invincible logic and justice of the cause they represent, and their practical impotence to redress the evil of a protective tariff once built into the fabric of their national finance. Their confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Free Trade principle in their several countries, founded, as it is, upon the actual and rapid growth both of commercial and moral interdependence among nations, is fully justified by a wide interpretation of historical forces. But we in this country must strain every effort to preserve our path of national progress free from this terrible obstruction.

One criticism passed by some of our foreign Free Trade friends upon our tariff controversy deserves respectful consideration. It is to the effect that we have trusted over-much to the ancient Free-Trade weapons of half a century ago, neglecting to fortify our cause sufficiently with arguments directed to the changed condition of the industrial system. Half a century ago Free Trade was an important plank in a platform of political and economic liberation, summarised by the simple phrase of *laissez faire laissez aller*. Now this formula, and the general policy it involves, are not false to-day, but they are no longer adequate. Two new and related features of industrial life have come into prominence; first the displacement of the effective principle of competition by capitalistic combination over large fields of industry and commerce; secondly the recognition forced upon every civilised State of the inability of large masses of the working populations to secure decent conditions of life and work by individual or even by collective foresight and bargaining, without the assistance of the State. This being the modern situation, it would be foolish to defend Free Trade on the old absolutist logic of "the simple system of national liberty," and to denounce Protection, as, we regret to see is done by some of our American and French Free Traders, on the ground that it is merely one segment in the vicious circle of Socialism, the whole of which is equally repellent to them. Protection is not Socialism, but its deadliest foe, as, indeed, Dr. Barth reminded us when he alluded to the solid Free-Trade attitude of the entire Social Democratic Party of Germany. For State Socialism, wise or foolish, with all its perils and its possible corruptions, aims at the welfare of society as a whole. Protection, on the contrary, permits a small section of business interests to exploit the instrument of State for their private profit. The mere fact that the public machinery is utilised in both cases is no ground for identifying two processes which are opposed both in their purposes and their results.

The debates served to give prominence to two important points of practical policy, one distinctly British, the other of international significance. So far as the immediate battle for Free Trade in this country is concerned, a prime need is the adoption of an aggressive and constructive policy. If we stand with folded arms during a long period of commercial depression and working class distress, asking the people to wait patiently for the fulfilment of our larger pledges of social reform until the National Exchequer can afford the large expenditure it involves, and concentrating all our efforts on economy, we shall be serving very ill the Free Trade cause, as all who follow the lavish promises of the Protectionist campaigners are aware. As an integral part of the defence of Free Trade it is essential that no time be lost in applying, through the graduation of the income tax, and other modes of direct taxation, an instrument of progressive revenue which shall meet the urgent requirements of our time, and at the same time offer a Conservative Government, when it may return to office, an easier and better way of finding money than the thorny and precarious path it has been led to contemplate. The other point brings us back to our starting point, the relations between Free Trade and peace. There can be no reasonable doubt that the greatest of all securities of peace for our Empire, exposed in so many quarters to the enmity and hostility of rival empires, has been the certainty felt by foreigners that we should preserve the open door, at any rate, so far as we kept control over our several colonies and possessions. Though the Protective policy pursued of late by our self-governing colonies has broken this confidence, and visibly impaired our Imperial relations with more than one foreign Power, nations like Germany and the United States were in large measure reconciled to our territorial supremacy by the knowledge that their merchants were allowed equality of trading opportunities. Now, as Dr. Barth well reminds us, the fear lest this condition of equal access should be cancelled, at a time when the struggle for external markets grows ever keener among the advanced manufacturing nations, is an active and a natural support of naval increase in Germany. It thus reacts, by the fatal logic of international antagonism, upon our own naval expenditure. Here is one concrete example of the basic truth that Protection, alike by weakening the actual bonds of commercial intercourse, and by sowing tares of menace and suspicion among nations, is the deadly enemy of that cause of peace and internationalism which is the cause of civilisation itself.

THE TRADITION OF THE BARRICADE.

The general strike proclaimed by the French *Confédération du Travail* for Monday last was a fiasco, and everyone is explaining after the event how impossible it was that it should end in anything else. But they were much less certain before the event, and for the good reason that the Confederation was not acting on ascertainable facts about the strength of their position, but plunging on a psychological theory of French politics. For a variety of reasons the idea of the general strike has never appealed to English trade Unions. But the practical reasons against it here, so far from carrying weight with the French Confederation, served rather as the motives of its action. An English trade unionist on the Committee of the Federation before the strike was declared would have wanted to know about the state of the funds, the strength of the discipline, and the proportion of workmen on the books of the Unions. But if he had

pressed these inquiries, he would have been laughed at as a pedant, or denounced as a traitor according to the degree of his influence outside. Discipline? That is for those who hold the fort, not for the storming party. Numbers? They only dilute conviction and induce the paralysis of compromise. Funds? Fat men never make revolutions, as Cæsar knew, but only the lean and hungry sort. The theory on which the Federation acted was that a majority that would stick at no violence had the best chance of success in making a revolution; and it has often worked successfully in France, where the tradition of revolution by barricades is still strong. It might have worked again, had the indignation produced by the "massacre" at Villeneuve St. Georges brought the masses into the right psychological state. Fortunately for French Socialism it did not, and the failure of the strike should serve to strengthen the Constitutional wing of the Party against what is really an anti-Socialist revival of Bakunin's anarchism. Constitutional Socialism arose out of the ruins of the Commune and the triumph of Marx over Bakunin; and its capture by the physical violence party, even though their tactics had been momentarily successful, would inevitably have been followed by a reaction that would have thrown the movement back for a generation.

Neither in its theory nor in its organisation has the Labor Federation in France anything in common with the Federation of English trade-unions. For a whole generation, from the Acts of 1871 to 1875 to the legal decisions of the Lords in 1901, out of which grew the modern Parliamentary Labor Party, trade unions in England had a decided interest in being non-political. Numbers were everything, because numbers meant money, and money was their only weapon. The French unions never had the English regard for discipline. They are, except in the north, loosely organised. Their strikes have rarely been a patient trial of strength and endurance, nearly always a violent demonstration by a comparatively few active spirits, with an inflammable majority in the background. In consequence, their leaders, instead of being delegates to carry out the will of their societies, literally lead the attack, and never quite know how many will follow them. In the French Federation of Labor every society, irrespective of its size, has an equal vote; and its members, unrepresentative of the unions for which they stand, are still more unrepresentative of the views of labor as a whole. If the number of Socialists in the English Parliamentary Labor Party is enormously out of proportion to the number of Socialists among their constituents, one can readily understand how in France extremists like M. Griffuelhes and his friends of the Federation have become official spokesmen of the French trade unions, although perhaps not one in a hundred would subscribe to their views. The wonder is that the French Parliamentary Socialist Party has not as a whole protested against the pre-eminence in trade unionist councils of anarchistic views, so compromising to the success of its own constitutional methods. M. Guesde, leader of one section of the Socialist *bloc*, has so protested. But M. Jaurès, who has most to lose, has not merely not opposed, but has induced the last Conference at Nancy to pass a resolution, the effect of which was to make the Federation and the Parliamentary Socialist *bloc* independent powers, on terms of benevolent neutrality. M. Jaurès even went further, and although he must have known that it would bring him into violent conflict with the German Socialists—as, in fact, it did later at the Stuttgart Conference—got a resolution passed that to prevent a war of aggression Socialists in the army should mutiny, and Socialists outside proclaim a general strike, and resort to armed insurrection. This is Hervéism, only slightly diluted, and M. Jaurès probably weakened his position in the country by the concession to it. Why should the sanest and greatest of Parliamentary opportunist Socialists have taken this course? Perhaps it was that he despaired of a French trade union system as rich, powerful, and well disciplined as the English and the German. Perhaps, too, being a Frenchman, he knew the strength of the barricade tradition, and in the uncertainty of knowing whether the English or German weapon would be ready to his hand, he refused to deny himself the use of the weapon that France had made her own.

But the ideas of the Federation are not by any means confined to France. Almost every country has a new Impossibilist movement of greater or less importance. Italy has her revolutionary trade unionism pioneered by Labriola, Ireland its Sinn Feiners, India its Swadeshi movement and its small Nihilistic party. The weapons that it is proposed to use, and the degree of violence, vary with the country and the climate, but the ideas at the bottom of them are the same. There is the same desperate anxiety to find a short cut, the same intolerance of the slow-moving masses who retard the rate of advance, the same mistrust of Parliamentary methods, with their eternal succession of compromises as the condition of any progress, however slight, the same impatience of laboriously unpicking a knot which it seems so easy to cut. Take, for example, the doctrines of M. Hervé, which are an application to the struggle against militarism and war of the methods by which M. Griffuelhes hopes to obtain the economic millennium. How interminable the way through peace that lies through Hague Conferences and reforms of international law, the diffusion among nations of better knowledge of each other, the wearisome Parliamentary fights against swollen estimates and question-begging experts, the ceaseless combating of the Jingo spirit and its pullulating brood of falsehood! How tempting to some temperaments M. Hervé's short and simple plan of military working with the flat denial of any value to the national ideal in every form! The English and German temperament is less exposed to the temptation than the French, yet even in England one sometimes sees signs of yielding. If there are no avowed Impossibilists here, there is a group of men among Socialists affiliated to the English Labor Party prepared to run the risk of wrecking the union of the Labor Parties in order to preserve the pure Socialist milk free from the taint of a trade union compromise. Those who make it a reproach against Liberals that they are too exclusively concerned with the machinery of Government forget that the alternative to this constant "tinkering" is violent revolution.

Life and Letters.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICA.

It is an old truth that while the caricature of strangers does not rankle, that of friends and relations is apt to give offence. The reason is that it touches with ridicule points of personal dignity which lie sensitive beneath the surface. This is true of nations. The wild extravagance of "John Bull" and "Jean Bonhomme," though doubtless helping to feed ignorant hatred or contempt for the foreigner, does not embitter feeling. But the relations between two nations of the same stock, language, and institutions, with memories of a violent severance to sharpen criticism, are far more seriously affected by what they think and say about one another. The process of cross-caricature which has been going on between England and the United States, from the time when Dickens crossed "the pond" up to the present day, has been a constant source of soreness, especially on the side of America, as is the coldness with which our public has received the victories of the American athletes in the Stadium. For while many of the offensive pictures in the American portrait of an Englishman, such as his unsociability, glumness, emotional torpor, and a certain brutality of tone and bearing, do not actually give us offence, indeed, are perhaps felt as complimentary, it is quite otherwise with the English portrait of a typical American. The notion of America as a raw land of eager, vulgar, unscrupulous "hustlers," hunting for dollars in order to expend them in ostentation, where politics is nothing but a corrupt scramble for office and for "graft," where literature rarely rises above low-grade journalism, where science is enslaved to mechanical invention, still rules the minds of the main body of the middle-classes.

Though every intelligent Englishman who has really acquainted himself with the country and its people by travel, conversation, or reading, is aware of the serious distortion of such a picture, its falseness is supported by two curiously different sorts of testimony. The English "tripper," or casual visitor, is the least observant of men. The conditions of his travel impress upon his mind merely the crudest and most superficial images of a sort of life which is in no true sense the life of America. The impulsive sympathy, which in French or German visitors would generate some measure of understanding, is too apt in him to give place to emphasis of those obvious differences in external life and manners that touch his national feeling and his personal prejudices. It is the very fact that Americans speak the English language and present so many familiar English characteristics that stirs in English visitors this zest for hypercriticism, which is directed towards Americans as quasi-Englishmen. Impressions thus got are often supported by the vivid talk of Americans, who, half-consciously, lay themselves out to stagger their English acquaintances by a dramatic rendering of the defects and diseases of their country. Hardly any American ought to be taken quite so seriously as most English readers take Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley. It is not, however, profitable to discuss how far the falsification of America is attributable to English slowness or to American humor. The important thing is to realise the harm it does, and, if possible, to undo it. For in the future civilisation of the world, as far as we can forecast it, the true interests of England and America march together more surely and more closely than those of any other nations.

This is the sentiment, a just and sane one as we conceive it, which animates the effort of Mr. H. Perry Robinson to explain for English readers "The Twentieth Century American" (Putnam). We are not sure that Mr. Robinson does not overstep his object in the zeal of his advocacy of a political alliance between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. For it is doubtful whether, in the present trend of national ambitions and immediate interests, such an alliance would yield the fruits of universal peace. But we have nothing but praise for the skilful manner in which the author sets himself to forward a harmony of thought and feeling between England and America, by explaining and removing so many of the common elements of misunderstanding. One source of trouble, upon which he justly lays stress, is the notion, widely prevalent in this country, that the good-humored indifference, tempered by friendly recognition of distant relationship, which is the current British attitude towards the United States, is reciprocated by that country in its mental attitude towards us. Now this is not the case. In English history the American "rebellion" is merely a bygone incident, the War of 1812 a dim and trivial memory, the "Alabama" affair, and our attitude in the Civil War, matters of no deep significance. But in American history these things bulk immense. More than half of the most dramatic portion of that history shows England the enemy, and though these memories do not, save in a section of Irish-Americans, leave active bitterness, they leave a sensitive background of national feeling. But not less important is it to realise how the quite recent developments of American commercial and political ambitions affect their feelings towards this country. America is the *nouveau riche* on the most magnificent scale. The youngest of the great nations, she is eager to become world-reputable, and she is animated by the Anglo-Saxon notion of gentility expressed in the cultivation of the sporting spirit.

Shallow critics, like Matthew Arnold, dwelt upon the lack of "distinction" in America, and found there only a dull level of mediocrity. There never has been a nation so possessed with a fury of individual and national distinction, so eager to make careers and to make history. Nor is this distinction comprised, as is often alleged, in "making a pile." Mr. Robinson, an educated Englishman with twenty years' residence in America, strongly supports the contention of Professor Münsterberg that commercial success and money-making in America are not expressions of low covetousness and materialistic instinct. They rather constitute the avenue of individual achievement, the realisation of personal distinction, which the environment from which America is now emerging has impressed for a couple of generations upon its life. "The American," wrote Münsterberg, "works for money in exactly the sense that a great painter works for money; the high price which is paid for his picture is a very welcome indication of the general appreciation of his art, but he would never get this appreciation if he were working for the money instead of his artistic ideals. Economically to open up this gigantic country, to bring the fields and forests, rivers and mountains, into the service of economic progress, to incite the millions of inhabitants to have new needs and to satisfy these by their own resourcefulness, to increase the wealth of the nation, and, finally, economically to rule the world, and within the nations to raise the economic power of the individual to undreamed-of importance, has been the work which has fascinated the American."

The romance of America has lain of necessity in the plane of industrial development in the past. Nor is she likely to retire from business. But hitherto her own country has been large enough to absorb her energy and her romantic ambitions. This, however, could not last. Her immense fund of vital energy could not be contained within these limits, spacious though they were. Ninety millions of the most energetic, adventurous, sentimental, restless, and imaginative people the world has ever seen, have cast their individual and collective cravings for self-expression and power into dreams of a world-destiny, bolder and more eager for fulfilment than any which has occupied the minds of empire-makers in the past. Mr. Roosevelt is rightly discerned as the epitome of this new spirit; America at once the great war-power and the supreme peace-maker, setting her own house in order upon a basis of humanity and justice, and imposing her autocratic order upon disturbed peoples throughout the American continents, a democracy at home, an imperial power in the Pacific, America the majestic possessor and the magnificent bestower of a civilisation in which disinterested culture, commercial prosperity, enthusiasm for competitive sport, and peace secured by gigantic armaments, shall be welded into stable harmony—such is the

vision. This America and her prophet are well-wishers of humanity, but they are not anxious to fuse America in any cosmopolitan union. They want to see America separate and first, first in wealth and trade, in education and in intellectual achievement; and, above all, first in the use of world-power, a sportsman, a soldier, and a gentleman among the nations of the earth.

In the realisation of this "manifest destiny" the British Empire stands out as their great rival, a friendly rival perhaps—but still a rival. Mr. Robinson does well to remind us that America is less friendly to this country than we are towards her, for the knowledge of the truth on such a matter is our best security. Few who know Americans as Mr. Robinson knows them, not merely the cultivated cosmopolitan American of New York, Boston, or Washington, not the business classes of the East, but the motley crowds throughout the vast Republic, will question the accuracy of his conviction that, "if any pretext should arise, the minds of the masses of the American people could more easily be inflamed to the point of desiring war with England than they could to the point of desiring war with any other nation." At once sensational, sensitive, and sentimental, this prairie-mind of the American democracy is a source both of peril and of hope. For the danger which exists at present is one which education and the growing co-operation of the two nations in a hundred pacific enterprises is peculiarly adapted to dispel. These amicable relations exist now in countless spheres of activity, commercial, scientific, humanitarian and educational. It is to the quiet growth of this practical and spiritual concert that we would look for the present scope of co-operation rather than to a formal political alliance, which might, if it fell under the dominion of certain forces, as a discerning American has said, become no better than "an Anglo-Saxon alliance for the vulgarisation of the world."

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

To Mr. Clarkson of the Education Office it was a moment of great mental excitement. The ship was entering the Straits of Gibraltar. Other passengers, proud of nautical experience, had repeated since breakfast that she was making for the Gib. To Mr. Clarkson she was about to pass between the Pillars of Hercules. All his life he had longed to sail that classic sea, to behold the coasts that Virgil knew, to touch the very waves once ploughed by the keels of epic wanderers and heroes. Within the narrow length of that purple Mediterranean, all that was to him most valuable in the world's history had been thought or enacted. Outside the strict limits of its shore were uncouth things, unmeasured and unredeemed. Here was the one scene where human faculty had reached perfection; here was the Mother Church of human intelligence, outside which no salvation could be found. On the one hand he now saw the red mountains of Africa, drawn like a veil before barbaric degradation; on the other hand was Spain, and the city he called Gades, and the homes of shy Iberians. The sea was purple flecked with white. He was entering the very gates of a temple where every stone and spring bore the touch of immemorial sanctitude. To him it was a moment of the highest mental excitement.

"Take your entrance for the sweep on the run," said a Jewish voice close beside him.

"I beg your pardon. What sweep? What run?" said Mr. Clarkson, with eyes fixed on the ghosts of Tyrian galleys.

"Two shilling for a draw in the sweep on the ship's run," said the voice. "I'm the auctioneer."

"Oh, if two shillings ends it," said Mr. Clarkson with alacrity, "here you are!"

The voice passed on, and he looked along the deck. The first-class passengers, comforted by having emerged from the Bay, which Mr. Clarkson thought of as the stream of Ocean, were stretched on deck chairs reading novels and magazines, and some of the ladies were doing fancy work, while stewards went from one to another offering cups of beef-tea to bridge over the yawning gulf between nine o'clock breakfast and half-past one lunch.

Turning to a dignitary of the Church who was reclining next to him, and from time to time explaining the points in "Tit Bits" to his wife, Mr. Clarkson remarked: "If you had your choice, wouldn't you rather have been Ulysses than anyone who ever lived?"

"Ulysses?" said the clergyman with some astonishment. "A most unsettled life, if I remember right, and not altogether free from blame in certain respects which we need not further particularise."

"We are now," Mr. Clarkson continued, "on the very scene of that passage which has always appeared to me one of the greatest in literature, where Ulysses called to his men not to die without knowledge of the unpeopled land beyond the sunset. 'Remember whence you are sprung,' he said; 'you were not born to live like cattle, but to follow valor and knowledge'—it is impossible not to add, 'like a sinking star.' And so they rowed on till night saw the other pole with all its constellations, and in the far distance a dim mountain appeared. Then three times round went their gallant ship, and the sea closed over them. Commentators always assume that Dante intended the Mount of Purgatory by that dim mountain, but really I see no sufficient reason to suppose it, do you?"

"Ah, as to that," replied the clergyman, "I haven't quite made up my mind yet about Purgatory. It is a point rather difficult of satisfactory solution. But you must excuse me from discussing it now, for between the eighth and seventeenth Sundays after Trinity I make a rule of allowing my mind to relax. Even the best field, you know, must lie fallow at times."

"Yes, indeed," said his wife. "I have to keep a careful watch upon the archdeacon. He reads and reads. He's always reading, and even when he's not reading he's working his brain."

"Now, Mr. Clarkson, I'll take you on at Bull," said the bright voice of the girl who sat next him at dinner. "It isn't Sunday to-day, so the captain can't object to us taking up the deck."

"'Considerate la vostra semenza:
Fatti non foste a viver come bruti.'"

Mr. Clarkson repeated to himself, as he began to throw flat discs on to a board marked with numbers. "It is really Virgilian. But then I have often thought Virgil was not properly a Roman poet, but the first Italian."

"Oh, Mr. Clarkson," cried the girl, "you've got a Bull instead of ten! Now you'll have to go back to the very beginning. Hooray! I mean, I'm so sorry!"

But Mr. Clarkson had ceased to play. The great mass of Gibraltar was just becoming visible as they rounded Tarifa. There it stood, dim in misty heat, shaped like a couchant lion, true doorpost of the ancient world.

"Rotten hole!" said the young man beside him, carefully adjusted his Zeiss glasses to look at it. When he had gazed for a time, he put the glasses carefully away and again said, "Rotten hole!"

"You mean it is no longer invulnerable, owing to the increased range of artillery?" said Mr. Clarkson; "but I should have thought 'rotten' too strong a word to express the situation."

"I mean it's a rotten hole to be stationed in," the other replied with some asperity. "No sport, barring a bit of fox-hunting in the cork woods, over there."

"Spanish foxes any good?" said an older man, turning his glasses to the woods indicated, as though expecting to see the Spanish foxes running about. "Poor sport these foreign foxes seem mostly. Not had the training of our foxes at home."

"It is doubtful how far acquired mental characteristics are hereditary," observed Mr. Clarkson, not wishing to be excluded from the conversation of sportsmen.

The older man looked at him for a moment, and then slowly repeated, "Foreign foxes not had the training of our foxes at home. Same with dogs. There's no man in the country works so hard as an M.F.H. Always training, training, training. Always looking after this and that. No end to his labor. Perhaps he gets six weeks or so clear from middle of May to end of June. Then he's at it again practising

the puppies. Talk of a laboring man! My word, a laboring man isn't in it with an M.F.H.!"

"I've always heard that sporting hounds are peculiarly unintelligent," said Mr. Clarkson, sympathetically.

"Unintelligent!" growled the older man. "My word, I'd rather be a hound than an archbishop! Wouldn't you, sir, wouldn't you?" he asked, defiantly.

"Well," said Mr. Clarkson, anxious to soothe, "the choice had hardly occurred to me before, either contingency appearing so remote. But, no doubt, a hound's existence has its compensations."

"Rather be a hound than an archbishop!" repeated the older man, moving slowly away. "By Jove, I should rather think I would!"

"Oh, look!" cried Mr. Clarkson, eagerly, "a flying fish! What a glorious creature! Isn't it like a Japanese toy?"

"Don't think much of sea fish," said the young officer. "They're no better than rabbit-shooting."

"But how marvellous that extension of fins into wings!" said Mr. Clarkson. "What a pity mankind didn't follow the same process, and develop wings instead of arms!"

"Oh, we're good enough for most people as we are," said the girl, throwing down the Bull discs and walking away.

In the evening the great rock stood black and solemn as they slowly left it behind, and the light on Europa Point was greenish white against the sun-set. The passengers celebrated their first concert on board, followed by an informal dance. During the concert a lady who had become conspicuous for leaving scent bottles and shawls on various chairs, fixed her fervent eyes on Mr. Clarkson while she sang:—

"Less than the dust upon thy chariot wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained thy sword."

"I was sure you loved music," she said, clasping her hands as she sat beside him afterwards.

"I do, indeed," said Mr. Clarkson. "I like Bach best, because his music is that of the morning stars when they sang together. But I enjoy even comparatively inferior compositions like the thing you sang so well just now. While I listened it set me wondering."

"Wondering? Oh, wondering what?" asked the lady, with half-closed eyes.

"I was wondering," he answered, "how far it was possible for a lyric poet or composer to express a dramatic situation so entirely alien to his accustomed surroundings. It is a question that really involves most imaginative work."

"Oh," said the lady

"It is the same with dancing," Mr. Clarkson continued, as the band struck up the first waltz. "Originally, I suppose, it was a dramatic expression of triumphant joy or yielding and peaceful emotions. I often wonder how much of those feelings are retained in its present form."

"Don't you dance?" asked the lady.

"It is one of the great regrets of my life," said Mr. Clarkson, "that I was not allowed to learn."

"Oh," said the lady, and her partner led her away.

A man came and informed him that a hotel in Jamaica was the best place to go to if you wanted to be done well, and that he himself would once have gone to the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico had not the ship been made of Swedish steel. Escaping with the silent wish that Swedish steel had never been invented, Mr. Clarkson sat long in the bow and watched the dark water of that historic sea, while over his head Orion and all the ancient stars moved in their courses. But, though surrounded by the long-expected scene itself, he was, somehow, restless and uneasy. The throb of harp and fiddle reached his ears, and his spirit kept time to the rhythm of the dancing feet. The memory of some peculiar scent seemed to hang about him. When he tried to see only the Pleiades, he saw a woman's eyes intently fixed on his, and a hand resting upon the arm of a chair. He several times repeated the great salutation to Italy in the Georgics, and then, feeling a little calmer, he thought he would go to bed, as it was getting quite late.

The dancing had ceased some time before, but as he went down the deserted gangway he heard footsteps pattering after him.

"Please, sir," said a panting steward, "there's a lady passenger on the companion would like to speak to you a moment."

Mr. Clarkson's heart gave one great leap. Never had he run so fast since he won the Consolation Race at school. She was standing at the top of the stairs.

"Is it possible?" he gasped. "I mean, the steward told me you wanted to see him. Perhaps you've lost something?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Not you! Not you!" she cried, and vanished.

As he brushed his wavy hair before getting into his bunk, Mr. Clarkson perceived that it might now almost be called grey, and somehow he could not recover his first joy in the memories of antiquity, though he heard the Mediterranean herself lapping against the ship's side till he slept.

A GREEN HEAVEN.

Mr. G. L. Gomme in his interesting book on "Folk-lore as an Historical Science," quotes from a seventeenth century Puritan preacher an account of the strange creed of a poor old simple-minded man. "On his deathbed, being demanded what he thought of God, he answers that he was a good old man; and what of Christ, that he was a towardly youth; . . . and what should become of his soul after he was dead, that if he had done well he should be put in a pleasant green meadow." Both the seventeenth century divine and the modern writer, from their different standpoints, regard this old man as a "pagan." The preacher exclaims in wonder that he had lived for sixty years in "a parish where there had been preaching almost all his time." Many preachers we know were laboring in England during the period covered by this old man's life. The sermon quoted from was preached in 1659. The Puritan preaching, however, if the old man ever attended it, had evidently made little impression upon his mind. Such religious ideas as he possessed he had derived from the Catholic symbolism, then vanishing in England, but lingering on upon church windows, and in the traditional speech of the people. The comment of the modern writer is in the same vein. "This is a passage which shows not a departure from Christianity either through ignorance or from the result of philosophic study or contemplation, but a sheer non-advance to Christianity, a passage which shows us an English pagan of the seventeenth century. The two first articles of this singular creed depict an absence of knowledge about the central features of Christian belief, the last denotes the existence of knowledge about some belief not known to English scholars of that time." He adds the further remark: "This seventeenth century pagan depended upon himself for his faith. He worked out his own ideas as to Heaven and God and Christ."

But let us examine the old man's creed a little more closely. With its first two articles we are not here concerned. He conceived of God, dimly and obscurely, no doubt, as "a good old man," the "Ancient of Days" of the Bible, "with garment white as snow, and the hairs of his head like the pure wool." So the Creator had been continually represented by Christian iconography all through the Middle Ages. The Padre Eterno is so depicted at the present day in Italian wayside shrines. His mental image of the Saviour was evidently that of a youth "goodly to look at," friendly and helpful, a cheery face to meet at the end of a long day. This seems a lingering on of the idea of "the beautiful shepherd," the boyish, beardless figure of the Catacombs, which in the Middle Ages had given place to the images of the agonised sufferer and the awful judge. However imperfect as theological conceptions, these are Christian images left in the old man's mind as the result of a long tradition. With regard to the third point, the "pleasant green meadow" is simply a translation of the "Paradisi semper amœna virentia" of the old Prayers for the Dying. It was just precisely what Christian

men on their deathbeds had for centuries been bidden to hope for. It was no pagan survival, but a dim reminiscence of the ancient language of the Church.

Christianity came from the parched, torrid East, often a shadowless and weary land, a barren and dry land where no water is. All pleasure, all delight, is symbolised in the East by a garden. Man's unhappiness was caused by the loss of a garden where he was placed at first. "He shall feed me in a green pasture; He shall lead me forth beside the waters of comfort," was the delightful image of all refreshment and peace. The Bible is full of the pleasantness of springing water and green grass. "The parched ground shall become a pool and the thirsty land springs of water; in the place of dragons where each lay shall be grass with reeds and rushes" (Is. xxxv. 7). The "Golden Legend" thus describes the Paradise which Adam lost. "Paradise was made the third day of creation, and was beset by herbs, plants, and trees, and is a place of most mirth and joy. In the midst thereof be set two trees, that is, the tree of life, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. And there is a well which casteth out water for to water the herbs and trees of Paradise. This well is the mother of all waters . . ." Around the regaining of this lost Paradise, this green "place of refreshment, light, and peace," the whole Christian drama revolved. "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise" it was said to the thief.

The ancient liturgies carry on this imagery of Paradise in the commemoration of the dead. "Bring them in and collect them in a place of greenness, by the waters of comfort, in the paradise of pleasure, where grief and misery and sighing are banished," they pray. Here is the old man's "green meadow." It belongs to the earliest Christianity. It is in those prayers, which it is impossible to hear or read unmoved, which in the Catacombs brought sweetness to the beaten slave. These prayers were said from Spain to Malabar. The expressions occur constantly "in the paradise of joy," "in the tabernacles of light," "in quiet dwelling places." The ideas always are light, greenness, quiet. The form in the present Roman Mass is, "To these, O Lord, and to all who rest in Christ, grant a place of refreshment, light and peace." We cannot wonder that these delightful images made a profound impression on the people everywhere. This impression is quite universal in Christendom. The ordinary Russian prayer for the departed is, "Grant him, O Lord, a quiet place, a grassy place." The scene of the Van Eyck triptych of the "Adoration of the Lamb," at Ghent, is precisely "a green meadow" starred with gentian and with narcissus. It will be remembered that the great poets of heathendom were seen by Dante in "un pratodi fresca verdura" (Inf. iv. iii.). In the medieval doctrine even the pagans who "had done well," whatever else they lost, did not miss their "green meadow." There was water, too, in that first circle of Dante's hell. "Un bel fiumicello" surrounded the "noble castle" in which they dwelt. Mr. Gomme, in a footnote, says, "One is reminded of the famous Shakespearian emendation, whereby Falstaff, on his deathbed, "babbled o' green fields." Shakespeare knew the Christian tradition thoroughly, and it is very probable that the poet imagined the dying man as repeating snatches of the commendatory prayers. The tradition survived in English Puritanism. It is found, for instance, in Dr Watts.

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dressed in living green;
> So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
> While Jordan rolled between."

The present writer remembers as a child delighting in these lines. The whole hymn has in it the true enchantment of poetry.

In Protestant countries, as the old offices were no longer used, and the Apocalypse was read by the people in the vulgar tongue, the idea of the golden city, for the most part, took the place of that of the green meadow. But the latter image is surely the more appealing. God made the country and man made the town. Amid some baking wilderness of bricks and mortar it is a refreshment even to think of a green alpine meadow starred with crocuses. Amid the deafening noises of the arid streets, the quiet of the country seems the very blessed "requies" of the old prayers. "Herbs and flowers and trees" are the most beautiful and health-giving things the mind can conceive. The scent, for instance, of lavender, of a bean field in flower, of July lime trees, may well seem something escaped from Paradise, a proof to men that the lost garden still exists on earth. The popular hymns of the day may describe their scenes of garish splendour, but there must be numberless simple souls who still think of heaven in the old world way. There are exiles from the country "in London, that town built ill," there are inarticulate peasants like the poor old "seventeenth century pagan," there are rogues and vagabonds, not very familiar with printed Bibles, who still cling to the hope of the green meadow. Such a one was a gipsy woman who told the cleryman that she had dreamed of heaven, and that it was "a girt green field."

THE SURPLUS OF SUMMER.

In the sun-speckled orchard there is the soft frou-frou of wings, followed by the sound of a peck at some moderately hard substance. From among the leaves of a tall tree depends the rounded tail of a blackbird, whose body is hidden in a breast-plate of green. Fallacious breast-plate, for at the tiny smokeless crack of the rifle down comes the owner of the tail. Almost every pear of this early tree, and of other trees yet far from ripe, is scored or hollowed by the beaks of these marauders. The little rifle can make but small inroad against them, for at each crack, tiny as it is, they grow more wary. It is almost always a young bird that falls, the wily old cock being particularly difficult to account for. He cries warning to his offspring from afar, and if they will not heed, more or less leaves them to their fate, whereas the hen is liable to make fatal fuss over the fall of one of her chicks. Plead mercy for her those who have no orchards just now harried at every moment of the day by hordes of blackbirds completely sworn off from other food.

In spring our blackbird is almost entirely ingratiating. The cock sings with sad beauty from the freshly bursting bough, and they are both immensely busy among the worms and grubs—mostly, it is true, among the worms, but how many of us remember that these are friends and not enemies of agriculture? We rejoice in the blackbird then, and even take pains to prevent the irresponsible boy from destroying its eggs. It is left to the jays, if we do not shoot them, to keep the breed down somewhat by eating every egg or birdling they can find. But in spite of the jay and of other natural checks, the blackbirds increase mightily every summer. A second laying quickly replaces the lost clutch, and the unmolested bird seldom fails to rear two healthy broods of five apiece. Every ebon songster of spring is now the leader of a dusky troop, from which perilous autumn and winter must select the strongest and wariest for the work of propagation next year.

A similar and often more welcome surplus is evident in most directions. Two pairs of flycatchers came to us in spring. Now there are two, if not three, broods on the wing, and an interesting family of three about to leave a late nest. In all manner of places we see the low-sitting bird waiting for a pounce, or its long-pointed wings flashing after the invisible, twisting prey. The long flight southward, the unknown dangers of an African winter, and the return next year, will inevitably reduce our score or so of flycatchers more or less to the two pairs that have been our average portion for twenty years past. Yesterday we looked below the coping of a dry wall at the three nestlings of the second brood of wagtails. The first brood has entirely vanished long since. Their parents, having fed them first and last with a myriad flies and grubs, gave them in some way to understand that there was no longer room for them about the homestead, and so they have moved on. But whither? Has not every farmyard its pair of pied wagtails that has similarly reared and banished a brood, if not two? We cannot think with equanimity of the

tremendous weeding-out that must fall upon these exquisite and useful birds.

The tiny down-lined cup in the elm tree has scattered its little goldfinches into the thistle field, where they are joined by other broods, till there is quite an army fluttering like butterflies among the purple blooms and blowsy ripe heads. Here, too, are the red linnets and the cole tits almost beyond counting, though we knew but one pair of the latter in spring. Greenfinches and chaffinches are at times seen with the sparrows in thousands ravaging the standing corn, sometimes mobbing a hawk and sometimes paying penalty. Again it is the actual young surplus that is cut down. Nature takes the line of least resistance, and among the easily caught, easily plucked, and tender to eat birds of the year, the hawks, and even the crows, spend the fat time of late summer and autumn. The young greenfinch is provided by nature as a means of teaching the young hawk its business. And the young partridge, too, we think, as we come upon a circle of brown feathers in a hollow at the top of a bank, that the hawk often chooses for plucking his kill. But a moment's examination dissipates our fear. It is written that dog shall not eat dog, but here undoubtedly a hawk has struck down a hawk and eaten it to the last scrap. The circle, measuring scarcely a foot across, is full of the feathers of a young kestrel, the flight feathers with juicy barbs roughly forming the outer ring, then layer after layer of the inner clothing, out of the centre of which has been picked to the last scrap the carcase and tender limbs.

There goes one of the potential enemies of the voles, whose summer progeny, and progeny's progeny, have, in spite of restrictions, riddled their part of the field with clean round holes in the ground and secret tunnels in the grass. Never mind. The young weasels will want some, till the unreasoning keeper traps them and sets them up in his "larder." Last night, too, the young owls were proclaiming their sharp stomachs, if yet feeble beaks, all round the house as we lay in bed. One on the elm, one on the roof, and one by the barn called their tu-whits to one another more quickly than a ball could fly round a circle of expert catchers, till a parent with a long, querulous admonition bade them all be silent and follow him to another place. The vole balance will not lack adjustment so long as these winged cats are about. Some of these "mice" will have already become food for the young foxes, for our vixen has gotten herself five of these that gambol in the bracken and round the bushes of their natal field, scarcely at all to the dismay of the rabbits, with whose multiplication the fields teem. In the day time you will only see the tiny ones of the latest apparent litters (there are later ones still in several stages in the stops that the does keep so secret). But as the cool of afternoon draws on, larger and larger rabbits come forth from their holes and begin their gambols and their extended foraging that shall before dusk dot the banks all over with creatures nineteen-twentieths of which were non-existent at the winter solstice. An overwhelming proportion of the surplus will be non-existent before another breeding season begins, the manner of their removal being far more varied and dramatic than the killing of as many human heroes in the pages of Homer. Some for the fox, some for the stoat, some small ones for the owl, some for the thundering gun, some for the quiet rifle, some for the ferret, the cat, the poacher's lurcher, the wire, the motor-car, the mowing machine or reaper, till the hardy or lucky remainder of next year's horde sees again the young grass and hears the cry of the returned chiffchaff.

Heat expands and cold contracts. This axiom of indifference when applied to physics seems to us like tragedy when applied to the hordes of living summer beings that must be reduced to a tenth by the winter. It seems to be another phenomenon, the atoms being not merely pressed together but picked off and destroyed. We will not put it higher than "seems," for we have seen the dead thrush build up the living hawk, and for all we know, the vanished rabbits of one year may account for the fecundity of the next. The manure heap has its tale of increase not merely in the worms that batten in its rich decay, but in dozens and dozens of snakes' eggs glued in a kind of double chain, usually coiled into bunches of extra large white grapes with shells almost as tough as leather. With marvellous secrecy the great snakes whom every unreasoning farm hand kills at sight, have assembled almost under the very windows, and have placed their eggs here where alone they can germinate. The heat of this summer and of last winter is converting the liquid contents of each into scaly, efficient seven-inch serpents with all the false menace and more than all the grace and beauty of their parents. The farmer has only to turn over his mixen one day this month to destroy all this generation of "varmints." But with all the will to do so, the golden days slip by one by one, and the risky expedient of the old snakes succeeds. The hundreds of small snakes escape from the leathery egg-shells, and no one sees even a tail of all the serpentine vitality with which the dung heap teams. Just as certainly do the warble maggots slip from under the very thumb of the farmer on the backs of his cattle, to destroy more hides and drive frantic more heifers and bullocks next year. That is to say, one in every ten of them will survive frost and rain on the bare ground, in order to produce ten warbles next year.

Present-Day Problems.

THE HARMSWORTH BRAND.—IV.

"My idea of the newspaper of the twentieth century," said Mr. Harmsworth, now Lord Northcliffe, to the "North American Review," "may be thus expressed in brief: Let us suppose one of the great American newspapers under the control of a man of the journalistic ability of Delane, the greatest of the former editors of the London 'Times,' certainly the greatest political editor in the history of journalism, backed by an organisation as perfect as that of the Standard Oil Company, and issued simultaneously each morning in (say) New York, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and other points in America; or at London, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Edinburgh, Belfast, and Newcastle, in Great Britain. Is it not obvious that the power of such a paper might become such as we have not yet seen in the history of the Press? And would not such a journal effectually revive the waning influence of the newspaper upon the life and thought of the nation?"

There is no want of assurance in the proposal to girdle the thought of a country with a web woven by a single hand. But what seriousness lies in the suggestion to encircle it with the immortal conceptions of "Chips" or the "Daily Mirror"? It is rare to find in the weekly Harmsworth papers an appeal even to the untrained thinking of our slightly educated people, with whom the seeds of new knowledge fall on a not too kindly soil. Messrs. Chambers, Cassell, Lloyd, and Mr. Stead, with his series of penny reprints, may claim to have done something to popularise culture. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, with his special gifts of style and feeling, has shown how a popular weekly may be run, not merely without offence, but with a vivid and delightful appeal to his readers' imaginations. What have the Harmsworths achieved or attempted? They did make an effort to issue a few standard novels at cheap rates; but it was abandoned, we suppose, for want of commercial success. Having announced that they did not intend to go into the publishing business with works by contemporary authors, they are now following the example of Nelson, Newnes, and others in issuing a series of sixpenny novels of no special literary value by living writers. They have certainly labored hard to discover and mine new veins of profitable custom. They issue special stories for miners or factory hands, and diligently canvass the districts which they seek to cover, trying by careful *plébiscites* to find the exact measure of their readers' tastes, pushing, with persistent and able calculation, the first copies of their ventures, or the more attractive numbers, till the sight of the paper is thoroughly fixed in the memory. They have laid special plans for the capture of boy

readers and women readers, usually following rather than leading. Thus Messrs. Pearson's "Home Notes" was speedily capped by their "Home Chat." The fiction magazines of Newnes and Pearson were similarly imitated, but not improved in quality. There has also been an immense development of the boys' journal, which is a blend of the cheap American colored supplement and of the old crime story of the "Jack Sheppard" type. But examine the character of this work and compare it, for example, with good secondary boys' literature of the character of Mayne Reid's novels or "The Swiss Family Robinson," excluding masterpieces like Andersen's fairy tales or "Robinson Crusoe." This is the torrent of unmeaning splutter with which a "splendid" school story opens in "Pluck":—

> "A bas les Anglais!"
> "Coke!" yelled Specs, the ventriloquist. "Go and eat coke!"
> "Ar bar layz Onglay!"
> "A bas les Francais!"
> "A bas le Tucker!"
> "I'll punch your head, Specs Wickfield!"
> "Ar bar ler Tom Tucker!"
> The shouts were terrific, and the shouters hot and flustered. They were also in factions, and friction did not appear unlikely for the near future.
> It had all come about through Tucker's brother sending him a copy of the exhibition edition of the "Daily Mail." (Note the advertisement of one Harmsworth publication by another.)
> "Dry up!" yelled Dick Ross. "Dry up, Tucker!"
> "What about the entente cordiale?" shouted Specs.
> "What did Specs call me a Sioux cannibal for?"
> "Because you said you were a Frenchman, ass!" cried the ventriloquist for himself.
> "So I am!"
> "Rats!" yelled Dick. "Piffle! Ow!"
> That was the last straw. Tucker, chief of the Raggers, smote Dick Ross on the end of his nose, and Dick Ross smote back again. Tucker closed one eye for a time.
> It was all over after that.
> "Ar bar laiz Onglay!" yelled Holt, jumping on Renton's chest. Ar bar—— All right, you beast! All right, you rotter!"
> "Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Specs. "Ha, ha——"
> He changed notes a trifle, and concluded with a gurgle.

Much the same criticism applies to the women's papers issued by this firm. Some are harmless; they cover the housewife's, or the home servant's, daily task, and fill her hour of relaxation. But the stories are dosed with the commonest kind of sentimentalism, served with crime as a piquant sauce. For the rest two main interests are dress and forms of gambling. The latter gives rise to endless devices of perverted ingenuity. There are guessing matches, such as hitting on the number of births in a town in a month, presents of money or dress for finding some trivial secret hidden in the columns of the paper, competitions for discovering missing words or lines, the collection of tram tickets, with winning numbers, a form of lottery in which more than one child lost his life. The limerick craze, which the Harmsworths promoted, though they did not start it, ran through England like an infectious fever. The recent memorial on gambling in the Press stated that tradesmen's Christmas takings were diverted to post offices for sixpenny "limerick" orders, and that young workmen and students spent their time and living money upon them. The editor of "Answers," debasing the moral and the literary currency in a sentence, described one of his guessing competitions as "an easy chance of winning gold in a skill contest." "Skill" was almost equally banished from the "limerick" prize-giving. No true judgment of literary merit was possible when the competitors were counted by the score of thousand, and the judgment on their work had to be passed in a few days or hours.

Some of the most deceptive of these lures is that of free Continental tours offered to young women, whose places in a "competition," extended over weeks and months, and whipped up by every art known to the Harmsworth form of Americanised journalism, are determined by a *plébiscite* of readers. A most conspicuous example of this advertising dodge has just been rounded off by the "Daily Mail." Its main features were borrowed from the scheme of the "Buck-eyed Daisies," a party of American girls who lately visited these shores. Twenty such "guests" of the "Daily Mail"—twenty out of some hundreds of competitors—start this week on a three weeks' tour. What have they done to secure the prize—for themselves and for the "Daily Mail"? For themselves they have done nothing which could not have been achieved for perhaps one-sixth of the cost in money and labor; for the "Daily Mail" they have done a great deal. The total number of votes polled by successful and unsuccessful competitors was 20,565,437. These "votes" have taken six months to collect. During this period these ingenuous young ladies, and scores of other girls, have been conducting a free canvass for subscriptions to the "Daily Mail." Twenty have in return got their three weeks' tour, and a few more receive a meagre consolation prize of £10 or a week's holiday in London. The great majority get nothing at all for their months of touting for subscriptions, save a happy consciousness of having added to the circulation of the "Daily Mail," and correspondingly to its advertisements. The "votes" were recorded on coupons cut from the "Daily Mail." A single coupon, sent signed to the office, would, of course, secure one vote, but the main staple of the scheme was to offer 1,000 votes in exchange for a year's subscription to the paper, fixed at 13s., or 500 votes for a six months' subscription. Even if every vote were secured at this rate, and thousands must have been obtained on single issues at one halfpenny a-piece, the twenty million votes would stand for a sum of over £13,000. In return for this the proprietors offer to a handful of their amateur canvassers the value, say, of some £40, with a "tip" of £10 to another handful. The winning girls obtained from 565,000 to 458,000 votes, representing a value in coupons, reckoned at 13s. per 1,000 copies of the "Mail," of some £360 and £290. Every effort was made to pile up votes. Relatives and tradesmen plied friends and customers with circulars appealing to them to subscribe to the "Mail" for three or six months or a year, and pile the resulting votes on to their candidate's mounting list. How self-respecting people can use such methods for giving their sister or their cousin a trip of three weeks abroad, passes our imagination. It would be interesting to hear what the "Daily Mail" reaped in new admirers and advertisers as the result of this experiment in philanthropy. It would be harder to measure the good that can accrue to these young women from the feverish excitement of their foolish speculation in pleasure.

Thus, then, are the simple caught in the cheap tradesman's prettily painted net. To this measure has the noble art of printing come, the art of communicating ideas and knowledge, and making the intellectual stuff of the world go round from shore to shore. Thus is power used and abused, leaving to those who think and feel the sure knowledge that such methods can give those who employ them no real influence over the hearts and minds of men and women, and only a passing, if blighting, force over the whims of their idle hours.

(To be continued.)

[We willingly correct an error in our list of Harmsworth publications. The "Country-side," we are informed, has always been the property of the company whose title heads the paper, and the publishing arrangement which it had with Carmelite House ceased sixteen months ago. The "Country-side," we may add, is an interesting and pleasantly written paper, dealing with natural history from a popular point of view.]

THE PERSONALITIES OF THE SESSION.

A TRAIT of this Parliament, and of its abounding vitality, is its peculiar method of settling accounts with itself. At the close of each Session it rushes to take stock of the next. Tasks once accomplished are done with; men, in Balzac's phrase, are used as post-horses—to carry affairs on from one stage to another. This, after all, is only a surly way of acknowledging the not uncheerful fact that towards the close of its third Session the Parliament of 1906 is still stretching out eager hands towards the

future, still looking forward with unabated fervour to fresh schemes of social reconstruction.

Besides, there are special reasons this Session for taking stock of the future rather than of the past. Owing to the changes in *personnel* and modifications of policy brought about by the death of the late Prime Minister, the leading figures of the Ministry have chiefly been engaged in doing one another's work. Thus, Mr. Asquith's Budget, with which should be included the Old Age Pensions Bill, has been in the hands of Mr. Lloyd George. Again, at the Board of Trade Mr. Churchill has been dexterously picking up the threads of an administrative web designed by a brain not less ingenious than his own. With all his industry and quickness of apprehension Mr. McKenna still finds it expedient to fortify his statements on Naval policy with the authority of his advisers. Some minor knots in the educational tangle have been unravelled by Mr. Runciman, but for his solution of the major problem we are bidden to wait till the autumn. Indeed, it is only of the newcomers among the second team that we can yet speak with certainty, for there can be no doubt that Colonel Seely, Mr. Masterman, and Mr. McKinnon Wood have all more than justified their promotion. Nominally in the second line, Dr. Macnamara keeps his place some points ahead of certain of his colleagues, who are nominally in the first. Another of the marked personal successes of the Session has been Mr. Herbert Samuel, whose impeccable demeanour in his piloting of the Children's Bill has been pleasantly relieved by some brisk reprisals against Mr. Balfour and Mr. Long in the Old Age Pensions debates. But, after all, the great political feat of the Session has been the passage of the Irish Universities Bill—a triumph which only one man in Great Britain could have compassed. And that man is Mr. Birrell.

And what of the chief newcomer—what of the Prime Minister himself? Here again one must ask the future to answer. Thus far, Mr. Asquith has been dealing with a programme bequeathed by his predecessor, and he has felt himself, I imagine, under a peculiar obligation to carry out every article of the testament. Otherwise, with his well-known views concerning the freedom of discussion, it is scarcely conceivable that he would have attempted to do so much in a single Session. Twitted the other day by Mr. Balfour with his former attacks on the guillotine, he replied that he repented and retracted nothing of those earlier declarations. To tell the truth, Mr. Balfour's challenge rang rather hollow, not only on account of its source, but still more because of the prevailing sense of the good faith of the Minister against whom it was aimed. In various ways Mr. Asquith has already given proof of the sincerity of his concern for the liberties of the House of Commons. To abandon the all-night sitting, as a coercive weapon against a small minority may, in itself, be no great thing. But that this should have been done in Mr. Asquith's first Session as Prime Minister shows at least the conciliatory bent of his Parliamentary management—an art, it may be noted, always rated among the higher qualifications of leadership, till in an evil epoch its use passed out of fashion, not to say out of memory, under the slovenly rule of Mr. Balfour.

Apart from some new developments in reaction, such as the movement against the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, the Opposition remain where they were. Their successes in the bye-elections bring them no moral stimulus, and do nothing to heal their divisions. With Mr. Long, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and Mr. Lyttelton to act as his intellectual foils, Mr. Balfour might be expected to stand in the eyes of his party in a position of isolated and supreme splendor. And so he does. But strange to say, with all his arts of conciliation, his successful attempt to recapture the lost sympathies of the House, his unwearied diligence and finely wrought eloquence, which he concentrates on the congenial task of destructive criticism, despite, too, many professions of devotion, his followers throughout this Session, as in preceding years, have night after night left him unsupported save by a meagre circle of kinsfolk and intimate friends. This is the more remarkable since they all seem to be Protectionists now. Colonial Preference, to be sure, has been dropped, but the hand that struck a last furtive blow at that discredited cause in the recent Budget debate was not Mr. Balfour's, but that of his hypnotised sentinel, Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Possibly other and deeper causes of disunion are at work, involving, it may be the fate of the earlier Birmingham structure of a democratised Toryism.

JAMES DRYSDALE.

Music.

THE ERROR OF BAYREUTH.

ONE sometimes comes away from Bayreuth wondering whether, after all, these performances do not lower Wagner in some ways as much as they exalt him in others. If Bayreuth were to do the really sensible thing, it would bestow its chief pains on the music. To some extent it does this already—it gives us an orchestra that for purity and beauty of tone, unanimity of *ensemble*, and poetry of interpretation, could not be matched anywhere else on earth; and it generally puts the orchestra under a conductor who, like Richter or Muck, is worthy to have so magnificent an instrument to play upon. But even here Bayreuth sometimes does an irrational thing, as when it gives the orchestra into the hands of a mere well-meaning amateur like Siegfried Wagner, who the other day, for example, quite destroyed the beauty of the melodic contours of a good deal of "Lohengrin." The most serious complaint against Bayreuth, however, is that the singers are too often below the standard one expects in an opera house that claims to be bent on showing the world how Wagner should be given, and that draws hundreds of people, year after year, thousands of miles to endure the discomforts of life in this little town, in the belief that at last the real Wagner is to be displayed to them.

Frau Cosima and her associates have their little prejudices and preferences, and few of them work for the general public good. This singer is to be retained to the end of time because she sang well some years ago; this other is shelved because he has said or done something that is *lèse majesté* against Wahnfried. This year, for instance, we had in Frau Reuss-Belce a Fricka with, indeed, a good sense of style in her acting, but a voice so acrid as to be positively painful to anyone with an ordinarily good ear; while Burgstaller was barred from singing Parsifal because he had committed the heinous crime of taking part in the New York performance of the work. Two or three singers at this year's festival have been grievous disappointments. Dalmores as Lohengrin was in every way ineffective. Max Dawison, after giving us an Alberich that had several good points, though they were marred by his addiction to the German habit of half-speaking the music instead of singing it, gave us a Telramund that was at times grotesque; all melodic outline was lost in the torrent of verbal noise he poured forth. It is surely not to listen to performances like these that people go all the way to Bayreuth.

This, then, is Bayreuth's mistake. It ought to recognise that whatever else goes wrong, the music should issue from the singers' mouths in a perpetually beautiful form. The music is the first factor, let the wilder Wagnerians say what they will. If that is good, the ear and the eye will tolerate a little imperfection in other departments; if that is bad, nothing will reconcile us for the loss of this pleasure—no amount of declamation, no amount of stress upon dramatic points or upon supposed profundities of philosophical meaning. But Bayreuth cannot see this, and it fails to see it because, like Wagner himself, it over-estimates the importance of another factor in opera—the scenery. It gives to this all the attention it fails to give to the singers. The results, of course, are wonderful in their own way, but this is not always the way that is best for the opera as a whole. No one could wish for more beautiful stage pictures than the scene of the hall of

the Grail, or that in the second act of "Lohengrin," or the sliding canvases that accompany the "Umwandlungs" music in "Parsifal." But the genuine musician has the uncomfortable feeling that his admiration for some of these stage pictures is blinding him to the imperfection of the music that accompanies it, or to the imperfections in the manner of performing this music. In the Grail scene, for example, so splendid is the setting, and so full of solemn religious symbolism is the whole ceremonial, that it is only with an effort that one remembers how commonplace some of the music is, or notices with what unsubtle solidity of tone the men sing their parts at Bayreuth. The purely musical sense, here as elsewhere in Wagner, is in fact being distracted and duped by the pictorial sense.

The device is, of course, perfectly justifiable if you accept the Wagnerian formula *in toto*. Wagner wanted to say so many things that music by itself is hardly competent to say, that he necessarily has to attain his end at times by other than musical methods. No one knew better than he that in the theatre a lower standard of musical structure is accepted than in the concert-room. We complain of our writers of symphonic poems that they try to tell stories in music instead of writing music that is self-consistent and self-poised; but we forget that Wagner is constantly doing the same thing. In some of the preludes to the acts of the "Ring," for example, the motives are tacked together to tell a story in a way that has merely a literary but no musical justification, and with an audacity that no symphonic poem writer has ever dared to imitate. Wagner well knew that, as we watch something going on on the stage, or sit staring at the drop-curtain, waiting for it to rise and reveal its picture, our purely musical sense is not at its most critical; it is half-drugged by other suggestions. What we all revolt against in time is this calling in of the art of the scene-painter or the scene-shifter to cloak the defects in the art of the musician. And it is because Bayreuth, as a rule, does so much more for the stage setting than it does for the music, that one comes away from it with one's admiration for Wagner slightly lowered in some respects, with a sense of the impurity of some of the means by which he has held us engrossed for so many hours. In any combination of the arts into which music enters, it takes the first place. Good music will make bad poetry tolerable; the best poetry in the world will not make bad music tolerable. The music in Wagner, then, ought to be the first thing. It ought to stand in no need of the scene-painter to eke out its deficiencies; and how many pages are there not in the "Ring" and "Parsifal" the weakness of which would at once be disclosed did not the splendor and the variety of the scenic setting cover them! Vast and glorious as the works are, there is too much dependence upon machinery in them. It is the error of Bayreuth that, by the very perfection and magnificence of its staging, it makes the critical mind too conscious of the part the machinery plays in the total effect.

Communications.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW WAY WITH OLD OFFENDERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I note with interest that there has been plenty of talk about the Home Secretary's Bill "to make better provision for the prevention of crime, and to provide for the prolonged detention of habitual offenders." There will be more, I hope, before the measure is passed or rejected. We cannot in the present situation hear too much concerning prison and the treatment of prisoners. Anything is worth discussing that costs over half a million of money a year; and when, as in the case of the prison system, the annual half-million is as good as thrown away, discussion becomes a kind of necessity.

Much is in some quarters expected of the new Bill. Let us see what are its chief provisions in respect of the person branded as the habitual offender. He is convicted of a new crime, and sentence of penal servitude, we will say, is passed upon him. If, in the jury's opinion, the delinquent is an habitual offender, a professional criminal, a recidivist—the name matters little—the Court may inflict a farther punishment—may, in fact, double the dose. As the Bill puts it, the Court "may pass a further sentence ordering that on the determination of the sentence of penal servitude he be detained during His Majesty's pleasure," an ominous phrase hitherto associated only with Broadmoor. The second sentence is described by the Bill as "preventive detention." The habitual offender is one who has been four times convicted, or who, in the belief of the jury, has been "leading persistently a dishonest or criminal life." Having done time at Portland, Parkhurst, or elsewhere, he is to be transferred forthwith to some other prison, "which the Secretary of State may set apart for the purpose." In this place he will still "be subject to the law for the time being in force with respect to penal servitude as if he were undergoing penal servitude"; but the rules of the convict establishment will be modified "in the direction of a less rigorous treatment." It is a trifle vague, but we are left in little doubt that the powers of the penal servitude prison are to be in full force in the background. Here, then, the old offender is to remain until "there is a reasonable probability that he will abstain from crime, and lead a useful and industrious life, or that he is no longer capable of engaging in crime."

Once at least in every three years the Secretary of State will take into consideration "the condition, history, and circumstances" of the prisoner, "with a view to determining whether he shall be placed out on licence." Again: "The Directors of Convict Prisons shall report periodically to the Secretary of State on the conduct and industry of persons undergoing preventive detention, and their prospects and probable behaviour on release, and for this purpose shall be assisted by a committee at each prison . . . consisting of the governor of the prison and such other persons as the Secretary of State may appoint. Every such committee shall hold meetings at such intervals of not more than six months as may be prescribed." These, on a careful reading of the Bill, strike me as its most important parts.

Let me examine the definition which the Home Office or its advisers have given us of the habitual offender, the professional criminal so-called. He is a person against whom four convictions stand on record. I submit that this case is not necessarily as bad (and is very seldom as bad) as it looks upon the sheet. Before dismissing him offhand as a professional criminal, liable to be shut up for a quite indefinite time under conditions which are not explained, I want to know a good deal about this person who has done four separate stretches. It is a serious thing to decide about a man, that he lives, has lived, and means to live, by crime. I want to know what his offences were, and in what circumstances he committed them. I want to know in what manner he was punished for each of these offences. I want to know what chances he had to quit the crooked road for the straight one each time that he came out of prison.

My point, to make it plainer still, is this: Every time that we are trying for a crime a man who has been twice convicted, we are also trying (though we can seldom be brought to admit it) both the prison system to which he has been subjected and the whole social system of which he is a member. It is conceded—the question, indeed, is scarcely at this date open to argument—that the prison system is a failure, complete, ludicrous, contemptible. What is not so generally conceded (because this is a thing disgraceful to us all) is that society helps the hurtful work of prison by refusing a decent opening to the prisoner on discharge. By all means let us admit that there are such persons as professional criminals. But let us at the same time admit that both we and our prisons have had no small share in the making of them. The one thing we should refuse to admit is that, the prison system and the social system being what they are, the professional criminal is an irreclaimable. There are plenty of persons with four convictions behind them who would very willingly amend their ways.

I next observe that this unfortunate "habitual" is to be transferred, as his penance progresses, from a prison of one sort to a prison of some other sort. "Not at all!" says the complacent critic of the scheme; "his place of 'preventive detention' will be a kind of hospital or reforma-

tory." I find nothing of hospital or reformatory in the Bill! The first sentence, which may be one of many years, will be served throughout under the system which has notoriously failed to justify itself. All prison is bad. It is bad and unwholesome for anybody to be permanently in a condition of disgrace, and disgrace and degradation are the state of the convict during every hour of his confinement. A fine notion truly it was that you were to reform wrong-doers by cropping their heads, rigging them out like mountebanks, sealing their mouths, tasking them at any sort of uncongenial labor, and rubbing it into them at every moment of their dreary, vulgar, and useless existences that they had put themselves beyond the pale of decency, and were fit for nothing better! But this is penal servitude; this, and nothing less. Read the confessions of any member of the intellectual class who has been through it. Wilde's "De Profundis," granting it not wholly sincere, is the most tragical book in the language. "We are clowns," he says, writing from a cell in Reading Gaol, "whose hearts are broken." Yet it seems clear, on any reading of the Bill, that the convict is to carry with him into his place of "preventive detention" something at least of the atmosphere of penal servitude.

Now I can imagine a place—a prison even, if it must be—in which an influence might be directed upon the old criminal hand such as he has never known, and never could know, at Portland. And here, of course, comes in the supremely important point: What is the system to be, what are the conditions of life to be, in the prison of preventive detention? In proportion as it resembles the convict establishments the new place of detention must fail; in proportion as it differs from them it may succeed. The one great lack in the established system is the human or humanising element. No man was ever yet made better by being taught utterly to despise himself, but in the whole social organism there is no other situation so absolutely despicable as the convict's. "We are the zanies of sorrow," says Wilde. Grotesquely clothed, coarsely fed, meanly employed, kennelled within bare walls, searched from head to foot each time he enters or quits his cell, driven in gangs at the word of command, his hand ever tremblingly or sullenly at the salute, and spied upon waking and sleeping, the convict is made to feel himself in every fibre of his being the pariah and leper of the world. And we wonder smugly that he comes out of prison unreformed. We talk smugly on platforms and in the newspapers of the irreclaimables whom we have sought in this way to reclaim. One place where I should like to hear this gross and silly system talked of, not smugly, but in the proper style, is the pulpit. The pulpit, however, is pertinaciously and feloniously silent on the subject.

It is clear, I trust, that all this must be pretty thoroughly reformed if the Home Secretary's experiment is to avail anything. I confess I do not quite see by whom it is going to be done. One thing seems eminently advisable, that there should be as little interference as possible by the autocrats of the old school. Unless the routine of life in the new place is once again to resolve itself into discipline and task work—the elemental features of penal servitude—we want no governor of the drill-sergeant pattern, drafted from the army or the navy. Nor do we want a personnel such as the convict service has trained—admirable as that personnel is for the duties of keeping order and handling large bodies of men crushed for the most part into abject docility. A man passing out of penal servitude would need first, I should think, to have renewed in him some dim sense of self-respect, some sense of responsibility, some feeling of kinship with men not pariahs and lepers, some consciousness of normal life and its privileges as well as its pains; he would need to be mentally and morally toned up; and all this supposes and demands on the part of his mentors gifts which are not acquired in the convict service.

It would be extremely interesting to know what tests are to be applied in the cases of prisoners petitioning for release. Who are the psychological experts of the Home Office who will decide whether the burglar placed in circumstances in which burglary is impossible to him is fit to be returned to society? What is called good conduct in prison is merely of the passive kind. It means doing certain things which you are compelled to do, and abstaining from certain other things which you are forbidden to do. The old hands in prison are, in general, the best behaved. What manner of conduct will earn the ticket-of-leave in the prison of preventive detention? What is to be the criterion of repentance?

Lastly, what is to become of the man who, in the fullness of time, succeeds in obtaining his discharge? The day is not distant when it will be recognised and insisted on that the State owes something to the ex-convict whom it has kept for many years in prison. He has been struck down, and in many instances his family have been struck through him. He must change his identity before he can get on to his feet again. Most men punished in prison are punished worse when they come out of it. To help in rehabilitating the men whom it has helped to break is the bounden duty of the State. The new Bill betrays no recognition of this duty.—Yours, &c.,

TIGHE HOPKINS.

August 4th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having suffered the misfortune for some weeks of not seeing THE NATION, in your last number I came across a letter from which it appears that "S. D. W." has been proposing the foundation of a national association for fighting the tyranny of motor-cars. I quite agree that "THE NATION and its Editor have the prestige which would form a happy nucleus," but it would be a pity not to concentrate all our forces, and such an association has already been formed under the title of the "Road Union," with secretary and offices at 47, Victoria Street, S.W., where the fighting vigor of your correspondents would be able to mingle with the gathering energies of an indignant people.

The season when so many scatter to the country is a very fitting one for an impulse to the movement; it is in the country that we suffer most, and it is in the country that, to my mind, the real remedy is to be found. The indignation is there, and needs only organisation to find effective expression. May I beg all your readers who are interested in the matter to put themselves in communication with the Secretary, to subscribe to the funds of the Union (for there are considerable expenses to be met, as in any organisation); and then, when they get to the country, to spread the light wherever they go, distribute leaflets, and get members; but, above all, to found, if they can, centres in the towns and villages which will rally the people and get something effective done on the spot; whatever (within the bounds of legality) suggests itself to the imagination; something better than retiring with cart and bicycle into the ditch when a car hoots in the distance; something better than tamely enduring pecuniary loss by the dust nuisance without making any effort to get the rich people who cause it to pay for it.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE CALDERON.

August 5th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am too old a hand at newspaper controversy to resent criticism, or even abuse, but I like fair play. Your correspondent, H. S. Clough, says I have set up an "abstraction," whereas I consider my previous letter was full of concrete facts, well within my own knowledge. Surely he will not deny that motors are killing or maiming innocent people every day of the week, that they smell abominably, and create clouds of dust wherever they go. Let me mention a circumstance which occurred to me since my letter was written. Passing along a favourite road so "arcaded" with trees as to form an avenue, or grove, for some distance, I was confronted by a motor, painted a violent red, and thundering along at twenty miles an hour at least. The dust created was so dense as to completely obscure the atmosphere for some distance, and, owing to the over-arching trees, it could not escape, and it was some

minutes before it finally settled. When it did settle, the leaves of the trees were thickly coated. But who cares for trees, which have neither votes nor voices?

Mr. Clough speaks of the outcry against the bicycle on its introduction. I, too, am old enough to remember this, and I must be honest enough to confess that I joined in it. But I sympathise with cyclists now, seeing they are amongst the readiest victims of the motorist, who smashes up them and their machines. I except the motor-cyclist, who is only a lesser horror than the motorist himself, and deserves all he gets.

I am greatly touched by the announcement that "people of moderate means," who couldn't afford to keep a "vehicle of their own," are able to indulge in the less costly luxury of a motor. The motor as the "poor man's friend" is the most novel argument I have yet seen in its favor; but I stick to my opinion that the owners of motors are "a parcel of rich vulgarians," who deserve no mercy at the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he sets out on his quest for hen roosts to rob.

Even house agents are beginning to realise that noise and smell and dust are not a necessary adjunct of country life, and are careful to state in their advertisements of houses off the main road that they are "away from motors." —Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

August 3rd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your issue of the 18th ult. you were good enough to insert a short letter of mine, suggesting that The Nation should take the lead in organising a national association for regaining the at present lost liberty of the road.

In that letter I made no pretence of knowing much about motors from the inside point of view. I was never inside one but once. I was then persuaded by a friend, an enthusiastic motorist, to accompany him two or three miles along a wide level road, and we never exceeded in pace some fifteen miles an hour. I admit that even that pace was as exhilarating as a glass of champagne so long as one saw nothing outside the car. It so happened, however, that I did look around me, and then I saw that we were smothering with dust the men, women, and children we were overtaking or meeting. Then, I confess, I felt ashamed of myself, a weakness I should, no doubt, soon have got over had I bought a car. My friend, for instance, one of the kindest and most considerate of men by nature, looked on the discomfort we were inflicting on those outside the car as incidents not to be thought of when set against the advantages of motoring.

But to my purpose. Will The Nation lead in this good work, the regaining of the lost liberty of the road? If so, I will come at once to its aid with a contribution of £25 towards its fund, and an annual subscription of ten guineas, for, if necessary, ten years at least.

The Association formed, the measure needed to secure its aim will have to be thought out and adopted.—Yours, &c.,

S. D. W.

Sutton Coldfield,
August 4th, 1908.

[We are much obliged to our correspondent for his offer. At present we do not propose to start a new organisation. We are asking for detailed and local information, with which we will deal when it is fairly complete.—Ed., The Nation.]

THE GERMAN GYMNASTIC FÊTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The accusation of want of sympathy and partiality levelled at the English during the progress of the Olympic Games here by the representatives of various foreign nations—accusations which, however unjust, found a ready echo in the foreign Press—should set Englishmen a-thinking whether their attitude during the duration of the games was all that could have been desired, whether it was not tinged by too great a bias for English athletes, and took too little count of the susceptibility of the strangers within our gates.

To read some of the London newspapers, as I did, abroad, gave one the idea that the gathering was an English one, with foreigners nowhere, so redundant was every line with glowing accounts of the prowess, the superior skill, endurance, &c., of the English competitors.

A curious corollary to this attitude is provided by the silence of all the London newspapers regarding the great German Gymnastic Fête, recently held in Frankfurt-on-Main, from the 18th to the 23rd of July (the greatest gathering of athletes ever held anywhere), when no less than 50,000 gymnasts (Turner) from all parts of the Fatherland, from the United States of America, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, with contingents of varying strength from German South-West Africa, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, Bucharest, Cairo, Mexico City, and Melbourne foregathered within the hospitable walls of this ancient town, to meet in friendly rivalry or good fellowship.

On Sunday, the 19th, 44,000 of these athletes marched through the gaily-decorated streets under volleys of cheering and unparalleled scenes of enthusiasm, and were passed in review on the square in front of the Opera by the Kaiser's son, Prince Oscar, the Americans, Swiss, and Austrians receiving tremendous ovations.

The exercises, which continued until Wednesday, the 23rd, in team and individual competition, comprising over 3,000 participants, provided most excellent sport, and were marked by feats of daring, skill, and strength which it would be difficult to surpass.

The first prize in the "Fuenfkampf" (five exercises) went to Berne, the German Gymnastic Society of London receiving the eleventh, and the first prize in the "Sechskampf" (six exercises) went to Munich. Fencing and wrestling also took place. A swimming and diving competition in the Main, for which there were about one hundred entries, concluded the sports, which then gave way to excursions *en masse* down the Rhine to Heidelberg and as far as Paris.

No untoward incident, no accusation of unfairness, no lack of popular sympathy marred this great and unique festival, which, in a sense, came nearer the ideal of the ancient Olympic Games than its London competitor; 80,000 to 160,000 was the daily attendance, and this great festival, by a most "singular coincidence," found no mention whatever in a Press which usually is most eager to snap up and print for the consumption of its readers any tiddle-taddle from the Fatherland.

Truly a remarkable omission.—Yours, &c.,

Observer.

August 5th, 1908.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S BATTALIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—As a humble unit of Mrs. Humphry Ward's battalions, I must protest against the tone of Mrs. Thomas Hardy's letter in your current issue. She assumes that those opposing the franchise for women must be incapable of comprehending the question and its grave issues. It is just because we see a little further than the Suffragettes that we oppose them, and the terms of our manifesto make this abundantly clear. As to our battalions being composed of "unreflective, idle, immoral, excitement-seekers," I have not encountered any such amongst them. The Suffragettes who try to break up peace meetings, support the drink trade, break windows, and threaten the use of bombs would seem to have the monopoly of these characteristics. As to "atrophied hearts and darkened and selfish lives," it is just of these we complain when we see Suffragettes neglecting their abundant opportunities of helping the helpless in the wide spheres of public work now opened to them, to rush, in the ardent spirit of self-advertisement, from election to election, denouncing that party which alone has promised them help.

Women would show more true citizenship in qualifying themselves as guardians and members of borough and county councils, and giving their best services in the way of local government to their country than in spending money like water in organising processions and embroider-

ing banners, to spread sex antagonism and gather noisy crowds to jeer at their platform oratory. Mrs. Hardy sees in the Suffragist movement "a way to the production of splendid mothers in the future." This is a dark saying, especially when coupled with the assertion that the influence of that poor creature—mere man—is to be banished for ever.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) Florence Travers.

Tortington House, Arundel, Sussex.
August 3rd, 1908.

ANOTHER "MARATHON RACE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The very interesting article in this week's Nation, entitled "The Marathon," reminded me of a curious story in Swiss history.

After the defeat of Charles the Bold by the Swiss at Morah (1476) a youth of Fribourg ran from Morah to Fribourg to bring the news to his countrymen, and died from exhaustion on arriving. The branch of linden tree he carried in his hand is said to have been planted on the spot where he expired, and to have become the very old tree everyone can see at Fribourg in the middle of the "Place des Ormeaux."

Hoping that this incident, which is not generally known, may interest your readers.—Yours, &c.,

Andre de Bavier.

Château de Dully, Vaud, Switzerland,
August 3rd, 1908.

HAGGERSTON AND AFTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—As a regular reader of your paper, and as a spectator at the election decided last Saturday, I shall be glad if you are able to insert the following brief criticism.

Somewhere about a year ago the late Sir W. R. Cremer publicly notified his determination not to seek re-election.

This, coupled with the fact that he had reached a great age, made it imperative that the necessary steps should have been *then* taken to secure the adoption of a candidate worthy to be his successor, so that the electorate might have an opportunity of making his acquaintance, and so be led to work to secure his return. Had ordinary circumstances prevailed in Haggerston, nothing less than this would have sufficed to hold the seat, but with the son of a wealthy peer as the Tory candidate, whose "nursing" of the constituency, in the deepest and broadest sense of the word, was well known, this and much more required to be done.

As a further spur to Progressive and Liberal effort there came the selection at a very early date of a Socialist candidate, who by his past record of much honorable work threatened to be what he eventually became—a formidable competitor for the seat.

And what answer did the Liberal, Radical, and Progressive Party give to these two challenges? None—absolutely none. Result, another seat given to the enemy by the ineptitude of our leaders to "organise," and, through organisation, lead the higher forces in the nation to victory. Haggerston does not stand alone. In Mid-Devon, Worcester, and Hastings the Free Trade Party were found absolutely unprepared to face the enemy, and went into the battle simply to be slaughtered.

This may be considered by some persons "glory," but it is not "war." These repeated manifestations of want of organised effort are provoking much angry comment. The rank and file of the party and the man in the street are beginning to ask why is it that sloth, indolence, and such like selfish considerations are permitted to lead the party to defeat. Mr. Warren had just five days to know and be known, and he was expected, under such conditions, to be able to retain the seat. Given such conditions, it would have been better by far to have left the battle to the Socialist and the Tory.

I see Mr. Guinness is claiming the victory for Tariff Reform; he would have been less than human had he not done so. How far this claim can be made good is an open point.

Votes for women. Of course, once again the leaders of this movement will claim the victory as theirs. This is decidedly open to serious disputation, and what I have to say upon both points must be reserved for your next issue —Yours, &c.,

F. W. Souiter.

32, Etterby Street, Stanwix, Carlisle,
August 5th, 1908.

"THE TEMPEST" CRUX.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—If Miss V. Churchill will turn to The Nation of February 29th she will, I do not doubt, perceive that the parallelism I cited from Terence proves almost to a certainty that Shakespeare wrote "labors," and not "labor," as some have maintained, in the context.

As to Herr Lummis, it would be well, perhaps, if the reverend gentleman took an early opportunity to glance at the twelve pages of notes bearing on this much-disputed passage in the Furness edition before airily alleging that there "is no crux at all" to be got over! True, the difficulty has been well nigh eliminated by the comments of successive editors and writers from Theobald downwards, but that is not to say that the sense was from the first clear and unambiguous as the Pfarrer seems to imply. Nor can anyone's discernment be very keen who calls "the lines from Terence":

Omnes mihi labores fuere quos cepi leves

"wide of the mark":

"my labors
Most busy, least when I," &c.

The imitation must appear most palpable to any unbiassed reader who will take the trouble to compare the citation in full, though it certainly does not amount to plagiarism.

It is impossible, however, to regard Pfarrer Lummis as voicing modern German Shakespearean criticism, which has ever taken high rank both in England and America, as the names of Schlegel, Tieck, Elze, and Delius will testify.—Yours, &c.,

New York, July 15th, 1908. N. W. Hill.

[The correspondence on this subject must now cease.—Ed., The Nation.]

Poetry.

JOY AND PLEASURE.

Now, Joy is born of parents poor,
And Pleasure of our richer kind;
Though Pleasure's free, she cannot sing
As sweet a song as Joy confined.

Pleasure's a Moth, that sleeps by day
And dances by false glare at night;
But Joy's a Butterfly, that loves
To spread its wings in Nature's light.

Joy's like a Bee that gently sucks
Away on blossoms his sweet hour;
But Pleasure's like a greedy Wasp,
That plums and cherries would devour.

Joy's like a Lark that lives alone,
Whose ties are very strong, though few;
But Pleasure like a Cuckoo roams,
Makes much acquaintance, no friends true.

Joy from her heart doth sing at home,
With little care if others hear;
But Pleasure then is cold and dumb,
And sings and laughs with strangers near.

W. H. Davies.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

IN the world of books there is no more delightful haunt than a second-hand bookshop, unless it be a bookstall in a retired street upon a fine day. If you are a millionaire there are the famous dealers who will, at moment's notice, hand you over a Caxton, a First Folio, a Grolier, or even a Mazarin Bible. Less fortunate people find the neighbourhood of Charing Cross Road the most likely place to pick up a bargain. For them there is at least one pleasure denied to their wealthier rivals. Herrick sang the praise of "a sweet disorder in the dress," and although there may at times be an advantage in buying books from a shop where they are carefully arranged and catalogued, a certain amount of disorder in their disposition whets the true book-hunter to a keener zest. First of all there is the element of chance. You never know how great a treasure may be lying close to your hand. Then there is the joy of discovery, and finally the thrill of suspense while the price is being decided upon. The joys of book-collecting have been celebrated by scores of pens, and the books upon the subject, if not so many as might be expected, run to a very considerable number. One of the best of them, "The Book-Hunter," by John Hill Burton, has just been issued in a cheap edition by Messrs. Routledge, with some additional notes by Mr. Slater, the unwearied editor of that excellent work of reference, "Book Prices Current."

* * *

DR. HILL BURTON was an Aberdonian who was called to the Scottish Bar in 1831, and spent most of his life in the service of the Prisons Board for Scotland. He was a writer of great industry and learning. His "History of Scotland," in nine volumes, is considered one of the best and most impartial in existence, and his "Life of David Hume" has long been a standard work. He wrote, besides, a "History of the Reign of Queen Anne," a series of "Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland," a capital account of Scottish adventures in foreign countries called "The Scot Abroad," and a number of books upon law, political economy, and Scottish biography. But his most popular work is "The Book-Hunter," a series of "sketches of the ways of book-collectors, scholars, literary investigators, desultory readers, and other persons whose pursuits revolve round books and literature." It is full of quaint anecdotes, flashes of kindly humor, and shrewd practical advice on the purchase and care of books.

* * *

THE reader who is content to dismiss bibliography as a mere erudition of title-pages may be brought into a better frame of mind by the following account of the science which Burton quotes from Peignot. "Bibliography being the most universal and extensive of all sciences, it would appear that all subjects should come under the consideration of the bibliographe; languages, logic, criticism, philosophy, eloquence, mathematics, geography, chronology, history, are no strangers to him; the history of printing and of celebrated printers is familiar to him, as well as all the operations of the typographic art. He is continually occupied with the works of the ancients and the moderns; he makes it his business to know books useful, rare, and curious, not only by their titles and form, but by their contents; he spends his life in analysing, classifying, and describing them. He seeks out those which are recommended by talented authors; he runs through libraries and cabinets to increase the sum of his knowledge; he studies authors who have treated of the science of books, he points out their errors; he chooses from among new productions those which bear the stamp of genius, and which will live in men's memories; he ransacks periodicals to keep himself well up to the discoveries of his age, and compares them with those of ages past; he is greedy of all works which treat of libraries, particularly catalogues, when they are well constructed and well arranged, and their price adds to their value. Such is the genuine *Bibliographe*." This, adds Burton, reminds one of the old Roman jurists, who briefly defined their own science as the knowledge of things human and divine.

* * *

OF book collectors Burton writes with enthusiasm. He smiles at their eccentricities, but does it in such a sort that one sees he loves the whole tribe, from the highest to the lowest. He divides them into "the black-letter man, the tall copyist, the uncut man, the Early English dramatist, the Elzevirian, the broadsider, the pasquinader, the old-brown-calf man, the Grangerite, the tawny-moroccoite, the gilt-topper, the marble-insider, and the *editio-princeps* man," as to the objects sought, while as to the manner of pursuit, he adopts the effective and comprehensive division into the private prowler and the auction haunter. Each of the latter methods, he tells us, has its merits, and calls for its special qualities and sacrifices. "The one demands placidity, patience, caution, plausability, and unwearied industry. . . . The auction-room, on the other hand, calls forth courage, promptness, and the spirit of adventure. There is wild work sometimes there, and men find themselves carried off by enthusiasm and competition towards pecuniary sacrifices which at the threshold of the temple they had solemnly vowed to themselves to eschew." Burton's book is, of course, familiar to all seasoned book-hunters. Those of a younger generation should be grateful to Messrs. Routledge for issuing it in this cheap form.

* * *

How far the trade in second-hand books is injured by the many cheap series now on the market is a question difficult to answer. We are inclined to believe that, apart from fiction, the average reader likes to have his books in good editions, even if he first makes their acquaintance in a cheap series. In the meantime, publishers keep on bringing out fresh series. The latest to be announced, Nelson's Shilling Library, is a remarkable enterprise. A few years ago Messrs. Nelson started a library of sixpenny classics, which met with great success. This was followed by a series of copyright novels at sevenpence, which is enjoying a huge circulation. The new series, the first volumes of which will be published in October, will consist of copyright works other than fiction, and among the early volumes there are Dean Hole's "Memories," "The Life of Dean Stanley," by Mr. Rowland E. Prothero; "The Life of Gladstone," by Mr. Herbert Paul; "Scrambles Amongst the Alps," by Mr. Edward Whymper; "Collections and Recollections," by Mr. G. W. E. Russell; and "The Life of Sir John Nicholson," by Colonel L. J. Trotter. Any of these will be excellent value for a shilling.

* * *

DURING the autumn Messrs. Chatto & Windus will publish "Notes on the Science of Picture Making," by Mr. C. J. Holmes, the Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, and one of the most brilliant of the younger school of art critics in this country. The book is described as a practical manual of the tradition of good painting in the past and of its possibilities in the future. Mr. Holmes has been led to write the book owing to the dearth of works intended to assist the young artist at the critical time when his formal training has just ended. The same publishers, who have during recent years given special attention to books for children, announce two new volumes that are likely to be welcomed in the nursery and the play-room, "Anne's Terrible Good Nature and Other Stories," by Mr. E. V. Lucas, and "Margery Redford and Her Friends," by Mrs. M. H. Spielmann. Mr. Lucas has already given proof of his ability to write an excellent tale for children.

* * *

A NEW novel by Maxim Gorki has just been announced. It is called "The Soldiers," and describes the life of a Russian soldier during the Japanese War and the revolutionary movement.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"An Autobiography." By Herbert Spencer. Cheaper Edition. (Williams & Norgate. 2 vols. 12s. 6d. net.)

"By the Roman Wall: Notes on a Summer Holiday." By Maria A. Hoyer. (Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Forewarners." By Giovanni Cena. Translated by O. A. Rossetti. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"L'Intellectualisme de Saint Thomas." Par P. Rousselot. Collection Historique des Grands Philosophes. (Paris: Alcan. 6 fr.)

"En Allemagne: De Hambourg aux Marches de Pologne." Par Jules Huret. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

"L'Eté de Guillemette" Roman. Par Henri Ardel. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

A NEW HISTORICAL METHOD.*

Of the ability and industry of Dr. Reich there can be no doubt. His literary fecundity is marvellous; and his vivacity and unconventional habits of thought must be admired even by those who cannot accept his methods of historical inquiry. The present work has evidently cost the author much thought and labor, and in many parts it is stimulating and interesting. But, like many of his generation, Dr. Reich seems to work too hastily, and he cares too little for finish of style and art of arrangement. He has such a passion for historic discovery that he shows a dangerous contempt for the artistic marshalling of materials. His second volume seems to us much better than his first, and we cannot help thinking that if he had given two volumes to Roman history, and elaborated his work, he would have been surer of permanent recognition.

Dr. Reich is avowedly revolutionary in his historical methods, and his ambition is to do for history what Bopp did for philology or Savigny for jurisprudence. He must not complain if his performance is judged by the standard of his ideal. Such a conception of one's mission, of course, demands that the methods of predecessors shall be severely scrutinised. The possession of the true faith logically involves the extirpation of heresy. And Dr. Reich has dealt faithfully with the "philological historians" who have vainly imagined that the secret of the past must be read by painful scrutiny of its remains rather than by daring intuition. Maintaining, with excellent judgment, that there is no science of history, Dr. Reich claims the discovery of certain "indirect methods," supplementing our "poor sources," a cultivated divination, a penetrating perception of great "psychological laws" which may, apart from direct evidence, enable the gifted student to reach assured and, we may add, sometimes astounding results. But the neophyte who enters on this most fascinating line of inquiry must divest himself of many old superstitions of learned history. He must train himself to take wide views, and for that purpose he should have lived in many lands and got to the heart of their social and civic life. Antiquity can only be interpreted by the man who has found a key to its mysteries in the analogies or contests of modern Europe and America. Dr. Reich, perhaps, is not sufficiently alive to the dangers of such analogies; and, although Gibbon and Grote may have been helped in their practical experience, it seems a strong thing to rate the opinion of Napoleon I. on "the historicity of Lycurgus" above that of the mass of German scholars.

With such a conception of a new way of writing history, it is little wonder, perhaps, that Dr. Reich should devote so much space to exalting the discovery. Yet one cannot help feeling that, in the first volume at least, dissertations on method tend to overshadow historic narrative. He seems to regard the dissertation as more important than the narrative; and, in fact, he appears to be sometimes giving us a monograph to illustrate his theory of method. The result cannot be regarded as happy. We constantly get fragments of history imbedded in rather fanciful searches for "psychological causes" and "correlations," ancient and modern, combined with amusing vituperation of those who have not the author's clue. The reader will learn quite as much of the psychology of Dr. Reich as he will of the "history of the Western nations." It might be suspected that he is more intent on impressing us with the magical powers of his method than on giving us an orderly survey of his great subject. And it is startling to hear that "the study of direct sources" is not the true work of the historian, though Dr. Reich, to do him justice, often violates his own precept. It is not research and acumen in weighing evidence, but comprehensive ideas, the power of throwing out "great historic reconstructions" which make a master of the craft.

This conception of history leads often to startling results. The author tells us that he spent twelve years on the problem of Lycurgus. And this section occupies one quarter of a volume of 500 pages! Its justification is that it is the crowning illustration of Dr. Reich's method. He demonstrates by his "indirect processes" the "psychological" necessity of Lycurgus to account for a system like the Spartan. And he is also enabled to develop his theory of "music" States, whose citizens move in an unerring rhythm. We also have a rather imaginative recovery of the "sources" of the Messenian wars by methods which, if generally applied, would pleasurably extend the area of history. Yet for any real conception of the working of the Spartan constitution, of the fascination which it exercised even on Aristotle and Plato, of the grey barrack life which went on monotonously for centuries on the Eurotas, we must go to the despised pedants who were content to study their sources. In the same way our author disdains to treat in detail other important fields. Draco's legislation is dismissed in a couple of not very illuminating lines. The great reforms of Cleisthenes are described as "gerrymandering" the Demes. The artistic glories of the time of Pericles hardly occupy a page; the building up of the Athenian Empire about the same. Four pages are crowded with a hurried sketch of the Peloponnesian war. The great interest of Greek art seems to lie in its *origines*. The power and glamour of the old homes of prophecy, of Dodona, Abæ, and Delphi are never described. The oracles are treated as a machinery invented to curb the ambition of exuberant personality in "music" States. Such a theory is enough to make Plutarch turn in his tomb. The great Tyrants, who played such a brilliant part in the development of Hellenic culture, at Samos and Athens, at Corinth, Megara, or Sicyon, are barely referred to. A section of two pages is all the space Dr. Reich can afford to the colonial expansion of Greece, which diffused and added fresh brilliance to her culture from the sea of Azof to the mouth of the Rhone, and the magical power of Greek legend and religion in moulding and consecrating the primeval State, in penetrating with creative impulse all Greek literature and art, in its lingering charm on the religious imagination down to the last Neoplatonist votaries of Eleusis, passes strangely unnoticed.

Dr. Reich truly says that the historian should not be a mere passive vehicle for transmitting the record of the past. The dull transcript of "sources," without effort of reflection or imagination to give life and movement to the story, however it may pose as scientific, is a mere bloodless ghost of history, which would have moved the scorn of Thucydides, Tacitus, or Gibbon. On the other hand, to maintain that the chief business of the historian is the discovery of "correlations" of great facts by "psychological" and "indirect" methods, or by means of fanciful modern analogies, shows a complete misconception of his office. He will, indeed, seek for the sources of institutions, so far as his evidence permits; but most certainly history is not a frenzied effort to explain institutions or events by means of "psychological" guesses, masquerading as scientific hypotheses. To claim objective certainty for fantastic solutions of problems often insoluble, and to hurl anathemas at the doubter, is to introduce the methods of the Vatican into the domain of scholarship.

History, in fact, in Dr. Reich's hands, becomes a mystery, of which he is the sole *exegetes*. One key to it is "Caphalism"; without that mystic clue Mommsen, it appears, failed to penetrate to the "psychological" root of Roman institutions. The Greek city State was not evolved from rudimentary forms: it was a work of art, the creation of one man, a "musical" product called forth by the necessities of age-long struggles with great powers in the Ægean. The student must master the distinction between "music" and "apotelestic" States. And yet the distinction seems troublesome even to its discoverer. For, although all Greek States are "music" States, it appears that Athens, as compared with Sparta, was "apotelestic." And we have a hard nut to crack in the impressive formula, "Athens worked for symmetry and Sparta for rhythm." It is also startling to find that Hebrew Monotheism was the result of fierce conflicts with inland powers. Alcibiades would have been astonished to hear that, in urging on the Sicilian expedition, he was continuing the policy of Pericles; and the author of the Phædo might have forgotten his urbanity if he had been told that Socrates made a mistake in not devoting himself to politics. It is gratifying to

* "General History of Western Nations." By Emil Reich. Macmillan. Two Vols. 15s. net each.

learn that a study of the English polity will teach us more than Thucydides of the Periclean *régime*. The study of modern England has certainly taught Dr. Reich some curious things about England herself. The "rhythm" of our system—for we are a "music" State—accounts for the excellence of our poetry. Our public schools are the source of our national love of inductive reasoning. High emotional drama, in spite of our Spartan discipline, is impossible in England, because English nerve cannot bear its tension.

In preparing a second edition of his interesting work the author should banish such unpleasing forms as Lybiaus, Japygi, Merminadas, Eurypontidæ, Clytidæ, Lebadia, Alendæ, Helimus.

SAMUEL DILL.

THROUGH FELLOWSHIP TO FAITH.*

THE volume under review is a popular handbook in the philosophy of religion—a guide in our quest for God, taking the real nature of personality, human and divine, as a clue.

No disparagement is intended in using the word "popular." Huxley did not disdain to write a school book on physiography, Spencer a manual on the study of sociology, and S. R. Gardiner a history of England for those who aspire to matriculation. So we welcome from a professor of psychology a manual on the central mysteries of the soul, brief and untechnical, true so far as it goes, and preserved from error through its author's familiarity with a wider field. Some who would not read John Caird may find here the substance of such books as "The Fundamental Ideas of Christianity" freshly re-stated.

Some of its rather dashing style is, doubtless, American; we are not able to forget that the author comes from that New England, whose stimulating air seems to breed optimists—wise and foolish—from Emerson and Whittier, Longfellow and Holmes, down (if the masters will forgive it) to Mary Baker Eddy, and all forms of "New Thought." This book has their capacity for ready generalisation. They do not seemed to be plagued as other men are, these thinkers who summer by the beaches of Maine. It would, for instance, require a knowledge given to few to feel oneself really warranted in saying, as it is said here, that "In no age in human history have men been so urgent and insistent with questions on the nature and purposes of God." We have heard the same thing stated of several other ages, such as the first century, or the thirteenth, or the seventeenth. There is also a fearless habit of ignoring the time-honoured "parts of speech." Professor Jones uses "mid air" as an adverb, "childhood" and "automaton" as adjectives, and "spite" as a preposition; and it cannot be denied that these liberties give a certain incisiveness to the style, which is, after all, what a teacher most needs. There are certain other Americanisms, such as "belongs in" and "back of," and there are a few inaccurate quotations. Tennyson wrote "*drew* (not *comes*) from out the boundless deep," and Browning, when his Rabbi Ben Ezra asked:

> "Thy body at its best,
> How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

looked for the opposite answer from that for which it is used in the text; he meant that the body could not project the soul far. "Truth deep seated in his mystic frame" is not in "In Memoriam," either in word or in meaning.

But a book so good should not miss on minor counts its well-deserved praise. Its teaching that personality is meaningless in isolation, and that society and communion are vital to it, the beautiful and winning description of the way to God by one who has trodden that way, may be of untold value to many an inquirer; the sincerity of the author, his happy gift of vivid phrase, above all, the soundness of his thought, leave a reader grateful and convinced.

Like a wise lecturer, Professor Jones begins each chapter on a stimulating note, which at once catches the reader's interest. Sometimes the teacher's desire for emphasis tends to over-statement. The author wishes to say that outward "nature" only really exists through the social consciousness, and is not thinkable apart from it. He says, "Destroy the social fabric, and all that we now call nature would vanish like a shadow when the object which causes it is gone. . . The world of order, law, and beauty is not something which exists apart, something which is there before consciousness." The meaning is correct and quite simple, but it would have been better to say that the order, law, and beauty of the world would have been unperceived but for man, and are mental attributes, not that the world would have vanished and been unperceivable.

The argument of the book finally leads us to Christianity in its mystical form, where the ship of the soul rides freely and easily at anchor, not unmoved nor fixed in stillness, but secure on the wave, because the anchor grapples the firm rock of the nature of things. There is a well-drawn distinction between "negative and affirmative mystics"; between those who, in the presence of the Eternal, ignore or despise the temporal, and those who find in the temporal the Eternal; between the hermit ascetic and the practical saint. This is a distinction often forgotten, and seldom so clearly defined. It is more plainly and simply put here than by Edward Caird in his treatment of the same subject in the "Evolution of Religion." In thus clearing out of the way every external authority purporting to save the believer the trouble and risk of finding the truth, Dr. Jones has naturally to inquire what are the tests to apply to spiritual guidance. His treatment is full of common sense and caution, but it would have been well to confess a little more clearly that in the end there are no infallible tests, that infallibility does not exist in a world of human beings, even though we do our best to test our impulses by the consensus of all good men.

Only a cautious supplementary use is made of telepathy, in which, however, the author believes. A generation hence it may prove the strongest line of argument for one who is pleading for the spiritual unity of the race, and for a spiritual consciousness at the back of the universe. If personalities have no meaning in isolation, and if the union of man with God is realised through human fellowship, what can be more reassuring than experimental path-finding in the unseen? When the murder of Mr. Perceval in the corridor of the House of Commons was seen in Cornwall by an entire stranger, we have an inkling of some knowledge on the tablets of a common mind, if not of some personal message or messenger.

On the lines of this book there is an assured future for religion. Once lead a man to feel that in the merging of personal interests in those of others we are joining ourselves to God in a life at once human and divine, he enters on an experience which solves in practice every theological puzzle that he cares about. We may use many metaphors. We may liken humanity to blossoms on a tree, receiving from the tree its life and its constant nourishment, and handing back to the tree the produce of its flower-like activity, and to the forest of trees the seeds of the future, whilst all the time preserving a real and fragrant individuality. Or we may regard it as a note in an organ, which must only sound when it is wanted as part of the harmony, and only causes confusion if it acts in wayward and individual fashion. Or we may liken it to electric lamps run from a central power station, and showing, in lovely diversity, a manifestation of the same current. Or we may follow Wordsworth in his "Ode to Duty," and liken ourselves to satellites, which do not break the cosmic order or set off on a wandering path lost in space:—

> "Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
> And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong."

But, naturally, the metaphors from living things come the nearest in their likeness to the life divine.

* "Social Law in the Spiritual World." By Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt., Professor of Philosophy in Haverford College, U.S.A. Headley Bros. Cheap edition, 2s. 6d.

THE "COMPLETE" THIS OR THAT.*

There are certain sports and certain pastimes upon each of which someone or another might conceivably write a complete book. Golf, Cricket, Mountaineering, and Photography are examples. An intelligent man might possibly master any of these subjects. Certain other sports and certain other pastimes are not nearly so amenable. Take Angling. On that craft two gentlemen, one ancient and the other modern, have written professedly complete discourses; but the work of the ancient is out of date, and that of the modern is ridiculous. The man who can truthfully describe himself as being a Complete Angler never has been, is not, and never will be. That is because there are so many fish in season simultaneously. To understand one fish, such as the brown trout, you have to pursue him daily for three or four seasons; and you have to test his habits with many lures, to know the dates upon which each of two or three hundred flies is due, and to be skilled in the subtle effects of weather. If you are to be expert in all this, how are you to become equally learned about the salmon and the sea-trout, the seasons of which are concurrent with those of the brown trout? With the coming of autumn the difficulty increases. Grayling, jack, perch, and other fish are in season during autumn and winter; you cannot study all of them at once; therefore, should you essay to expound in a single volume the art of capturing them all, you are bound to make many a blunder.

Our chief grievance is over Mr. Teasdale-Buckell. Other gentlemen having, at Messrs. Methuen's invitation, written complete books on the subjects we mentioned at the beginning, he has continued the series by a book called "The Complete Shot." We regard it with dubiety, but more in sorrow than in anger. No man is entitled to call himself a complete shot. How, then, can any man write a book which would justify the name? The task is impossible. This is painfully evident on noticing, for example, that Deer in Scotland are dismissed in a chapter of three pages. If Mr. Teasdale-Buckell had known as much about deer as he knows about certain subjects, he would, we may be sure, have written about them with similar or at least proportionate fulness. There are other respects in which, obviously for the same reason, the work is scrappy. We think of Mr. Teasdale-Buckell's failure in the attempt to justify the publisher's title with real sympathy. He is not a graceful writer, and sometimes we come upon a phrase, such as "extremely moderate," which indicates a lack of interest in words; but he has great knowledge of dogs, guns, the theory of shooting, grouse, partridges, and pheasants, and, as is especially shown in the chapter on grouse, he is an original and acute thinker on the national history of those birds and beasts with which he is thoroughly acquainted. Within his proper domain Mr. Teasdale-Buckell is instructive and highly interesting, and, happily, his proper domain is much the greater part of his subject-matter.

THE LAND OF INVASIONS.†

A good summary of Indian history as a whole was a thing much wanted, and anyone who has ventured on such a task deserves well of the country. The history of India has been written in detachments. You must go to the Sanscrit scholars and to Mr. Vincent Smith for its early history. You must still go to James Mill (whom Mrs. Steel calls John Mill) and Elphinstone for the greater part of the middle history, antiquated and dreary as their works may seem. For the British occupation there are plenty of authorities, but nearly all of them are devoted to special episodes or particular sides of the main question, such as Clive, Warren Hastings, the Mutiny, the frontier wars, the land question, or industrial development. Outside the "Gazetteer of India" and Sir William Hunter's other work it has been difficult to obtain an insight into Indian history through the ages, from the traditional invasion of the Aryans down to such a recent point as the Mutiny. That is what Mrs. Steel has attempted to give in one small volume, and the mere attempt would prove her courage.

There could be few more difficult and less grateful tasks. One of the strangest things about India is that, though she has been always unhappy, she has had no history. From first to last she has produced hardly any history of her own. Nearly all that we know about her past must be inferred from her sacred books, or snatched from fragments of Greek visitors, or from Chinese notebooks, or from the chronicles of Mohammedan and English conquerors.

The Indian proper seems to have been always incapable of history, perhaps because he is indifferent to time. If you ask a Hindu villager about age, the answer will probably be, "Many years, many years," whether it is his own age or the age of some immemorial ruin. Nor can we wonder that the dates of Indian history are lost in the vagueness of a dream, when the whole existence of this world is to them only the beating of a pulse in eternity. But for Alexander's invasion, and Asoka's columns, and a few traveller's notes, we know hardly anything about India in the ordinary course of history till Islam began to creep or sweep into it from the north-west, about the time of our Norman conquest, and even after that we know little but episodes.

Mrs. Steel has made the best possible use of the little that there is. She has diligently compiled from the works of all the best historians who have treated of the various ages, and almost the only fault one could find with the result is the omission of her authorities. If in another edition she would give us a list of the writers whom she has used or would recommend for each of the main periods, she would raise the value of her own book for everyone who wants to take so important a subject seriously. The thing could easily be done without interfering with the text. The other fault we would find is that the style is often rather romantic, exclamatory, or interrogative. We know it is done to make the book interesting, but we do not really gain by the conjecture that "Princess Fortunata's kisses must have been sweet that night," or by the comment:—

> "Harsha offered daily to the sun a bunch of red lotuses set in a pure vessel of ruby, and tinged, like his own heart, with the same hue. Could Oscar Wilde have done more? Strange, indeed, how the cycles of culture come round and round."

It is not necessary; but in spite of these little graces, so natural in one of the best story-tellers of the day, Mrs. Steel succeeds. In 360 pages she has succeeded in composing a genuinely interesting history of India, and we believe that no one else has done anything like it. There have been hardly half-a-dozen exceptions to the rule that, as soon as a writer touches the fascinating theme of India, he becomes dull; and this dulness is especially surprising among the historians, though, apparently, we must forgive it in economists. Whether it is that most of the historians have been blunted by a life of routine, or have treated the subject as something too remote from common interest, or have been overwhelmed both by its vastness and obscurity, we cannot say. It has been so, and only now has a writer come with the intention and power of breaking the spell of dreariness.

ROMANCE AS IT IS WRITTEN.*

It is one of Ireland's minor misfortunes that she has never produced a great historical novelist, a genius who could bring home to us the drama of her national life. Every page of her history has the picturesqueness of ill-fortune. And not only Catholic Ireland was brought low by the turns of the wheel of civil strife, but large bodies of her conquerors also, Norman lords, Elizabethan planters, Royalists, Huguenot immigrants, even Cromwellian settlers, were ruined by the ups and downs of England's policy. It is, however, unreasonable to ask that a country so unsettled as Ireland, and shorn time after time of its natural leaders, should have given birth to the unifying genius of a Walter Scott, and the careers of Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Burke all demonstrate that the opportunity of Irish talent

---

* "The Complete Shot." By G. T. Teasdale-Buckell. With Fifty-three Illustrations. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

† "India Through the Ages: A Popular and Picturesque History of Hindustan." By Flora Annie Steel. Routledge. 4s. 6d.

* "The Wild Geese." By Stanley J. Weyman. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

STORIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

JUST READY AT THE BOOKSHOPS.

A NEW, WONDERFULLY CHEAP POPULAR EDITION.

JOSEPH HOCKING'S
CHARIOTS OF THE LORD.

1s. net. 426 pages. Readable type. Crown 8vo, Illustrated, stiff paper cover.

"It grips the reader."—*Daily News.*
"Will be keenly relished."—*Christian World.*
"A fine swinging tale."—*Morning Leader.*
"It has a charming heroine."—*Daily Telegraph.*
"A rattling good story."—*Scotsman.*
"Not a dull page."—*Dublin Express.*

1/- NET.

A NEW, CHEAP, CLEAR TYPE, POPULAR EDITION.

SILAS K. HOCKING'S
THE AWAKENING OF ANTHONY WEIR.

1s. net. 432 pages. Crown 8vo, Illustrated, stiff paper cover.

"A true and telling account of the earthquakes and storms through which God brings many a man to his true life."—*Life of Faith.*

"Rachel's love-idyll is a pretty episode in the tale."—*Record.*

"The best story which Mr. Hocking has written for many a day."—*Contemporary Review.*

"From beginning to end the book holds the reader.'—*Liverpool Courier.*

1/- NET.

EYE-OPENING BOOKS.

A Series of Books on the Wonders of NATURE, Popularly Written and Scientifically Accurate.

ADVENTURES IN BIRD-LAND.

A Book for Boys. By OLIVER G. PIKE, Author of "Home Life in Bird-Land," "Woodland, Field, and Shore," &c. With 90 Photographs taken direct from Nature by the Author, and 100 Pen-Sketches by E. RICHMOND PATON. Cloth gilt, demy 8vo, 6s. net.

Just Ready.]

THE BOY'S OWN NATURE BOOK.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., M.B.O.U., With an Introduction by the Hon. Sir JOHN COCKBURN, K.C.M.G., M.D. (late Prime Minister of South Australia.) With two folded Colored Plates, a Colored Frontispiece, and 64 Plates, containing over 150 Pictures reproduced from photographs taken direct from Nature by the Rev. S. N. SEDGWICK, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"Young readers of Mr. Westell's previous works will nevertheless find this, his latest book, full of quite new things."—*County Gentleman.*

"A charming book."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

"Mr. Westell makes wonderfully plain what even very young people may learn in country wanderings by the careful use of eyes and ears."—*Scotsman.*

"The illustrations are excellent."—*Morning Leader.*

"Will give boys an increased interest in the things they see in fields and woods, or on the shore."—*Daily Mail.*

Recently issued by the same Author.]

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY.

A Reliable Guide to British Wild Life and Nature Photography. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

FIFTY-TWO NATURE RAMBLES.

A series of Open-Air Talks for Young People. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., M.B.O.U., Author of "Every Boy's Book of Natural History," &c. With five Colored Plates from Drawings, and 100 other Illustrations from Photographs. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

New Edition. Just Ready.]

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the late Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History," &c. With 16 full-page Plates and numerous Illustrations in the text. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

BY MEADOW, GROVE, AND STREAM.

An Introduction to Nature Study. By HENRY HILTON BROWN, F.E.S. With 2 folded Colored Plates, Photogravure Frontispiece, and 171 Figures in Black and White, from Original Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Just Ready.]

GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELDS OF NATURE.

By EDWARD T. CONNOLD, F.Z.S., F.E.S. With an Introduction by DAVID ANDERSON-BERRY, M.D., F.R.S.E. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 24 pages of Plates from Photographs, Photo-micrographs, and Drawings by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Medallion on Cover, 3s. 6d.

HOW TO STUDY WILD FLOWERS.

By Rev. GEORGE HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., &c., Author of "Plants of the Bible," New Edition, with 12 double-page Colored Plates and 57 other Illustrations. Cloth Gilt, with Colored Pictures on cover, 2s. 6d.

Published at 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

FREE TRADE LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD COBDEN.

By LORD MORLEY. With a Photogravure Portrait from the original drawing by LOWES DICKINSON Jubilee Edition. Two vols., cloth, 7s. New Popular Edition, 1 vol., cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

FREE TRADE EDITION.—This Edition is specially suitable for propaganda purposes. In parts. 6d. each.

Speeches on Questions of Public Policy.

By RICHARD COBDEN. Edited by JOHN BRIGHT and JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS. With a Preface by JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS, and Appreciations by J. E. THOROLD ROGERS and GOLDWIN SMITH, and 2 Photogravure Portraits. Fifth Impression. 2 vols. Large crown 8vo, cloth (uniform with the Jubilee Edition of Morley's "Life of Cobden"), 7s.

THE RIGHT HON. LLOYD GEORGE in his speech at the meeting of the Universal Congress of Peace said:—"I was very interested to read one of the speeches of Richard Cobden delivered in 1853 at a peace meeting in Manchester. *I advise you to read that speech.* There is not an argument they advance about Germany now, that they did not advance about France then."

The Political Writings of Richard Cobden.

New Edition. With Preface by LORD WELBY and Introductions by SIR LOUIS MALLETT and WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. With Frontispieces. 2 vols. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 7s.

Richard Cobden and the Jubilee of Free Trade.

By P. LEROY BEAULIEU, HENRY DUNKLEY ("Verax"), DR. THEODOR BARTH, the RIGHT HON. LEONARD COURTNEY, M.P., and the RIGHT HON. CHARLES VILLIERS, M.P. With an Introduction by RICHARD GOWLING. Uniform in style with the Jubilee Edition of "Richard Cobden." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

British Industries Under Free Trade.

Essays by various writers. Edited by HAROLD COX. Large crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE HUNGRY FORTIES.

An account of Life under the Bread Tax, from the letters of living witnesses. Edited by MRS. COBDEN UNWIN. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.

NOTE.—An Edition in Paper Covers specially prepared for propaganda purposes is issued at 6d. Special quotations for large quantities.

Please write for a copy of Mr. FISHER UNWIN'S complete Catalogue, containing particulars of many other important books on Free Trade. Sent post free to any address.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

1s. NET. AUGUST NUMBER READY. 1s. NET.

THE INTERNATIONAL

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:

THE TECHNICAL AGE. By DR. RODOLPHE BRODA.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF AERIAL NAVIGATION. By J. LEDEBOER.

THE PROGRESS OF POLAR EXPLORATION. By DR. J. HENNING (Berlin).

RAILROAD REGULATION IN AMERICA. By CARL S. VROOMAN (New York).

BRUSSELS SUGAR CONVENTION. By DR. RODOLPHE BRODA.

PRESENT-DAY SLAVERY IN MEXICO. By CHARLES MALATO (Paris).

LABOUR CO-PARTNERSHIP. By F. MADDISON, M.P.

OLD AGE PENSIONS IN AUSTRALIA.

THE AIMS OF INDIAN ART. (Illustrated.)

THE DANGER OF WAR BETWEEN ITALY AND AUSTRIA. By F. TELLMAN.

EVOLUTIONARY VISTAS. By EMIL REICH.

Correspondents' Reports from France, Germany, Austria, Italy, America, India, The Far East, South Africa, etc., etc.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

lay outside Ireland. We fear, indeed, that, while Irish energy for so many centuries has been consumed in active political strife, expatriated, or enlisted in the service of England, we are not likely to see an Irish *renaissance* till a fresh departure is made with an era of self-government. And yet if Ireland had only produced a Balzac in the Famine period instead of a Lever to please the taste of English circulating libraries! But Ireland has ever been stronger in romanticists than in realists, and it is one of the crowning ironies of her literary history that the genius who has best exposed "the subordination of Irish institutions, Church, schools, manufactures, trade, commerce, ideas, traditions, and language to England's needs" should have been an Englishman—Swift.

The scene of Mr. Stanley Weyman's novel, "The Wild Geese," is laid in a remote quarter on the Kerry coast, and his period is 1718—a generation after the battle of the Boyne, when the Penal Laws were in full swing. What a subject are the Penal Laws for a patriotic Irish novelist of creative power, with historical insight and artistic instinct! The period when Swift was writing his "Modest Proposal," when the ditches were crammed with the dying, when the roads were filled with swarms of wandering, starving wretches, the dispossessed and beggared, when the food that saved the peasant from starvation was blood drawn from the cattle and mixed with bruised sorrel. A period when the Irish Catholic leaders had expatriated themselves in flocks, and when active recruiting in Ireland for the Spanish and French armies was carried on with the approval of the English Government! To get rid of the fighting men, and to ruin Irish industries and commerce, that was the policy of English statesmen that was to be answered two generations later by Irish Protestants and Catholics standing for the first time in line. In the hands of a realist of grim and courageous spirit this period—1718—might yield us a most sombre study. How has Mr. Stanley Weyman treated it? In the facile spirit of a hollow and mechanical romance, a spirit destitute of reality, genuine feeling, and imaginative grasp. There is nothing Irish in the novel, either in character or feeling, as might be expected from a method that essays to reproduce the ingenuity of Dumas without the salt of his freshness.

When the sloop of the French smuggler, Captain Augustin, runs into Skullhaven and lands Colonel John Sullivan, returned from long service in the Swedish army, and his close-tongued and discreet body-servant, William Bale, we recognise that the author is opening his romance with the regulation moves. Scott used the Odyssey, the "wanderer's return" motive, for all it was worth, and G. P. R. James and his school worked it to death. Colonel John, who, for the convenience of the plot, is made into a Protestant, has been appointed by old Sir Michael the guardian of the beautiful and spirited girl, Flavia McMurragh, with full powers over the estate, as the dying man has had good reason to distrust her cubbish brother, the McMurragh. We thus find, at the start, the machinery of the novel of intrigue in full swing. What we look for next is a "conspiracy," one of those futile and impossible little Jacobite conspiracies of stereotyped romance, with Flavia, as the queenly heroine, throwing herself into the arms of the smooth and calculating English villain, Asgill, whose design is to use her cubbish and weak brother as a catspaw to gain for himself the McMurragh estates and the queenly heroine. Of course, the motive of the quiet and resolute hero, Colonel John, who is destined to thwart the villain's game, must be misunderstood by the flashing-eyed Flavia, or there would be no intrigue *à la* Dumas, with cloaked figures, duels to the death, midnight whispers in oak galleries, counter-plots in the yew pleasaunce, &c. Mr. Stanley Weyman has too much experience in the concoction of popular romance to let Captain Augustin and his sloop, "The Cormorant," disappear over the horizon, for obviously the French sailors can lend a hand in abducting the leading conspirators, Monseigneur and the Spanish seaman, Admiral Cammock, when Colonel John unfolds his master stroke of counter-plot. A Spanish galleon, a sea-mist, an upset boat, a looming tower, where the Colonel is imprisoned for seventy hours without "water, food, or fire," with an engrossed deed of gift, which, of course, the heroic old soldier refuses to sign—all these are well-worn theatrical properties which are on loan one day from the author of "Prince Rupert of Hentzau" to Mr. Stanley Weyman, and *vice versâ* on the next. We can forgive our author the creation of the *opera-bouffe* Irish household of tradition, with the lazy, good-humoured Uncle Ulick, and old Darby, the butler, with his "Glory to God," and "True for you," and "Ay, sure," and the buckeens, and the beggars of Maristown, and the general garnishing that Lever used in his pictures of Anglo-Irish households, but we cannot forgive him his caricature of an Irish girl in the person of Flavia. In conception and in expression Flavia is the heroine of a shop-walker's dream—a fair creature constructed to thrill the imagination of a stockbroker's clerk. It is cruel of Mr. Stanley Weyman to plant this stereotyped piece of girlhood down in the West of Ireland, 1718. He should have kept her strictly for home consumption. We append a specimen page of her heroics with Colonel John:—

> Colonel John had adopted the wrong course with her. He had been hard—knowing men better than women—when he should have been mild; he had browbeaten where he should have forgiven. And so at his last declaration, "There must be an end," she rose to her feet and spoke. And speaking, she showed that neither the failure of her attempt on him, nor the bodily struggle with him, horribly as it humiliated her in the remembrance, had quelled her courage.
>
> "An end!" she said, in a voice vibrating with emotion. "Yes, but it will be an end for you! Children, are we? Well, better that, a thousand times better that, than be so old before our time, so cold of heart and cunning of head that there is naught real for us but that we touch and see, nothing high for us but that our words will be measuring, nothing worth risk but that we are safe to gain! Children, are we?" she continued, with deep passion. "But at least we believe! At least we own something higher than ourselves—a God, a Cause, a Country! At least we have not bartered all—all three and honour for a pittance of pay, fighting alike for right or wrong, betraying alike the right and wrong! Children? May be! But, God be thanked, we are warm, the blood runs in us——"
>
> "Flavia!"
>
> "I say the blood runs in us!" she repeated. "And if we are foolish, as you say, we are wiser yet than one"—she looked at him with a strange and almost awful steadfastness—"who in his wisdom thinks that a traitor can walk our Irish soil unharmed, or one go back and forth in safety who has ruined and shamed us! You have escaped my hand! But I know that all your boasted wisdom will not lengthen your life till the moon wanes!"
>
> He had tried to interrupt her once—eagerly, vividly, as one who would defend himself. He answered her now after another fashion: perhaps he had learnt his lesson. "If God wills," he said simply, "it will be so; it will be as you say. And the road will lie open to you. Only while I live, Flavia, whether I love this Irish soil or not, or my country, or my honour, the storm shall not break here, nor the house fall from which we spring!"
>
> "While you live!" she repeated, with a dreadful smile. "I tell you, I tell you," and she extended her hand towards him, "the winding-sheet is high upon your breast, and the salt dried that shall lie upon your heart."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Laymen who take upon themselves to write seriously and persistently upon religious themes in this country have always to encounter a certain sub-current of suspicion, almost of resentment, in the public mind. We much doubt whether Mr. Gladstone's proclivity in this direction did not impair his political influence, and we are certain that the scientific reputation of Dr. Lodge is seriously endangered by it. It may be admitted that the method of theologising practised for so many years by Mr. Lilly is in form both less dogmatic and less argumentative than that of the other writers we have named, but we do not feel sure that his meandering culture would not have been more acceptable if it had run in any other channel. In most Englishmen there resides a matter-of-fact critic who says, "This fellow has been saying just this sort of thing in a dozen slightly different ways for the last twenty-five years: what does he mean by it?" This feeling is, no doubt, wholly unwarrantable, but it helps to account for the comparatively narrow circle of those who treat Mr. Lilly seriously as a contributor to modern thought. But certain special characteristics of Mr. Lilly's writings contribute to this estimate. The title, "Many Mansions" (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d. net) itself is an excellent one, as indicating both the matter and manner of this volume of comparative religion sentimentally rendered. After a long chapter,

READY IN AUGUST.—Crown 8vo, 6s.

HOLY ORDERS:

The Tragedy of a Quiet Life

By MARIE CORELLI

The demand for MAX PEMBERTON'S **LOVE THE HARVESTER** *is so great that a Second Edition is ready. A Second Edition is also in preparation of* **THE EASY-GO-LUCKIES.**

METHUEN'S POPULAR NOVELS.—6s. each.

NOVELS NOW READY.

SCARLET RUNNER	C. N. and A. M. Williamson
THE CROOKED WAY	William Le Queux
THE PASSION OF PAUL MARILLIER	Adeline Sergeant
HARDY-ON-THE-HILL	M. E. Francis
THE SURPRISING HUSBAND	Richard Marsh
LOVE THE HARVESTER	Max Pemberton
THE EASY-GO-LUCKIES	Maud Stepney Rawson
THE SONG OF HYACINTH	John Oxenham
A SET OF SIX	Joseph Conrad
THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT	Beatrice Whitby

FORTHCOMING IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

MR. APOLLO	Ford Madox Hueffer
ANTHONY CUTHBERT	Richard Bagot
CINDERELLA OF CANADA	Sara Jeannette Duncan
SPANISH GOLD	George A. Birmingham
HILL RISE	W. B. Maxwell
ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN	Francis Aveling
THE GREAT MISS DRIVER	Anthony Hope
MIRAGE	E. Temple Thurston
INTERPLAY	Beatrice Harraden
A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE	Constance Maud
THE HEART SMITER	Mary E. Mann
SALTHAVEN	W. W. Jacobs
OVER BEMERTON'S	E. V. Lucas
THE WIND IN THE REEDS	Kenneth Grahame
THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT	Philip Gibbs

A SUMMER TOUR IN FINLAND. By PAUL WAINEMAN. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by ALEXANDER FEDERLEY, and 16 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

Has recently completed a new tour of this country, from Helsingfors to Tornea, the most northerly town in Europe. During his trip the author collected a mass of personal impressions of the people, land and principal towns, from the wild scenery of the far north, where the peasant's hut is the most luxurious abode, to the old aristocratic homes in the south of Finland. The book is illustrated in water-colors by a well-known Finnish artist.

THE LORE OF THE HONEY BEE. By TICKNER EDWARDS. With 20 Illustrations from Original Photographs. Crown 8vo 6s.

This is a history of bees and their masters, from the very earliest times down to the present. The wonderful communal life within the hive is touched on in all its varying aspects; and the reader is introduced to a class of men from all ages as quaintly original as their calling is inimitably picturesque.

THE COMPLETE OARSMAN. By R. C. LEHMANN, M.P. With many Illustrations, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"The book is copiously illustrated, and may fairly be said to be the best and most complete book on the subject."—*Daily Mail.*

"The volume contains the fruits of ripe experience, keen powers of observation, and the reflections of a master hand."—*Sporting Life.*

"Among the manuals of oarsmanship in our language there is not another so detailed or so helpfully done. It is a complete dissection of the art."—*Outlook*

THE YOUNG BOTANIST. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., and C. S. COOPER, F.R.H.S. With 8 Coloured Plates, and 63 in Black-and-White, by C. F. NEWALL. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

In an original and concise manner the book sets out in tabular form full accounts of all the commoner British wild plants, their English and Latin names, where they grow and when they bloom, their form and structure, salient features, medicinal uses, &c.

JAMES II. AND HIS WIVES. By ALLAN FEA. With 40 Illustrations, demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

The writer (avoiding politics as far as possible) shows James as he was, with all his failings. Certainly his picturesque and dramatic surroundings, not to mention his misfortunes, make him one of the most interesting characters of the seventeenth century. The author gives the finest and most authentic portraits, many of which have not hitherto been reproduced.

THE ALPS IN NATURE AND HISTORY. By W. A. B. COOLIDGE, M.A. With 20 Illustrations and 9 Maps and Plans, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

In this book, by one of the chief authorities on the subject, the political history of the Alps is lightly told, and the story of their exploration given. The Alpine pastures, glaciers, and great passes are fully described, while separate sections deal with the beasts, the birds, and flowers.

"Those who know the Alps will welcome much knowledge tha makes the country more absorbing than ever, and newcomers will find the book delightfully illuminative."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Into this book the author who knows the Alps best has put the best of his knowledge."—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE REVOLT IN HINDUSTAN, 1857-1859. By Field-Marshal Sir EVELYN WOOD, V.C., G.C.B. With 8 Illustrations and 5 Maps, crown 8vo, 6s.

"Among shorter histories this will henceforth take the first place in popular esteem."—*Times.*

"Read this simple and restrained narrative, and reawaken your pride in the courage and resource of your countrymen."—*Daily Mail.*

THE CITY OF GENOA. By ROBERT W. CARDEN. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by WILLIAM PARKINSON, and 20 from Photographs, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

This book sets out briefly the history, life, and art of a city about which very little has been written in the English language.

THE ROMANCE OF NORTHUMBERLAND. By A. G. BRADLEY, Author of "Round About Wiltshire." With 16 Illustrations in Color by FRANK SOUTHGATE, R.B.A., and 12 from Photographs, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

This is a full and interesting description of the more romantic parts of a romantic country, dealing with the Roman Wall, the great castles, the towns and villages full of historical interest, the famous valleys, and the marches so renowned in song and story.

"A model of what such a book ought to be . . . picturesque and attractive."—*Yorkshire Post.*

"Mr. Bradley has happily caught the characteristics of Northumbrian scenery—sombre, impressive, and romantic in association."—*Standard.*

A BOOK ABOUT YORKSHIRE. By J. S. FLETCHER. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by WAL PAGET and FRANK SOUTHGATE, R.B.A., and 12 from Photographs, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Without being in any sense a guide-book, "A Book About Yorkshire" gives readers a full account of the Three Ridings, of the places and scenery of most note within their borders, of the legendary lore, and of the chief historical monuments.

"It covers the wide world of things worth seeing and saying as well as a single volume could."—*Athenæum.*

"This is just the book that lovers of English country and old associations will delight in . . . ."—*Spectator.*

THE COURT OF RUSSIA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS. With 20 Illustrations, 2 vols. demy 8vo, 24s. net.

"Very entertaining and never dull."—*Times.*

"May be warmly commended to the general reader."—*Athenæum.*

METHUEN and CO., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C.

mainly bibliographical, on "The Sacred Books of the East," we wander off into gracefully eclectic presentments of "messages" and "saintly" aspirations, in which the great religions of the world are brought into beautiful mysterious union as the diverse poetic renderings of one deep divine truth. Kant and Spinoza are worked (we had almost said "roped") in to give a sort of philosophic cement to the airy fabric, and after a somewhat bitter denunciation of the pessimism of Schopenhauer, we end upon a note of Catholic orthodoxy in a brief examination and rejection of the biblical criticism of Pfleiderer. Now, comparative religion is an immensely important and a comparatively new field of study, and it seems to us a great pity that it should be cultivated sentimentally before it has been explored scientifically. Mr. Lilly might have performed a valuable service as an intellectual middleman if he had carried into the rest of his book the expository spirit of the opening chapter. But, though he occasionally reverts to this method, he is nearly always lured away into a tone of ecstatic reflection or carried into a maze of literary recollections. So, for instance, after a stiff bit of straight-ahead statement of Spinoza's philosophy, we are told that "Dr. Flint is well warranted in saying 'His system is one of the most original which the history of philosophy presents,'" and for many pages we float from the authoritative dicta of one writer to another until the entire tide of jottings of this particular note-book is emptied out before us. Most of the volume is composed in this fashion. Many of the passages quoted are admirable reading; there is local order in their grouping, but there is no really intellectual attempt to support the notion of a study of comparative religions. Indeed, we never came rightly to understand what Mr. Lilly signifies by religion, though he dogmatises very confidently, and erroneously, about its origin when he says, "It is perfectly clear that the religious sentiment in man was first awakened by the great objects of nature, especially the sun." Just as little real instruction appertains to his view of the origin of dogmas, "Religions produce dogmas naturally, just as trees produce flowers and fruits." Somewhere or other in the volume we have all the hares, theological and philosophical, started for our hunting—none of them is run to earth. There is plenty of mixed learning, not ill put together, and all set in a somewhat saccharine quasi-liberalism, as if, after all, it was a volume of fly-papers to entice back wayward thinkers into the true fold of a Catholicism whose true history knows no toleration towards most of the men and creeds for whom Mr. Lilly manifests such exuberant sympathy.

* * *

Mr. Henry Salt's experiences "On Cumbrian and Cambrian Hills" (Fifield, 3s. 6d. net) are worth reading, in that they express very truly the spirit of the real mountain pilgrim. The latter must not be confounded either with the gymnastic mountaineer, whose sole obsession is rock-climbing, or with the unseeing and unthinking tourist who "does" a mountain by the easiest way up because he is told it is the thing to do; your true pilgrim is the nature-lover, who can appreciate the message and the mystery of the hills, and who is not specifically a climber or a non-climber. There is a difference between the physical features of Cambrian and Cumbrian hills. The grandeur of Snowdon and its neighbouring peaks impresses one more than any individual mountain in the Fells, where, to be appreciated, the mountains must be looked at collectively rather than singly. But both contain sufficient interest for the pilgrim who thoroughly explores them, and as an inducement to do so he could have nothing better than this little book, which tells him so eloquently of their features, their wild life, their sights and sounds. In a chapter entitled "Slag heap or Sanctuary?" Mr. Salt denounces the desecration of Snowdon by the Summit Hotel, the railway and copper mines, and pleads for the nationalisation or municipalisation of our famous hills. It is certainly an inconsistency on the part of the present public, which is prone to busy itself with the creation of new beauty-spots, that it should pay so little heed to the preservation of those that exist.

* * *

For the English or American visitor who crosses the Scottish Border Mr. Frank Roy Frapie has written a good guide-book to "The Castles and Keeps of Scotland" (Bell, 7s. 6d. net). He claims that his is the only hand-book on the subject, and by gathering together a great deal of material hitherto only to be found in a great many separate books, he has certainly done a useful service. His book is arranged in the form of an itinerary, so that the histories of the castles in each district are grouped together. Mr. Frapie is an American, and, like most of his countrymen, he is keenly alive to the romance of history as embodied in the "sundry fortresses, towers, peels, and other houses of strength built by the princes and barons of old time in the highlands, islands, inlands, and borders of the ancient and God-fearing kingdom of Scotland." There is a good index, which adds to the value of the book as a knapsack companion.

* * *

The latest volume in Messrs. Jack's "Romance of Empire" series bears the title "Outposts of Empire" (6s. net), and is written by Mr. John Lang. It deals chiefly with Gibraltar, Malta, and the British West Indies. Following the plan of the series, the book does not give a detailed history of any of these places, but its aim has been "to extract from their history a portion of the romance with which each is saturated." In this endeavour Mr. Lang is very successful. The sieges of Gibraltar are clearly and picturesquely described, while the accounts of different episodes upon the Spanish Main and the adventures of Morgan, the buccaneer, Admiral Benbow, Vernon, and Rodney will, we suppose, be enjoyed by the boy readers for whom the book is intended. There are twelve illustrations by Mr. J. R. Skelton, vigorous in composition though rather crude in coloring.

* * *

"The Babees Book" appears in the New Medieval Library (Chatto & Windus, 5s. net), and consists of a number of documents which Miss Edith Rickert has rendered into modern, or mainly modern, English from the early texts collected by Dr. J. J. Furnivall about forty years ago. It should be noted that the term "babee" signified not what we understand by a baby, but a child old enough to understand the maxims inscribed for his or her guidance in these curious prose and verse documents. From them there would appear to be a striking resemblance between the "good manners" of our forefathers and those commonly accepted by ourselves. It is an interesting fact that most of the English words denoting good manners are of French or Latin origin, while the few of Saxon origin are those which describe bad manners; the reason being that "politeness" was first learned out of French or Latin books. Miss Rickert has preserved a good deal of the quaintness of the original texts by her retention of archaisms, which, in several cases, moreover, have the merit of being more expressive than the modern form. A "giggelot," for instance, strikes one as a happy portmanteau phrase for a giggling girl. The seven illustrations are reproduced in photogravure from illuminations in contemporary MSS.

* * *

"The Nineteenth Century and After" for August opens with an article by Colonel Lonsdale Hale on "The Insecurity of Home Defence To-day." Colonel Hale is concerned at the knowledge which German officers have of English topography, and cites several examples of that knowledge. He speaks of the surprise of an Irish Catholic priest who found in Germany people who knew the large town which was his cure of souls quite as well as he himself did. According to Colonel Hale, "there is just now prevalent in the whole of the armed forces of this country a not unnatural feeling of military leaderlessness. They feel that the control of the military armed strength of the nation is in the hands of civilians only." Colonel Hale does not go so far as to demand that the Secretary of State for War should be a soldier, though his article points to the demand which shows an equal ignorance of the British Constitution and the temper of the British people. "The Roman Empire: A Lesson on the Effects of Free Trade," by Prince di Teano, reaches the conclusion that "Italy was ruined economically and abandoned by her inhabitants principally through the formation of the Roman Empire, and in consequence of the greatest experiment of Free Trade in the history of mankind." This is certainly a novel reading of history. Mr. S. M. Mitra traces the history of the Indian Press. He thinks that when other legislative

MISCELLANIES. (Fourth Series.)

By JOHN MORLEY.

Demy 8vo. 7s.6d. net.

Contains Papers on Machiavelli and Guicciardini. John Stuart Mill, and other Pieces.

The Government of England.

By Prof. A. LAWRENCE LOWELL. In 2 vols. 8vo. 17s. net.

Westminster Gazette:—"An Englishman has written what we believe is acknowledged in America to be the standard book about the institutions of the United States; and an American now returns the compliment by writing what bids fair to be the standard book for English readers about the Government of England. . . . We have only to say in conclusion that we have seldom met a book which is so full and varied in its knowledge and illustrations, and at the same time so suggestive and philosophical in its ideas and speculations."

The Eversley Tennyson.

Annotated by ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON. Edited by HALLAM, Lord TENNYSON. In 9 vols. globe 8vo, 4s. net each. Vol. VII.—DEMETER, AND OTHER POEMS, Vol. VIII.—QUEEN MARY AND HAROLD.

Impressions of India.

By Sir HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P. Crown 8vo. 3s. net.

Standard:—"Contain not only a pleasantly written account of his travels, but also many remarkably shrewd observations on various aspects of the present political situation."

NEW AND CHEAPER IMPRESSION.

Personal Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia, 1862-63.

By WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

The Logic of Will.

A Study in Analogy. By HELEN WODEHOUSE, D. Phil. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

AUGUST NO. NOW READY.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d. Annual Subscription, 16s.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. IX.—A Visit to Japan in 1894. By MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

TO BUILD A FIRE. A Story. By JACK LONDON, Author of "The Call of the Wild," &c.

MY KITTENS. By CARMEN SYLVA (Queen of Roumania).

THE SPELL OF EGYPT: AS REVEALED IN ITS MOUNTAINS. IV. By ROBERT HICHENS.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., LONDON.

ALBANY REVIEW. — AUGUST.

"The Country and the Lords," EDWARD JENKS; "The Revolt of Woman," HAROLD SPENDER; "Dante on the Baptism of Statius," A. W. VERRALL, Litt. D.; "From a Poor Man's House"—Concluded, STEPHEN REYNOLDS; "Invultation: A Study in Black Magic," JAMES HOOPER; "The Education of Young Birds," DOUGLAS DEWAR; "The Small Holdings Act in Operation," HUBERT BEAUMONT (Secretary of the Central Small Holdings Society); "Machiavellianism," G. LOWES DICKINSON; "Persia, Macedonia, and The Anglo-Russian Entente," W. A. MOORE; "The Poems of Mary Coleridge," F. MELIAN STAWELL; "At the Foot of the Scaffold: II." Mme. SAVINKOV (Translated by Mrs. Garnett). Current Events: Persia; Politics at Home; The Output of the Session; The Old Age Pensions Bill; The Prospects; The House of Lords; The Presidential Election in the United States.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, W.

WEATHER MYSTERY.

For information on the present mysterious weather phenomena, send **6½d.** for the **British Weather Chart** and supplement. The recent afterglows, excessive heat-waves, violent thunderstorms, and remarkable barometric oscillations, akin to similar phenomena 25 years ago, in 1883, and also in 1859, point to a great **Telluric Outburst** in the Polar regions, connected with the **Gegenschein.**

London: R. MORGAN, Publisher, NORWOOD.

IS CIVILIZATION IN DANGER?

By RENÉ-L. GERARD.

SEE

HIBBERT JOURNAL

Single Numbers 2/6 net. 2/9 post free.

Other Contents of July Number—

Pluralism and Religion. By Prof. WILLIAM JAMES.

Science and the Purpose of Life. By Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

The Religionist and the Scientist. By the Rev. G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS.

"An Appeal to those at the Top"—and Something More. By SIR EDWARD RUSSELL.

The Right to Constrain Men for their Own Good. By PROF. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

Religion and Our Schools. By Prof. JOHN DEWEY.

Enlightened Action the True Basis of Morality. By Prof. A. H. LLOYD.

The Romantic Element in the Ethics of Christ. By STANLEY GERALD DUNN.

The Problem of Immortality. By RUDOLF EUCKEN.

The Religion of the Sensible American. By President DAVID STARR JORDAN.

The Church of Scotland and Its Formula. By the Rev. A. J. CAMPBELL.

The Burden of Language in Religion: A Catholic Study. By W. J. WILLIAMS.

Discussions, Reviews, Bibliography of Recent Literature.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,

14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

Much Reduced Edition. Now Ready, 2 vols., cloth 12/6 net.

HERBERT SPENCER AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

From First Press Opinions.

"It is not to much to say that we close this book, the most interesting, and certainly one of the most important we have ever opened, feeling better, wiser, and humbler for having thus hastily read it."—*Academy.*

"It is a book for all men and for all time. The statesman, the inventor, the litterateur, the man of theory, and the man of practice will find alike, within the covers of these two massive volumes, an almost inexhaustible treasury of interest and constructive thought."—*St. James's Gazette.*

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,

14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

attempts to control the utterances of the Press have failed it is difficult to be hopeful of success from the new law. In "Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the Spy" Mr. A. J. Eagleston tells the story of the curious report made to the Home Secretary in 1797 by a Dr. Lysons, of Bath, that some suspicious characters, believed to be foreign spies, had taken a house at Alfoxton, in the Quantock Hills. The detective who investigated the report wrote that "the House was taken for a Person of the name of Wordsworth," who was associated with a Mr. Coleridge, "reckoned a Man of superior Ability." The Abbé Dimnet writes on "The Neo-Royalist Movement in France," which he describes as "an intellectual rather than a political manifestation, but, as such, it has taken a development which can no longer be left unnoticed." Other articles of interest in the number are "Shakespeare and the Waterways of North Italy," by Sir Edward Sullivan; "French Canada and the Quebec Tercentenary," by Mr. Arthur Hawkes; "The Bastille," by Mrs. Frederic Harrison; and "A Workman's View of the Remedy for Unemployment," by Mr. James G. Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson regards the imposition of import duties on manufactured goods from over the sea as not within the range of practical politics, and declares that workmen like himself, who remember the old days of Protection, will not "even lift a finger to help to bring them back again." His remedy for unemployment is an economy of the outlay on drink, which would, if "wrested from the clutches of the trade that furnishes the lowest average of employment, and pays the least percentage in wages to its employees in accordance with the capital used in its business," and expended upon clothing, boots, &c., "be sufficient to pay a living wage of 30s. per week, or £78 per year, to 794,444 workmen, and afford them constant work all the year round."

* * *

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace has place of honor in "The Contemporary Review" for an article on "The Present Position of Darwinism." He refutes the various attempts made to show that Darwin's explanation of organic evolution is an unsuccessful hypothesis, and urges that almost all students of Nature "have found in the theory of Darwin, in his many stimulating books, and in those of his friends and followers, the only intelligible clue to the mighty labyrinth of Nature." Mr. Harold Spender writes on "Next Year's Finance," calculating that the deficit next year will be £10,000,000, including £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 which will be required for the Navy. He discusses such means of taxation as land, graduation of income tax, a super-tax on incomes over £5,000, and licences. Finance is, in Mr. Spender's view, the field on which Liberalism will win victories again. "If the Liberal Party bring to bear on it some of the mingled daring and caution of the great masters of finance in the nineteenth century, they will have established firmly the foundation of progressive government for the twentieth." Mr. H. G. Wells explains his position in regard to Liberalism and Socialism in an article called "My Socialism." Bishop Montgomery sums up the results of the Pan-Anglican Congress, Mr. Stephen Paget and Mr. Stephen Coleridge continue their duel on "Experiments on Animals," and the author of "The Policy of the Pope" discusses "The Abbé Loisy and Modernism."

* * *

Prince Alfonso de Bourbon writes in "The Fortnightly Review" on "The Fight Against Duelling in Europe," and is able to show that the anti-duelling leagues have done remarkably good work during the past seven years. Professor Churton Collins's treatment of "The Literary Indebtedness of England to France" is an excellent piece of comparative criticism. Professor Collins points out that French influence on English letters is especially marked in the departments of epistolary literature, memoir-writing, aphorism, imaginary dialogue, criticism, and the delightful Ana literature. Mr. Angus Hamilton deals with "The Persian Crisis," and reaches the conclusions that Persia is not ready for constitutional government, and that the re-establishment of a modified autocracy, even if accompanied by increased taxation, would be generally acceptable. Mr. Robert S. Rait gives some recollections of David Masson, Mr. G. R. Askwith, in an excellent article on "Sweated Industries," shows how unconsidered are many of the objections to a minimum wage system.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, July 31.		Price Friday Morning, Aug. 7.
Consols 2½ per cent.	86 1/16	...	86 7/16
German 3 per cent.	82½	...	83
London and North Western	132¾	...	134
Midland Def.	56¼	...	57
Union Pacific	157⅝	...	160
Canadian-Pacific...	175¾	...	175⅞

The news from Turkey has not been quite so reassuring the week, and there have not been many movements of prices. Consols have been weak, and the Home Railway Market has not been much stimulated by the news of the agreement between the London and North-Western and Midland Railways. Some lugubrious speeches have been contributed at brewery meetings, and it has been freely intimated to shareholders that they are in danger of being "ruined" if the Licensing Bill should pass. One of these concerns, which has a large amount of tied-house property, may be worth referring to. Before the Licensing Bill its ordinary shares dropped, in the course of a few years, from over 200 to about 40. Their price is now 20; but the shareholders were told they would be half-ruined if the Bill got through. This, I venture to say, on the authority of one who is quite conversant with the company, is more than absurd. The stock probably stands below its real value even on the assumption of the Bill passing. And in any case the really heavy loss was incurred long ago. To tell a man whose property has already fallen from £200 to £20 that he is *in danger* of being half-ruined is rather ridiculous, and speeches of this sort deserve to fall flatter than the stock.

The Railway Pool.

Another railway pool, which may be fraught with seri ous consequences to the trades of the North, has just been announced, and is officially confirmed. This is, of course, the agreement between the Midland and the London and North-Western. It is to be hoped that people will not invest money on the faith of this agreement, for it is very difficult indeed to see how any substantial economies can result except by a reduction of facilities which will injure traders and traffic. Moreover, it will be the duty of the Board of Trade and of Parliament to protect the public against the raising of fares and charges. These developments of railway policy will have to be closely watched. "Too long," writes one City journalist, "have reckless competition, absurd excursion fares, and unnecessary services of trains at competitive points held sway." Competition between the railway lines to the North has undoubtedly reduced freights and fares; and it is difficult to see why journalists should allow themselves to be enthusiastic about the creation of monopolies with a view to screwing up charges on traders and passengers. In Scotland the railway companies have just notified an arrangement for raising freight charges. It will be interesting to see what attitude will be adopted by the new President of the Board of Trade.

Anxiety About Brazil.

Well-informed people in the City are decidedly nervous about Brazilian finances. The Brazilian Agent in London has assured the Press that Brazil really wants the three battleships. If that be so, there is every likelihood of trouble; for the Argentines have already begun to make counter preparations. Even if the Brazilian Government's intentions are peaceful, this new embarrassment coming on the top of the Coffee valorisation scheme is bound to end in financial difficulties. Brazil, it must be remembered, is a very loose federation—so loose that in one of the States there is, it is said, a large German population which steadily refuses to pay taxes to the Rio officials.

Lucellum.

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE.

"SERVITUDE"

It is a matter of common knowledge that Miss IRENE OSGOOD, the authoress of "SERVITUDE" (of which the publishers, Messrs. Sisley, Makers of Beautiful Books, Charing Cross, W.C., are issuing the Fifth edition of 1,000 copies)) is offering TWENTY POUNDS in Three Prizes (£10, £6, £4) for the THREE BEST CRITICISMS of her new Novel—long or short, favourable, or the reverse—showing that the writers have read the book through, that may reach her publishers by August 30th from readers of the novel. Her action in inviting these criticisms from the public will be better understood when certain professional critiques of "SERVITUDE" are contrasted. What guidance is a writer who has resolved seriously to devote herself to the profession of letters to derive from opinion so conflicting, and is she not, under the circumstances, justified in asking her readers to draw her attention to the qualities in her work which have made it such an instantaneous and triumphant success, or to point out for her instruction any artistic blemishes which they may have detected?

For, while the "Morning Post" in a long review of the book remarked, "'Servitude' is really a very notable achievement in the creation of 'atmosphere,'" and concluded in the following terms, "The story of devotion and adventure which is pursued through these thrilling pages would in itself recommend the book to the lover of keen and vibrant romance, but the setting is of such unusual lustre and such 'curious workmanship' that the most lasting impression comes from it. 'Servitude' is a book which is likely to provide more than a nine days' wonder." The "Athenæum" stated that "Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall would have made something noteworthy of such stuff" (the scene, date, and action of Miss Osgood's novel), and adds: "Her hero, a mysterious British nobleman and ex-naval officer enslaved by the Moors, is little more than an altruistic punching machine: her heroine, Miss Betty Langridge" (there is no person of that name in Miss Osgood's book, but that by the way), "of Virginia, is a stock figure that sets the other figure a-punching. On p. 140 an Arab get a blow 'which caught him full on the kidneys.' The date of the story is 1815 or thereabouts, yet the low-comedy characters use recent Cockney slang, even so modern a catchword as 'What oh!'" (very frequent in the eighteenth century novels—also by the way) "enlivening their sallies." In the midst of her confusion comes a review from the "Dundee Advertiser," which says: "It is not difficult to understand why 'Servitude,' by Irene Osgood, has so soon run into its third edition" ("Servitude" is now in its 5th edition). "It is a book which was bound to be an instantaneous success. From the first sentence the reader's attention is gripped by the splendour of the author's imagination and the power with which she forces her ideas upon the mind. . . . It is a remarkable piece of work. The whole drama of life is given. . . . Every player enacts his part admirably, and the story is piloted towards its climax by the hand of a master writer. The book is a magnificent success for Irene Osgood." It is Miss Osgood's hope that her amateur reviewers will show in their critiques that, unlike the "Athenæum" reviewer, they have read her book, and that she may derive guidance and instruction from their papers. In the meanwhile, it may interest the public to read one amateur critique which reached her from a lady doctor—a stranger to her—who was not competing for one of the criticism prizes.

"Dear Madam," she writes, "I regret to say I have just come to the end of your book, 'Servitude.' That sounds somewhat ambiguous, I'm afraid. What I mean is that the book engrossed me so much that I hated to see myself coming gradually nearer and nearer to the end of it. Until I read this book, I always, without the slightest difficulty, named 'For the Term of His Natural Life' as my favourite novel, but I cannot say so now, unless I bracket together 'Servitude' and 'For the Term of His Natural Life.' You must forgive me for troubling you with this note, but I felt I wanted to thank you for the immense pleasure and interest I have received from your work. . . . You must have worked very, very hard. The more I think of it, the more wonderful I find it."

SERVITUDE (5th Edition) is obtainable at all Libraries and Booksellers, price 6/-

"SERVITUDE": Some not very sensible comment has been made in one or more journals on the fact that in the GLOSSARY appended to MISS IRENE OSGOOD'S novel, "SERVITUDE," certain very easy French words, which occur in the book, have been rendered into English. The reason of this was not to slight the intelligence of readers who know foreign languages, but to assist those who are totally ignorant of any tongue but their own. Of such people there are many thousands amongst the novel-reading classes, and no Glossary would be complete which did not contain *all* the foreign words in the book. How fully this opinion is justified is demonstrated by the reviewer of *The Athenæum*, who in ridiculing Miss Osgood's glossary points to "debris" as one of the words she superfluously includes. He ought, of course, to have written "débris." Now if her glossary can instruct the reviewer of such a journal as *The Athenæum* in correct French, how much more useful must it be to people of smaller linguistic pretensions!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

THE CASE FOR FREE TRADE

is being pithily put from day to day in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

by

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.,

under the title

100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE.

EVERY DAY ONE POINT.

All who wish to have ready to hand an apt reply for the Tariff Reformer should watch this series in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

daily.

Crown 8vo, pp. xxx. + 341, cloth extra, 5s. net; large paper, 10s. net.

CENTURIES OF MEDITATIONS

By THOMAS TRAHERNE.

Now first printed from the Original Manuscript.

"We doubt if there are any other 'Meditations' in existence which breathe such radiance and humanity, or which reveal a nature of more nobility and lovableness."—*Observer.*

"Mystic, poet and saint, as Mr. Dobell describes him, Traherne shows himself in these pages to be possessed of a very beautiful, almost lyrical style. The book is an addition to English literature."—*Evening Standard.*

"A new classic."—*Morning Leader.*

BERTRAM DOBELL, Charing Cross Road, London.

A NEW

"F.C.G." Froissart.

The "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE" is continuing at intervals throughout August, the publication of

"F.C.G.'S" MODERN FROISSART,

describing in quaint mediaeval phraseology and with illustrations founded upon fourteenth century examples, the principal political events from the end of 1902 up to and including the General Election of 1906.

The story of the events familiar to us all in our recent history will be told as if written by Sir John Froissart himself, and, although a good deal of humour is introduced both in the text and the pictures, the narrative will be an interesting record of actual events. The Weekly Editions* of

The "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE"

will contain the chapters published during each current week. The first chapter appeared in the "Westminster Gazette" dated July 29th. Back numbers containing the series can be obtained on application to the Publisher.

* *THE SATURDAY WESTMINSTER.*

Offices: WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, Tudor St., London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY of BIRMINGHAM.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE,

Associated with the General and Queen's Hospitals for Clinical Teaching.

SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY.

In conjunction with the Birmingham Dental Hospital.

THE WINTER SESSION OPENS OCTOBER 5TH, 1908.

The University grants Degrees in Medicine, Surgery, and Public Health, and a Diploma in Public Health; also Degrees and a Diploma in Dental Surgery.

The Courses of Instruction are arranged to meet the requirement of other Universities and Licensing Bodies.

For Prospectus and further information apply to—
GILBERT BARLING, M.Sc., F.R.C.S., *Dean.*

University of Manchester,

Chancellor—The Right Hon. the Viscount MORLEY of BLACKBURN, O.M.

Vice-Chancellor—ALFRED HOPKINSON, K.C., M.A., LL.D., B.C.L.

Registrar—EDWARD FIDDES, M.A.

Bursar—SYDNEY CHAFFERS, M.A.

The SESSION 1908-9 begins on the 6th October.

There are Eight Faculties in the University—Arts, Science, Law, Music, Commerce and Administration, Theology, Technology and Medicine—in all of which degrees are conferred. There are diplomas—Dentistry, Public Health, Veterinary, State Medicine, Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Mining, Applied Chemistry, and Technology. There are also a University Diploma and Certificate for Teachers. A large Training College, with Demonstration Schools, is associated with the University.

The Teaching Staff consists of 43 Professors and about 160 Lecturers, Assistants, and Demonstrators. A number of ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS are offered for competition annually in May.

There are special facilities for research, and Graduates of other Universities may study for research degrees, and are eligible for certain research Fellowships.

All degrees and all Departments of the University (except Engineering) are open to Women Students.

The Registrar will supply, on application, prospectuses of any of the above Faculties or of any of the following:—

Dental Department.
Department of Education.
Pharmaceutical Department.
Public Health Department.
Engineering Department.
Mining Department.
School of Architecture.
Fellowships, Scholarships, and Exhibitions.
Special, Popular, and Evening Courses.
University Extension Committee.
Advanced Studies in the Faculties of Arts and Science, and Technology.

The Examination Papers set at the last Entrance Scholarship Examination (price 6d.), those set at the last Degree and Diploma Examinations (price 1s.), and the University Calendar, 3s. (by post 3s. 5d.), may be obtained from Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes, 34, Cross-street, Manchester, and at 60, Chandos-street, London, W.C., or any bookseller.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.

Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields; gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Next Term, Sept. 18th. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.

Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

Rare and curious Books for the collector. First Editions. Court Memoirs Medical, Occult, &c. Out of Print Books and everything that's a book supplied. No matter when published. State wants. 100,000 books on sale. Catalogues free.

HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED. First editions of all kinds. Sporting, Naval, Military Coloured Plates by Alken, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others. Special list of 3,000 wanted. LIBRARIES PURCHASED.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

TOURS.

£6 6s. LUCERNE TOUR.

Nine days. Short Sea Route. No extras for Conductor or Gratuities.

HENRY S. LUNN, M.D.

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. 25, Cannon Street, E.C.
4, Charing Cross, S.W. 84, Piccadilly, W.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors, Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.

67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.

BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

HILLS MARINE VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing sea. 10/- per day

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LANCASTER.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

STONEWELL RESTAURANT. T. M. Hey, Proprietor.

MARKET HALL RESTAURANT. Prop. J. E. Dowthwaite.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFÉ, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

ANDERSON ANDERSON & ANDERSON LTD.

CATALOGUE POST FREE

THE WATERPROOFERS. THE RUBBER HOUSE

ANDERSONS'

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, Ltd.

53 GOLD MEDALS AND AWARDS.

GOLD MEDAL SHOOTING OUTFITS.

INDIA RUBBER, WATERPROOF and OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS.

NOTE OUR TRADE MARKS.

The "BREADALBANE" CAPE AND KILT.

WATERPROOF THIGH-KNEE LEGGINGS.
No. 16 .. 15/6
No. 10 .. 13/6

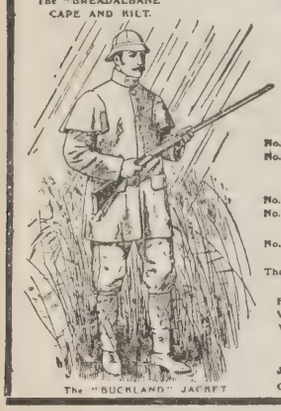
The SHOOTING INVERNESS.
Worn with Thigh-Knee Leggings forms an efficient Waterproof Shooting Costume.
No. 16 .. 70/6
No. 10 .. 47/6

SHOOTING INVERNESS.

The KNOCKABOUT HAT
No. 16 8/6
No. 10 7/6

The "ROUGHANTOUGH" GAMEKEEPERS' WATERPROOF
Very Strong and Tough. For Rough Work.
No. 6 Material:
Sizes 48 inches to 55 inches long, 42/-
Extra large, 44/6 47/-

The "ROUGHANTOUGH"



The "BUCKLAND" JACKET

The "BREADALBANE" SHOOTING COSTUME
(Cape and Kilt or Apron.)
Costume Complete:
No. 16.—Fawn Cashmere 70/-
No. 10.—Paramatta, lined Check ... 47/6
Separately:

Capes—	36	39	42	45 ins. long
No. 16 ..	35/-	37/-	39/-	41/-
No. 10 ..	23/9	25/-	26/3	27/6

Kilts—30, 33 and 36 ins. long.
No. 16 .. 35/- No. 10 .. 23/9

The "BUCKLAND" SHOOTING COATS AND JACKETS.
For Fishing, Shooting, General Wear. Well Ventilated, Storm Cuff and Fly. With Hooks to shorten into Jacket for Wading. Roomy Pockets for Cartridges.
JACKET 34 and 37 ins long .. 47/6
COAT 45. 50. 53. 56 " ... 57/6

The "BUCKLAND" COAT

DATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

ANDERSONS'

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, Ltd.

GOLD MEDAL FISHING WATERPROOFS

RUBBER, WATERPROOF and OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS

THIRTY-ONE PRIZE MEDALS AND AWARDS.

The "BUCKLAND" JACKET. 47/6
Well Ventilated. Storm Cuffs and Fly. With Hooks to shorten to Semi-Jacket for Deep Wading, preventing draggling in Water. 34 in. and 37 in. long.

The LADIES' "BUCKLAND."
Dark Fawn Fishing Costume.
Jacket 47/6
Skirt 31/6
Gaiters 6/11

The "BUCKLAND" COAT. 57/6
For Fishing, Shooting, General Wear.
Well Ventilated, Storm Cuff and Fly. With Hooks to shorten into Jacket for Wading.

OVERALL TROUSERS
(Double Seated).
For Boat Fishing, &c.
With Waterproof Flap behind the Fly Front.
In strong Double Texture.
Twill, No. R14 .. 25/-
Black Rubber .. 21/-
Fawn or Blue Black .. 32/6

STORM CAP.
(Ventilated).
Black Rubber, 2/9, 3/9, 6/6.
Double Texture 6/6, 8/6, 10/6.

THE "HAMPSHIRE."
33 in. or 36 in. long.

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
25/-	21/-	15/6	10/6

THE 'KNOCKABOUT' HAT.
No. 16, 7/6.
No. 10, 6/6.
Folds small for pocket.

OVERALL SKIRTS.
(Double Seated).
For Boat Fishing, &c.
In strong Double Texture.
33 in. long 21/-
36 in. " 23/6
39 in. " 26/-
Oilskin 15/6

ANDERSONS'

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, Ltd.

53 GOLD MEDALS AND AWARDS.

GOLD MEDAL SHOOTING OUTFITS.

INDIA RUBBER, WATERPROOF and OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS.

NOTE OUR TRADE MARKS.

SHOOTING CAPES.

Inches long	36	39	42	45
No. 18. Fawn Cashmere	35/-	37/-	39/-	41/-
No. 10. "	23/9	25/-	26/3	27/6

Special Lines in Tweeds .. 21/- 27/6

LEATHER CARTRIDGE BELTS.

To hold	25	30
Best Quality, with Sockets	8/-	9/-
Good Quality, with Clips	5/-	6/-

LEATHER LEGGINGS.
The "Putter" (as illustration) 8/9 to 27/6
The "Newmarket" 8/9 to 13/6

"BALFOUR" WATERPROOF KNICKERS.
Perfectly Ventilated.
Strong Fawn Cashmere 30/-
Double Seats 5/6 extra.

STUBBLE AMSLETS.
Waterproof Canvas 5/6 4/6

WATERPROOF CANVAS LEGGINGS.
Brown or Grey, Leather Ankles 8/6
BUSKINS, Tweeds, sizes 14 to 17 5/6 6/6 6/6

The "PAYNE-GALLWEY" GAME AND TOURING BAG
Various Materials 8/9 to 10/-

LEATHER FACED GUN COVERS.
In Strong Grey Waterproof Canvas 9/6

DECOY PIGEONS.
True Models. Hand Carved and Painted.

CARTRIDGE BAGS.
Made for 50, 75 or 100.
The "Lovat."
Brown Waterproof Canvas
7/- 7/9 8/6
The "Argyle."
5/- 5/9 6/6
The "Bisley."
3/6 4/- 4/6

Patt. B. In Brown Canvas, Leather, bound only 4/6 6/- 7/6

WATERPROOF GAME BAGS.
The "Payne-Gallwey." See illustration above.
The "Shooters' Own." Specially Light. Net front. Brown Waterproof Canvas 10/6 13/6

1. Flying, 8/6 2. Looking up, 7/6 3. Pecking, 7/6
Woodes and Inflatable Ducks and Drakes, 12/6
CARTRIDGE MAGAZINES

"MILLS" TELESCOPIC SEAT
Aluminium Bronzed 25/-
Bright 21/-

The "Highland" (as illustration). Strong Brown Waterproof Canvas.

Leather Lined.	Net Front.
No 1 18 ins.	16/6
No. 2. 20 ins.	18/-
No 3 22 ins.	19/6
No. 4 24 ins.	21/-

The "Anderson" as illustration. Made for 50, 75, 100 or 150.

Cowhide.	Lined	Waterproof.	
12/6	14/6	17/6	22/6
Super Grey Waterproof Canvas.			
9/6	11/6	15/6	16/6

FOLDING SEAT STICKS.
A .. 7/6 Brown Canvas
B .. 9/- Solid Leather
C .. 11/- Oak Body, Covered Leather
D 10/6

To hold 200 300 400 500
.. 25/- 32/6 37/6 42/-
.. 37/6 43/6 48/6 54/-
To hold 100 64/- 72/6 80/-
Canvas 15/6, Leather 24/-

ANDERSONS'

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON Ltd.

GOLD MEDAL YACHTING OILSKINS

RUBBER, WATERPROOF AND OILSKIN MANUFACTURERS.

THIRTY-ONE PRIZE MEDALS AND AWARDS.

SWIMMING COLLARS.
Grey Rubber, with Striped Stockinette Cover, 5/-

"Osborne."

"Sandringham."

AIRPROOF LIFEBELTS.

33in.	36in.	40in.	44in.	48in. long
9/9	10/6	12/-	13/9	15/3

SOILED LINEN BAGS.
With Brass Handle and Padlock, 34ins. deep.
Strong Brown Canvas 7/8
Waterproof Canvas 10/6

CANVAS.
For Yachting, Boating and Travelling.
Brown or Grey, 36in. by 14in. 27/6
Brown or Grey, 50in. by 12in. 25/6
Brown, 22/6 and 19/6

THE "QUARTERDECK."
Pure Rubber, Leather Lined, Leather Feet and Soles, 52/6, with Hobs, 55/-
Superior quality Leather Lined Knee Boot, 75/-

OILSKINS FOR GENTLEMEN

	Coats.	Jackets.	Trousers.	Waiters.
"SANDRINGHAM," Silk, for Strength and Coolness	47/6	37/6	25/-	7/6
"OSBORNE," for Lightness and Durability	29/6	24/6	15/6	6/6
"HURRICANE," for Strength and Resistance	25/-	21/-	12/6	4/6
"ROUGHSEA," for Rough General Work	15/6	12/6	7/6	5/6
"CRUISER," for Pleasure Cruising, Boating, &c.... Heavy	13/6	10/6	6/3	2/6
Light	9/6	7/6	4/3	1/9

OILSKINS FOR LADIES.

	Coat.	Jacket.	Skirt.	Hood.	Hood with Cape.
"SANDRINGHAM"	50/-	32/6	27/6	7/6	9/6
"OSBORNE"	35/-	25/-	18/6	5/6	7/6
SOU' WESTERS				7/6 and 6/6	

"Sandringham," Yellow only. All Others, Yellow or Black.

LADIES' RUBBER LEG BOOTS.
"J.W.L." (lined wool) 22/6
"Snowdrifts" (lined wool) 16/6
"Highland" (lined net) 12/6
"Norfolk" (lined wool) 11/6

37, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.
70, QUEEN STREET, CARDIFF.

LONDON.

58-59, CHARING CROSS, S.W
23, CASTLE STREET, SWANSEA.

Or from every high-class Dealer in the United Kingdom.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 20.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK 691
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—
The Way to an Anglo-German Agreement 694
The Revolution in Railway Policy 695
How to Regain the Liberty of the Road 696
LIFE AND LETTERS:—
The Deformed Transformed 697
The Name of Gentleman ... 698
The End of the Land 699
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—
The Harmsworth Brand—V. 701
SHORT STUDIES:—
A Revolutionary. By the Rev S. Henry 702
SCIENCE:—
The Problem of Flying. By George M. Minchin 703
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—
The Merciful Tsar. By An Englishman in Russia ... 704
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By Cassandra, L. Marshall, Henry S. Clough, J. Colquhoun Reade, and S. Hine 705
The Art of Opening. By the Rt. Hon. Robert Farquharson 706
Liberalism and Labour. By Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. ... 707

PAGE
Heaven as Town or Country. By A. Clutton Brock 708
Some Fruits of the Free Trade Congress. By Charles Hancock 708
The Indeterminate Sentence. By Captain Arthur St. John 709
The Dilemma of a Liberal Lawyer. By Ignoramus ... 709
Similes. By S. Parnell Kerr 709
POETRY:—
The Moor Grave. By John Galsworthy 709
REVIEWS:—
Medievalism 710
Shakespeare and Common Sense 711
Catharine De' Medici 711
Macan's "Herodotus"... ... 713
A "Stirring" Novel 713
BOOKS IN BRIEF:—
The Swiss Democracy: The Study of a Sovereign People 714
The Biography of James Annand, M.P. 716
The Cities of Valladolid, Oviedo, &c. 716
Official Guides to Health Resorts 716
The Photographic Handboek 716
The P. and O. Pocket Book.. 716
The Living Masters of Music 716
Lotus Leaves 718
The Perfect Garden 718
THE WEEK IN THE CITY ... 718

[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

The King, on the way to Marienbad, has been received by the Emperor William at Cronberg and by the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl. The first visit was of an informal and family character, though it is to be followed by a State visit of the King and Queen to Berlin; the latter had a rather more public and ceremonial aspect. The embraces which passed between uncle and nephew, and their brief social intercourse at the Castle, struck observers as particularly cordial, and the tone of the responsible German Press, following that of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," has been markedly friendly, and suggests that approaches to an Anglo-German arrangement have been made from this side. The King would necessarily be a powerful instrument in forwarding such an agreement, especially as the German Press, and German public men in general, persist in assigning to him personal responsibility for the present estrangement.

* * *

It is, we think, unfortunate that this presentment of the King as his own Foreign Minister is heightened by Sir Charles Hardinge's presence at Cronberg and Ischl, and his interview at the latter place with Baron von Aehrenthal, the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs. This, again, follows the remarkable and really unconstitutional precedent of the Reval visit, at which both Sir John Fisher and Sir John French assisted. In the semi-official report of the interview, Baron von Aehrenthal and Sir Charles Hardinge are described as "two statesmen." Sir Charles Hardinge is not, however, a statesman in our sense of the word. He is a permanent official, whose duty it is to report to Sir Edward Grey and to the Cabinet, and to help carry out any policy on which these powers agree. The subject of the Aehrenthal-Hardinge conversation was said to be the position of affairs in Turkey, which closely affects Austria's position in Bosnia-Herzegovina, her railway policy, and her interest in Salonica. Whether in these respects her views march with those of a reforming Power like Great Britain is doubtful, but it is stated that the two Cabinets agree on a "sympathetic, waiting attitude" towards the constitutional movement. The King, in proposing the Emperor's health at the gala dinner, confined himself to personal compliments. It is notable that the French Press of all shades welcomes any pacifying tendencies which the Cronberg visit may have brought about, though the "Temps" is inclined to minimise them.

* * *

Russia and Great Britain have wisely dropped their Macedonia reform proposals, which had lost all sense after the revolution, though the Russian note rather ominously insists upon Russia's intention to reassert her treaty rights unless a substantial improvement is effected in Macedonia. While at Ischl, English and Austrian diplomats agreed to adopt towards Turkey an attitude of "benevolent expectancy," Germany also has expressed her desire not to interfere. It only remains for these Powers to be as good as their word, for it is notorious that their intrigues went far to ruin the constitutional movement of 1876, and the present revolution cannot but seriously affect their ambitions. Austria is the most involved because a constitutional agitation has already begun in Bosnia-Herzegovina, and the dream of opening a road to Salonica must fade in the presence of a reformed Turkey; hence Austrian official pessimism. The reformers have begun sweeping the offices clean, and among others, the St. Petersburg and Paris ambassadors have been recalled, and the Vali of Hedjaz dismissed who throve on the plunder of the Mecca pilgrims. The public departments are crowded with sinecure holders, and thousands have already lost their posts, which may create difficulties in the near future. The Young Turks have themselves taken in hand the control of the police, and they have successfully checked disorderly demonstrations. The Sultan himself has contributed to the building of the Parliament House, and the election preliminaries have begun. The greatest internal problem at present is the satisfaction of the nationalities. The Salonica Committee is still negotiating with the Bulgarian "Internal Organisation," but there have been some bickerings between Greeks and Servians and Bulgarians.

* * *

The published result of the Lambeth Conference is an "Encyclical Letter" addressed by the Primate to "the faithful in Christ Jesus." The letter and the following Conference resolutions cover eight columns of the "Times," but their substance is somewhat elusive, and the phrasing is studiously vague and kindly rather than strongly mandatory or comminatory. The document clearly represents an episcopal effort at "smoothing," and contains no note of infallibility. It declares in general terms the special new development of the Church—which it defines as "the whole society of Christian men throughout the world"—to be the growth of the "spirit of service." This is

shown specially in semi-religious, semi-secular growths like medical missions, organisations for developing social responsibility, such as the University "settlements," the Christian Social Union, the "sisterhoods," and the Church of England Men's Society. Under such forms the Primate expects the Church to "go forward in the service of mankind under the conditions of modern life."

* * *

When the Encyclical comes to disputed points of dogma or conduct, its language is highly opportunist. It leaves much to local option. Thus it admits its inability to offer any general statement or advice on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and the only solution it propounds for differing views on the Athanasian Creed is to suggest a new translation, "based on the best Latin text," and practically to leave its use open to individual churches. It pronounces categorically and firmly against the "artificial restriction" of birth, and thinks that innocently divorced persons who have re-married should not be refused the sacraments of the Church. As to guilty parties, they are not to receive the "blessing of the Church" on re-marriage, but nothing is said as to their exclusion from the sacraments. The Church is not to recognise any form of divorce save for adultery or fornication. On Christian Science, or "ministries of healing," the door is kept partly open. The anointing of the sick is not "forbidden" and not "recommended." On education the Encyclical pronounces against secular or merely moral instruction, and calls, not intolerantly, for dogmatic teaching. It approves the idea of arbitration, but acknowledges "the moral gains sometimes won by war."

* * *

Nor is any definite line taken as between the Catholic and the Protestant positions. We do not suppose that an obscure paragraph dealing with substitutes for the sacramental bread and wine implies that reservation of the sacrament is not forbidden in cases of "absolute necessity." As to reunion, the resolutions are clearly intended to cover the Church's complete failure to secure the recognition by Rome of the Anglican Orders. The most definite and cordial pronouncement is made in relation to the Orthodox Church, the least progressive of all the Christian communions. Among the non-episcopal churches the only communion as to which reunion on any terms is suggested is the Presbyterian Church. Finally, the Encyclical affirms "the essential place of the historic facts stated by the creeds in the structure of our faith," which, again, may be considered a vague affirmation of belief in the Virgin Birth. The general criticism of the Encyclical would seem to rest on its uncertainty of tone, and the fact that it deals less with the causes than with the effects of social and moral trouble.

* * *

We have reason to believe that the Committee of the House of Lords which is considering the plans for reforming the constitution of that body has arrived at a number of highly important conclusions, which will probably be embodied in its report. The scheme of reform which they contain is probably Lord Rosebery's, but Lord Lansdowne is a member of the Committee, and if he assents great weight must attach to these recommendations, and a Conservative Government may not improbably adopt them and carry them into law. Briefly, the proposal is to limit the number of members of the House of Lords, and to base membership first on public service, and secondly on an extension of the principle of representative peers. Thus peers who had served in Liberal or Conservative Ministries, or who had been members of the House of Commons, would at once be eligible for the Upper Chamber. To this nucleus of experienced members would be added a *corpus* on the representative principle. We are told that the idea is to limit the total membership to about 180 peers. Such a scheme strikes us as able, for it disposes of some popular objections to the present House of Lords, and gives it a certain aspect of modernity. It would, of course, be highly and dangerously Conservative in tendency, and would offer no guarantee against the present overwhelming preponderance of Conservative peers.

* * *

The United States fleet reached New Zealand on Sunday, doing the 4,000 miles across the Pacific in sixteen days. At Auckland it received an extremely cordial reception, both official and popular, and the New Zealand Press left no doubt as to the meaning of the enthusiasm and the junketings. One or two papers did homage to the common glories of British literature and history, but most quite bluntly welcomed the fleet as a manifestation of the strengthening of white against yellow power in the Pacific, and suggested an Anglo-American in place of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Australasian dread of Japanese power is very real, and the hatred of Asiatic labor is a strong link between the white democracies on either shore of the Pacific. These facts were completely ignored by the "Imperialist" statesmen who framed the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and they lend serious importance to the visit of the American fleet. It is not twenty years since the United States began to look to the Pacific. Already they have stretched a chain of interests and sympathies right across that ocean, and are assuming there that naval representation and leadership of the white race which we abandoned when we made the alliance with Japan.

* * *

It looks very much as though, with the revolution in Turkey, the tide had begun to turn against the Shah. There has been very severe fighting at Tabriz, where Turkish blood is strong, since Friday, and Sata Khan, the Constitutionalist leader, has held his own against the Shah's agent, Rahim Khan, the robber chief. The resistance of Tabriz is of very great importance, because so long as Tabriz holds out the revolutionary movement may flame out again in the rest of the country. According to the "Telegraph," it has begun to do so already, and the influential Mullahs of Kerbela and Nejef have formally denounced the Shah. The Shah is hard up for funds, and has pawned the Crown jewels. The Russian papers paint his situation as desperate, as a result of Turkish events, which, without doubt, have put new heart into the Constitutionalists, while they have stirred up Persians abroad to press for the restoration of the Parliament, and the frontier provinces to threaten to go over to the Turks.

* * *

An open breach between Finland and the Russian Government cannot long be delayed. The new Finnish Diet, the successor of that dissolved in April, met on Wednesday week, and re-elected the former Speaker, Mr. Svinhuvud, a prominent Young-Finn and an outspoken advocate of Finnish rights. The Speech from the Throne was a calculated censure of the last Diet's "entirely false impression of Finland's relations to the Empire, and the obligations they involve on the Finnish people." The Speaker replied with a vigorous assertion of the vital importance to Finland of her independent administration and direct access to the Sovereign, and a condemnation of recent measures as a pernicious violation of Finnish rights. Between M. Stolypin's Im-

perialism and the Diet's Nationalism there is little room for compromise, and unfortunately when the conflict comes the Duma will back M. Stolypin. That he can rely on the Church's support is, of course, still more certain. The Orthodox prelates have been giving a taste of their quality by petitioning the Government to forbid Orthodox Russians to relapse to other creeds, to prohibit other sects engaging in propaganda, and to divide the lands of heretics and aliens. All this is in strict harmony with the Russian Imperialist doctrine that religion is a matter of nationality, not a concern of the individual conscience.

* * *

The Foreign Office have finally settled the terms of a *modus vivendi* with the United States on the Newfoundland fishery question, pending a settlement of the material disputes by the Hague Tribunal. Such an arrangement would have been concluded last year but for the folly of Sir Robert Bond. The fishery for 1908 is to be conducted on the principles governing it in 1907.

* * *

We suggest that journalists of the type of Mr. Blatchford, of the "Clarion," should give their authority for statements such as those which we observe in the last number of the "Clarion" "The (German) arrangements," says Mr. Blatchford, "are of a nature only suitable to attack upon a near coast. When the Germans practise embarking 200,000 men in haste, when the tonnage of the shipping makes it necessary to pack the troops closely, it is evident that no long sea voyage is intended." It is not long since a *canard* of this kind was blown into the air. If Mr. Blatchford desires to retain any character for accurate observation or serious writing, he should inform his readers when and where the Germans ever practised embarking 200,000 men, either "in haste" or at leisure, and whether he has any knowledge whatever of the tonnage of shipping used for such a purpose. Until such evidence is forthcoming we shall prefer to regard the story as an invention. As a counterblast to Mr. Blatchford, always a Jingo on foreign policy, Mr. Keir Hardie, who represents the practically undivided opinion of the Labor Party, declared, on Thursday, that the Hyndman-Blatchford attitude was repudiated 'with unanimity" by the trade unionist and Socialist movement, which was prepared to work with the German Social Democrats in resisting an Anglo-German war.—We observe, by the way, that Mr. Lloyd George, interviewed by the "Neue Freie Presse," declared for an Anglo-German agreement for the mutual reduction of naval shipbuilding.

* * *

The Mile End Guardians have been found guilty of receiving bribes from Calcutt, the contractor, in return for securing him contracts at prices which excluded other tenders, and fleeced the hard-pressed ratepayers of that very poor constituency. The sentences were exemplary, but not, we think, too severe, for they strike at what, we are afraid, is a rather common offence among Guardians and smaller public bodies, especially in London. Hirst, the publican and ex-Mayor of Stepney, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £250; other offenders received sentences of imprisonment ranging from six to fifteen months, coupled with smaller fines. The offenders were deprived of citizenship for seven years, a proper disability. The whole gang were fairly described by the Attorney-General as "Calcutt's quarterly pensioners." We suspect that a similar prosecution would have succeeded against at least one other public body in London

The problem of navigating the air has again been advanced by some interesting experiments made by the American aeronauts, the Wright brothers, whose beautifully-constructed aeroplane has made a series of short, rapid flights in the neighbourhood of Le Mans. The Wright machine is to be bought by a French syndicate if it succeeds in making two successful flights over a course of fifty kilometres. This condition has not yet been fulfilled, for at the end of a flight in which six miles were covered in 8 min. 13 sec., Wilbur Wright pulled the wrong lever, and damaged the left wing of the aeroplane. But its ease of manipulation and power of quick turning astonished all who observed them. The expert, M. Peyrey, declared that the Wright brothers were "the first men who had succeeded in imitating birds."

* * *

The power of the agitation for the public control of motor-driving is shown by the attitude of the "Times" towards the "Four-inch Race" promoted by the Royal Automobile Club in the Isle of Man. This race has the exclusive purpose of discovering the highest speeds attainable by four-inch cylinder cars, using an unlimited amount of petrol. One of these cars has already attained a speed of eighty-three miles an hour on the Brooklands track. That is to say it has travelled at over four times the legal speed limit. The Four-inch Race, therefore, is simply an incitement to the owners and drivers of this type of car to exceed even this "record" speed, and to set up a new defiance of the law, involving fresh risk of death or injury. We hope that Mr. Burns will prohibit the race, using every power that the law places in his hands for such a purpose, and we shall then see whether the Royal Automobile Club will dare to contest his decision.

* * *

The Marquis di Rudini, who died on Friday last in his 70th year, was one of the most respectable, though not the strongest, of the somewhat dubious race of Italian politicians who followed the generation that had unified Italy. Sprung of a wealthy Sicilian house, he went into politics early. When he was only twenty-six, as Mayor of Palermo, he put down a reactionary rising, and was Minister of the Interior at the age of thirty. He was twice Premier in 1891-3, when he renewed the Triple Alliance, and in 1896-8, after Adowa, when he made peace with Abyssinia and re-established more cordial relations with France. On both occasions he succeeded Crispi, and his opposition to Crispi's policy of corruption and ruthless repression at home and extravagant adventure abroad, together with his personal integrity and his expressed sympathy with the abolition of the corn duty and the relief of the tax-exhausted poor, made men think that he was the statesman to cleanse Italian politics, and introduce some of the healing social reforms called for by the devastating industrial revolution through which the country was passing. But his tenure of office was a complete disillusionment. The financial and political scandals continued; di Rudini vacillated weakly between Right and Left; the reforms did not come, and when bread riots broke out in the South in 1898 the Government's incompetency magnified a scuffle in Milan into a revolt. The Milan troubles caused his fall, and he never again held office, though he did good service in resisting Pelloux's dictatorial attack on Parliamentary rights. He was an honest, rather cynical, man, who inherited some of the traditions of Cavour, but was never strong enough or earnest enough to be true to the best in himself.

Politics and Affairs.

THE WAY TO AN ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.

The King's interview with the Kaiser and the announcement of a State visit to Berlin in the autumn are, we hope, outward and visible signs, faint but real, of a new spirit, or, rather, of a return to the old traditional friendship between Great Britain and Germany. So far as the two peoples are concerned, there has been no general response to the malevolence of the Yellow Press. No one can tell how much ill seed, widely and loosely thrown, takes root, but we hope that countering influences have prevailed. On the German side, the Navy League, a more aggressive and pushful organisation than ours, has certainly lost much of its anti-British edge during the last twelve months. There has been a battle and a split; the South Germans threatened to secede altogether, and the North Germans were divided. So in the end the violent spirits were removed from their offices, and the League is now fairly quiescent. As for newspaper animosity our Tory Press has been more venomous than the German. When the "Times" began to adopt the tone and method of the "Daily Mail," even instructed Germans thought that there must be a backing in high quarters for an anti-German campaign. Probably, by this time, every German journalist has seen the announcements that the two journals now draw inspiration from the same fountain. He should also know that serious and powerful forces are arising in this country determined, in spite of fifty Lord Cromers, to make war between Germany and England impossible.

It must be admitted that our Government has been slow in reaching the conclusion that some sort of special arrangement with Germany is necessary. Nor is this altogether surprising if we think only of political sympathies. The policy of the German Government, both internal and external, is at almost every point the contradiction of what we in England mean by the term "Liberal." An average English Conservative would be a German Liberal; an average English Liberal would often vote as a Social Democrat in Germany; an average Radical or Labor man, if he opened his mouth freely in Berlin, might become an article for export. The want of what may be called political correspondence between the two nations may be illustrated by two comparative instances, one of home, the other of foreign policy. The Conservative policy of the present German Government towards the Polish peasants is to expropriate them with public money and credit, in order to re-establish Prussian landlords and re-colonise the province with loyalists. The Conservative policy of the late English Government for Ireland was to expropriate the English landlords in Ireland with public money and credit, in order to convert the native Irish tenants into peasant proprietors. Again, in Turkey, the policy of our late Government, as well as of our present Government, was to bring about reforms; the policy of the German Government has been for many years to back the Sultan in his resistance to civilising and renewing forces. But these tremendous differences of official policy—wherein we see the chasm that divides a representative democracy from a semi-constitutional State—should not be allowed to conceal deep underlying identities of interest. Germany comes second to Great Britain among the Great Powers of the world in foreign trade and commercial enterprise. The merchants of Berlin and Hamburg and Bremen are in intimate association with the merchants of London, Liverpool, and Hull. The banking and insurance organisations of England and Germany are so inextricably interwoven and so interdependent that a rupture is hardly possible or conceivable. Our exports to them and theirs to us are so enormous that a suspension would instantaneously throw hundreds of thousands of working men and women out of work. And in the present anarchic state of the laws of naval warfare a war with Germany would practically put an end to the North Sea trade. Not only would floating mines render navigation hazardous in the extreme, but the rule that the peaceful shipping of belligerents is liable to capture would transfer a vast quantity of idle shipping at knock-down prices to neutral capitalists.

Therefore, in seeking means of definite approach between the two countries, as a sequel to the amiable, but necessarily vague, compliments exchanged at Cronberg, let us go back a little to the origin of the doctrine as to marine warfare which, more than any other material cause, stands against an arrangement for the reduction of naval armaments. Jefferson tells us, in his memoirs, that during the negotiations of 1784, which concluded the War of American Independence, the Commissioners of the new Republic proposed, at the suggestion of Franklin, to insert an article exempting from capture by the public or private armed ships of either belligerent, when at war, all merchant vessels and their cargoes (whatever their flag) that were merely employed in peaceful commerce. Jefferson's comment is instructive. "It was refused by England, and unwisely in my opinion. For in the case of a war with us their superior commerce places infinitely more hazard on the ocean than ours; and as hawks abound in proportion to game, so our privateers would swarm in proportion to the wealth exposed to their prize, while theirs would be few for want of subjects of capture." He goes on to say that the American Article, which England rejected in 1784, just as our enlightened delegates rejected the same American proposal at the Hague last year, provided also against the molestation of fishermen, husbandmen, and of others following peaceful occupations in unfortified places, as well as for the humane treatment of prisoners of war. Failing in England, the new American Government sounded the Ministers of other nations. "Old Frederic of Prussia," writes Jefferson, with sublime indifference to grammar, "met us cordially and without hesitation, and appointing the Baron de Thuleymeyer, his Minister at the Hague, to negotiate with us, we communicated to him our *projet*, which, with little alteration by the King, was soon concluded."

Possibly this reminiscence may help our statesmen to reconsider, in the light of modern conditions of commerce and warfare, a policy that is, in reality, obsolete.

But we have no doubt that the substantial pressure towards an agreement on armaments will come from finance. This, we imagine, Germany will be the first to feel. The German Treasury is now endeavoring to frame a measure for raising 400 million marks of new taxation (some £20,000,000) in order to balance revenue and expenditure. Even that gigantic sum will be insufficient. The customs duties cannot be raised, as a number of commercial treaties have been concluded on the basis of the recent tariff, and the attention of the Government is therefore confined to direct taxation and excise. But the individual States consider that they have a monopoly of direct taxation, and the most that the Imperial Government is likely to propose is an increase and extension of death duties. The main brunt of the reforms will fall upon the lower middle and working classes, in the shape of additions to the duties on beer, tobacco and spirits. But anyone who knows anything of Germany will readily see that any action that raises the price of beer and cigars will be, to the last degree, unpopular. When the German Government is brought face to face with the alternative of handing over the control of the Reichstag to a majority of Social Democrats or of reducing its naval expenditure, who can doubt that the first alternative will be even more disagreeable than the second? And similar considerations will weigh heavily in Downing Street. Old Age Pensions in themselves can be financed without much difficulty, especially if moderate reductions can be effected in the Army and Navy. But if the Admiralty and War Office are to be run on the basis of a panic policy towards Germany, and a loose rein given to the new Territorial organisation, the next Budget may provoke a serious reaction. The fact that the Government will have the support and encouragement of the Opposition and of the Opposition Press in a rapid course to political suicide, will not, we imagine, prevent them from taking, while there is yet time, steps to keep the two great issues of foreign policy and warlike expenditure in rational relation to each other.

THE REVOLUTION IN RAILWAY POLICY.

The railway question is rapidly forcing itself to the front as the greatest of our internal economic problems. It hardly needed the recent working agreement between the London and North-Western and the Midland lines to accentuate its gravity. But that vast combination, following hard upon the amalgamations that are bringing all the North British roads under a single harmonious direction, is a vivid proof that what is nothing less than a new situation in our national transport policy has arisen. It is a situation equally complex and momentous, and it deserves the best thought that our Parliament and our people can give to it. Were popular discussion of economic subjects more habitual with us, the impending crisis in the British railway system, long discerned by a few, would be by now a commonplace of national debate. Its main features have been shaping themselves for many years past, and the need for bringing them into perspective must soon prove irresistible. The fact can no longer be disguised that the English railways are in a bad way, and that a few years from now their internal management and their relations to the State and to the trader will be as contentious an issue in British as they long have been in American politics. The market values of their stock have shrunk by millions of pounds; the return upon the enormous capital invested in them barely averages three-and-a-quarter per cent.; the shareholders complain of decreasing dividends; the directors complain of a vast increase in rates, of a growing difficulty in raising money, and of the new demands made upon them by their employees; the shippers complain not less vigorously that the freight charges on the British lines are among the heaviest in the world; and, taking the kingdom as a whole, railway construction and extension have almost come to a standstill, or advance with timid and petty strides. The result of these conditions is that the railway companies, under an inexorable economic pressure, are consolidating their interests and eliminating competition. The movement is a natural one, and on very many grounds we approve it. But it is important to realise that it threatens the final breaking down of the peculiar compromise which hitherto has governed the attitude of the State towards these great public utilities.

There are, roughly, three main lines on which the railway policies of the world have proceeded. Either the State, as in Germany, owns and operates the railways, or, as in America, it tries the experiment, always a fatal one, of leaving them to their own devices, or, as in Great Britain, it attempts to combine private ownership with a larger or smaller degree of governmental control. On this latter basis the British railway managers have built up a system which, for speed, comfort, convenience, and, above all, for safety, ranks, and justly ranks, with the best that any country has evolved. Constructed by private capital under the protection of the Legislature, managed by private individuals under the scrutiny, more or less effective, of a Government department, the British railways represent what is probably the happiest blend that the circumstances permit, of individual initiative acting and expanding beneath official supervision. It is a relationship not without its great virtues. Hardly one of the more serious defects of the American system can flourish under it. There can be no "one-man control," no raising of fresh capital or issue of stock without the sanction of the Board of Trade, no cut-throat competition of the unrestrained character with which Americans are familiar, no arbitrary fixing of freight and passenger rates, no evasion of responsibility for accidents, and no over-riding of minority shareholders. Such are some of the negative advantages which the British plan of modified State control was expected to secure, and, by comparison with the experience of America, has, in fact, very largely secured. But to compare the British lines with the American, from the standpoint of public policy, is to compare them with one of the worst systems that is anywhere in operation. In actual practice the theory of the British scheme is heavily discounted by the strength of the railway interests in Parliament, by the virtual impossibility of an individual trader obtaining any redress against exorbitant rates, by the unorganised condition of British agriculture, by a general want of flexibility and progressiveness in Eng-

lish railway management—the statistical departments, in particular, are almost wholly behind the age—by the prevalence of competition to a degree which, though it spares us its worst iniquities, is still an excessive and needless burden on shareholders and shippers alike, by the abuse of proxies at the meetings of the companies, and by the ever-increasing complexity of railway rates and the proportionate difficulty—practically the impossibility—of supervising them.

What it comes to is that the British system of partial State regulation, while successful at many points, in safeguarding against accidents especially, has now all but exhausted its mandate. It has rescued the country from the manipulations of a Hudson or a Harriman, but it has not yet hit upon the mean which will assert the supremacy of public interests without imposing too great a load upon the railways. Moreover, it is but too clear that with every year that passes the State is losing ground while the railways gain it. Such combinations among the companies as have recently taken place are admittedly in the line of industrial progress, and if—it is a large "if"—the economies that should be effected are devoted to the improvement and extension of the railway system of the country, traders will have no tangible ground of complaint. But such combinations have also the effect of greatly increasing the power of the railways as against the power of the State; and a small interlocked federation of companies controlling all the trunk lines in the Kingdom and most of the branch lines would form a monopoly against which the present weapons of the Railway Commissioners and the Board of Trade would effect little. Yet this, or something like it, is the situation which is being formed; and we have only to glance at America, where some half-dozen men hold the common carriers of the country in the hollow of their hands, use them as chips in the game of Wall Street finance, and make them the centre of a vast ramification of private industrial and financial interests, to realise that it is a situation full of public peril. It is true there are many safeguards in Great Britain that the United States does not possess, and that no railway monopoly here would be likely to prove as unscrupulous, as corrupt, or as domineering as the American "magnates." None the less the State must arm itself betimes. It cannot, in our judgment, effect very much more in the future than in the past, so long as public control is dissociated from public ownership.

HOW TO REGAIN THE LIBERTY OF THE ROAD.

This journal has some reason to congratulate itself on the change of front which has followed its appeal, made a little over two months ago, for a restoration of the "Lost Liberty of the Road." Since that article appeared in The Nation, the Press, checked as it has been by the heavy bribe of motor-car advertisements, has been compelled to open its columns to a recital of the intolerable grievances of the public, now widely scattered about the pleasantest places in this pleasant land of England. The newspapers have been driven to this attitude by the series of frightful deaths from motor cars with which the holiday season has opened. The Brooklands "accident," as it is conveniently called, appropriately headed the list. For institutions like the Brooklands track are largely the seat and origin of the trouble with motor cars. In such places all over the civilised world the great motor firms encourage the lawless passion for high speeds, and incite their clients to fresh triumphs of recklessness, and new demands for the costly mechanism that makes them possible. Thanks to the turn which has thus been given to the motor trade, its more commercial uses have largely been obscured, and we have the passionate cult of a dangerous and highly exclusive amusement set up as the chief mark of the industry. Nothing could be more vicious, and no steps for the recovery of the British people's rights to their roads can be of value unless this aspect of the question is steadily kept in view. We cannot banish the motor car, though the motorist would do well to remember that a referendum on that point would yield an overwhelming majority for abolition; the problem is how to govern this new power, which is now an almost unredeemed curse and nuisance to man, and harness it to his real service. One point is perfectly clear. The Government will be forced to bring in an amending Bill next year. Mr. Burns is a man of the people, and he will be required to protect them from a kind of tyranny which is none the less serious because it has arisen freshly and quite unexpectedly, and as an apparently normal consequence of a simple application of the laws of mechanical science. It is already clear that if the Government does not act, it will be faced by an organisation in every town and country district in Great Britain whose members will make their votes at the next election dependent on explicit answers to definite points of grievance.

Let us see therefore, where the trouble lies, and in what direction we may seek a remedy. We take it that the present state of things is unbearable. Two columns of letters in each day's issue of the "Times," are tolerable *primâ facie* evidence of that fact. The experience of average pedestrians and horse-users all over urban and rural England is a better guide still. It is possible to move even the governing classes when a walk along Piccadilly is no longer tolerable, and the safe crossing of a West End street has become a feat of skill. But the grievance of the well-to-do townsman is almost trifling when compared with that of the countryman. The motor car has made life in wayside houses and cottages miserable just at the time of year when it should be most enjoyable. It is the quiet, really valuable, people—the laborers, the tired town workers—who have especially suffered, and to them we must join residents in the country who are not rich enough to own parks, or whose houses abut on the highways. Both the enjoyment and the use of rural England have thus been curtailed in the interests of a Philistine form of excitement. Cars have been constructed to run very fast and to turn with ease, characteristics which are in themselves largely responsible for the dust nuisance, for the noise nuisance, and for the absolutely unpardonable destruction of the roads. No reform, therefore, which fails to give relief on these points can be of much real

service. The seat of mischief resides in the large, heavy, low-built car, thundering along, following with ease the many twists of the English bye-way, churning up the surface with its body, or scattering the dust with its exhaust. This is the mechanical difficulty. But the moral trouble is not less serious. There is a "motor-car mind" which has been rapidly developed on the basis of the high-speed vehicles. It is as if a class of average mortals had been suddenly dowered with a kind of supernatural power over the rest of mankind. Give a certain number of people, not especially distinguished for refinement or consideration, a sudden power of dominating their fellows, and driving them to the wall, and you may have a kind of bullying force quite as cruel as that of the French Marquis in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," who drove over the peasant's child on his way from the Court of Louis XV. The motor car has the speed of every other conveyance on the road. It makes everything give place to it. Its conductor does not acknowledge the rule of equals, the mutual "giving-way" to which horse-users are accustomed in narrow or crowded roadways. He has the faculty and the habit of going fast, of not stopping, even, as it now and then turns out, for dead children. The view of the man in the motor car is so different from that of the man in the cart, or on the bicycle or the footway, that it is impossible to accommodate the two attitudes without a powerful measure of restraint for the one individual and protection for the other. The problem is not one of mere "considerateness." The fairly considerate driver has an instrument at his disposal which cannot be freely used under present conditions without inflicting misery and damage on his neighbours. Like his "inconsiderate" brother, he covers foot passengers with dust, ruins the cottagers' flowers, and occasionally runs over their chickens. It is the reaction of the car on the driver, and of the driver on the car, which makes the difficulty.

Having looked at the root of the evil, we may now, with the help of our correspondents and of the writers to the "Times" and other papers, suggests some directions in which remedies may be sought. Let us suggest one note of caution. The motor car interest are already seeking to use this agitation as a means of getting rid of the speed-limit. This would be fatal. No doubt the tendency of the present law is to fix the attention of the police on the less frequented stretches of road, where fast driving is safest, and to leave the villages and urban districts almost defenceless. But it will not do to get rid of the speed-limit altogether. It is, at all events, a warning that the roads were not built for a new type of train, and that warning must be retained. There are, however, certain ways in which amelioration is to be sought, and we propose to specify them without at once deciding which is the most promising. They are:—

1. The creation of a specially low speed-limit for frequented areas, such as villages and their approaches, town streets, and the more populous thoroughfares..

2. The enforcement of regulations as to the construction of the cars. Probably the most efficacious would be the compulsory raising of the height of the body of the car from the ground; fines for stench and for the escape of noxious gases should be rigorously enforced.

3. The linking of the owner in full responsibility with the driver. Punishments for cruel and callous conduct should be clearly defined, so that the thoroughly reckless man might know that a charge of manslaughter might hang over his head for conduct which richly deserved imprisonment, and that its penalty would be enhanced if he ran away from his victims.

4. The withdrawal of a licence to follow a repeated conviction for dangerous driving, and (on a third conviction) the confiscation of the car.

5. The re-erection, if all other methods fail, of the old conservative system of toll-bars, with fees on a scale high enough to compensate the local authorities for the destruction of their roads.

6. Generally, the aim of these measures would be to force the motor trade out of the groove in which it has become fixed, and into channels where it may become useful to humanity.

Life and Letters.

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

The instability of human things has been lamented to commonplace, and that we know not what a day may bring forth is thought a natural theme, not for joy, but for sorrow. Man's mind is heavily biassed to the apprehension of evil, and a change of fortune commonly signifies a decline. It is seldom that our barometer is set fair, seldom that we care to tap it when it hesitates at change, and if we surreptitiously tap the barometer of a friend, it is in the expectation that it will fall. Every lodging-house keeper and pavement artist has seen better days, but no woman who has risen from penury to a back parlor proclaims that she has seen worse. It has been counted a sign of wisdom in the sage to call no one happy till he dies, for the fated wheel may turn, and the melancholy foreboding of man anticipates a wheel ever gravitating with catastrophe.

Perhaps it is the apparent happiness of childhood, joined to the foreknowledge of other people's death, which thus inclines the world to mournful prophecy. If the man did but remember the immense and inconsolable sorrows of a child, and if he ceased like the animals to contemplate his neighbour's latter end, he might perceive the fair elevations of fortune equally with her declivities. At times we think it would be wisdom to call no man unhappy till he dies; for within the limits of one's existence the unending ladder of chance may lead upwards as well as down, and Micawber appear no less a sage than Solon. "To live long," Goethe wrote in one of his later letters, "to live long is to outlive much—men we have loved, hated, or regarded with indifference—kingdoms, capitals, even the very woods and trees we planted in our youth. Why, we outlive ourselves, and are grateful if a few of our powers of body and soul remain to us." We outlive ourselves, but it is possible to outlive the weaknesses of body and soul as well as the powers. Augustus was a fragile youth when in the Proscriptions he displayed a coldness of cruelty very surprising to historians who have never watched the ways of children with flies or frogs; yet he survived his early self into a golden age of bland and considerate benignity, and the one drama written on his life celebrates a forgiving disposition. Had Nero escaped in the drainpipe to live another forty years, who can tell whether he might not have contrived better illuminations for the circus, or have desisted from torturing the senatorial concert-halls with his thin and rusty voice? All men deplore the corruption of the body and the degradation of the soul; but that the body should live at all and the soul be capable of incalculable resurrection is creation's perpetual wonder.

As though to counteract the despairing gloom of man's commonest philosophy and to prove that redemption, though slow of foot as penalty, may be as sure, time now and again flashes upon us some signal example; and in our age none has been so startling, none so legible, as the last month's history of the Turkish Empire. For centuries the Turk has stood outside the pale, a thing forbid, irredeemable as Faustus, though the blood of Christ were streaming across the sky. Thirty years ago the leading Englishman described the Turkish race as the one great anti-human specimen of humanity. He spoke of their fell satanic orgies. He declared there was not a criminal in a European gaol, nor a cannibal in the South Sea Islands, whose indignation would not rise at the recital of what the Turk had done. For short, the greatest writer of that time summed up the Turk as "unspeakable," and unspeakable the Turk remained. The passing years only accumulated the horror of his crimes. Step by step he descended the inhuman abyss, and the ineffaceable wickedness of his nature stood personified in the ruler who claimed the consecrated succession to his Prophet. The massacre of Armenians followed the massacre of Batak; the massacre of Macedonia took its turn, and red Sultan stood beside black Congo in the universal abhorrence of mankind. For short, the greatest poet of the

time summed up Abdul Hamid as "the damned," and damned he long remained.

The strange thing is that the worst that could be said was true; Gladstone, Carlyle, and Mr. William Watson were perfectly right; the Turk was unspeakable, Abdul was the damned. And yet within a month, what a millennium! What a short cut to the thousand years of joy! Of all the many schemes of reform, the reform least contemplated was the reform of the Turk himself. Now where reaction clutched disruption by the throat, a Committee of Union and Progress extends a smiling reign. The market-place of Monastir breathes to unwonted airs of freedom's Marseillaise; racial assassins join the dance of human brotherhood, and if on the streets of Salonica righteousness and peace have not kissed each other, there has been a great deal of kissing between unrighteousness and war, which is a much more astonishing embrace. Far-off Jerusalem stirs her sacred bones; for the first time since Titus there is joy upon Mount Zion, and for the first time since the Crusades the Holy Sepulchre is hung with thanksgiving.

Call no man unhappy till he is dead. The lost soul who lurked in Yildiz, watchful and fearful as a poison spider, feeling at each thread, now emerges into the blessed sunshine amid the cheers and blessings of a devoted people ever ready to forgive. The doors are flung wide open, daylight peers into hell, and out there crawls a shattered and blood-stained shape, graven with cruelty and enfeebled by terror, but human still, and possessed of capacities beyond the calculation of astronomers. Who can say? To be sure, a millennium often ends in bloody farce, but if ever there was an opportunity for joy in heaven it is now, and the secret of one Church's power is that she has never called a living spirit lost, nor is there any indeterminate sentence in her laws.

But the unhappiness of time's revenges is their irony. One would have thought the resurrection of Turkey a drama sufficient in itself for any generation, but the dramatist who stages human history has set it against an ironic background that displays unequalled skill, but tinges the scene with bitterness. It is thirty years almost to a day since the Turk received his title of unspeakable, and our country's voice, led by the greatest Englishman, acclaimed as mankind's deliverer a certain "divine figure from the North." As England refused the duty, it was the privilege of Holy Russia to free the Christian peoples from unendurable oppression. Up to a certain point, by one way or another, the thing was done, but into what kind of a ghoul has that divine figure from the North now shrunk! The fell satanic orgies for which Mr. Gladstone denounced the Turk have changed their scene to the Caucasus, the Baltic Provinces, and the streets of Kishineff and Odessa. To Mr. Stead alone must be left the defence of the Tsar and his agents, for, to repeat Mr. Gladstone's words, there is not a criminal in a European gaol nor a cannibal in the South Sea Islands whose indignation would not rise at the recital of what they have done in burning villages, execution yards, and torture chambers. That is the irony of time's revenges, and the Sultan himself, with the ability that no one denies him, appears to have perceived this peculiar aspect of the situation; if, indeed, the following draft of a letter addressed to a divine figure in the North comes from his hand. It purports to be dated from Yildiz Kiosk last Sunday, and runs:—

> "In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate. My illustrious Friend, and Joy of my Liver, I write to you in peace, wishing peace for your soul. For many years past, even for more than thirty years, you and your father and your grandfather before you have striven, with God's help, to guide me in the way of righteousness. You have poured great armies into my kingdom; you have advanced to the walls of my holy capital; you have slaughtered many thousands of my subjects for my soul's peace. You have accounted me unworthy to rule my people unaided; you have joined the cry of 'bag and baggage'; you have appointed agents to check my misdeeds; you have set an assessor to watch my Inspector-General; you have refused me leave to expend my own money; you have united with others in collecting terrible fleets to make me shiver in my guilty bed. For this solicitude I repay you the thanks of a humble and converted spirit.
>
> "It is written in our Scripture, 'He who accepts guidance, accepts it only for his own soul; and he who errs, it is against his own soul that he errs; nor shall one burdened soul bear the burden of another.' O my soul! O my lamb! You have freed me from my burden, and I call unto you to free your own burdened soul. Deep in repentance, I cry unto you to repent, for surely your hour will come.
>
> "Before the creation of the world, saith the Prophet, the Lord said unto the angels, 'I am about to place a Viceregent in the earth.' And the angels said, 'Wilt Thou place therein one who will do evil and shed blood?' And the Lord said, 'I know what you know not.' O my son, doubtless you are the Lord's Viceregent in the earth, seeing that for all these years you have been bringing my erring spirit into the right way. Will you then do evil and shed blood? O my soul, evil things are said of you. You have filled your land with cruelties and abominations such as I myself committed while I went astray. Therefore repent, as I have repented, who am a worm and no man; for every soul shall taste of death.
>
> "In our book that is called the Book of Overwhelming it is written, 'When the sun is folded up and the stars fall, when the mountains are moved and the camels with young are neglected, when the wild beasts crowd together in their fear and the seas surge with waves, and souls are mated to their bodies again, and the books are spread, and the heavens shall be flayed, and hell be set ablaze with fire, and Paradise brought nigh, then shall the soul know the things that it has done.'
>
> "O my son, O my friend, think upon these things and repent as I have repented, for God is merciful, is compassionate.
>
> "The meek in spirit,
>
> Abdul."

And in that prayer even Christendom may join, for thus it is that out of the eater cometh forth meat.

THE NAME OF GENTLEMAN.

"The name *gentilis* as expressing non-Roman, was taken to themselves by the conquering invaders from the North as an honorable epithet, synonymous with free, noble, and victorious." In considering the modern meaning of "gentleman" it is profitable to recur to the simple statement of Selden, so as to escape at once from the sentimental associations of the term "gentle," which are so misleading in connection with gentleman. How kindness, courtesy, nobility of manners, have grown round the concept, and still with difficulty clung to it in its modern vulgarisation, is an interesting witness to certain virtues of the feudal order, but it is well to remember that the historical roots lie in race and family, in stock. For this belief in ancestral prowess, transmitted through the generations, and ever blossoming afresh in personal distinction, has played a peculiar part in English history. The nobility and the cleavage between them and the Commons are familiar factors in the history of most peoples, but the gentry as a subnobility has been, if not a unique, at any rate a more distinctive feature in our social system than in any other. In what other language, we proudly ask, is there any true equivalent for the word "gentleman"? There is a certain humor in the very pride with which we put our question. For so amorphous and so shifting is the term in modern use that it would be little short of a miracle were any French or German word formed to contain its almost fortuitous concourse of attributes. In truth it had a fairly well-defined meaning as a mark of status through the Middle Ages, designating the middling landowners or small squirarchy of England.

Not till the eighteenth century was there much loosening of the rigor of this union of birth and acres as the basis of gentility, for even the "poor gentleman" was younger son of a landed house. But two forces were beginning to impair the integrity of the concept—learning and riches. Until comparatively modern times the only occupation, apart from cultivation of the soil, consistent with the character of gentleman was the profession of arms. But when war ceased to be chronic, and younger sons needed careers, the learned professions of the Church and the Bar became permissible, and the energy of these classes began to stamp scholarship as consistent with gentility, an admission rare before the time of Elizabeth. Henceforth a gentleman was in some sort or degree not only landowner, soldier, sportsman, but scholar. A rally was made at the "learned professions," and a long halt might have been attained had it not been for an encroachment from a very different quarter.

The antagonism between gentleman and tradesman was persistent and deep-rooted, but it could not stand the pressure of modern forces, and Dr. Johnson was fain to give assent to an already well-established fact when he admitted that an English merchant was a new sort of gentleman. The rich merchant-adventurer of London, Bristol, and Liverpool was not to be denied, and the goldsmith, turned banker, was followed through the eighteenth century by the "clothier," the "brewer," the soap-boiler, who, with the "Nabob," began to graft themselves upon the more impecunious gentility by luring them into matrimonial and business alliances. So the connotation of the word began to fall to pieces: the struggle against the "vulgarity" of trade was kept up in some quarters, but the merchant, trading wholesale, and the manufacturer who did not make things with his hands, rapidly won their way into gentility. But even here there was no settlement. The present problem presents itself to the aspiring "retailer" how to qualify for gentleman. It can be done in one of three ways—by retirement with a time limit, by living in "genteel" style at a sufficient distance from the shop, or, best of all, by merging his personal connection in the anonymity of a joint-stock company. There are these three ways of social salvation for the shopkeeper.

But there is evidently no foothold here in the descent. Class after class puts in its claim and enforces it by assertion and by customary use. Official documents may still embody an obsolete standard by which gentility is tainted by no "occupation," to which the loose logic of middle-class society gives some countenance by reserving a class of "independent" gentlemen assumed to be "living on their means." But the railway, the omnibus, the public-house, make havoc of such pretences, and "gentleman" and "lady" there attain their fullest democratic significance. In the village life of southern England, where the new rich have seized and resuscitated some of the obsolescent privileges of the feudal aristocracy, one may indeed find traces of the ancient sentiment for the "quality," the admiration of the old laborer for the insolent young squire. "He's a real gentleman; he don't think no more of me nor you than of the dirt under his feet!" But even in the South the tide of democracy is sweeping away the reverence for "betters."

Now that everyone is on the way to be a gentleman, will the very name disappear from use, and, if so, is it matter for regret? It will have served its historic purpose, yielding a nucleus round which have gathered through many ages ideals of character and conduct, blends of nobility and insolence, of pride and service, of valor, grace, ostentation, leading, and oppression. How full a justice has been done to the ideal in the literature of our own and other nations is admirably shown in the anthology just published by Dr. Smythe-Palmer, entitled "The Ideal of a Gentleman" (Routledge & Sons), with its engraved frontispiece of that most noble and most finished type, Sir Philip Sidney. As we read the glowing testimony to the character of gentleman from poet, courtier, moralist, divine, soldier, lawyer, as facet after facet of the dazzling jewel is exposed to our gaze, we are driven perforce to ask ourselves, not whether such ideal is attainable, a foolish question, but whether in any real sense this model of courage, courtesy, meekness, service, generosity, restraint, has ever been the working model for any class of Englishmen at any time in our history. The sober fact is that this complex of human virtues, Christian and Pagan, never was and never could be comprised in one personality. The nearest attempt at a full portrait in our literature was the monstrous image of Sir Charles Grandison, the "Christian Gentleman," "such as ladies ought to admire." None of the great line of Englishmen whose memories burn brightest in our history, and who evoke our genuine admiration, is thus composed. Neither in the grouping of qualities nor in their respective values does the actual ideal of an English gentleman conform even approximately to the type of elevated manhood here conveyed. The importation of the definitely Christian virtues, in particular meekness, forgiveness, charity, are either alien from the English ideal of gentleman, or must be assigned an utterly subordinate position. For the gentleman is an aristocratic creation; what is noble, beautiful, and attractive in him is based upon and requires the limitation of a caste, a dominant society within the nation: as a national ideal of personality it is incapable of realisation. In this caste conception, manners and external behaviour, a code of honor differing from any code of Christian ethics, associated with wealth and leisure and the opportunities of self-assertion, play a part of paramount importance. Exclusiveness is of the essence of this ideal, as, indeed, the most precise definition of a gentleman, furnished by Aristotle, signified, *'αρετή καὶ πλοῦτος.*

At root the conception of a gentleman has always remained a class and a pagan one. It has never been elsewhere so truthfully rendered as by Malory in the famous lament:—

> "Ah, Sir Launcelot," said he, "thou wert head of all Christian knights! and now, I dare say," said Sir Ector, "that Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, thou were never matched of none earthly knight's hands; and thou wert the curtiest knight that ever beare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse, and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strooke with sword; and thou were the goodliest person that ever came among presse of knights; and thou were the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put speare in the rest."

The extension of the term gentleness to the scholar, the apothecary, the shopkeeper, has been a foolish degradation of a fine and serviceable term. Due primarily to that inveterate and pervasive snobbishness, which is our most distinctive national character, it has succeeded in emptying the word of all significance. The amiable notion that, when democracy is realised, every man will be a gentleman, could hardly be possible in any other country. Surely Dickens, with his "Nature's gentlemen," ought to have exploded it for his own countrymen. The ancient rebel rhymester with his "When Adam dalf and Eve span" pricked the bubble of gentility. The ordinary drudge who still characterises a gentleman as one "who doesn't have to work for a living" is right. Parasitism everywhere lurks under the old conception of gentility: remove this condition, and the only meaning left is one of flabby sentimentalism trading on some false implications of "gentle" which have no real relation to the character. Now that the words have lost their serviceable meaning, the sooner we get rid of "lady" and "gentleman" the better. "Man" and "woman" are good enough for all sound purposes. By their adjectives you shall know them. Any hankering after the respectability of the more decorative language may surely be stifled by reflecting that the nouns will continue to carry with them the obligation of hearing, like Lady Camper, if not using, "ladylike" and "gentlemanly."

THE END OF THE LAND.

All night the two great beams of light wheel and flash from the Lizard lighthouse, the southernmost point of England. Built upwards to the clouds, they search the

sky with goblin arcs, clear alike of shore and sea. Only at one point the pencil ray cuts first the Marconi mast and then the white Lloyd's signalling station, which each spring momentarily into fire, the first a long streak of flame, the second a ball, glowing as if at white heat. Wheeling lights under a huge canopy of sky, with this alternate flash of circle and line, poised high over a sea now turbulent, now peaceful, never quite at rest: such is the first vision of the approaching vessel as, beating up channel in the darkness, she suddenly discerns the shores of home.

In the day time the lighthouse reposes, content with its labors: exhibiting just that repose, with the latent sense of power behind it, which is congruous with all its surroundings. For in this wild coast and high headlands and tall black cliffs, sinking sheer into deep unquiet seas, however serene the weather in the unclouded summer days, there is always behind the languors and soft airs a sense of power but half concealed—of power vigilant, sleeping, unsubdued. That power is in the sea which laps so quietly the little soft bays of white sand, or breaks in quiet white ripple and foam round the base of the black cliffs. At any moment some sudden rage may seize it from far off deep places, and the rocks be lashed in feverish fury, and the sand scattered and torn, and the quiet ripple of waters be transmuted into the sullen voice of the angry untameable ocean. That power is in the soft airs also, now moving so lightly over the harvest fields, or just lifting the petals of the expanding flowers. For, to these also, change beyond human foresight or control will send the tempest sweeping over the desolate land, tearing and fretting at all the effort of man's labor. And the power is burnt (as it were) into the very ground, in these black cliffs of sullen rock all jagged and splintered, which break but cannot bend: serpentine and granite, the oldest of all the earth's products which lie exposed to the rain and wind, born directly of the central solar fires, and destined one day (it is said) in fire to be consumed.

The way to this remote place leads over wild moorlands, covered with short coarse grasses and heather and bracken, sharply cutting off this little oasis and assemblage of man's kindly company from all the land beyond. At the end the moorlands have been in part subdued, and the heath and fern give place to corn fields set between tall hedges, set high above the encompassing waters. It is difficult to set down in words the beauty of the place in these hot August days, when the harvest has reached its completion; here in long light yellow ears of barley with blue flowers embedded in a field of feathery grey; here in the wheat now under the influence of this hot unclouded sun, glowing, with a kind of redness at the heart of it, as if some of that sun's fierce flame had become imprisoned there; here in the sheaves set in long lines over the brown stubble, all under an enormous harvest moon which turns night into day, or in the daytime itself. Such is this high upward end of the long shoulder of land flung straight outwards into the English Channel, with everywhere, over the waving corn and gathered sheaves, the background of boundless blue sea.

It is a community living apart, only linked with the land beyond by the daily omnibus over this desolate region, or by the visitors that pour in from all the land during the summer, for the joy of standing on the ultimate shores of England. It is a community much occupied with the sea and its various harvest; many fishermen, or at service in the coastguard or lighthouse or signalling stations; most of the men voluntary members of some lifeboat crew or rocket workers in a land where any sudden fog or storm may swing great ships helpless upon its inhospitable shores. Just below the Lizard point is the ridge upon which the "Suevic" a few months back drifted in the mist, for long afterwards a show sight there. A little up the coast are the Manacles, with the bell-buoy on them, the last grave of so many great ships. There is scarcely a rock which rears its black head above the blue sea that cannot boast its tale of dead. The people here are said to be descendants of the old wreckers, whose doings often conspired with the forces of destruction, but their record to-day is splendid with many heroisms of risk and rescue. They are a sturdy, fine, healthy race, the children conspicuously different from the white children of the cities; religious, like all those whose abode is in dangerous and solitary places; in times of order selling their polished serpentine or providing food and drink for the tourist who blinks round their abode; in times of testing ready for the signal which at any moment may demand the sudden service of a more than human encounter with furious, inhuman things.

But to-day all the elements proclaim tranquillity and content. The hedges are composed of rocks and earth and green growing things, with paths along the tops of them, for in Cornwall the footpaths are not between the hedges, but upon them. The little rough Cornish lanes wind downwards from the highlands to the little coves at the bottom of the cliffs, at their sides a glory of wild flowers, pink campion and yellow coltsfoot, blue scabious, millfoot, and wild parsley. There are hedges of wild fuchsia, all crimson at sunset; a riot of butterflies, often dancing in great companies together, orange and white and crimson and blue. The lane will end in a tiny clean white beach of sand, sparkling with the mica which has been washed down from the old rocks. And the sea beyond presents such hues and dyes as are rarely revealed in these greyer northern climes, from turquoise and silver to ultramarine and sapphire and deep purple, slashed with green and black under the sombre black cliffs, flashing in a sheen and glitter which conceals all color, as it vanishes on a far horizon.

On such long summer days the big ships sail close inshore till you can almost look down upon their decks from the cliff station above. That highway is never deserted: there are huge ocean liners coming and going, sometimes a battleship or destroyer, heavy tramp steamers and vessels still set in a crowded tangle of white sails: and little tug boats, inquisitive and alert, and tiny ships with one large white or brown sail. The streaks of grey smoke on the horizon reveal the passage of great craft, whose presence is certified by the changing flags of Lloyd's signalling station: all very busy and very content as they pursue their journey to and fro over a sea of glass and crystal. One discerns, indeed, a certain jauntiness of attitude about these ships which sail to-day so close inshore, under an iron coast where a few hours of tempest could make them pay dearly for such hardihood, and shatter them into ruin and death.

For in few places is the contrast so compelling as in this wild and remote rock peninsula where the land ends, between the serene and savage aspects of a Nature whose inner springs of action and hidden meaning remain still inscrutable. The contrast between the Lizard head in one of these still summer days or under the enormous moon, with the sea friendly and quiet and satisfied, and the same region in the heart of wild storm, with the booming and clamor of huge breakers smashing on to a tortured rocky shore, is the contrast between the triumph of the forces of Violence or of Repose. These angry, black, fire-scorched cliffs never soften like the red sandstone or round into smooth contours like the chalk: they groove and fracture into sharp edges and splinters of jagged stone: the very sand which is their ultimate destiny is made up of little crystals and rough granulets, resistent to soft, smooth things. The sea tugs and tears at them, but they never yield themselves to her embraces: the warfare is desperate, eternal. And in such a warfare man and all his desires and energies is but an incident: irrelevant, and, as neglected, negligible. That is the impression—and no cheering one—from the vision of the shore and sea in open conflict, with humanity here, caught between, tortured, shattered, pounded to pieces, but still, in the final judgment, not reckoned at all in the unending conflict. There are places on the world's surface where Nature appears definitely warring against man, a malignant spirit: sworn to do him injury and ill content until he is enslaved as a prey, or driven forth as a fugitive. There are places (again) where this same Nature appears

as a benignant spirit, overcoming the effort of mankind towards decay: by setting tall grasses in the scarred ruin of his handiwork, and laying a carpet of flowers over the last resting-places of his dead. But here Nature appears as neither hostile nor kindly, but as profoundly and ultimately indifferent, turning its eyes away, or with no intelligent vision, but eyeless sockets set in an empty skull, acquiescing in the procession of dead and irrational forces towards no intelligible goal. Man finds her when the world is quiet and all the winds are favorable, and sails gaily into his desired haven: he finds her (again) when the world is troubled and the winds contrary. He is flung, uselessly resisting, on this iron coast. His cries pass unheeded in the noise of the tumult of sea and sky: there is no one to hear, no one to care, no one desires his injury, no one desires his welfare, he has fallen by chance, the victim of chance forces, in a universe whose blind indifference to all that he longs for appears more intolerable than a governance by the spirits of Caprice or Disdain.

Such, at least, are the first impulses of the sight of these harsh, cruel cliffs, beaten by this furious indifferent sea, the scene of so many lamentable disasters to big ships—disasters in their essence senseless, because unreasoning and unreasonable. Casual wanderings and misdirections in the mist and rain, or the wrong reading of a signal bring sudden destruction to so many innocent lives, which the turn of the screw or a chance gust of wind might have established in safety again. One needs —in such moments of questioning—the evidence of the existence of other spirits in the world: of man's compassion, attested by the frequent lifeboat stations with the white boards and long lists of rescues safely effected in circumstances of grave danger, of man's intelligence and foresight, in those great warning beams which wheel and flash from the Lizard lighthouse all the long night over the waste of waters, to tell the approaching vessel of safe passage on the journey home.

Present-Day Problems.

THE HARMSWORTH BRAND.—V.

Our readers will have gathered what special qualifications are possessed by a firm like Messrs. Harmsworth for carrying on a newspaper of the character and traditions of the "Times." We are not referring to some grosser occasional episodes in their history, like the running of the "Weekly Dispatch" in 1906 and 1907, or the publication of an improper story like the "Rajah's Mechanical Doll" in a number of "Chips," or even to their continuous and regular exploitation of the popular interest in crime. Here they were followers rather than pioneers. The true measure of the unfitness of the Harmsworths for the best journalism is to be found in the general standards of culture and feeling which they set up, in their system of regulating the individual work of their contributors. The essential quality of a paper like the "Times" or the "Spectator" resides in the freedom of its workers, and the relationship of mutual respect and tolerance which subsists between them and the editorial head. When Lord Northcliffe talks of using the Delane tradition in order to promote a great newspaper trust in this country, he does not understand the A B C of his proposition. No man of his type can establish or maintain a really great newspaper. He has not the knowledge, or the qualities of mind and temper, necessary to such a task. It is true that a thin veneer, a plausible pretence, of culture is given to a paper like the "Daily Mail," and that a few special contributors are well paid and are given prominence in its mechanical scheme. But the foundation of the Harmsworth system is the creation of a great profit-making machinery, the essence of which is an appeal, not to the intelligent or the thoughtful—and they belong to all classes, in England as elsewhere—but to the multitude, on the plane which brings in the greatest number of adherents to each special publication. This discovered, the changes may be rung on a few simple motives, and the commoner mind led through its passions, its love of sport, the fascination of crime, the gambling instinct, the amusements of the vacant, its impulsive inconsistency, its love of cheap, coarse thrills, its indifference to facts and inability to weigh arguments. The general level of the editorial mind which governs the Harmsworth publications may be gathered by the ludicrous issue called the "History of the World," which described Louis XVI. as an "Emperor of France," and from the ignorance of common facts even of contemporary history which has from time to time been shown by the "Daily Mail." The general Harmsworth appeal is, in a word, to the uneducated by the half or the quarter educated. No able body of men, independent, self-confident, fortified with special knowledge and long reflection, will consent to pass under the Harmsworth harrow, to write down to the Harmsworth conception of what journalism should be, to find the common denominator of taste and sentiment and culture to which the Harmsworth publication descends. Good journalism, like good literature, naturally seeks to be original, to be adventurous, to be individual in its method and form of expression; above all, to be free. Delane's treatment of his staff was on these principles. Inheriting a tradition of some years' standing, and eager to extend and fortify it, he dealt with men abler, or, at least, far better informed, than himself. He conducted a paper for the governing world by the medium of his personal tact and delicate instinct, and his feeling of what was due to original work. He had to cultivate accuracy, weight, special knowledge and literary power, and to find a staff able to convey these qualities. Is the organiser of "Home Chat" or the "Daily Mail" likely to fill the place of the great mentor of the "Times" in the days when it was a power in the land?

But, indeed, it is necessary to examine the foundations of the financial success of the Harmsworth combine in order to see from what its ruling spirit derives. Here is an account of the working of the two great Harmsworth companies, the Amalgamated Press and the Associated Newspapers, and also of two of the most successful of the individual enterprises of the firms—namely, the "Evening News" and "Answers," when they were separate companies. No candid student of journalism would, we imagine, say of either of these concerns that it possessed any literary value whatsoever. Yet it will be observed that their success, to use the advertising slang, has been "phenomenal," and that the combination which includes the most distinctly non-literary group of publications returns its 40 per cent. dividend, as against the more modest 10 per cent. which accrues from the newspaper proper:—

Amalgamated Press, Limited,

formerly Harmsworth Brothers, Limited, formed in October, 1896. Capital, £1,000,000, 500,000 5% preference shares offered at par. 500,000 ordinary shares taken by vendors. Took over businesses of the "Answers" Publications, Ltd., Periodical Publishing Co., Ltd., Pandora Publishing Co., Ltd., and the Geraldine Press. Acquired "Answers," "Home Chat," "Forget-me-not," "The Sunday Companion," "Sunday Stories," "The Marvel," "The Boy's World," "Home, Sweet Home," "Chips," "Union Jack," "Comic Cuts," "Comic Home Journal," "The Wonder," and "Pluck." Combined circulation stated at 3,000,000 weekly.

Profits Certified in Prospectus:

To 31 May, 1896, £107,120.

Results:

	Net profit.	Dividend.	Reserve.
Year to 31 Oct., 1897	... £174,066	... 20 per cent.	... †£25,000
,, ,, 31 Oct., 1898	... 177,643	... 22½ per cent.	... 15,000
,, ,, 31 Oct., 1899	... 181,107	... 25 per cent.	... 10,000
,, ,, 31 Oct., 1900	... 230,623	... 30 per cent.	... 25,000
,, ,, *31 Oct., 1901	... 236,671	... 35 per cent.	... 25,000
,, ,, ‡31 Oct., 1902	... 249,172	... 40 per cent.	... 25,000
,, ,, 31 Oct., 1903	... 266,223	... 40 per cent.	... 26,000
,, ,, 31 Oct., 1904	... 253,156	... 35 per cent.	... 25,000
,, ,, 31 Oct., 1905	... 255,519	... 40 per cent.	... 25,000
,, ,, 31 Oct., 1906	... 256,615	... 40 per cent.	... 25,000

	Net profit.	Dividend.	Reserve.
Year to 31 Oct., 1907	... 257,338	... 40 per cent.	... £25,000

* £77,866 allowed for depreciation, before arriving at net profits.
† Carried forward.
‡ Company's name changed.

"Evening News," Limited,

formed December, 1896. Capital, £250,000, 25,000 5% £5 preference shares offered for subscription at par. 125,000 £1 ordinary shares taken by vendors.

Profits Certified in Prospectus:
Year to 31 Aug., 1895 £14,018.
,, ,, 31 Aug., 1906 25,357.

Results:

	Net profit.	Dividend.	Reserve.
14 months to 31 Oct., 1897	... £29,410	... 10 per cent.	... £4,000
12 ,, ,, ,, 1898	.. 32,393	... 17½ per cent.	... 4,000
,, ,, ,, ,, 1899	.. 36,959	... 20 per cent.	... 6,000
,, ,, ,, ,, *1900	... 48,316	.. 22½ per cent.	... 5,000
		(and bonus of 1s. 6d. per share)	
,, ,, ,, ,, 1901	.. 43,278	... 25 per cent.	... 5,000
,, ,, ,, ,, 1902	... 44,040	... 25 per cent.	... 5,000
,, ,, ,, ,, 1903	... 44,654	... 25 per cent.	... 5,000
,, ,, ,, ,, 1904	... 44,815	... 25 per cent.	... 6,000

Carried forward at 31 Oct., 1904, £6,287; working and reserve capital, total £89,653, at 31 Oct., 1904.
* War period.

Associated Newspapers, Limited,

formed in April, 1905. Capital, £1,600,000, £500,000 5% preference shares, £600,000 ordinary, carrying a 7% cumulative dividend, £500,000 deferred shares. The preference and ordinary shares offered at par, deferred shares all going to vendors. Company formed to acquire the "Daily Mail," "Illustrated Mail," "Overseas Mail," "Evening News," and "Weekly Dispatch."

Profit Given in Prospectus:
£152,000 per annum.

Results:

	Net profit.	Dividend on Deferred.	To reserve.
Year to 31 March, 1906	... £159,787	... 8 per cent.	... £20,000
	Carried forward, £6,275.		
,, ,, 31 March, 1907	... 161,400	... 10 per cent	.. 20,000
,, ,, 31 March, 1908	... 155,300	... 10 per cent.	... 40,000

"Answers," Limited,

formed in June, 1893, to acquire the weekly periodical, established in 1888. Capital, £275,000, £100,000 ordinary shares taken by vendors, £125,000 7% preference shares, and £50,000 £1 ordinary shares offered for subscription, the latter at 10s. per share premium.

Certified Net Profits Given in Prospectus:

Year ending 31 March, 1890	£1,097
,, ,, ,, 1891	5,305
,, ,, ,, 1892	11,793
,, ,, ,, 1893	23,949

Results:

	Net profits.	Dividend.	
Year to 31 May, 1894	... £30,059	... 15 per cent.	... £838 carrd. frwd.
,, *1905	... 35,457	... 20 per cent.	... 6,492 to reserve.
,, 1906	... 47,806	... 22½ per cent.	... 8,000 to reserve.

* Name changed to "Answers" Publications, Ltd.
Several other publications included.

On these figures we have one remark to make. Our readers will observe the notable increase in the net profits of "Answers," which in one year leapt from £1,000 odd to £5,000, and in two more years to nearly £24,000, largely due to the missing word gamble, which was afterwards declared to be illegal. But we will take Lord Northcliffe himself as the interpreter of the secret of his triumph. It was expounded in an interview which appeared in the "Sketch" of July 18th, 1894, in which Mr. Harmsworth, as he then was, was described as the "founder and editor of the 'Answers' publications," the basis and stand-by of the Harmsworth fortunes:—

> "After rather more than a year's hard work, the circulation had gone up to 78,000 per week. At that time there was a mania for prize competitions. A bold stroke was necessary, and we made it. We offered one pound per week for life to the man, woman, or child who could guess on a postcard the amount of the Bank of England's return for a certain week. *The effect was electrical.* From 78,000 the circulation went up to 205,000 copies weekly in six weeks. My office was inundated with postcards from people who wanted to win the prize. The competition became the talk of the kingdom, and when the eventful day arrived on which the notice was posted the Bank of England was surrounded by a surging crowd. The excitement was tremendous."

What was the effort of founding the Roman race—*Romanam condere gentem*—after this?

(*To be concluded.*)

Short Studies.

A REVOLUTIONARY.

He seemed genuinely glad to see me, bigoted parson though I was. It may have been because he was carrying a ladder. It was a solid piece of workmanship, and ran to a dozen or more rungs. A better excuse for breaking one's journey might exist, but this is sufficient in a country lane. When within vocal distance he propped the butt of it against the patient earth and, linking his arm in a rung, awaited my advent with his hat off. The latter fact I attributed to cranial considerations rather than respect for the Church. He attended occasionally, but, as he politely admitted, felt like a fish out of water, or a giant at an infants' school.

"No fear of people breaking their necks on that," I said, complimenting him on his work. Whatever our professional regrets we may not be offended or alarmed if the world is learning to walk without crutches.

"I dunno," he answered, indifferently. "They might fall hoff it. There 's a variety o' ways o' gettin' drownded besides skatin' on bad ice. Do our level best (an' only a rogue 'd do less), accidents 'll happen. The 'ole includes the part."

"I didn't know you were such a pessimist!" I rejoined, making a mental note of the axiom.

"Neether did I! You should paten' th' discovery! But there's a difference between misfortunes an' mindin' 'em. It's not what takes place or don't take place as matters so much, but 'ow you 'old your 'ead. For myself, I 'ave read the noosepapers, not to mention the 'Oly Bible, until I'm as seasoned as a cor'ner. Nothink ever troubles me, thank the Lord!"

He replaced his hat with every sign of independence and satisfaction.

"But we should care," I reproved, glad of the opportunity of preaching, "when the circumstances are such. Gallio's is an unhealthy state of mind."

"Care away then, sir!" he permitted, like a bishop bestowing his blessing. "I'd be very sorry to 'prive you o' the pleasure. As for un'ealthy, I don't find that it interferes with my happetite by day or my sleep by night. Nor 'ave I 'eard as it stops anyone doin' their best. Trust 'em! Th' Almighty sees to that every time. Not that I objeck to other people worryin'," he added, generously. "They might be only worse if they didn't. Everyone to their tastes. Pers'nally, which needn't 'fect nobody, I get on better without it."

His weather-beaten face shone with amusement or good nature or both.

"Are you always so cheerful?" I asked, wonderingly, forgetting my previous imputation.

"Sundays hexcepted!" he laughed.

As vicar of the parish I could not let this pass unchallenged; so I asked him to explain himself.

"Because Sunday is the one day o' the week when people make a *p'int* of bin miserable. I don't say but what they're down an' glum enough other days spite of everythink God an' man can do to buck 'em up; but on Sundays it's like a livin' funeral. The change is too big an' sudden to be 'olesome for anybody. Nature don't stop on the Sabbath so far as I can make out. That's why there's such a many su'cides between Saturday night an' Monday mornin'." (This was statistical news to me.) "It throws 'em out o' gear, if you understand me. The very childher are fretful an' cantan-

kerous because they can't move 'and or foot. They don't know what's the matter with Sunday, but they're perfeck sure *somethink* is. Things 'ave bin workin' round a bit o' late, no thanks to the goody-goodies, but still the sill'ness goes on."

"And how do you propose to cure it?" I asked, sarcastically. "By shutting up the churches?"

"It'll cure itself," he evaded, "in time. When people are stiflin' they'll get into the fresh air *some'ow*; an', by God! sir, the hatmosphere is pretty close an' sultry at this very minute. Fash'nable fans won't do much longer."

"You're a revolutionary!" I informed him.

"I'm anythink you like to call me," he answered, agreeably; "but no man, woman, or child 'll be any the worse for me. I'd ask the first p'leeceman I met to lock me up if I was dangerous! No, sir, the churches don't 'fend or bother me, for a very good reason, but they must now take their chance with the rest. Messers Illfallible an' Co. is dead."

Not while the speaker is alive, I could not help reflecting.

"There is a sin known as self-sufficiency," I simply reminded him. "And, again, 'they that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.' There's a lot of misery and unhappiness in the world."

This strange being actually laughed. I recoiled.

"An' you call yourself a priest!" he exclaimed, vigorously. "That's not the way to lighten our darkness, sir. I'd sooner go to a comedian for *my* religion. Some people 'll b'lieve anythink you tell 'em. Pull a long face an' every little lookin'-glass in the neighbrihood 'll do the same. I could blubber myself as much as any old woman sometimes, but I know my place better, I 'ope. I may be a 'alf-an'-alf sort o' poor creature even to this day, but I'm no longer stone blind. It's a cheap world for nothink. An' I 'ave common sense enough to see that a hexter wet blanket isn't o' much service to the community. Yesterday I over'eard a pig squealin' for all he was worth because he objected to be turned into bacon. Did you ever know such a thing! If he could ha' reasoned 'bout the matter same as you or me he'd ha' bin only too delighted. Or when a mother, 'bout whose soft character there can be no doubt or question, is puttin' her own child to bed, ten to one he 'owls as if he was bin killed. Am I, therefore, to look grave an' sor'ful? Catch me!"

"But there is such a thing as compassion."

"There was," he corrected, "but we're learnin' somethink diff'rent an' better to-day. We don't want to melt away altogether. I'll join Church or State in lynchin' the devil, but I'm not goin' to slobber over plain natural facts. An' what's 'alf the so-called sympathy in the world worth?" In his effort to answer this delicate problem with the help of his finger and thumb, he nearly let the ladder fall on me. "Scratch-me-an'-I'll-scratch-you! That's all it is, sir. It's pure selfishness at the bottom. A man pities you, for example, if you get blinded by lightin', or lose your old cow. W'y? Because he couldn't bear these things happen to hisself. It's a conspir'cy like. Or if your wife goes an' dies people come with pocket 'andkerchers, whether you want 'em or not, until you feel like a pillar o' salt. The 'ole groanin' business is sickenin'. Stow it, I say. It's a plain insult to th' Almighty. I'm talking now o' growed people who ought to know better. They 'aven't a reel leg to stand on, these mock-mourners. Any'ow, sympathy's 'bout the worst thing you could offer 'em. It only makes 'em fancy theirselves, when it's sp'ilt enough they are a'ready. Death an' so on is a regular part o' the business, an' it's 'igh time we gave up screamin'. If th' Universe isn't grand an' good enough as it is, all the tinkerin' in th' world won't improve it, don't tell me!"

"What about ladders?" I asked, significantly.

"They're all right if you don't try to get to 'Eaven with 'em," he answered, shortly, shouldering the specimen in question, and walking away with it like a man who had lost much valuable time.

S. Henry.

Science.

THE PROBLEM OF FLYING.

There is no branch of applied science which has made such rapid and striking progress as aerial navigation. It is only a few years since Lilienthal in Germany made his pioneer attempts to glide through the air by attaching to his body a bird-like structure with huge wings, launching himself forward from the top of a hill, and trusting to the upward pressure of the air on the wings to maintain him in gradually descending flight down the slope. The attempt to solve the problem in this way ended in the death of the experimenter; but it may be regarded as the starting point of the aeroplane machines with which we have now become familiar.

Broadly speaking, machines for carrying heavy loads in any desired direction through the air may be divided into three classes—the common Balloon, the Aeroplane, and one which is a kind of combination of both, namely, the Dirigible Balloon. The first may now be regarded as very ancient—as antiquated, almost, as a battering ram. If it is able to reach a desired goal, it can do so only by rising or descending from one stratum of air to another until it finds a current in the desired direction. All this means the throwing out of ballast and the escape of gas, so that for all practical purposes, excepting that of military observations, we may leave the common Balloon out of account.

There remain the Aeroplane and the Dirigible, and as to the relative merits of these for commercial or military purposes, experts are divided in opinion, and the doubt must continue to exist for a year or two longer.

The principle of the Aeroplane can be understood easily by any ordinary reader, although the exact physical and mathematical principles involved are known very imperfectly. If a rigid heavy flat surface—say a square piece of board—is held in the air in a position inclined to the ground, and is by some means driven along horizontally with any considerable speed, the board will be lifted upwards in spite of its weight; and if the speed with which it is driven forward is very great, a very considerable weight can be carried. The part played here by the air which surrounds the board is a very complicated one. The motion of the air at the under side is very different from that of the air at the upper side, and the air pressure on the former much exceeds that on the latter. The upward thrust of this excess of pressure causes the lifting of the weight, so that the *rôle* of buoyancy of the air on the common (hydrogen-filled) balloon is here taken by the upward pressure thrust caused by the very motion of the plane itself.

So far as the lifting of a load is concerned, the moving plane surface is satisfactory. But there is another consideration of infinite importance. The point on the under surface at which the total pressure-thrust is applied may (owing to gusts in the air) take such a position that the plane will turn over sideways, plunge downwards head-foremost, or in some other way depart from its steady motion—that is, the Aeroplane may not possess *stability*. The very essence of a successful Aeroplane is stability, and many devices have been adopted to insure this. But it is absolutely impossible to say at the present moment whether a really trustworthy result has been obtained or not.

The Aeroplane which just now occupies the foremost position in navigation consists not of one plane surface, but of two placed parallel to each other, one above the other, and braced together by light rigid rods—like a rectangular box with all its sides removed and only the top and bottom retained, these being braced together at the corners. In each of these rectangular planes the length of one side is six or seven times that of the other, and the machine travels through the air in the direction of the *shorter* side—contrary, perhaps, to expectation.

Considerations of stability render this form preferable to a single plane surface. Examples are furnished by the machines of the brothers Wright, of Ohio, Mr. Henry Farman, the French Captain Ferber, and others. To Sir Hiram Maxim belongs, probably, the

credit of having first used this double plane form; and the employment of the two planes which the operator, by pulling certain cords, can render slightly non-parallel secures in the Wright machine a control of stability; steering is effected by a large vertical rudder placed at the back, and rising or falling by a horizontal rudder at the front. The machine is driven forward by means of a light petrol motor, which sets a screw-propeller in motion, as in ordinary ocean navigation, and the speed that may be attained is probably greater than that of an express railway train.

Apart from stability, that which has rendered this machine so successful is the employment of very light petrol motors, previous machines of the same kind having been handicapped by the use of steam engines with heavy boilers, furnaces, water, and coal—all of which are now dispensed with.

Thus, if stability in rough weather can be attained, the Aeroplane navigates the air as successfully as a bird. But, in order to secure stability, it will not suffice to trust to the skill of an operator, however ready he may be; he can never hope to possess the instinctive and instantaneous perception on which the bird acts. In other words, the stability of the Aeroplane must be automatic, or inherent, in the machine itself—and nothing like an adequate proof of the attainment of this has yet been given by any constructor.

There is a scientific fascination about the Aeroplane which does not belong to any other airship; but it is altogether wild to talk of crossing the Atlantic—a feat which could be performed if our aerial ocean would only consent to remain steady for two or three days. Over and above such considerations, we are compelled to ask, what material advantage does mankind hope to gain by such machines? Rich invalids might benefit by prolonged residence in the upper air, and people whose sole thought is of racing might like to scorch in some atmospheric Brooklands and relieve a sorely afflicted Earth of their presence.

There remains the Dirigible Balloon, such as that of Count Zeppelin and those possessed by France. "Zeppelin IV.," whose recent destruction has supplied a valuable lesson on machines of this class, was a structure of gigantic dimensions. Its balloon part, or gaseous chamber, was, roughly, a cylinder having a length of about 150 yards, and a diameter of over fourteen; this cylinder was of the kind called "rigid," being constructed largely of an alloy of aluminium, to secure lightness and strength; but how far this immense envelope deserved the epithet of "rigid" the storm in which it was caught demonstrated. The gas which was contained in this chamber was hydrogen, so that an enormous lifting power was secured, and the driving was done by two motors, each of more than 100 horse-power, the two together weighing about half a ton.

There are certain very obvious elements of weakness in this machine. Firstly, there is the continuous and unavoidable escape of the hydrogen, which entails loss of buoyancy and some bad results besides. Then the enormous length of the body renders any real rigidity impossible, for there is always the condition that the structure must be very light; and in a troubled atmosphere the long body may be subject to violent forces in contrary directions, acting at different parts, and having a breaking or bending effect on the comparatively brittle framework. These objections do not apply to the same extent to the French Dirigibles or to our own type, the "Nulli Secundus," because their bodies are not of the "rigid" kind, and are not nearly so bulky as that of the "Zeppelin."

As regards the English Dirigible, "Nulli Secundus," there was nothing objectionable but the name, which was unduly boastful. The fate that overtook "Zeppelin IV." was nearly the same as that which destroyed "Nulli Secundus"; and to sudden and violent storms all kinds of airships will be dangerously exposed, especially if they attempt long voyages. "Nulli Secundus" was, in her day, a really striking success, and the accident which destroyed her furnishes no reason for sneers at her constructors.

That Count Zeppelin will succeed in travelling a thousand miles and remaining afloat for twenty-four hours we may accept as almost certain; that he will be out of the range of projectiles, even launched from the ground, is not so certain. But it would be ridiculous that, when he succeeds, there should be either frantic jubilation in Germany or serious uneasiness in England. We do not require to imitate the gigantic structures of Zeppelin; a fleet of one hundred of them could not land a military force of any value for the purpose of invasion; and even if it succeeded in making an appearance, it could be fatally checked by a few Dirigibles of a smaller and more handy kind. Prudence compels us to possess a fleet of such ships, although it is not really likely that they will be required to repel invasion. Our own military department is capable of constructing the needful ships, and it is to be hoped that there will be no niggardliness on the part of the Government. There is a constant want of sympathy with scientific invention to be found in the heads of English Government departments; we cannot forget that the late Lord Goschen, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty, deprecated the construction of submarines by England, giving as the amazing reason that "submarines are essentially the weapons of the weaker power." There was common sense somewhere, and we have got the submarines. Doubtless we shall also get the Dirigibles—or the Aeroplanes if they should prove to suit our defensive needs better; but for anything like panic because "England is no longer an island" there is not the smallest justification.

GEORGE M. MINCHIN.

Letters from Abroad.

THE MERCIFUL TSAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Tolstoy's passionate protest against capital punishment and his plea for greater mildness in the administration of the law are having their effect in Russia, though no newspaper dares to print in entirety the letter of the greatest of living writers, and though provincial papers which publish even less of the letter than the censor allowed the St. Petersburg papers to publish are punished by drastic fines. I say that the letter is, nevertheless, having its effect because I see in the "Russian Banner," the organ of the "Black Hundred," that, at the solicitation of Dr. Dubrovin, the notorious head of that notorious organisation, the reactionists condemned for Jew-killing on the occasion of the Briansk "pogrom" last August, have been graciously pardoned by the Tsar.

All of these Jew-baiters are, I believe, ruffians of mature years, but I suppose that the Emperor has some good reason for pardoning them, and for consistently refusing to pardon the youths of eighteen and nineteen, members of revolutionary organisations, who are executed almost every week for attempts to kill unpopular officials. A short time ago in Pskoff, a schoolboy, well under twenty, called Falevitch, was condemned to death for an attempt to murder a detective called Yerenin. About the same time a peasant called Usoff, nineteen years of age, was hanged in Kharkoff for an attempt to murder a Lieut.-Col. Rybalk. If there was ever a case in which the Tsar should have exercised his prerogative of mercy it was this. Usoff was an amiable, enthusiastic youth, whose only crime—it was, of course, a most grave crime—was this attempt at murder. Moreover, he alone, of all the hundreds of young men who have perished on the revolutionary side during the last three years expressed some kind of regret for his action. Further, he consented to make his confession before death and allowed himself to be persuaded by the priest to write to his father a letter saying that his own foolishness had brought him to the gallows. It is not clear that he also repudiated his revolutionary doctrines, for in the printed copies of the letter there are gaps, marked by asterisks. In any case, twenty minutes after he had been induced to write this

letter he was taken out and hanged. Before his body was cold his executioners rushed with this private communication to the printing office of the "Kharkoff Government Gazette," which printed it, triumphantly, so as to show that one revolutionist, at least, has quailed on the steps of the gallows.

A book, a terrible book, could be compiled from the last letters of Russian revolutionists condemned to death, but among all these dark epistles it would contain few that would be more touching than this simple letter of Usoff. He does not turn "King's evidence," he does not betray any of his companions or blame anyone but himself, and the tone is so naïve so unaffected and heart-rending, that, by circulating it and crowing over it, the Government has done itself much more harm than good. The newspapers quote it, not as an awful warning to young revolutionists, but in order to ask their readers what are they to think of a government which could perpetrate such a brutality.

The letter begins, in a simple, peasant fashion, with a series of cheerful salutations. "Hail, father! How are you doing? How is your health?" Then, growing suddenly sad, the boy goes on as follows:—

> "Up to this moment I am alive and healthy, but in less than an hour I shall no more exist in this world. Then, father, I pray you, do not curse me, but remember me in your prayers, which are so acceptable before God. Father! this evening I went to sleep and did not think that my last hour had come, *i.e.*, that death awaited me. But lo! at nine o'clock they suddenly called me, whither, I knew not. They brought me to the office where prisoners for Siberia are received. Then there came to me a priest, and he asked me did I not wish to see him? I said that of course I was glad to see him, and with a clean heart I welcomed him. And lo! when I had made my confession and had received the Holy Communion, he begged me to please write you a letter, which I am now doing at the present moment, *i.e.*, before my death.
>
> "How can it be, father? Seven months have I been here, and now, suddenly they have resolved to hang me. . . . But, *nichevo* (no matter). Our Lord said that he who took the sword should perish by the sword. This has happened to me. Within twenty minutes I go to meet death. Nobody here will save me, neither friend nor enemy, and I do not want to be saved, because I have seen enough of the sorrows of the people, and to see them no longer is the best way out of it. It's the Government's business. Now, father, forgive, forgive me for ever! No more, after this, shall I write you letters, never again shall I see your sweet smile. Father! I beg you to have a mass, even if it be but one mass, said for my sinful soul. And also ask forgiveness for me of all my relatives and friends. And of mother, even though she be only my step-mother, I humbly, humbly beg pardon, because I often said that she was the ruin of me. But that is not true; I was ruined by my own folly. Forgive me! Write a letter to me in the other world! I have no more time—they are waiting for me. . . Your son, now a corpse. Michael Petroff Usoff. . . . 12 o'clock at night."

Even to mention the hard lot of political prisoners not yet condemned to death, after such a tragedy as this, may seem like an anti-climax. But it is not so. The fate of such prisoners is, as a rule, worse than that of the executed. To prove my point I do not need to quarry the archives of SS. Peter and Paul, or any other fortress-prison. I need only take, at haphazard, a contemporary instance, as I did in the case of Usoff. One day in February last the police suddenly surrounded the Agricultural School in Pskoff and arrested the Director and sixty-five of his pupils on suspicion of being connected with some revolutionary plot. It is now August, but no charge has yet been made against them, and, meanwhile, they are treated with shocking inhumanity. The Director has died in prison, and all of the sixty-five boys, some of whom are only fifteen years of age, are crowded together in one room, a room built to accommodate only thirty-nine persons—and this despite the fact that there are many vacant rooms in the prison. The boys have to sleep two in a bed, and the atmosphere of their cell has been described by Russians (who are not at all a fastidious people in the matter of ventilation) as "impossible" and "putrid." This is not surprising, for the present summer is so damp and enervating in this part of Russia, that even the Tsar finds his spacious palace on the seashore intolerable, and has been compelled to spend most of the summer in yachting excursions. The atmosphere in Pskoff prison is not improved by the *excrementa*, which poison the air for days and days in the room where the schoolboys are confined. This fact is taken from the "Pskoff Life," which would be very unlikely to give false evidence on this point, as any exaggeration would be instantly followed by suppression. The boys are not allowed to take exercise, so that twenty of the younger ones are seriously ill, some of them so ill that they cannot move. A "feldsher" (a doctor's assistant, generally an old soldier, with a smattering of medical knowledge) "attends" to them, and perpetually scolds them, saying, "Are you not ashamed to waste the country's money in this way on medicine?" Some of these sick children—what else are they?—who have been sent to the prison hospital have been placed there among patients who are suffering from contagious diseases, such as tuberculosis, and even syphilis.

Here is a final case. On June 30th a boy called Somul, seventeen years of age, was released on account of the desperate state of his health. He is suffering from tuberculosis, caught in prison, and the doctors are doubtful of his recovery. As for the other boys, they are not allowed to read books or to see visitors, and they are now deliberately starving themselves, and have been without food for two days.—Yours, &c.,

St. Petersburg, Aug. 7th, 1908. AN ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I cannot help being much amused by the wails in the Press over the "lost liberty of the road." *Vous l'avez voulu!* Years ago I was amongst those who foresaw what was bound to happen, and when we went to ask a Secretary of State to issue regulations for the numbering of motors we were overwhelmed with vituperation and ridicule by the whole of the English Press, with the exception of the "Yorkshire Post." The "Times," in a leading article, asked whether it could enter into the mind of even a County Councillor to wish to affix a number to a harmless vehicle which would be mainly used by country gentlemen travelling to one another's houses. Had there been no numbering the death rate for the last five years would have gone up 100 per cent.

Last year a critic said that no well-constituted Englishman grudged his life or that of his family to promote the rise of a British industry. Over large tracts of country smoke has killed all the trees and fouled the public buildings, and the public has been, and is, acquiescent. Many of our rivers have been turned into sewers, and the attempt to clean them is met with a determined hostility by the most powerful unions of industry that exist. The "gentrie bleats" as of old. Magistrates have always been remarkable for their timidity, agriculturists are inarticulate, and the public at large is as powerless to deal with any evil as it is apathetic and feeble-minded. The manufacturing interest can combine, and knows what it wants; all of them possess motors, many of which are in the hands of men in whom, as Sir James Crichton-Browne remarked, homicidal mania is rapidly developed. This is the fourth year of my own experience of a motor, and my own driver is only held in check by constant warnings from myself. I insist on his crawling past carriage or horse or dog or when he goes through a village or past a cross-road, and on his never forcing a pedestrian into the hedge.

All my sympathies have been, and are, with the pedestrian, the deaf, the blind, the child, and the dog. "Calidus juventâ," I, like Tommy Onslow, drove a coach and two at nine miles an hour in London. Now I creep down St. James's Street in terror at the impending crossing, and remember with satisfaction that my will is made. You will ask me, Sir, what are my suggestions and advice to the public. They are "to live this day as if their last." The air is gone, their rivers are, except where the Rivers Boards exist, going from bad to worse, and their right to the road, or rather, their safety on it, is gone. They must comfort themselves with the thought that a new industry is being developed. No palliatives will be of any avail. The motorist

flaunts his ὕβρις in the letters he writes and in his speech. Argument, logic, compassion, the rights of others, are all to him dead letters, and any railway track is safer to walk on than a main road between large towns.

Parliament and the Government departments are hostile to the desire of the local authorities to fix a speed limit through all populous districts. The proposal to abrogate altogether the speed limit if carried will double the number of casualties. The hooter is of little use when the car is turning a corner at twenty miles an hour and a high wind is blowing. You have placed a rifle suddenly in the hands of a savage, and you have no Crusoe to lecture him regarding its use. I apologise to Friday for this simile, who was a Bayard compared to the motor driver of to-day.

Personally, I have been very fortunate, and my record of accidents is not such as to trouble my conscience. A cyclist frightened a pheasant, which flew across my car and was killed. Remembering a bygone story of the Bench regarding a pheasant in spring, I told my driver to pick it up, but he returned to tell me that the cyclist had already gone off with it. On another occasion I ran over a cockerel, and paid the owner 2s., who assessed its value at that amount and ate it at dinner that evening.

There is only one remedy for the evil—a complete change in human nature. When your correspondence ceases there will be a consensus of opinion in favor of a mutual protection society to assert the right of forty-three millions of people to the road, and possibly to take steps at the next general election to press sane legislation on candidates. There will then be more correspondence. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu will write a letter in big print, to be followed by others in small print. The elections will take place, the candidates will promise their careful consideration to the views expressed by the society, and during the contest will impress upon their drivers that the people in the road are more than men and brothers on this particular occasion, that they are constituents, and must for at least a fortnight be spared until they have recorded their votes. More must not be expected. Those who complain to-day must comfort themselves with the thought that the England they are living in is an Arcadia of peace and happiness compared with what will be its condition in ten years' time.—Yours, &c.,

CASSANDRA.

August 11th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was much interested in your article on "The Lost Liberty of the Road." I see, also, that even footpaths have been invaded by the motor. They manage these things better in Germany. Here in Berchtesgaden, also in Thuringia, and doubtless in other parts of Germany, the Amtsbezirk selects what roads may be used by motors; all others are strictly prohibited. It certainly seems as if the local authorities who have to maintain the roads should have some voice in the way they are used.—Yours, &c.,

L. MARSHALL.

Berchtesgaden.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As "R. W. J." complains that he has not had fair play, may I be allowed to say that my letter implied that "the motorist" in his letter is an abstraction, a puppet dressed in his prejudice and staged with suitable scenery? I have never said that motors do not make dust, nor that motors are now kept by people who could not afford another kind of vehicle, but that many people of moderate means now use them who previously did not own a vehicle. As an increasing number of doctors are using them for their daily work, I suppose "R. W. J." will insist in including them in his "parcel of rich vulgarians."

My point is that it is necessary at present to bear in mind that hard cases make bad law, and that this matter can no more be settled by an appeal to prejudice than the older one of the bicycle. The readers of THE NATION look for it to be treated with the same gravity and knowledge as any other.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY S. CLOUGH.

August 10th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As I own two motor-cars, and hold an R. A. C. driving certificate, no one will consider me an enemy to motoring. I think, however, that an end should be put to the manner in which many motorists heedlessly annoy the rest of this world.

If the following changes were made in the Motor-Car Act I think a great improvement would be caused:—

(1) Speed limit thirty miles an hour instead of twenty on an open road.

(2) Speed limit ten miles in all towns and villages.

(3) Imprisonment, without option of a fine, for all gross cases of driving to the danger of the public.

(4) Confiscation of the car, and its retention for a period not exceeding six months, for a second or other conviction for dangerous driving.

(5) Withdrawal of driving licence, after more than one endorsement, for a period to be fixed by the magistrates.

I think by these regulations the "road hog" would soon be exterminated, while the careful driver would not be affected.

The majority of motorists have, I think, little notion of the feeling non-motorists entertain for reckless drivers.—Yours, &c.,

J. COLQUHOUN READE.

Crowe Hall, Sutton, Suffolk,
August 10th, 1908.

[We shall be glad of further suggestions on the lines of our correspondent's interesting letter.—ED., THE NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Apropos of the correspondence taking place in your pages at present on the "Lost Liberty of the Road'" I think the following quotation, taken from Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," so very much to the point that I should be obliged if you will kindly give it a place in your columns. Why should free peoples in these days submit to a tyranny of the wealthy, as ruthless and brutal as that of the French aristocrats towards the peasantry in the days before the Revolution?

> "The man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face, or to the lips of the master. . . . With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days (!) the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping a street corner one of the wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from numbers of voices, and the horses reared and plunged. But for this latter inconvenience the carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind—and why not? A tall man in a night-cap had caught up a bundle from among the wheels—'Killed!' shrieked the man, in wild desperation extending both arms above his head, '*Dead!*'
>
> "The Marquis took out his purse. 'It is extraordinary to me,' said he, 'that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or other of you is always getting in the way. How do I know what injury you have done to my horses? See, give him that.' But the man only called out again with an unearthly cry, '*Dead!*'"

—Yours, &c.,

S. HINE.

Edinburgh, August 10th, 1908.

[We are obliged to hold over several letters on this subject.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE ART OF OPENING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Like many others, I have been greatly interested in your article on "The Art of Opening," which seems exactly what a leader in such a paper as THE NATION ought to be. Something suggestive and mentally stimulating, setting us all thinking and screwing up our memories to furnish other instances of the good start which often is the making of a book or poem, in catching the eye, and seizing the attention which is to be held later on by what follows. A good opening sometimes reminds me of the overture to one of the old-fashioned English operas: where we get an aural glimpse of the set melodies which form the *pièce de résistance* of each act, and where the marble halls in which fancy is to invite us to dwell flit for the moment past our

ears, and the scenes that are brightest may charm us for a few bars, before we are officially invited to enjoy their full fascination. Great admirer as I am of Sir Walter Scott, I am bound to admit that his novels are surrounded by a stiff zareba of prosy prose, which we must surmount before we reach the enchanted land of chivalry and romance beyond. But whenever he approaches the lyrical drama, he touches the right note at once, and his openings have something of the overture quality. For instance, what can be better than this?—

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day.
His harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry:
For, well-a-day! their date was fled—
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest."

Now does not this give a perfect picture of a poor old deserted and forsaken man, flung on the barren shore of poverty and neglect by the advancing tide of modern civilisation?

And is not this a suggestive word picture of a bit of Highland scenery?—

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way;
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn."

The first verse of "Marmion" seems to me about as good as it can be made:—

"Day set on Norman's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone.
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze
In lines of dazzling light."

Surely there is a wealth of suggestion here for anyone to whom the romantic days of old-world feudalism, and the antiquarian charm of the clash of steel, and the wild echoes flying after the trumpet's note, appeal with vivid interest.

One of your correspondents referred to Dickens. He is generally a good "opener." But for a crisp start he never did anything better than the first line of the "Cricket on the Hearth":—

"Kettle began it."

And Byron gave a good send-off to Don Juan in these words:—

"I want a hero, an uncommon want."

We might fill your entire paper with similar contributions from our reading and recollections, but probably by this time you are heartily sick of the whole subject, and would like a change.

So I will give you one, and that is to quote lines in poetry or prose most descriptive of various personal or social conditions. For instance, what can give a more complete idea of deafness than this from Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg"?

"She might have worn a percussion cap,
And been knocked on the head without hearing the snap."

And then blindness.

"Dark, dark for ever
Is our earthly home."

(Unknown.)

And Milton's:—

"Too thick a drop serene has quenched those orbs."

And does not this make you shiver?—

"At Agnes Eve, and bitter chill it was;
The owl, for all its feathers, was a-cold."

(Keats.)

Next Shakespeare:—

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?"

But Burns runs him hard:—

"When biting Boreas, fell an' doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower,
When Phœbus gi'es a short-lived glower,
Far south the lift,
Dim darkening through the flaky shower
Or whirling drift."

And the same poet's address to the toothache is painfully realistic:—

"My curse upon your venomed stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang,
And through my lungs gi'es sic a twang
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines."

Surely we were never reminded of a hopelessly wet day, better than by Longfellow:—

"The day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains and the wind is never weary;
The moss still clings to the mouldering wall,
And with every gust some dead leaves fall:
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Now for something more bright and jovial—a bit of baccanial revelry worthy of Omar Khayyam, and perhaps the best quoted lines in the English language:—

"O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With headed bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I may drink and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim."

But I expect you are now getting bored, and are looking suspiciously towards the waste-paper basket. Perhaps, however, some of your other readers will give this hare a run.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT FARQUHARSON.

Fingean, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire,
August 11th, 1908.

LIBERALISM AND LABOR

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am glad to see that THE NATION has used the result of the Haggerston election to call attention once more to the too frequent occurrence of a divided battle which ends in the return of the Tory.

Let us hope that, by a careful testing of the various methods for meeting this danger which are offered by proportional representation, second ballot, and alternative vote, the Government will include in their Electoral Reform Bill some scheme for dealing with this unsatisfactory state of affairs by legislation.

But in the meanwhile cannot something be done, and in view of the fact that a Reform Bill will probably meet with rough handling from the House of Lords, ought not something to be done to unite the army of progress against the heavily subsidised forces of Protection and Toryism?

It is important to remember that there is no distinct line of cleavage among the Progressives. The Left Wing of the Liberal Party shades off through Labor into Socialism, and what is required, to my mind, is a change of policy at headquarters, not only directed towards the better organisation of Liberalism in the country, but more especially with a view to abandoning the attitude of suspicion and hostility towards the Independent Labor Party which has characterised the *régime* since the General Election, for one of conciliation, compromise, and even encouragement.

This latter was the policy adopted by the Chief Whip before the General Election. Not ostentatious alliance, for that is not possible, but the judicious selection of seats that might be left to Labor, reciprocal concessions, the determined avoidance of three-cornered fights, the careful choice of an advanced Liberal candidate where Labor was strongly represented in the constituency but had no candidate; in short, a diplomatic policy of deliberate co-operation whenever possible. It required undoubtedly judgment and skill to deal with delicate situations and confer with dissentient

local associations. But the Chief Whip of the time realised that, not by accentuating the differences in constructive policy, but by unity and agreement in attack, the best results from the constituencies could be obtained. The consequence was that, without hindrance or internal discord, the voice of progress was able to find expression to the fullest extent throughout the country at the election.

I will not enter into the question as to who has been to blame for the growth of antagonism between the two sections that has arisen since January, 1906. It is sufficient to know that it exists, and that the Tories have to some extent succeeded in fanning the flames by alarming moderate Liberals with their highly-colored and ridiculously over-drawn pictures of the dangers of Socialism.

There is talk in the Liberal ranks at times of fighting Socialism as a method of dealing with this difficulty. Nothing, in my opinion, would be so fatal. Socialism is not our enemy. The few Socialists in the House of Commons vote nine times out of ten with the Government, and when they do not it is only because they are eager to quicken the pace, and on these occasions many Radicals join with them. Our enemy still remains, and will remain for years to come, a deeply-rooted prejudiced, retrograde Toryism, which has at its disposal vast wealth and powerful influence with which to win over the still unthinking and indifferent portions of the electorate. To fight Socialism, which cannot be detached from Independent Labor, which, in its turn, cannot be detached from Trade Union Labor and Radicalism, will produce a rift widening in time to a chasm right through the party of progress. It is true that this chasm may in time form itself from the natural tendency of political forces, but it would be a fatal mistake to engineer such a split, a mistake which our real enemy would greatly rejoice in, as it would inevitably result in their supremacy again, perhaps for another generation.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

Shulbrede Priory, Sussex,
August 8th, 1908.

[We cannot too strongly express our complete agreement with Mr. Ponsonby's letter.—ED., THE NATION.]

HEAVEN AS TOWN OR COUNTRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on "A Green Heaven" is interesting. There seems to have been a conflict of ideas about heaven, as to whether it is town or country, from the time of the early Church to the present day. Gibbon, in his fifteenth chapter, remarks that: "A Garden of Eden, with the amusements of the pastoral life, was no longer suited to the advanced state of society which prevailed under the Roman Empire. A city was therefore erected of gold and precious stones, and a supernatural plenty of corn and wine was bestowed on the adjacent territory." And then there is the story of a poor woman dying in a London slum, who, when the splendors of the New Jerusalem were described to her, said she would rather go somewhere in the country. No doubt the Jews conceived their first idea of Paradise when they were a country people and in their own land. This idea may have changed when they were in captivity, and came to think of Jerusalem as the most sacred and desirable place in the world; and the new idea may have been confirmed, even after the return from captivity, in the minds of Alexandrian Jews. It is difficult to see why the idea of a country Paradise should be more pagan than that of a new Jerusalem; except that to us, with our ugly modern towns, the beauty of a country Paradise is nearer to an earthly beauty that we know. The conflict of the two ideas is probably sharper in modern and Protestant England than in other countries and times; because, on the one hand, we are by nature a country people, many of whom live in ugly towns which they dislike and make nothing of; while, on the other, being Protestants, we are more familiar with the text of the Bible, and particularly with the Book of Revelation, than most Catholics. Thus it is against our will and instinct that we accept the Revelation conception of heaven; and there is a constant tendency among our simple people to depart from it. It would be worth while for someone to collect descriptions of heaven from our poets. I think the idea of a country Paradise would be found to predominate among them. In the poem in Blake's preface to his Milton the two ideas are combined. The Jerusalem which he would build "in England's green and pleasant land" seems to be a country town, like the pleasant towns in "News from Nowhere." But the poem is only half religious, and half an anticipation of Ruskin and Morris. The "Land of Dreams" is altogether a country Paradise:—

> "O what land is the Land of Dreams?
> What are its mountains, and what are its streams?
> O father! I saw my mother there,
> Among the lilies by waters fair."

These instinctive and undictated ideas of another world, especially when they come from a great poet, are interesting and delightful, even if they have no authority.—Yours, &c.,

A. CLUTTON BROCK.

Farncombe, August 8th, 1908.

[We should be glad to have any information as to popular thought on this subject which our readers may have collected.—ED., THE NATION.]

SOME FRUITS OF THE FREE TRADE CONGRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the success of the recent Free Trade Congress will lead to a more vigorous attack being made on the great dangers incidental to the Protective system. The evils of land monopoly have led to the overcrowding of our cities and to the importation of a larger proportion of the food of the people which might have been largely produced at home, if only we had the *petite culture* in operation here such as exists in France.

In your able article on the Congress in current number you rightly lay stress on the dangers and corruptions which "everywhere spring up under the shadow of a protective tariff." That danger has already begun to operate in this country, and is being unscrupulously used at by-elections. Those who wish to exploit England on the American Trust system are already at work in various ways to secure what they are pleased to call "Tariff Reform." The speeches of the Prime Minister and of Mr. Winston Churchill must have dispelled any idea or fear that protective duties are necessary to the carrying out of social reform. On the contrary, it was conclusively demonstrated at this Congress how Protection lowered the moral level of public life and impoverished the worker for the benefit of a few speculators. The evils of the Trust system, "shown up" in so masterly a way by Mr. Franklin Pierce (U.S.A.), are just as bad—as prejudicial to the worker and the nation—as are those connected with our own land system. The Congress was also remarkable for the papers and addresses by M. Yves Guyot, *ancien Ministre*, who has written so ably, effectively, and persistently on the results of Protection in France, and by Herr Commerzienrat Leo Vossen (of Aix la Chapelle, ("Royal Councillor of Commerce"), an eminent German authority on these subjects. M. Guyot's proposal for a commercial convention on the basis of the abolition of *la surtaxe d'entrepôt* and a reduction of 50 per cent. of the duty on wines by England is a matter which may well be considered, discussed (say), first, by the Chambers of Commerce of the two countries, in order to find a *terrain d'entente*. (This latter is the view I venture to throw out.) According to M. Guyot's own showing, this proposal of his would seem to be not quite on all fours with the "do ut des" principle as yet adumbrated; for he goes on to say: "There is no doubt that the suppression of this additional tax on bonded goods (*surtaxe d'entrepôt*), *which only produces a yearly average of* 1,550,000 fr., and which serves no purpose except to embarrass importers, would be obtained without difficulty." But a reduction on wine by 50 per cent. might have a serious effect on the revenue of this country, especially if it were extended, as it would possibly have to be, to all foreign and Colonial wines.

Herr Leo Vossen's proposal for an Anglo-French-German Zoll-Verein, which, in his view, should be the bridge leading to an European Commonwealth, was introduced in a very striking speech. He expressed his strong conviction

—and he has just been all round the world on a *voyage d'études*—that the time will come when Europe will be compelled to consider the question how to avoid being "crushed between the mill-stones of East and West." It may well be hoped that the formation, on the last day of the Congress, of an International Permanent Committee, under the auspices of the Cobden Club, will tend to the adjustment of real difficulties between European nations.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES HANCOCK.

Reform Club, S.W., August 11th, 1908.

THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have again been late in seeing Dr. Morrison's letter, but hope you will allow me to apologise for having expressed myself clumsily, and, I am afraid, offensively. I did not understand that Dr. Morrison was advocating the Elmira system, and am glad to hear that he is in favor of it. But I should like to emphasise the following facts:—

(1) That a main feature of the Elmira system is that its administrators are trusted, and, to a great extent, successfully trusted, to judge how their "inmates" are likely to behave after release.

(2) That they still keep touch with those who have been released before the expiry of their maximum sentences, and can recall them. This is perhaps what Dr. Morrison means by conditional release. If so, I apologise for having misunderstood him.

(3) That the Elmira system differs from our prison system, not only, if at all, in mildness, but in being actively educative. One of the results is that it gives the chance, denied by our prison system, of judging of the moral and other progress of those subjected to it. Something of this sort is intended by Dr. Morrison, I now see, in his "milder *régime*."

(4) Superintendent Scott and some others who have practical experience of the limited "indeterminate sentence" (for so it is called) in the United States, advocate the removal of the maximum limit so as to have a really indeterminate sentence.

Further, I see no reason why the Elmira system—which is there applied to male first offenders between the ages of sixteen and twenty—or some modification of it, should not be tried with all or most offenders, for whom some kind of confinement seems to be necessary.

I hate controversy, and I am not writing to advocate unlimited sentences; but I am anxious to insist that what we have to ask for, and work for, is *positive educative* efficiency in our treatment of offenders.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

7, Holly Village, Highgate, N.,
August 6th, 1908.

THE DILEMMA OF A LIBERAL LAWYER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am a Liberal solicitor, who assisted the Governernment to power. I am in favor of temperance reform, but not solely at the expense of those people who happen for the time being to be interested in licensed premises. For the greater part of my life I have been a total abstainer, and so was my father before me. I have conveyed property to purchasers of licensed premises, and I have advised clients to lend money on mortgage of licensed premises. Some say I should have refused to assist the Devil, but I have no guilty conscience. Being a solicitor, I did not know the law. No solicitor ever did. It is only laymen who "know" the law, and they only after the event. The Licensing Bill threatens my mortgage clients with the loss of some of their money, and my owner-of-licensed-premises clients with the loss of all their money. I am in a dilemma. Am I to desert my clients or my party? The Liberal solicitor, like the Liberal publican, is becoming a Rara Avis. Can any other Liberal solicitor advise me? Does any other Liberal solicitor find himself in the same difficulty?—Yours, &c.,

IGNORAMUS.

August 8th, 1908.

SIMILES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the interesting review, entitled "Poetry and Craftsmanship," which appeared in your issue of August 1st, your contributor quotes, with approbation, a simile from Mr. St. John Lucas's "New Poems":—

> "Where, broad and beautiful, the highway sweeps
> *Like a great hope* towards the starry fane."

and adds: "Such a simile shows not only a poet's perception, but a poet's craft." But does it? Surely a simile, to be successful, must liken an abstract thing to a concrete thing, or a concrete thing to a concrete thing; it must never liken a concrete thing to an abstract thing. In other words, the thing adduced in illustration *must always be capable of being visualised.* And the reason for this is plain. The object of a simile is to sharpen an impression. Now, you cannot sharpen an impression by praying in aid the abstract; you must call up before the mind a concrete image. Thus Mr. Lucas wishes to sharpen the impression produced by the words, "Broad and beautiful, the highway sweeps,' and he attempts to do so by likening the highway to a great hope. But he fails, because you cannot visualise a hope. If, on the other hand, he had been writing of a great hope, and had likened it to a broad highway, sweeping towards the stars, he would have splendidly succeeded, because the simile instantly presents to the mind an image which sharpens, in an extraordinary way, the original impression.

Literature, both prose and poetry, teems with instances of this (as I venture to think) inflexible rule of rhetoric. We all know the magnificent similes of Scripture: "*The shadow of a great rock in a weary land*"; "Thou shalt dash them in pieces *like a potter's vessel.*" From the poets I quote three instances, entirely at random. The first is Shakespeare's:—

> "Was it the *proud full sail* of his great verse
> Bound for the prize of all to precious you?"

The second is Wordsworth's:—

> "Truth fails not; but her outward forms . . .
> . . . drop *like the tower sublime*
> *Of yesterday*, which royally did wear
> His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
> Some casual shout that broke the silent air
> Or the unimaginable touch of Time!"

And the third—well, everybody knows the third. It contains one of the finest similes, and is, perhaps, the finest sonnet ending in literature:—

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken,
> Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Look'd at each other in a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

—Yours, &c.,

S. PARNELL KERR.

3, Essex Court, Temple, E.C.
August 6th, 1908.

[*A further letter on "Haggerston and After" is held over till next week.*]

Poetry.

THE MOOR GRAVE.

I LIE out here under a heather sod,
A moor-stone at my head; the moor-winds play above.
I lie out here—in graveyards of their God
They would not bury desperate me who died for love.
I lie out here under the sun and moon;
Across me bearded ponies stride, the curlews cry.
I have no little tombstone screed, no "Soon
To glory shall he rise!"—but deathless peace have I.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Reviews.

MEDIEVALISM.*

In the Lent of the present year Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Mechlin and Primate of Belgium, addressed a Pastoral Letter, which has received the special commendation of Pius X., to the clergy and faithful of his diocese. His Eminence is a dignitary illustrious, not only for his rank, but for his attainments and character. Till recently he was Rector of the University of Louvain, and, though a scholastic, he had the apparently deserved name of a man of comprehensive mind and wide sympathies, desirous of incorporating the new with the old learning, and alive to the intellectual and moral needs of the age. That a prelate of this type should have made himself responsible for such a Pastoral can only be explained on the hypothesis by which Swift accounted for the conduct of the Irish bishops of his time. The Government, he said, appointed divines in every way qualified for their office. The misfortune was that on the journey between London and Dublin these good men were kidnapped by highway robbers, who, crossing the Irish Channel in their stead, personated their victims, enjoying their emoluments and masquerading in their sees. Only on some such supposition can the contrast between the Louvain professor and the Cardinal Primate be explained. A substitution has been effected on the journey between Brussels and Rome. M. Clemenceau or Signor Giolitti is detaining the excellent Mgr. Mercier in the dungeons of the Grand Orient, and has deputed a Brother of that Lodge to represent him and to speak in his name.

The Belgian Cardinal takes, as the representative of the tendencies which he denounces, not a Belgian, but an English priest, Fr. Tyrrell. The position of this distinguished man in the Church of his adoption is no secret. It is, in his own words, "all but hopeless." Forbidden to exercise his ministry or even to approach the sacraments, yet deterred by conscientious scruples from re-version to the Reformed communion, he remains "suspended in mid-air." A few years since he was the trump card of the Anglo-Roman body. Waverers—and they were many—were despatched to him by its heads to be confirmed in their allegiance—the Church, it was argued, which numbered him among its clergy must surely stand abreast of the best culture of the time. Now—*odisse quam læseris;* it is the hour of the assassins of the whisper and the pen. And reply is prohibited. The several censures have been pronounced by Rome against those who write, or even speak, in favor of Modernism or Modernists; Catholics are forbidden to read such writings, or to engage in such discussions under sin.

> "Is it generous," he asks, "to attack men by name who can defend themselves only by what you consider a rebellion against legitimate authority? to strike those who are bound hand and foot? If you foresee such rebellion, are you not responsible for it? If not, do you not take advantage of your adversary's helplessness? Or is it noble to attack me before a public whom you can forbid to read my reply?"

Judge the Pastoral, however, as severely as we may, it is probable that it will be welcomed with something like enthusiasm by the influential and increasing section of the Church against which it is directed. For it has provoked a rejoinder which is, in truth, a masterpiece of controversy. Since Newman there has been no such dexterous sword-play; since Stevenson no one has written such prose. And Fr. Tyrrell's reasoning is as conclusive as his style is finished; his treatise will live as literature when the survival with which it deals is dead. For, whatever may be the future of the Modernist movement in the Roman Church, this is certain—that the system against which it is a revolt, Traditionalism, Medievalism, Integrism, call it what we will, is near at hand. It is possible that, in the civil war now devastating the Church, the Vatican may be the conqueror. It may succeed in silencing its opponents, driving some to secession, some to scepticism, while the greater number, waiting for better times, cover under exterior conformity interior disaffection and smouldering unbelief. But from Modernism there is no turning back, and for this reason: the positions summed up under this head are matters of fact, not of opinion. It is in vain, indeed, that we endeavour to rid ourselves of speculation; a philosophy, held consciously or unconsciously, underlies the simplest human statement and act. But

> "it is the historical and not the philosophical difficulty that inspires the reconstructive effort of the Modernist pure and simple. It is the irresistible facts concerning the origin and composition of the Old and New Testaments; concerning the origin of the Christian Church, of its hierarchy, its institutions, its dogmas; concerning the gradual development of the Papacy; concerning the history of religion in general—that create a difficulty against which the synthesis of scholastic theology must be and is already shattered to pieces. Gladly as I welcome the more living and flexible syntheses of the Philosophy of Action, yet, in so far as they ignore or evade any of these inconvenient facts or attempt to dictate to history, I have no patience with them. I will not listen to any argument *ex inconvenienti*: 'things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be.'"

Once this standpoint is reached, it is reached for good and all; the mental attitude natural to, and becoming in, childhood argues ignorance or insincerity in the grown man. "I do not believe," wrote Lord Acton after the Vatican Council, "that there is a single educated Catholic who thinks the Pope right and Döllinger wrong." *Mutatis mutandis*, the saying holds to-day. Some bend to the storm; a few speak to their brief, or, regarding the issues at stake, rather as politicians than as thinkers, make the sophistication of their understanding a pretext to cover the weakness of their will. But intelligent and sincere assent and adhesion—this is not found. Cardinal Mercier boasts of the comparative immunity of Belgium from the plague of Modernism, and in the same breath exhorts his diocesans to provide themselves, in the first place, with the Encyclicals of Pius X., and, in the second—the order of priority will be noticed—with a copy of the New Testament, the contents of which, evidently presuming it to be unfamiliar to Belgian Catholics, he proceeds to enumerate. As Fr. Tyrrell remarks, it is not surprising that those who have not read the New Testament should be undisturbed by New Testament criticism; nor are we greatly moved by the statement of his Eminence that "the representatives of the philosophical and theological schools of our universities, and of our free faculties and seminaries and religious congregations have unanimously and spontaneously declared and proved, by a document signed by each of them, that the Pope has, by his courageous Encyclical, saved the faith and protected science."

> "What would be the lot of the unfortunate professor, or teacher, or seminarist, or student, or monk, or nun, who by refusing to sign such a declaration, were to be exposed to the petty persecutions prescribed by the Encyclican in question, and eagerly put in execution by all the bigotry, jealousy, ambition and sycophancy now let loose on the Church to her shame and humiliation? Do we not all know how those unanimous and spontaneous expressions of adhesion and satisfaction are, if not ordered, yet at least 'expected' of every bishop under pain of Rome's displeasure—and how promptly they have been forthcoming? Have we not learned and blushed over the secret of the spontaneous unanimity of the French episcopate on certain recent occasions—over the double insincerity of those who could exact and accept, and of those who could proffer, a lip-service, as to whose value not even the simplest are deceived?"

The Roman system of government has many great qualities. One gift, however it has not—and for a Church it is the essential gift—Truth. It is this "all-permeating mendacity," as Fr. Tyrrell calls it, which is the explanation of the widespread and increasing disaffection which is undermining the Roman Church to-day. It affects the teaching, the measures, the men. The dealings of the Vatican with the French Government, and even with the French hierarchy, the Montagnini scandal, the elaborate organisation of espionage and delation set up by the Encyclical *Pascendi*, will be recalled in this connection. The parallel with secular diplomacy is inapplicable.

> "We are prepared for these miseries in the secular State, whose ends are avowedly temporal and earthly. But we do not expect to find the Church of God governed by methods that are associated with the most cynical forms of Oriental despotism, and that make it impossible to trust the word of an ecclesiastical official who may be speaking, for all we know, only from his 'communicable knowledge,' or in this capacity or that capacity, or under this or that mental restriction, or may even be boldly lying with all the licence of a diplomatist—and all this in the name of Christ and in the cause of Christianity. . . . Those Modernists who put their trust in the spread

* "Medievalism: A Reply to Cardinal Mercier." By George Tyrrell. Longmans, Green & Co. 4s. net.

> of truth will labor in vain unless they first labor for the spread of truthfulness; nor are they faithful to their 'method of immanentism' if they hope for an intellectual before a moral reform. What would it avail to sweep the accumulated dust and cobwebs of centuries out of the house of God; purge our liturgy of fables and legends; to make a bonfire of our falsified histories, our forged decretals, our spurious relics; to clear off the mountainous debts to truth and candor incurred by our ancestors in the supposed interests of edification; what would it avail to exterminate these swarming legends of lies, if we still keep the spirit that breeds them? In a generation or two, the house swept and garnished would be as infested as before. The only infallible guardian of truth is the spirit of truthfulness. Not till the world learns to look to Rome as the home of truthfulness and straight dealing, will it ever look to her as the citadel of truth."

Fr. Tyrrell is chilled, he tells us, by "the inhumanity, the naked severity, the relentless rationality" of Protestantism. Idols of the Cave is our answer. But, were it otherwise, who would hesitate to accept them, were they the price of truth?

SHAKESPEARE AND COMMON SENSE.*

Professor Raleigh has written a pleasing monograph on Shakespeare, and has published a diverting lecture on Dr. Johnson. Now he has combined results in this very agreeable little cento of Johnson's Notes on Shakespeare. Whosoever desires to have Johnson to himself for an hour without an interpreter (no Boswell, at any rate, but only a few preliminary quips by the Professor), cannot do better than turn to these notes. "They are written informally and fluently; they are packed full of observation and wisdom; and their only fault is that they are all too few." If we are to live contentedly with books at all at their present rate of increase, it is plain that criticism must play a larger and larger part among the necessary activities of literature, and, within this category, it is obvious that Shakespeare criticism is going to occupy a large and still larger segment. Books on Shakespeare will soon begin to oust those upon the Bible or Homer from their position of supremacy. The state of Shakespeare criticism at a given time is accordingly symptomatic, and it is not unamusing to try and discover, by feeling its pulse, some of the critical tendencies of the day During most of the last century Shakespeare criticism was traversing a lyrical and romantic period, deriving immediately from Coleridge, in which everything was remote, obscure, profound, unverifiable, and, above all, improbable. For a criticism even to appear clear was sufficient cause for it to be damned irrevocably as shallow. The nearer a criticism could approximate the record of an anemometer in the supreme agitation of a violent gale, the profounder its truth was inevitably, if obscurely, recognised to be. Common sense was felt to be an impertinence in the case of a genius that was manifestly so super-normal as that of "the Stratford actor." As an emotionalist he was regarded as *hors concours*, and all ordinary tests and criticisms were manifestly irrelevant.

Then came a school of pedantic realists and researchers, who expended all their efforts upon the attempt to marry this miracle of transcendent literary creation to the unimpeachable biographical record of a successful suburban tradesman, whose solitary hobby was money-lending. From this amazing incongruity there are two possible means of escape, and we shall, in the twentieth century, see both of them eagerly exploited. There is one group of persons (whom their adversaries, with the amenity that has become traditional in Shakespeare controversy, refer to us as "dancing maniacs"), who say, "Yes, the work of Shakespeare is miraculous, almost as miraculous as the psychology of the pundits who ask us to believe that it was the work of a provincial actor who could barely write his own name"! There is another robust and less fantastic school, who say that the "miracle" has been prodigiously exaggerated. They go so far as to say that sagacity should count for something in Shakespeare criticism, after all.

The Oxford Professor (O whirligig of Time!) has thrown in his lot with these stolid folk, and cried, "Hurra for Johnson!" To him, as to many of us, the rigid romantic pose has begun to be fatiguing. These lyricists and romantics are in little danger, it may be, of the pitfalls that waylay the plodders, but in their love of an *O altitudo* they are in constant danger of "falling upward, as it were, into vacuity." As a corrective to this, how many simple souls must have thought of the commonsense Doctor (oh, for an hour of honest Sam. Johnson!), only to be put off by that aggressively insistent phrase of Macaulay's, "It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic" than Johnson's of Shakespeare. It was in 1903, in his "Eighteenth Century Essay on Shakespeare," that Mr. Nichol Smith first discovered that neither Macaulay nor his accreditors can have ever honestly worked and tested the edition in question. Johnson's pioneer remark as to the relativity of the folios alone is sufficient to convince an impartial reader that this conclusion is a justifiable one. Who, for instance, that has worked upon the folios will fail to recognise the guinea stamp upon this remark in Johnson's preface? Theobald "speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first."

This is the very ecstasy of sobriety—the supreme distinction of Johnson's edition, which leads the newest criticism to say that we may neglect the earlier eighteenth century editions of Shakespeare, but that if we neglect Johnson's we shall do so at our peril. The head and front of Johnson's offending, as Professor Raleigh points out, was that he wrote and spoke of Shakespeare as one man may fitly speak of another. He claimed for himself citizenship of that republic in which Shakespeare is admittedly preeminent. He dared to say that Shakespeare was at times slovenly, or even absurd, and that he scamped his last acts. From the most worthless material the romantics will "fashion a new hasty altar to an unknown God." Johnson refuses to burn his morsel of incense on this Julian's altar. The romantics may give us a thrill on a good day, when they are genuinely in the vein. But you cannot be sure of them. "Those who approach the study of Shakespeare under the sober and vigorous guidance of Johnson will meet with fewer exciting adventures, but they will not see less of the subject." The conclusion we draw from these various coincidences is that, upon the threshold of a new century, Shakespeare criticism is in the process of giving itself a good shake. The microscope and the megaphone seem to have had their day (for the moment), and what we want is a little plain talk—Johnson's in preference to most. Shakespeare, as Lamb said, is "a manly author," and Johnson's is essentially a manly criticism, man to man. Some recommend small doses of the plain text, Shakespeare's own. Alone with Shakespeare! Think of it—it might well give the imagination a start.

* "Johnson on Shakespeare." Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.*

"My aim," says Miss Sichel, modestly, of this and her preceding volume, "has been no more than to paint portraits—to draw the central figure of Catherine as I see her, with such other persons in the drama as were interwoven with her destiny, standing out against a multi-colored background and throwing strong shadows upon it." The age is, beyond all others, suitable for such a portrait painting: in a time where no one is quite commonplace, because no one is quite sane. And in this volume, of more dramatic incident than the previous study of the earlier period, though of similar dominant atmosphere, the author reveals herself once more as a portrait painter of genius. She exercises an easy command over her material, selecting the essentials, discarding irrelevances. She possesses a style pliant and fastidious, with a power of summary and analysis all the more effective for the restraint with which it is utilised. The tale is allowed, generally, to tell itself: in a story of the play of personality and spirited develop-

* "The Later Years of Catherine de' Medici. By Edith Sichel. Constable & Co. 15s.

ment and decay, lifted before all men's eyes with a kingdom for a background, of far more compelling interest than the flights of the novelist's imagination.

It is the story of a drama and a tragedy, advancing securely towards a sure end, concentrating the third act (as it were) in an August night in Paris, when the madness of the central figures is communicated to the whole crowd, ringing the curtain down on a cold December morning with the assassination of the chief figure of the massacre by the king, who a month later was himself to fall by the hand of an assassin. Miss Sichel has little need of artifice in the telling of the astonishing story of St. Bartholomew's Eve. She shows it in a now accepted historical verdict—as no deliberately planned act of policy or vengeance, certainly as inspired by no religious zeal. Catherine was probably as near an atheist as the world has ever seen. Dardiani reports a conversation of two Catholic gentlemen after the massacre. "'How on earth,' said they, 'can you trust the Queen Mother, seeing the tragedies that we all know she hath enacted, as much on one side as on the other? It will not do for either to think that religion has anything to do with it, for the good lady believes in none, however much she fears God—in the same fashion as the Devil fears Him.'" Nor was there—in this particular case—premeditation. For ten years, indeed, massacres had been contemplated, as a means of cutting a knot which had become otherwise irremovable. The principles of Machiavelli, imported with a Medici from Italy, and adapted, without passion or pity, to a country ripe for their application, might have justified—more than in the case of most historical crimes—this, the most violent of all. Year after year the land had been torn to pieces by civil wars from which there appeared no refuge. Catherine desired peace beyond all things: peace either with Huguenot or Catholic triumphant, alike indifferent. But peace was the one thing which appeared for ever impossible. She would have massacred Catholic as readily as Huguenot if peace were easier on those lines. Attempts were made to justify the Bartholomew as if it had thus been an act of calculated statecraft. "The King," said Tavannes, "finding himself between wars, was compelled to choose the least perilous, and to set God upon His side. If the Huguenots had escaped, they would have caused the death of a million of poor people." Why not kill them all—or the fighting leaders of them—and so, in one desperate moment, purchase that peace which was imperative if society were to endure?

But Miss Sichel has little difficulty in showing that the theory of deliberation is untrue. She exhibits the massacre as an act of panic fear, in an atmosphere of delirium: where the rejoicings of that fantastic wedding and the horror of its close were all set in a region of terrors and feverish dreams. "The country," she declares, "was not only disaffected, but distraught. Misery prevailed throughout. It seems to us, as we read the diaries of those days, that there were then more natural portents, more terrible droughts and famines, more seasons of abnormal heat and cold, more comets, more floods, more earthquakes than the world has ever known since." Civil war had made men's minds familiar with death, and turned the abnormal into the customary. Wolves invested the provinces. So did the plague. In the general disorganisation lepers were allowed to roam about unhindered, spreading their terrible malady. "A band of peasants travelled to Paris and demanded audience of his Majesty. Their mission was brief, but significant. If he wished to continue the war, they said, they humbly begged him to cut their throats at once, 'without making them so long languish in misery.'" In the midst of such an atmosphere, where death appeared familiar, and it was necessary to kill swiftly lest one were killed, the leaders of the factions crowded into Paris in the dog days "for the mad marriage of Henri of Navarre and Marguerite." Falsehood was current coin—the air, heavy with distrust, was favorable to crime, and men lived inhumanly, in fear of one another. "Nobody," wrote a contemporary, "was restrained by bonds of kinship or affection: every man misdoubted every other, and each one stood with his hand to his ear that he might know the quarter whence the dreaded noise would come. All the world was affrighted."

"The wedding will be blood-red" was the prophecy of the people of Paris. The wedding is fantastic enough: with the bride refusing to make her responses and the ceremony only proceeding by the King laying his hand on her head and forcing her to bend in affirmation: while the walls of Notre Dame are still decorated with the banners of Jarnac and Montcontour. Then followed the attempt on Coligny: the warning of the King against Catherine by the wounded Admiral: the extraction of this warning from the King: panic, fury, madness. "I had, as it were, a heavy hammer in my head," wrote Anjou, "and she likewise: and we, for the nonce, determined nothing, except by some means or other to dispatch the Admiral." The first plan was to kill half a dozen of the leaders: the King, after long resistance, broke into insanity. "'Since you choose to kill the Admiral, I consent. But then you must also kill all the Huguenots in France, so that not one shall be left to reproach me after it is done.' With a violent movement he wheeled round upon Catherine: 'You have willed it—well then, kill them all, kill them all!' he cried. The foam was upon his lips—he was practically out of his mind." Till the last moment they are convinced of the reality of a Huguenot conspiracy: that it was a wild race which band of assassins should begin. Early in the morning, everything having been arranged, the three—Catherine, Anjou, Charles—are cowering at a window of the Louvre, possessed by the belief that at any moment the palace may be attacked, and some dire fate, they knew not what, overtake them. "As we were considering the consequences of so great an enterprise," wrote Anjou afterwards, "to which, to say the truth, we had till then hardly given real reflection——" Even at the eleventh hour they sent to stop the murder of the Admiral. The answer Guise returned was "Too late!" There followed an intoxication of blood—Charles raving, a gibbering lunatic; Catherine and her ladies mocking the bodies of the dead; pilgrimages, processions, rejoicings. When sanity at last returned, the shadow was lifted from Catherine, but settled down in enduring cloud on the rest. "She looks a younger woman by ten years," is the testimony, "and gives me the impression of a person who has come out of a serious illness, or escaped a great danger." But the Court "tried their usual distractions—dressed, gossiped, jested: in vain; they could not forget." One day a cloud of ravens settles on the Louvre, filling all men with fear. Every night for many nights at the hour of the massacre all are awakened by a horrid tumult in the air and a concert of voices, crying, groaning, howling, blaspheming. The Furies began to hunt the King. He died a month before his twenty-fourth birthday: his last words, "I rejoice that I have no male child to wear the Crown after me." Anjou, made king, assassinates Henry of Guise: is in turn assassinated. St. Bartholomew is fearfully avenged. Catherine dies in the midst of the turmoil, her passing almost unnoticed in the general upheaval and fury of the time. It is a death more squalid and cold than the retribution of the other guilty persons: after superhuman labors, seeing all her efforts crumbling to dust, and the fortunes of her house guttering towards an end. "A few of her servants and some of her family wept for her—and so did the King—a very little," is the entry in a diary of the day. Her bones were huddled into a common grave at Blois. Paris declared that if her body were brought there, they would drag it to the banks of the Seine and throw it in. "She has done much good and much evil in her day," said the preacher in the Church of Saint Barthelemi, "more evil, I think, than good. I make no doubt of this. Ought the Church to pray for her?" he asks. It is a doubtful question. "I reply that if you will, of your charity, give her now and then a *Pater* and an *Ave* you may do so. If not, it does not much matter."

Miss Sichel is severe in her final summary: more severe perhaps than the reader will incline to be who has followed the record of that long loveless life from its pitiful beginnings to its shabby end. "She died weak, weary, deserted, deep in debt—every aim that she had made for defeated, every feeling that she had cherished crossed and thwarted—the most sincerely hated woman in Europe." "She had really loved but twice in her life: first the husband who had never cared for her: then the son who repaid her devotion by a cold and unrelieved brutality." It is impossible not to feel compassion for her, the author admits, and yet "our very compassion," she asserts, "is mixed with dust, and well-nigh chokes us in the parched and arid atmosphere surrounding her." She came, a bride of fifteen, into an

alien Court, to find the husband whom she would love deserting her completely for another. She was thrown into a world not moral or immoral, but unmoral, which had endured that ultimate tragedy, the death of public opinion, in the overthrow of all accepted standards of good and evil. She labored, while others played and revelled and gambled away the throne of France for a moment's pleasure. She worked, indifferent, in an atmosphere where religion itself had become merely the cloak for selfishness, avarice, and ambition. "What could a poor woman have done," said Henri IV. afterwards, "with her husband dead and five little children on her hands, while two families were striving to seize the throne, our own and the Guises? I am astonished that she did not do even worse." Physical pluck never deserted her. She was a cynic: in an age that fought furiously for religion, and had ceased to believe in good, Miss Sichel interprets her as the child of the Renaissance and Reformation, in the worst sense of the words. "From the Reformation she derived its abuses—its degradation of religion into politics—its gross polemic materialism, the more pernicious for priestly vestments. From the Renaissance she inhaled its stagnant Paganism—its cold curiosity, its stupid blindness to aught but the senses, its foolish worship of a golden calf set up in a boundless wilderness." Yet she loved her children with the love of a tigress for its whelps; she toiled terribly in a Court and kingdom abandoned to rioting and decay; she sought for peace and tranquillity and good government amid a dying house and a land scarred and tortured and desolate. "Scarcely," says Correro, "has she time to eat or sleep, so great are her harassing cares. She runs here and there between the armies, doing a man's work without a thought of sparing herself." "Yet all who fail to get what they want scream and scold," he adds, "and throw the blame upon the Queen-mother . . . and she is beloved by no one in the land." There is a pathos about the confession still appealing in its simplicity from the midst of this amazing, impossible age. "I am so much accustomed never to possess an unspoilt joy," wrote Catherine five years before her death, "that it does not seem so strange to me as it would do to another. God will be pitiful to me who have lost so many. He will not let me see more of them die. That is what I pray of His mercy—and that He will allow me to depart, as befits my age."

MACAN'S "HERODOTUS."*

All students of Herodotus will welcome this long-desired completion of Dr. Macan's monumental work. These three splendid volumes, if they do not perhaps contain anything so remarkable in the historical criticism of Herodotus as the theory of the battle of Marathon, set forth in the earlier instalment of the work, are no less helpful and instructive, as witness the severe inquiry into the chronology of the two crowded campaigns which constitute the Expedition of Xerxes. For this the last three books of Herodotus are our main authority, and, as Dr. Macan says, "despite the elements of poetry, rhetoric, anecdote, moralising, error, and sheer ignorance which they contain, will reward a searching examination at the bar of historical criticism." Indeed, the father of history is subjected to some damaging cross-examination by his editor in introduction, commentary, and appendices, though Dr. Macan nevertheless maintains that "the most stringent application of historical and critical methods to the text of Herodotus leaves the work irremovable and irreplaceably at the head of European prose literature, whether in its scientific or in its artistic character." A considerable part of the introduction is devoted to a support of the view, more slightly argued in his previous volumes, that Books VII.-IX. were composed before the others (perhaps for an Athenian audience), and were originally intended to be complete in themselves. The tentative publication of the first draft of the story of the Persian War perhaps gave Herodotus "the means and opportunity for those more extensive voyages, the results of which are conspicuous in the earlier books." The detailed arguments for this view are too lengthy for discussion here, but they are as convincing as the nature of the problem will allow. This, of course, has a further important bearing on the question whether Herodotus's work as we have it is complete. If the last three books were the first to be composed, and Herodotus added the six earlier books as a panoramic introduction to his story of the Great Expedition, then it is probable also that this story "is complete and finished in the author's conception and creation." Here again the reader must be referred to Dr. Macan's elaborate and detailed argument.

The passionate lovers of Herodotus, however much they rejoice in this vindication of his fame as a historian, will delight still more in Dr. Macan's warm though judicious admiration for those other transcendent qualities which are a perennial source of joy to the readers of Herodotus. "The surpassing candour and simplicity of his mind" allow us to see mirrored in his history a picture of contemporary Greece—and such candour and simplicity have never perhaps been united with such consummate literary art, and such keen and shrewd interest in men and events. Besides the mere pleasure in the narrative, it must not be forgotten that these sidelights, thrown in floods upon the Hellenic and non-Hellenic worlds of dawning civilisation, are by no means the least valuable portion, from the historical point of view, of the whole work. "The incidental fact, which occurs, so to speak, in an alien stratum, is historically all the more acceptable for being unnecessary to the object immediately in view." To read Herodotus is to read a great prose epic interspersed with the most delightful myths and the most amusing stories; it is also to immerse oneself in the life and thought of early fifth century Greece, when the Hellenic race was bubbling over with the joyous optimism of youth and hope, and when the most splendid chapter of human art, literature, and philosophy was just beginning. Herodotus is the sunrise of prose as Homer is the sunrise of poetry. We can and ought to enjoy them both without a commentator. But none the less we may well be grateful to the real scholars and antiquarians who have elucidated what is obscure, and illustrated from other pages and records what the master craftsmen have omitted or barely touched.

* "Herodotus." Books VII., VIII., IX. With Introduction, Text, Apparatus, Commentary, Appendices, Indices, Maps. By R. W. Macan, D.Litt. Three Vols. Macmillan & Co. 30s. net.

A "STIRRING" NOVEL.*

Miss Irene Osgood has obviously enjoyed herself immensely in writing "Servitude," and her enjoyment is infectious. What most people require from a novel is to be thrilled, diverted, and, if possible, just a trifle shocked. The public has a fund of primitive feeling quickly responsive to anything in life or art which is pleasurably sensational. It demands exciting incidents, stirring situations, bright colors, and the bustle of novelty, and it is rare to find its critical sense awake to even palpable absurdities. Irresponsive to beauty of form, repelled by pure poetry, people seek from art sensations which the popular theatre and the hippodrome most successfully appease. It was so in medieval times, when the populace demanded from the miracle plays costly dresses, magnificent shows, supernatural machinery, legions of stage devils, and a realistic pasteboard heaven. It is useless to condemn these crude but healthy tastes, which are as natural as a child's love of a rattle. And these are holiday times, when even the most exacting of us prefer a "stirring" novel to one that is subtly and finely true to nature. "Servitude" does not appeal to our finer taste. It is a highly picturesque performance, like ginger "hot in the mouth," showing considerable descriptive skill and crude force of imagination. The subject—the sufferings of the Christian captives in Algiers in 1815—is actual enough, and Miss Osgood has treated it with a vigorous flow of buoyant spirits and a defiantly unconventional tone and temper that carry the reader triumphantly through a plot unreal and stagey, but always dramatically interesting or entertaining.

When the Tuscan brig, "Stella Marina," is taken by the Barbary pirates, Soliman Rais and Tre Quarte Morto, there is humour in the fact that the six passengers made captive are a Jamaican planter and his wife and their slave Sambo, an Austrian mine-owner, and an English manufacturer and his wife. Mr. Holden, the Londoner, at this date "was employing little children of eight and nine in his works at Hoxton," and the rate of infantile mortality was thereby high in the district; the Austrian was an

* "Servitude." By Irene Osgood. Sisley's, Limited. 6s.

owner of "large mercury mines in Transylvania," and the convicts he leased from the Austrian Government lasted scarcely three years; while Mr. Lewis, the Jamaican, was positive "that the black folk on the plantations were much better off and much better fed than the English laborers." There is also humour in the fact that at the date the story opens, 1815, the British Government had long been a faithful ally of the Dey of Algiers, since it was to the English shipping interests that Mediterranean commerce should be preyed on by the Corsairs. The bloodthirsty Ali Khoja gives the English Consul at Algiers, McDonnell, many reasons why the Mohamedans at Algiers are superior to the Christians—viz., because they do not drink or gamble, because they are brotherly to their co-religionists, are frugal, shelter the Jews, follow the teaching of their religion, and "treat women with respect." But all this does not prevent the unhappy British captives on landing from being mobbed, hooted, spat at, and reviled as Christian dogs by the excited and triumphant populace. The fate of the captives has also its diverting side. Mrs. Holden, the manufacturer's stout, red-faced wife, is at first carried off to the Cheik-el-beled's prison, or house of female correction, while her husband, struggling in the grasp of two gigantic negroes, is shouting, "Remember your marriage vows, Sarah! Remember your marriage vows!" But when Sarah produces her marriage lines from a bag hung round her neck, both she and her husband are recognised as subjects of "King Giorgio," and are set at liberty. Mr. Lewis, being an American, is put up for auction and sold to a Coulougli, who keeps him in chains in his counting-house, and punishes him frequently with a cane. Mrs. Lewis, who has been a cruel mistress to Sambo, is disposed of to an old Moor, who employs her in fattening his four daughters—Haidee, Namaur, Zuelpha, and Fatma—for the marriage market on barley meal dumplings dipped in oil. Haidee, in spite of the rod that Mrs. Lewis is charged to wield, refuses to grow any fatter, and the latter is severely bastinadoed for her failure. The Austrian mine-owner is sold for three hundred pounds to an Algerian speculator, who, after demanding three thousand pounds ransom from his relatives, yokes him to a plough along with another Christian slave and a mangy mule. He sleeps in the fields with the jackals, is beaten daily, and is given so scanty a ration of black bread that he is driven to steal the corn out of the manger. But, as the author sardonically remarks, in one respect the Christian slaves were better off than many poor free men, because their owners were always genuinely solicitous about their slaves' health, which represents a cash value.

The discerning reader may have divined from the foregoing outline that Miss Osgood's handling of her picturesque material, though entertaining, is crude. "Servitude," in fact, is artistically a hybrid—a grandchild of Marryat put to school with Ouida, and brought up in an American boarding-house—this may faintly suggest the weird mixture of strains in the novel. Of course, the charm and the tiresomeness of the American girl in life lies in the freshness and incongruity of her judgments, and the heroine of "Servitude," Miss Betty Langhorne, a beautiful Virginian girl who is staying at the British Consulate in Algiers in 1815, is a purely modern figure, quite out of tone with her environment. The author has studied carefully the literature of her subject, and, aided by her local knowledge, she has constructed cleverly a dashing and vigorous picture of old-time Algiers. But, though her characters—European and Oriental—are quite human, their mental attitude and bearing are startlingly modern, and the clash between the subject and treatment tears the illusion to pieces. The hero, "William Brown," the enslaved captain of the Tuscan brig, falls in love with the beautiful Betty, and, inspired by his passion, performs the most startling feats of derring-do under the noses of the terrible Agas Bashirs and the ferocious janissaries. Betty herself has to seek refuge from the licentious Dey, Omar Ben Mohammed, and is concealed for days by Brown in a cave outside Tangiers, the identical cave that had sheltered Cervantes! When she is finally captured and carried off to the villa of the Grand Harem, "whose gardens were Love's nurseries, but also the stalking-grounds of unbridled passion," there is a dazzling scene between Betty and the black slaves and a bevy of the Dey's sultanas—a scene which, in its color and glitter, makes us tremble for Ouida's laurels. There is also just the requisite spice of coarseness which makes our public eager after a novel, in Mrs. Jones' lamentations that, though she has been torn away twenty years ago from her *fiancé*, an East India chaplain, the Rev. Archibald Jones, in this place of Oriental voluptuousness she has always been completely overlooked and shelved. Let not our readers be alarmed. The beautiful Betty, after some thrilling moments, escapes from "the hands of the Dey, the worst libertine and cruellest tyrant in the world," and is finally united, in all the bloom of her American innocence, to "William Brown," who turns out to be an English nobleman, Lord Tullamore. The plot, as we have said, is the weakest element in the book, which is redeemed, to a great extent, by the lifelike painting of the daily sufferings and cruel tortures of the enslaved Christians. Miss Osgood has an active imagination, an unconventional humour, and a heart quickly roused to pity and indignation. If she can only chasten the crudity of her art and subdue its extravagance, the strong human sympathy which characterises "Servitude" may capture for her, in turn, the circle of critical readers.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

SWITZERLAND has been studied by many competent English-speaking observers, from Grote to Dawson; but the most appreciative readers of former books on the subject of her public life will admit the fresh merit of that which Mr. Hobson has edited from the materials left by Henry D. Lloyd, "The Swiss Democracy: The Study of a Sovereign People" (Fisher Unwin, 6s. net). That lamented writer, whose personality was as lovable as his work was fearless, brought to his study a zest of interest in which no previous inquirer could have surpassed him. For him, Switzerland was in a manner the vindication of democracy, inasmuch as her people have solved or are solving the problems before which democracy in his own country stands baffled. His investigations were eagerly directed to finding how the machine actually works; how far the public interest holds its own against private; how far capital is made servant, and the community master. The result is a book which most helpfully supplements all previous accounts in English of Swiss political experience. Others have described the institutions: Lloyd studied the fruits. He shows a natural but never misleading partiality towards the democracy whom he found representing so steadfastly the democratic spirit; and in his sketch of their history we learn little of the period of Swiss mercenary service in the armies of surrounding nations. He was unduly ready, too, to endorse Daendliker's claim that the Swiss were the first people to put humane restrictions on warfare. The principle is really as old as Cyrus. But he never exaggerates the enlightenment of the Swiss people; and in his study of contemporary Swiss experiments in municipal and State ownership he is scrupulously judicial. The facts of the case as to the nationalisation of the Swiss railways are here given with perfect clearness and fairness; and explicit record is given of the failure alike of the voluntary and the compulsory schemes of Unemployed Insurance. As regards the former, it is noted that "the most striking fact in the experiment is the very large proportion of the subscribers who come upon the fund, over sixty-three per cent. in 1901. The great majority of the subscribers belong to the building trades, most of them being builders' laborers"—a fact worth noting in connection with the unemployment problem in Britain. It is further interesting to learn that in Switzerland the question of Old-Age Pensions is not a pressing one, by reason of the fact that "the Swiss burgher can look to his commune for an assistance in old age which involves no sense of personal degradation, but is taken as a right of citizenship." An outstanding feature of the whole survey is the strong approval given to the institution of the Referendum, in which Lloyd saw the one valid cure for the corruption and "bossing" of politics in the United States. He undoubtedly makes out a very strong case, which should be carefully studied by every serious politician in this country. While,

WERNER LAURIE'S LIST.

Occultism and Common Sense.

By BECKLES WILLSON.

Crown 8vo. Preface by Professor Barrett. 6s. net.

The fault of the writers who have hitherto dealt with Spiritualism and Occult phenomena generally, is that their prepossessions destroy the value of their conclusions, and to a certain extent, the interest of their writings. When, therefore, a Man of the World comes along with an absolutely open mind, and sets about investigating all the various phenomena, his opinions at the close are certain to prove entertaining. "Occultism and Common Sense" is a clear and candid summary of a most vital and absorbing question which agitates the soul of man. The author reaches conclusions and sets them forth in clear and direct language.

Do the Dead Depart? And Other Questions.

By KATHARINE BATES.

Author of "Seen and Unseen." 6s. net.

The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism, Fraudulent and Genuine.

By HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

Proofs of Life after Death.

By R. J. THOMPSON.

A Collation of Opinions as to a Future Life by the Most Eminent Scientific Men and Thinkers of the Day.

New Edition. 7s. 6d. net.

"More interesting than anything Gaboriau ever wrote."

True Stories of Crime.

Illustrated. By ARTHUR TRAIN. 6s. net.

The Abbeys of Great Britain.

16 Illustrations. By H. C. DIXON. 6s. net.

Modern Marriage and How to Bear It.

By MAUD CHURTON BRABY. 3s. 6d. net.

Cookery Up-to-Date,

A Practical Handbook of What to Eat and How to Cook It.

By MAY LITTLE.

First-class Diploma, late Staff Teacher at the National Society's Training School of Cookery, London.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

New Novels.

The Methods of Mr. Ames.

By the Author of "The Adventures of John Johns."

The Life Class. By KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

A Laughing Matter.

By SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Author of "Robert Thorne, the Story of a London Clerk."

The Future Mrs. Dering.

By THOMAS COBB.

Author of "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation."

Mr. Saffrey's Disciple.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT. Author of "Catharine."

The Tavistocks, By E. ACEITUNA GRIFFIN.

Author of "Lady Sarah's Deed of Gift."

The Wild Widow.

By GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES.

Before Adam. By JACK LONDON.

Author of "The Call of the Wild."

T. WERNER LAURIE, CLIFFORD'S INN, LONDON.

THE AUTHORITATIVE WORK ON THE BRAIN.

EDUCATION, PERSONALITY, AND CRIME.

By ALBERT WILSON, M.D.

With about 100 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

Dr. Albert Wilson's important work has been received by the press, the experts, and the thoughtful public generally with a chorus of praise as befitting the magnitude of the work and the authority of the writer. The book should find a place in the library of every Doctor, Clergyman, Social Reformer, Justice of the Peace, in fact all who have the social welfare of the community at heart.

Bright Fiction for Holiday Readers

BEAU BROCADE	BARONESS ORCZY.	6s.
THE CARDINAL AND LADY SUSAN.	LUCAS CLEEVE.	6s.
ROLLIN STONE	ERNEST SUFFLING.	6s.
THE MEETING OF THE WAYS ...	J. D. BAXTER.	6s.
A SUBURBAN SCANDAL ..	GURNER GILLMAN.	6s.
THE AVA MINING SYNDICATE ...	CECIL LOWIS.	6s.
MRS. FITZMAURICE ON LEAVE	GABRIELLE FITZMAURICE.	3s. 6d.
THE PRODICAL CITY ..	TRISTAM COUTTS.	6s.
BRENDAVALE	E. BLACK.	6s.
ZOE'S REVENGE	M. Y. HALIDOM.	6s.
WORKERS IN DARKNESS	HARRIS BURLAND.	6s.
GOD IN SAN DAM	F. BLOUNT MOTT.	6s.
HEATHER O' THE RIVERS	W. HAROLD THOMSON.	6s.
ROSE CAMPION'S PLATONIC	ADAM LILBURN.	6s.
THE MYSTERIOUS ABDUCTION	G. S. GOODMAN.	6s.
SEMIRAMIS	EDWARD PEPLE.	6s.

When Bound for Your Favourite Resort

ASK AT THE STATION BOOKSTALL FOR

GREENING'S SHILLING SERIES

Strongly recommended to holiday-makers as they are bound in a neat cloth style and of handy size for slipping into the pocket. Only works of undeniable merit find a place in this series.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. BARONESS ORCZY.
I WILL REPAY. BARONESS ORCZY.
A SON OF THE PEOPLE. BARONESS ORCZY.
FROM THE BOOK BEAUTIFUL. GUY THORNE.
SEEN AND UNSEEN. E. KATHERINE BATES.
THE DEGRADATION OF GEOFFREY ALWITH. MORLEY ROBERTS.
OSCAR WILDE. The Story of an Unhappy Friendship. ROBERT H. SHERARD.
PORTALONE. C. RANGER GULL.

The Publishers have just added to the above series

THE DUPE. By GERALD BISS.

of whom the "Daily Telegraph" said: "Guy Boothby never wrote with a more vigorous abandon."

TO SUFFRAGETTES AND OTHERS.

THE VICTIM AND THE VOTERY,

By WILLIAM CAINE.

Should be read by those who approve and those who disapprove of the "Votes for Women" cult, as it will furnish shrieks of laughter for the scornful, and even raise a smile on the face of the most advanced Suffragette.

Price One Shilling net. Paper Wrapper.

No One Visiting Cornwall should be without

FROM ST. IVES TO LAND'S END,

written by MR. A. G. FOLLIOTT-STOKES, and containing map and twenty-two photographic illustrations.

To be had at all booksellers and railway bookstalls. 1s. net.

GREENING & CO., Ltd., 91, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

however, he very candidly acknowledges the few drawbacks he recognises in the working of the institution in Switzerland, he, perhaps, does not fully recognise the weight of the question whether a system which, on the whole, succeeds very well in a country where cantonal life, with its habit of direct popular deliberation and legislation, supplies a special basis, could possibly work as well in the great populations of the large countries, long accustomed to purely representative methods. The argument that the Referendum would make an end of the party system was, of course, no objection to it in the eyes of Lloyd. He treats this, in fact, as one of the important gains from the practice. It is needless to say that Lloyd's half-prepared material has been no less sympathetically than ably handled by Mr. Hobson, who so modestly disparages his own work. Out of a quantity of disconnected notes he has shaped a coherent and powerful treatise.

* * *

A VERY warm-hearted appreciation of the late "James Annand, M.P." (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 2s. 6d. net), who died within a few weeks of his election for East Aberdeenshire in 1906, is contained within the biography written by Mr. J. L. McCallum. The son of a farmer and blacksmith in Buchan, James Annand left his father's calling to become a schoolmaster, and subsequently a journalist and editor on the Liberal side. He transferred his services from the "Newcastle Chronicle" to the "Newcastle Leader," which he turned into a vigorous, if rather narrow, exponent of Radicalism of the old *laissez faire* type. His special gift was leader writing, in which he excelled by reason of his clear, emphatic style, his power of hard hitting, and the sincerity and simplicity, and, on the whole, the thoughtfulness of his political creed. Lord Morley, whose association with Newcastle brought him much in contact with Mr. Annand, had a warm admiration for his character and talent. In 1892 he unsuccessfully contested Tynemouth, and in the khaki election of 1900 he was beaten by Mr. Anstruther at St. Andrews Burghs; but at his third attempt—in East Aberdeenshire—he converted a Tory majority of seventy-three into a Liberal one of 1,830. Mr. Annand regarded Socialism with marked disfavor, as the substitution of one kind of tyranny for another, and vehemently opposed the idea of an eight-hours day secured by law. On the other hand, he advocated the abolition of the House of Lords, and was a Free Trader and land reformer of the Cobdenite school. In his appeal to his party to return to the fundamental principles of Liberalism, as he conceived them, he perhaps showed himself to be more of a political philosopher than a practical politician, but his sincerity ennobled the rugged outlines and instructive independence of his character. There is a very full description of the East Aberdeenshire campaign in these pages. The book also contains an interesting account of Mr. Annand's journalistic career, including many extracts from his literary output and lectures on political and other subjects, and an introduction by the late Mr. J. W. Crombie.

* * *

MR. A. F. CALVERT'S latest volume in the Spanish Series (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net) treats of the cities of Valladolid, Oviedo, Segovia, Zamora, Avila, and Zaragoza. Since the total space allowed is only 162 pages, and all these places are of first-class historical importance, the chapter devoted to each is necessarily a trifle sketchy and unsatisfying; but assuming that the author was bound to deal separately with every one of them instead of grouping two or more under one heading, the result is perhaps as interesting as one should expect. Valladolid naturally comes first, as the erstwhile capital of the medieval kingdom of Castile and the city where Cervantes lived and Columbus died, and of this Mr. Calvert gives a fairly vivid historical sketch, followed by a more perfunctory account of the "show" buildings. The same arrangement is adopted with regard to the remaining five cities. All of them, one may mention, figured at one time or another as royal residences. Zaragoza can make special claim to this distinction, since its position as the capital of Aragon was never disputed, as was that of the others in their provinces. It was, moreover, foremost among the cities of the Peninsular in offering resistance to the establishment of the Inquisition. To Avila belongs the rather less enviable achievement of having sheltered Torquemada, the Grand Inquisitor, who made it his headquarters. On the other hand, it is also the shrine of Santa Teresa. The glimpses into Spanish history provided by this volume are interesting enough to make one regret the severe space limitations imposed, especially as more than half the volume is taken up by the somewhat ordinary photographic illustrations. There are more than four hundred of the latter, and some might easily have been spared.

* * *

WE have received the Official Guides to Llandrindod Wells, Leamington Spa, Malvern, Woodhall Spa, Bournemouth, Seaford, and Skegness; also those to Inverness, East Grinstead, Weybridge, Walton and Chertsey, Surbiton, Kingston-upon-Thames, Beckenham, Lewes, Horsham, and Chichester. These volumes, which are clearly printed on art paper, and embellished with photographic illustrations, are issued by the Health Resorts Association with the authority of the Urban Councils or Corporations of the various places. Nelson's Guides to "York and Selby," "Torquay and Exeter," "Falmouth, Truro, and the Lizard," "Ilfracombe, Lynton, and Lynmouth," "Aberystwyth," "Scarborough, Bridlington, and Whitby," "Plymouth, Devonport, and Western Dartmoor," "Hastings to Bexhill," "Bettws-y-coed and Snowdon," "Llandudno," and the "Wye Valley" (Thomas Nelson, 6d. each net), have also reached us. In these the information given in Baddeley's well-known series of "Thorough" guides is presented in condensed form, and each volume contains several photographic plates, a large map of the district in three colors, and small maps and plans. Intending travellers will find them useful and handy for the pocket.

* * *

PHOTOGRAPHIC literature for every class of operator is so plentiful nowadays that one might be pardoned for doubting whether any further publication on the subject is required. In "The Photographic Handbook," however, which is a volume in the series of "Country Handbooks" (John Lane, 3s. net), we have a little book which is sufficiently comprehensive to appeal to advanced workers, and, what is infinitely rarer, sufficiently lucid to be understood by all. Written in a severely practical spirit by Messrs. C. Harrison and J. C. Douglas, its scope includes nearly every process in existence, from the most elementary one to the latest resource of artistic photographers, namely, ozobrome printing. To the average amateur the opening chapter on lenses conveys a good deal of scientific information which he is not in the habit of troubling himself about, but which, nevertheless, will help to explain many failures that have hitherto seemed unaccountable to him; and, considering their brevity, the chapters on carbon and gum-bichromate printing are models of clear instruction. The purely chemical aspect of the subject is prominent in this ably compiled little manual, and the several formulae given should prove a reliable guide to anybody who is anxious to dispense with the ready-made solutions provided so temptingly by photographic dealers. Diagrams and reproductions of Mr. Douglas's own photographs illustrate a most business-like text.

* * *

THE third issue of the "P. and O. Pocket-Book" (Black, 2s. 6d. net), contains several additional features, chief among which are a new series of maps, illustrations in color by Messrs. W. L. Wyllie, Talbot Kelly, and others, and some interesting descriptive articles by Mrs. Steele, Walter Del Mar, and Le Comte Charles de Lesseps. A very daintily got-up little volume, this combines literary and artistic quality with enough solid information to satisfy the most inquisitive voyager. The tables of sea distances, coinage values, &c., to be found at the end, are very complete, and the flags of the world's mercantile marine are reproduced in color.

* * *

M. CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY is one of the few living French composers whose art is tolerably familiar to English music-lovers. His name is often to be found on our concert programmes, and he shares with his gifted compatriots, Saint-Saens and César Franck, the appreciation of all who can distinguish what is subtle and original from the hackneyed and meretricious. Granting, therefore, that it expedient to write a book on an artist who has just reached

BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
(And at READING and GUILDFORD.)
MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.
Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

406 pages, 8vo, cloth, 3s. post free.
HEAVEN AND HELL:
Things Heard and Seen.
By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER wrote:—"There is one grand and beautiful idea underlying all Swedenborg's revelations or speculations about the future life. His remarkably suggestive books are becoming familiar to the reading and reflecting portion of the community."
LONDON: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1, Bloomsbury St.

A NEW "F.C.G." Froissart.

The "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE" is continuing at intervals throughout August, the publication of

"F.C.G.'S" MODERN FROISSART,

describing in quaint mediaeval phraseology and with illustrations founded upon fourteenth century examples, the principal political events from the end of 1902 up to and including the General Election of 1906.

The story of the events familiar to us all in our recent history will be told as if written by Sir John Froissart himself, and, although a good deal of humour is introduced both in the text and the pictures, the narrative will be an interesting record of actual events. The Weekly Editions* of

The "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE"

will contain the chapters published during each current week. The first chapter appeared in the "Westminster Gazette" dated July 29th. Back numbers containing the series can be obtained on application to the Publisher.

* *THE SATURDAY WESTMINSTER.*

Offices: WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, Tudor St., London, E.C.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR
CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.
By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."
—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."
—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

BOOK BARGAINS.—Balzac's Droll Stories, illustrated by Doré. 12s. 6d. Foote's valuable medical work, Plain Home Talk. 7s. 6d. Burton's Arabian Nights, unexpurgated, 17 vols., illustrated, £13. Garnier's English Landed Interest, 2 vols., 6s. 6d. (published 21s.). Hart's Female Pelvic Anatomy, colored plates, 17s. 6d. (cost 42s. net). Cruickshank's 400 Humorous Illustrations, 4s. 6d. (published 16s.). Pepy's Diary, 4 vols., 15s. (published 30s.). Fennimore Cooper's novels, 32 vols., 42s. Thackeray's complete works. 26 vols., 45s. (cost £4 12s.). Chaffer's Pottery and Porcelain. 28s. 6d. (cost 42s.). Trall's Sexual Physiology and Hygiene, 3s. 6d. Art of Extempore Speaking, 2s. 6d. 100,000 books for sale and exchange. Please state wants. Catalogues free.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)
Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.
A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.
PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS
Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY.
EVERY FRIDAY, 2d.

PUBLIC OPINION

EDITED BY
PERCY L. PARKER.

¶ "Public Opinion" provides the busy man with a lucid summary of what is happening in the different fields of human activity and focusses within reasonable compass something of that teeming interest which comes from being in touch with many phases of life.

Dr. W. H. FITCHETT says:—
"Most interesting and valuable; a matchless bit of journalistic work."

Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER says:—
"Your selection of current thought is worthy of all praise."

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for ***10s. 10d.***; and to any place abroad for ***13s.*** per annum.

SPECIMEN FREE ON APPLICATION.

31 and 32, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

the prime of life—for M. Debussy is only forty-six years old—Mrs. Franz Liebich is fully justified in including him among the "Living Masters of Music" (John Lane, 2s. 6d. net); his lyrical drama of "Pelleas et Mélisande" and his "Nocturnes" are likely to live, and as a song-writer he has shown gifts that rank him with the greatest in this form of composition. In her sympathetic analysis of his art Mrs. Liebich compares him with the impressionist painters, especially with M. Henri le Sidaner. "It appears," she writes of his songs, "as if, having grasped the general purport and trend of a poem, he recorded his impression in music with a series of gleams and sudden lights, which partial impressions are derived from the main theme or thought. It is in his songs that the parallel between his art and M. Henri le Sidaner's exquisite color impressions is most clearly perceptible." Analogies between painter and musician are apt to be dangerous, but in this case the comparison seems to be just. M. Debussy's elaborate system of harmonics and tonality has a good deal in common with the chromatic method of Le Sidaner, Monet, and the painters of his school. The difference between M. Debussy's inspiration from nature and that of Wagner is well brought out in this little volume, and it is made quite clear that the former, unlike so many modern composers who have been content to follow the Wagnerian trail, looking neither to right nor to left, is indebted rather to Bach, and through Bach to the Primitives, than to any later example. A brief account of M. Debussy's critical writings completes a picture of the man which, if not complete, is sufficient for the purpose.

* * *

"Lotus Leaves," by Israfel (Nutt, 3s. 6d. net), is not so strange a piece of book-making as the headings to its chapters might lead one to suppose. The first part consists of a series of word pictures of Algiers, Tunis, and other places of the East where the Western traveller likes to roam. This is followed by sundry musical essays, some of which have already appeared in periodicals, and the connection between the two, not at first obvious, is meant, as it seems to us, to be established by the uniformity of style and sentiment throughout the whole. Fromentin has spoilt one in regard to prose paintings of the desert, and, apart from this, some of Israfel's redundant and rhythmical periods are not quite convincing. One is never quite sure whether the thing described has any real relation to the thing seen, or whether the author is a musician trying to write or a writer striving to interpret music—a hopeless task—in words. But the appreciations at the end of the book are good of their kind. That of Mischa Elman, elusive as it is, deserves to be widely read.

* * *

Mr. Walter P. Wright's "The Perfect Garden: How to Keep it Beautiful and Fruitful" (Grant Richards, 6s. net), is a volume of "practical hints on economical management and the culture of all the principal flowers, fruits and vegetables." It gives useful lists of the best varieties, advice on such matters as grouping, general design, color for the different seasons, glass houses, garden auxiliaries, &c., and ends with a series of plans that will be of great value to those who intend laying out a garden. Mr. Wright's enthusiasm tends now and then to lead him to a certain luxuriance of diction, but this fault, if it be a fault, will easily be pardoned by all true gardeners. For his real knowledge and mastery of his subject they will have nothing but praise.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, Aug. 7.		Price Friday Morning, Aug. 14.
Consols 2½ per cent.	86 7/16	...	86 7/8
German 3 per cent.	83	...	83
London and North Western	134	...	134 3/4
Union Pacific	160	...	162 1/4
Canadian-Pacific...	175 5/8	...	176 3/4

Corrected by index numbers, which enable us to substitute for gold prices the purchasing power of gold, the Board of Trade returns for July are practically as good as last year—a remarkable fact considering the prodigious diminution in the imports of the United States. Our cotton and woollen manufacturers are no doubt relying more on the home demand; and that demand has been augmented by the halving of the sugar duties. Perhaps the most cheering item of the July returns is the import of raw wool and cotton, which is larger than in the corresponding month last year in weight, though not in value. The returns of pauperism now show a distinct improvement. As to the prospects of trade it is difficult to speak. A fortnight ago the number of idle cars on the railroads of the United States, which had been diminishing for some time, again increased, and there has been another curtailment in the production of the American cotton mills, which would indicate that speculation and hope have been in advance of business. The same apparently is true of copper. The price alike of copper and of copper shares had been rising for a month, when at the beginning of the week a setback occurred. The rise, it is said, has been due partly to a small revival of the electrical industries, partly to a belief that there will be another trade boom in the autumn as a consequence of good crops in Canada and the States. Some alarm has been caused in the City by the embarrassments of the Brazilian and Sao Paulo Governments in connection with the coffee valorisation scheme, which has now come practically to a stop for want of credit. Hence the project of two big loans, which it will be very difficult to float.

German Credit.

One was not surprised to see German bonds rise a point after the King's meeting with the Kaiser and the announcement of a State visit to Berlin. Since Lord Cromer's speech there has been a good deal of nervous feeling, and whenever German loans have risen a little sales have followed from Berlin. But the near prospect of a naval arrangement for the limitation of "Dreadnoughts" offers a double advantage to German credit. First British capitalists will become willing to invest in the State and Imperial loans, and secondly, the output of new loans (which has been a direct consequence of excessive naval expansion) can be restricted. At present German loans are artificially low, for even Italy can borrow at a cheaper rate. Much, however, will depend upon the nature of the arrangement. If, for instance, the present rate of expenditure is stereotyped instead of being reduced, the financial embarrassment of the Kaiser's Government will continue, and another loan may be expected before long. The new German and Prussian loans are 4 per cent. at par.

The Turkish Bondholder.

Talking of Germany and loans, one naturally passes on to Turkey. One of the telegrams announces that an important function of the new Turkish Parliament will be the issue of a new loan. But what about the old debt and the Turkish Customs, which are mainly in the hands of the Commission? Will the Young Turks submit to foreign surveillance? Altogether, the financial outlook is by no means clear, though the elements of a sound and healthy reconstruction of the administrative fabric are there, if only men could be found to do it.

The Midland Agreement.

A highly-colored report of the wonderful advantages to accrue to the public from the formation of this new railway monopoly has been issued by the London and North-Western and Midland directors. Apparently there is no intention of going to Parliament, and the directors believe that they will be able to effect wonderful improvements without injury either to passengers or traders. At any rate, they say so, and give a list of new facilities, the principal one being that tickets to certain places will be available by either route. No doubt for a time certain economies may be effected without much injury to the public, especially as the Board of Trade will be watching things closely. But after a time we shall expect to see the usual results that follow on the disappearance of competition—stagnation, reduced services, and the complete disappearance of enterprise.

Lucellum.

Ah, fill the Pipe:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is flying underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet!
Omar-Khayyám (modernised).

A Pipe of

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

makes

Yesterday a pleasant memory,
To-day a time of sweet enjoyment,
and its anticipation
Tomorrow brings peace of mind and
contentment.

SOLD IN TWO STRENGTHS:

MILD, 5d. per oz. **MEDIUM, 4½d.** per oz.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham, will forward Testing Samples post free to applicants mentioning this paper.

0443

The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Limited.

TANGYE OIL ENGINE

AUTOMATIC TUBE IGNITION.

NO LAMP EXCEPT FOR STARTING

TANGYES LTD BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.
Each packet is dated with the year of issue.
ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.
All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

Liver troubles

SHOULD NEVER BE NEGLECTED.

The principal duty of the Liver is to extract the bile from the blood, and carry it direct to the digestive organs. Therefore, if the Liver is disordered, it cannot perform its duties properly, and the result is, the blood becomes overloaded with bile, which causes Lassitude, Debility, Irritability, and may develop into Dropsy.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) *Liverets*
STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE

will speedily and permanently cure all liver troubles, because they thoroughly cleanse the Liver of all impurities, and stimulate it to easily perform its functions in a natural healthy manner. MERIT'S LIVERETS are prepared from purely vegetable ingredients only, as prescribed by a prominent physician, and have no debilitating effect upon the health. Price 1/1½ and 2/9 of all Chemists and Stores. If unable to obtain, send direct to

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. So beware of spurious imitations.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY of BIRMINGHAM.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE,
Associated with the General and Queen's Hospitals for Clinical Teaching.

SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY.
In conjunction with the Birmingham Dental Hospital.

THE WINTER SESSION OPENS OCTOBER 5TH, 1908.

The University grants Degrees in Medicine, Surgery, and Public Health, and a Diploma in Public Health; also Degrees and a Diploma in Dental Surgery.

The Courses of Instruction are arranged to meet the requirement of other Universities and Licensing Bodies.

For Prospectus and further information apply to—
GILBERT BARLING, M.Sc., F.R.C.S., *Dean.*

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

SESSION 1908-9.

The Autumn Term commences on Tuesday, October 6th, 1908.

Prospectuses and full particulars of the following may be obtained on application to the Registrar:—

FACULTIES OF ARTS, SCIENCE, MEDICINE, LAW AND ENGINEERING
UNIVERSITY TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS
SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
INSTITUTE OF ARCHÆOLOGY
SOCIETY FOR UNIVERSITY EXTENSION
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE AND OF TRAINING FOR SOCIAL WORK
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH
SCHOOL OF TROPICAL MEDICINE
SCHOOL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE & SURGERY
SCHOOL OF DENTAL SURGERY
SCHOOL OF PHARMACY
INSTITUTE OF COMPARATIVE PATHOLOGY
DEPARTMENTS OF BIO-CHEMISTRY AND EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE
HALLS OF RESIDENCE FOR MEN AND WOMEN
EVENING COURSES FOR THE DEGREE OF M.A.
EVENING LECTURES AND LABORATORY INSTRUCTION
JOINT MATRICULATION BOARD

Fellowships, Scholarships, Exhibitions, Special Grants and Prizes.
University Calendar (Price 1s., post free 1s. 4d.)

P. HEBBLETHWAITE, M.A., Registrar.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.

Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields; gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Next Term, Sept. 18th. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

EDUCATIONAL.

WEST HEATH SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD.

On high ground close to the Heath.
A day school for Boys and Girls (about 100 pupils).

Principal: **Mrs. Ennis Richmond.**
Headmaster: **Mr. F. V. Bindon (M.A. Cantab.).**
Succeeding Mr. & Mrs. Rice, now taking up work at Bedales School, Hants.

Good Buildings. Playground. Large Grass Playing Fields.

A Boarding house will be opened in September in connection with the above under the immediate management of **Mrs. Richmond** and her son, **Mr. Kenneth Richmond,** as house master.

Michaelmas Term will begin September 22nd.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

HIGHEST QUALITY
TURKISH TOWELS
AND SIMILAR GOODS.
SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

TOURS.

£6 6s. LUCERNE TOUR.

Nine days. Short Sea Route. No extras for Conductor or Gratuities.

HENRY S. LUNN, M.D.

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. 25, Cannon Street, E.C.
4, Charing Cross, S.W. 84, Piccadilly, W.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.
WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.
67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.
THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), **DORSET.**
BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.
ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.
THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.
BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.
BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.
CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.
ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.
HILLS MARINE VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing sea. 10/- per day

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.
THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.
COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LANCASTER.
BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

STONEWELL RESTAURANT. T. M. Hey, Proprietor.

MARKET HALL RESTAURANT. Prop. J. E. Dowthwaite.

LEEDS.
HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.
COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.
CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.
HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.
SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).
SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.
PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PORTSMOUTH.
SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647

SOUTHSEA.
STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

SWANAGE.
"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.
REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.
WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

ANDERSON ANDERSON & ANDERSON LTD.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

INDIA RUBBER, OILSKIN, & WATERPROOF MANUFACTURERS,

THIRTY-TWO GOLD MEDALS & AWARDS.

THE WATERPROOFERS.

NOTE OUR TRADE MARKS.

THE RUBBER HOUSE.

SHOOTING.

MOTORING.

WATERPROOF PIECE GOODS AND HOSPITAL SHEETING.

SPORTING.

OILSKINS.

WATER PROOFS

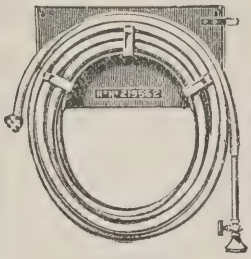
Two Qualities. All Sizes.

For all Purposes

HUNTING AND RIDING.

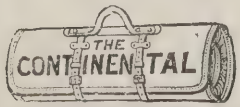
For all Climates

AIR BEDS, PILLOWS, CUSHIONS, &c.



HOSE AND HOSE FITTINGS.

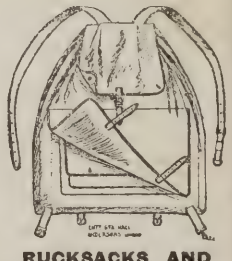
YACHTING OUTFITS.



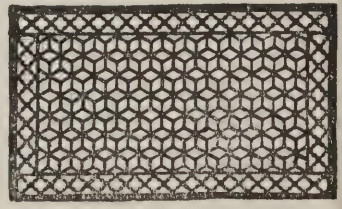
HOLDALLS, RUGS, &c., FOR TRAVELLING.

WATER BEDS, PILLOWS, CUSHIONS, &c., FOR PURCHASE OR HIRE.

SOILED LINEN BAGS.



RUCKSACKS, AND ALL KINDS OF BAGS, VALISES, &c.



MATS & MATTING.

37, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. **LONDON.** 58-59, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

70, QUEEN STREET, CARDIFF. 23, CASTLE STREET, SWANSEA.

Or from every high-class Dealer in the United Kingdom.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 21.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ...	723
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—	
Further Steps to Peace	726
The Poor Law and the Family	727
The Eastern '48	728
A Crisis in Coffee ...	730
LIFE AND LETTERS:—	
The Mind of the Suburb	730
Careful Joy	731
Can Trout be Educated?	733
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—	
The Harmsworth Brand—VI.	734
HOLIDAYS:—	
In the Grampians. By C. H. Herford	735
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—	
The Zeppelin Movement and German Nationalism. By Ed. Bernstein	736
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—	
The Lost Liberty of the Road. By Sir Edmund Verney, Henry Broadhurst, A. M. Anderson, J. H. Chatterton, E. B. M., A. J. Marriott, Fairplay, C. H., Francis Coutts, and Cyclist ...	738
Haggerston and After. By F. W. Soutter	740
A Propos de Bottes. By Thomas Seccombe	740
Nursing the Voters. By Edwin Hill	741
The Dilemma of a Liberal Solicitor. By Another Liberal and Teetotal Solicitor	741
"A Green Heaven." By Richard F. Jupp ...	741
The Work of the Industrial Law Committee. By Irene Cox...	741
Liberalism and Labor. By the Rev. J. E. Hand...	742
The Art of Ending. By Max Judge	742
James II.'s Statue. By Antiquarian	742
POETRY:—	
A Somerset Lullaby. By Edward Sydney Tylee	742
REVIEWS:—	
"The Heart of Darkness"	743
The Importance of Jewels	743
A Dictionary of the Gospels	745
A Singer on His Art ...	745
The Genius of Mr. Conrad	746
BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
The Trout-Waters of England	748
A Summer Tour in Finland	748
My Devonshire Book	748
Plainer Fare and Less of It	750
From St. Ives to Land's End	750
THE WEEK IN THE CITY	750

[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

The countervailing of the anti-German propaganda in this country has been energetically pursued during the week. The tour of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Germany, though private and informal, cannot be dissociated from it, and it is notable that the Chancellor has, explicitly and with much energy, repudiated any want of sympathy between Sir Edward Grey and himself. We believe this to be entirely correct. Sir Edward Grey's policy has never been consciously anti-German, even though the pursuit of the understanding with Russia served to lower the Anglo-German temperature, and to suggest the policy of "penning-in." The Chancellor, who has been very well received in Frankfort and elsewhere, has certainly investigated the German system of industrial insurance, in some sides of which he has much faith. But Mr. Harold Spender, who accompanies him, admitted to the reporter of the "Tageblatt" that if an opportunity arose for promoting peace, it would be used, and Mr. George's language favors this reading. We believe that the prospect of an Anglo-German understanding is a good one, and that the Prime Minister's and Sir Edward Grey's sudden visits to town are not unconnected with it.

* * *

At Swansea, Mr. Churchill, in language of much power, ridiculed the idea of war, while declaring that the Government would not depart from a policy of effective security against invasion. He insisted that there was no collision of "primary interests" between Germany and England in any quarter of the globe, and no real cause of difference. War in such a situation would be a "hellish and wicked crime." Not ten thousand persons in Great Britain, excluding lunatics and the writers in the "National Review," desired it. Mr. Churchill quoted the saying of a German soldier, who was helping a French peasant to get in his crops during the occupation in 1870, and, when rebuked, replied, "War is all very well for the swells, but poor people have to help one another." We notice that Mr. Philip Snowden, speaking at Manchester on Saturday, joined Mr. Keir Hardie in repudiating Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Hyndman, who thus stand alone in the Socialist and Labor Parties. The "Daily Chronicle" has collected a large number of opinions from representative statesmen and merchants strongly deprecating the notion of an Anglo-German war.

* * *

Meanwhile the "Daily News," we think, mistakes the bearing of an important and very conciliatory article in the "Vossische Zeitung," which, properly regarded, is an excellent fruit of Mr. Lloyd George's visit. The "Vossische" refers to the "Telegraph" story of a hundred million naval loan, based on Mr. Stead's grotesque calculation of a British standard in "Dreadnoughts" of two vessels to Germany's one. The "News" assumes that the German paper announces and approves an Anglo-German understanding on this basis. But this is not the case. The "Vossische," assuming that there may be some truth in the story (there is none), asks whether it is necessary for two neighbouring nations to build such enormous fleets. That is a proper observation; it does not imply that the British Government has lost its head, and that Mr. Asquith has gone to school to Mr. Maxse.

* * *

It is rather curious that the idea of a Naval Loan, so long as it was confined to the Harmsworth Press, did not hold the attention of serious people at all, but the moment it was taken up by the "Westminster Gazette" and the "Daily Telegraph," they assumed there must be something in it. We observe that the editor of the "Evening News," interviewing his colleague of the "Observer," was urged by him to note the immense advantage which the German habit of borrowing gives to the German Admiralty, and how, if we followed suit and borrowed more than they did, these remarkable consequences would ensue:—(1) The European situation would be impressed upon the German mind; (2) they would realise the gravity of the contest; (3) their financial system would be in danger of dislocation; and (4) Great Britain would recover the Naval initiative in time of peace. To which we may add (5) there would be a very pretty slump in Consols, and British credit might be put on a par with German.

* * *

The object of a Naval Loan and a Naval programme is obvious. It is to prevent public and Parliamentary criticism of Naval Estimates, and to provide for a perpetual increase, which will be more or less withdrawn from the purview of Parliament. This is what actually happened under the system of loans for military and naval works, which was carried to such lengths by the late Government that it actually destroyed the operation of a Sinking Fund. A loan for useful and productive works may, in certain circumstances, be legitimate. But

a loan for ships, which involve a heavy charge on the taxpayer for maintenance and repairs, is clearly wrong, and has provoked such powerful criticism in Germany that the Government there has promised to introduce a project of new taxation which will put an end to the necessity of borrowing. The notion that Mr. Asquith, who has exposed the folly of the system so often, and has taken such drastic action to stop it, would suddenly turn round and adopt it strikes us as ludicrous in the extreme. The same may be said of Mr. McKenna and Mr. Haldane.

* * *

The American fleet of sixteen vessels arrived at Sydney Harbour, one of the most magnificent refuges in the world, on Thursday and were received with an enthusiasm that strikes a British observer as almost rapturous. It is said that 250,000 people lined the cliffs, staying out all night, wrapped in blankets, so as not to miss the first sight of the incoming vessels on the winter morning. A large armed force was allowed to land by an express relaxation of the Commonwealth law, and the Mayor of Sydney, in welcoming the squadron, said that England, Australia, and America could defy the world. It is clear that the great American naval movement towards the Pacific has been as welcome to Australia as the growth of the Japanese Navy has been distasteful to her; indeed, the common views of America and Australia on the color question were plainly recited in the address. The sight of the American fleet will also stimulate the Australian desire for an Australian Navy, the momentous policy now being forwarded by Mr. Deakin.

* * *

The Turkish Government has issued its programme. It puts finance in the forefront, and emphasises the necessity for economy, improvement of tax methods, and the prudent but strict abolition of sinecures. The army and the navy are to be reformed and strengthened, and all creeds and races are to share the honors and burdens of national defence, as they are to be equal before the laws, and have an equal share in a reconstituted educational system. The Cabinet intends to preserve the friendship of all Powers, and it hopes that the new *régime* will ultimately carry with it the abandonment of the Capitulations. The past week has been one of difficulties. Strikes of dock laborers, printers, tobacco workers, and tramway men have broken out or threatened; the Committee, however, has settled them with its usual skill. On Sunday, Redjib Pasha, the Minister of War, from whom much was expected, died suddenly after two days' tenure of office. The negotiations between the Committee and the Bulgarian Internal Organisation have so far led to no result, and it is significant that the Committee is backing Sandausky in his electoral campaign, for Sandausky stands for a Macedonia within the Ottoman Empire, and denounces the Internal Organisation as a tool of Bulgarian ambitions.

* * *

Some French papers are preparing the world for the triumph of Abdul Aziz and the decline of Mulai Hafid by crediting Abdul Aziz with serious victories, and Mulai Hafid with outrages on British subjects. The victories are not confirmed, and the outrages are fictions. Abdul Aziz has apparently stopped in his march on Marakesh, where in any case he is pretty certain to be opposed by a strong force of Mulai Hafid's followers. His revival ceases to mystify when it is understood that it is due to French assistance. The French put the customs at his disposal—that is why they are so keen on keeping the ports out of Mulai Hafid's hands—and they have given him guns and gunners, and allowed him to enlist conveniently time-expired Algerian troops. The colonial party do not mean to let Morocco slip away from them, though their extravagances are a menace to European peace, and, as long as we encourage them, a serious difficulty in the way of an Anglo-German understanding.

* * *

The first session of the present Portuguese Cortes is practically over, and although the Parliament will, for the first time since 1904, have voted the Budget, it will have accomplished nothing of the elaborate reform programme laid before it. Senhor Pimentel, in the House of Peers, declares that the situation is worse than in February last, and foreign observers agree that the dynasty is in a perilous state. The scandal of the illegal payments to the Royal family has sullied the prestige of the monarchy, and fresh revelations every day sustain the popular indignation. One of the latest is the curious discovery that the payments were made in London. The illicit importation of arms intended for revolutionary purposes goes on steadily, and the officials do nothing to check it; many of the officials are known to be Republicans. Incendiary and train-wrecking outrages have greatly increased, and it is said that discontent is growing in the army and navy, whose loyalty alone prevented a *coup d'état* on February 1st. Even the severity of the censorship cannot conceal the gravity of the situation.

* * *

Those who see signs of a change in the spirit of German Social Democracy which will reflect more accurately than before the character of Socialists south of the Main can find confirmatory evidence in a quarrel now raging between the party executive in Berlin and the Socialist factions in the Bavarian and Baden Parliaments. Within the last few days the Socialist members of the Würtemberg, Bavarian, and Baden Diets have voted the Budget. The Würtembergers have done this before, but it is a new step for the Bavarian and Baden factions, and the "Vorwärts" condemns it as a betrayal of principles because a decision of Congress forbids the voting of a Budget—so as to protest against the capitalists' State organisation—save in exceptional cases. These exceptions have never been classified and the Badeners claim that their case was one of them, because their votes were necessary for the passage of a measure raising the pay of the State employees. The quarrel is complicated by the refusal of the Baden faction to give the party executive information of its intention, but the whole episode is not incorrectly regarded as indicating a weakening of the old stiff and intransigent tactics and a movement in the Reformist direction. It will be interesting to see what attitude the approaching Congress of the party adopts.

* * *

The Belgian Chamber has passed the Treaty and the Colonial Law which together transfer the Congo to the Belgian State. The majorities were large, and it was left to M. Destrée to express finally the humanitarian objections to the Act, even in its modified form—the slightness of Parliamentary control, the failure to annul forced labor, and to restore the natives their lands. It seems extremely doubtful whether the mere change of responsibility will, in such a form, do much good.

* * *

A frightful explosion took place on Tuesday at the Maypole Colliery, near Wigan. It was of tremendous

force, and it was reported on Wednesday evening that a fierce fire was raging in the wrecked galleries. Over seventy men were in the pit, only three of whom were barely rescued, and the deaths are now set down at seventy-six. The coal is said to have been very dusty, and therefore dangerous, so that it is necessary to ask whether it had been properly sprayed, especially as the atmosphere over the British coalfields happened to be unusually dry, and a warning to that effect had been issued. There appears to be no reasonable hope that any of the buried miners can be rescued or are now alive. As usual, heroic efforts were made to reach them, and every peril of the deadly atmosphere was braved.

* * *

The tale of outrages by motorists, and of ineffectual action by the law, continues. On a road in Carmarthenshire a young laboring man was found with his head battered in and his ribs broken. The injuries were attributed to a motor-car, which was traced and then lost. On the same day a woman of 64, a child of six, and a woman of 75 were slain. At Newmarket a car drove furiously through a string of frightened racers, declining to stop, though pursued by enraged sportsmen. At Helston, a married woman, with nine children, was knocked down and died from shock, and at Oxford an "elderly unknown" man succumbed to a fractured skull and hemorrhage. The motor-cab which killed him was going at a slow pace. The coroner asked why it was not stopped altogether, and if so, whether the accident might not have been avoided. The driver answered "Yes," and the jury "exonerated him from blame." At Horsham a girl of seventeen was riding on the step of her brother's bicycle. A motor-car, going at twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, dashed into the bicycle, knocked the girl into the road and her brother into the bank, killed her, and ran over her body. Meanwhile, the county of Kent has been presented with a bill for £3,500 for tarring its roads as a protection against this traffic.

* * *

One of the most serious cases of negro lynching in American history took place last week in Springfield, Illinois, the birthplace of Lincoln, the liberator, and in some respects an American city of the best type, served by one of the ablest of American newspapers. The lynching was worse than the average Southern brutality, for general vengeance for a sexual crime was wreaked in the negroes' quarter, which was looted, and two blameless men were murdered. The negroes fled, and formed an armed camp, and the mob was so furious and ungovernable that the soldiers, who were in great strength, had to fire on it, and many were killed and wounded. Isolated and most cruel lynchings of negroes, such as steeping a man in kerosene and burning him in public, seem to be growing in the North, where the hatred of the black race is spreading, and is fed by industrial causes, and the competition of black with white labor. It is indeed saddening to think that the moral results of the war of emancipation are being wiped out. The redeeming feature is the strong action of the Governor of Illinois, who has summoned two hundred white men, promises a rigorous prosecution, and has opened Springfield as a city of refuge for persecuted negroes in the country districts.

* * *

The movement towards conscription has had a heavy blow from Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, who on Monday addressed to the "Times" a "Straight Talk about Compulsory Service." Sir Cyprian Bridge's special point is that conscription will be the ruin of our system of recruiting for the British Navy, which every European power envies and cannot imitate. He strongly contrasts the good relationship between officers and men in the two British services with the mere outward submissiveness between the same classes in the Continental armies and navies where compulsory service prevails. He endorses the view of Continental critics that barrack life deteriorates the peasants and workmen who undergo it, and predicts further reductions in the periods of service with the colors. He declares that conscription is incompatible with urban democracy, and that many of the most thoughtful Continental officers think it is out of date. Does any rational man, we wonder, imagine that all these difficulties can be faced in this country, and that on the top of them we can impose compulsory service for India and abroad, which is what Lord Roberts is really driving at?

* * *

The French in Indo-China are experiencing difficulties as serious as, and not unlike, our own in India. There is a good deal of unrest, and the native troops are said to be disaffected. At the end of June there was a conspiracy to poison a post of European soldiers and an attempt at mutiny at Hanoi. The nerves of the white residents are so badly shaken that they are calling, as usual, for "stern measures." The operations of pirates and the entrance of armed rebel bands from neighbouring Chinese provinces are partly responsible for the trouble, but it is generally admitted that the whole system of administration is rotten from top to bottom. The tax system is particularly bad, resting on numerous leased monopolies which check initiative, cripple industries, and stand in the way of development; the liquor monopoly is so arranged that it pays the contractors to bribe the natives to drink. The Japanese triumph, too, has had its effect, and Lieut.-Col. Barnard, writing in the "Temps," emphasises the necessity of giving a people who have always governed themselves a share in the administration. The French Government has strengthened the white garrison, but the new governor is commissioned to elaborate a programme of reforms.

* * *

The interest of the cricket season reached its height last week and this week, for it is now clear that Yorkshire will regain her supremacy among the counties. She has a new bowler in Newstead, most of her veterans are in form, and her policy of aiming at all-round excellence has again been approved by success. She beat Surrey by seven wickets, out-playing her conspicuously in bowling and fielding, the two points in which Yorkshire excels. But her victory was in the main due to the way in which her eleven plays as one man, a quality which she shares with the Australian Elevens. Surrey bats more brilliantly, but the wickets at the Oval are too perfect, and unfit the players for sun-baked or uncertain pitches. Moreover, the Southern team has for many years wanted a captain of first-rate merit, and an all-round player of the quality of Lohmann and Hirst. She now fights for second place with Kent, which she defeated brilliantly on Tuesday by an innings and 318 runs. Kent, so dangerous on its own ground, broke down completely before the new Surrey bowlers, Hitch and Kirk. Nor, indeed, can any team stand against Surrey when her batsmen are in form, and have a wicket to suit their method.

Politics and Affairs.

FURTHER STEPS TO PEACE.

It is surprising to find a Liberal paper willing to advocate the discredited and discarded policy of a four years' loan for naval expenditure on the basis of the Hamilton programme. The "Westminster Gazette" puts forward this proposal as a means of keeping the peace with Germany. We may be quite sure that whatever steps we take in this direction, they will not be in imitation of the course which in Germany has quickened the present emulation in shipbuilding, and which, on the mere ground of its financial dangers, she is about to modify. If a semi-absolutist State like Germany cannot stand the policy of paying for a prolonged bout of shipbuilding by loan, our own democratic Parliament is unlikely to stomach it. What purpose a loan would serve save that of depreciating Consols, that sorely tried security, and of alarming and irritating the Liberal Party, we are at a loss to imagine. It would certainly take the Naval Estimates from the view of Parliament at the moment when it is most necessary to keep them under criticism. It must enhance the power of the expert and diminish the power of the people. It is not Governments that save us from war, even a thoroughly peaceful Government like our own. Governments are not all-powerful. In this country they are subject to the fear of the military and naval adviser who threatens resignation when his advice is not followed, and they require, therefore, the constant check which public opinion supplies. Mr. Churchill well said at Swansea last week that he believed in the "essential goodness of great peoples." Certainly it is the fact that simple, unsophisticated folk, who work for their daily bread, and who, in all countries have a quarrel, not with neighbouring workers, but with the order of society in their own land, are, if they are truthfully informed, the enemies of war. It is on this force, outside and often hostile to Governments, that the friends of peace must rely, and it will never do to shut off from their representatives the power of challenging the war budgets.

What means, therefore, can we reasonably take to prevent the crime of war with Germany, in addition to the proposal to secure immunity for private property at sea? We agree with the "Westminster" that if things were as they ought to be, such a contingency would not even be discussed. We have no cause of war with Germany in any quarter of the world. We have no Continental rivalries with her, she has no colonial ambitions or adventures that clash with us. On none of the great oceans do the two countries come into serious contact. In war they could only clumsily injure each other. The few and weak German colonies would be useless to us; our self-governing dominions could never be ruled by her. Neither Power, we believe, could have a chance of success in invading the other, and it is mere hysteria to think that the weaker Naval Power would try a landing in face of the stronger. And there are as yet no conscious aims of exterior policy that are in conflict. We take it as a new sign of the perversity of the cultivated man when an old resident in England, a student of our affairs, like Professor Schulze-Gaervernitz, so distorts the conceptions of anti-Imperialists like Bright and Cobden as to imagine that they aimed, through their commercial policy, at world-dominion for Great Britain. Even our anti-Germans are possessed, not by the notion of the destruction of German power, but by fear that she means to overbuild our Navy and to lay us open to invasion. This point is undoubtedly serious, and for that reason we rejoice to read the articles in the "Tag" and the "Frankfurter Zeitung," which disclaim naval rivalry, and favor the reduction of the German battleship programme. If such a reduction can be secured, all, we are convinced, will be well. It is, we think, fair to apply to Germany the words which Cobden used to France in a situation in which she and England were steadily building against each other. "France," said Cobden, in 1861, "has no necessity for and no legitimate pretensions to, an equality with us at sea; nor is there in her history any precedent for such a policy." Germany, in the same way, cannot pretend to such an equality. She has nothing like our merchant shipping or our colonial possessions, our army is negligible as compared with hers, and we have only sea communication with the rest of the world as against her vast land frontiers. Therefore she can surely be content with a relationship of at the most two to three battleships in the new types, and if she insists on building more, she necessarily exposes herself to the question. Why and against whom are you building? And if she is open to reductions, we are certainly willing to make them on some such basis as three to two.

This would be a great advance, moral as well as material, for then we should have decisive evidence of German good faith, and a weapon of power against our own Jingoes. But we cannot rest content with mere preachments to Germany; we have our own case to consider. Our expenditure on force is still on a war basis. It has risen from thirty millions twenty years ago, and forty millions ten years ago, to fifty-six millions, exclusive of India, to-day. The Liberal Party must set its face like a flint against an addition to these figures, and, if necessary, carry its will into the division lobbies against estimates that exceed them. We may admit the primacy of the Navy's claims. Very well; let the two services decide their respective claims with each other. All that the party has to do in a time of profound peace is to decide on the aggregate. If the Admiralty asserts the costliness of the new types, and the necessity of persevering with them on account of their extreme power and value, and of the fact that naval battles will in future be contests between "Dreadnoughts," we may fairly ask that men, and coal, and repairs shall not be wasted on ships that have become obsolete or useless. The expenditure on *personnel* and repairs is most extravagant, and quite out of proportion to that of other navies, and if concentration on a few monster vessels is the new word in naval warfare, the "scrapping" of their predecessors is clearly called for. On this ground we urge the party to take a firm stand, and be prepared to meet all the consequences of its action, voting obstinately and fearlessly against increases. It need not be afraid of undue haste. Economy will be forced on Germany before it is seriously practised here. And Liberals

should remember that in insisting on regarding the present estimates as a maximum, they are abandoning the old hopes of economy. There ought to be reductions in both services. There must be no increase in the total charges for both.

We hope, therefore, that before the progressive party loses power, it will have reversed the militarist tendencies of its two predecessors, and put war expenditure in something like its proper relationship to the civil services. If, in addition, we can stamp on the popular imagination a true conception of international dealings, and can blow into the air the idea that the rise of a great industrial nation on the farther shores of the North Sea is a menace to our prosperity, instead of its complement and guarantee, we shall have added something to the moral stock-in-trade of our nation. And we shall at the same time draw the teeth of German Jingoism, and of the selfish Bismarckian materialism which lives upon it. We "pacifists" may have all the faults in the world; but, after all, we are less expensive to our Admiralty than Mr. Maxse and his friends. The cost of their articles and speeches may be summed up accurately in the columns of the last two German naval programmes, and their reduction is in the main a question of the power of rationality and good feeling against such weapons. When, therefore, we have exercised all possible pressure on our own Government, when we have called on every form of serious opinion in England to discountenance an approach to war, we can, with a good conscience, appeal to our friends in Germany to do the like. The preservation of peace is, after all, a matter of the will of the German and British peoples: and when that is clearly and powerfully affirmed, and all provocative material removed, statesmen, be they never so perverse, must find means of expressing it.

THE POOR LAW AND THE FAMILY.

The next twelve months promise to be of critical importance in the history of social reform. By the adoption of a non-contributory system of old age pensions, the Government have initiated an entirely new departure in the attitude of the State towards the problems of poverty. To complete the first stage of their work will tax the resources of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the next Budget. But already a number of questions loom behind. The moment provision is made for the old by fixing a limit such as seventy years at which pensions are to begin, it becomes apparent that the problem of old age does not stand by itself. Some are old at sixty-five, some unfortunately at sixty or earlier. Sickness merging into permanent invalidity leaves a large class of workers incapable of providing for themselves for a greater or less number of years before the pension age arrives. Meanwhile, the fluctuations of trade visit the strong and the weak, the healthy and the invalid, the young and the elderly alike, and though no doubt the younger, stronger, and more capable are, as a rule, the last to be thrown out and the first to find work again, yet the weeks of "play" which intermittent unemployment involves cause a strain which is felt more severely in proportion to the number of mouths to be filled.

Now in the matter of sickness and of unemployment, as in the matter of old age, we are dealing with causes of poverty which are in the main beyond the control of the individual workman. True, if he were paid at the rate of a professional man's salary, he might insure against them adequately by private or by collective saving. True that, as it is, the skilled workman out of his moderate wages makes a gallant effort to meet the need. But the whole principle underlying the policy of old age pensions is that, upon the whole, the actual income which under our competitive system falls to the bulk of the wage-earning class is insufficient by itself to supply all that is required. It does not leave a sufficient margin over the immediate cost of household expenditure. Yet it is imperative, in the interests not merely of individual sufferers but of the healthy life of the community, that provision should be made against those causes of distress which tend to depress the poor below the level of ordinary civilised subsistence, and to turn them from efficient workers into unemployable paupers. The prime effort of the Government, we take it, will be to cut at these causes of poverty. The cost of the provision for sickness and invalidity cannot indeed be borne wholly by the State alone. The individual will have to co-operate, voluntary agencies will co-operate. But the State, having laid the foundation of the whole structure in its free gift to the aged, will lend its aid as well. We may look forward to a time when the entire wage-earning population will be rendered reasonably secure by a system of insurance against at least so much of acute poverty as arises from sickness and the advance of age.

Causes of poverty such as these naturally separate themselves out from those moral causes—idleness, drunkenness, incapacity in a multitude of forms—which constitute the essence of pauperism. In this sense any true solution of the problem of Poor Law administration must proceed by "breaking up" the question into its component parts. We quite agree, therefore, with the articles recently published in the "Times," and purporting to express the views of "many, if not most," of the Poor Law Commission, that the beginning of wisdom in this matter is to see that the problem is not single but complex. But it is still more important to recognise where the main dividing lines fall. In our view the fundamental division is by causes. There are economic causes of poverty which the State should, as far as its resources allow, obviate by providing, or helping the individual to provide, against the distress which they occasion. There are moral causes of poverty which are to be corrected, as far as possible, by a deterrent and punitive treatment. Along these lines we can conceive the creation, by successive stages, of a wholly new system of social legislation—old age pensions being the first step, and insurance against sickness and invalidity the second. The classification adopted in the "Times" rests on quite different ideas. It distinguishes the case of the child, the sick, the aged, and, finally, the able-bodied, and it hands over each to its appropriate authority. The child is to be taken, rightly we think, from the pauper school and catered for by the education authority; the sick is to be dealt with by the sanitary authority or the Health Committee; the able-bodied by a special body created for the

purpose in place of the Guardians. These, as being an elective body, are to be dispossessed. Nor are they to be replaced by a committee of the town or county council. The Commissioners whom the "Times" represents have apparently no belief in the elected representatives, nor have they any liking for the variations and experiments of localities. All is to be uniform, up to date, expert, and official.

But as to the "breaking-up" of the problem we naturally ask, since the family is one and the sufferers from a single economic disaster are many, how unity of treatment is to be secured. If the father of the family falls ill and thereby drops into the pigeon-hole of the health committee, what of his wife and children? Are they to be maintained while he is ill, and is he to be made to pay for his treatment, and if so, who is to decide whether he is able to pay or no? Questions such as these suggest, after all, a single authority as the keystone of the arch, and, indeed, we find in the end that the problem is not so much broken up as we supposed. The place of the Board of Guardians is to be taken by a kind of court and a judge, at least a judicial officer. Before him, it appears, the applicant has to come in the first instance. He hears his case and decides on it. He may order out-relief to the family, or he may break it up, sending the father to a penitentiary workhouse, the children to a residential school, and the mother wherever he thinks proper. The ratepayers may appeal against his decision, but the family itself may not. All it can do is to reject the relief altogether, and even this may be forbidden if it is deemed by one or other of the authorities interested to be making itself a nuisance.

We are not quite sure that we fully understand the scheme. The articles explaining it are compressed, and, in places, obscure. We doubt whether the Commissioners interested have been wise in adopting this manner of familiarising the public in advance with proposals the objections to which occur readily while the supporting arguments are not set forth with any fullness. In point of fact, the advantages for which the Commissioners look are not very clear. Undoubtedly, for example, it would be an excellent thing to force all pauper children from pauper associations. In considerable measure this is already being done. Can it be carried further without the breaking up of families, and is this intended or not? We are not denying that there may be cases in which it would be better that the family should be broken up. We are only arguing that if this is the price to be paid, we ought to know beforehand what it is. It does, in fact, suggest itself at times, as we read the articles, that what is called the breaking-up of the poor law problem means in reality a breaking-up of the family, and this is a solution which, for our part, we would sacrifice much to avoid. To us it is not made less repugnant by its dependence on the irresponsible judgment of an expert. We have not that glorious confidence in the trained official which for some enthusiasts is the key to all social reform. We do not think that the poor would come readily before a court armed with arbitrary powers over the destiny of an entire family. We think that all that are most self-respecting among them would strain every nerve and encountering every suffering to escape the meshes of the new machine, even more painfully and at greater cost of health and of child-life than now. Nor do we think that the ratepayers would readily acquiesce in the dispositions of an irresponsible authority for which they would have to find the money. In a word, we do not think the abolition of local self-government and the distribution of its functions among paid officials the solution of the social problem. We await further explanation before we condemn this or any other scheme, but we must hope that something rather more human and less mechanical will be the final outcome of the Commission.

THE EASTERN '48.

The Mohammedan world has never presented a more interesting spectacle than it does at this moment, and to men of a liberal mind its awakening is not the less sympathetic because it is so largely a protest against European exploitation. For it is something much larger than a national and revolutionary movement which is transforming Turkey. The revolt of the Young Turks repeats, with an immeasurably greater degree of competence and courage, the uprising which won for Persia a frail constitution, and it sprang from the same roots. In both cases a people has emancipated itself from a native despotism, but in both cases the motive which brought at the eleventh hour a novel and desperate determination, was a sense that the despot was playing the game of the encroaching foreigner. The Persians feared that the Shah would sell them to Russia, and prepare, partly by conscious treason, but more by sheer incompetence and national bankruptcy, a period of European tutelage, if not of direct conquest or occupation. The Turks realised as clearly—and their perceptions were sharpened by the Anglo-Russian understanding—that the anarchy in Macedonia which the Sultan would not cure by statesmanship must have ended before long in the total loss of their European possessions.

There is nothing new in this dread of the hostile but powerful foreigner; what is new is the sense that his real ally was the native tyrant and all the underworld of the Palace and the secret police. Hitherto the reaction against foreign pressure had been inspired only by a blind and instinctive hatred, a mood of panic which was rather inaccurately ascribed to fanaticism. The Moors would murder a European "missionary of civilisation" because they dreaded his telegraphs, his steel rails, and even his medicines, as so many instruments of "pacific penetration." Only four years ago a European walking through the streets of an Albanian town might watch the tribesmen silently spitting on the ground as his shadow fell upon them. The Armenian massacres were in the main an attempt to exterminate a race which seemed to be serving as the agent and pretext for European encroachments. But all the while, among the more reflective Moslem peoples, a more fruitful process of thought was going on, which took the form of a very critical self-examination. One symptom of this salutary tendency was the great success which attended a movement inaugurated last year throughout the East by an influential Russian Mohammedan, Ismail Bey Gas-

prinsky, a Liberal journalist, who edits a newspaper which circulates largely among all the Turkish-speaking peoples. His idea was to found a periodical Pan-Islamic Congress, whose duty it should be to examine the causes of the decadence of the Moslem world. The thoughts of scholarly men turned instinctively to the golden period of the history of Islam, when the Arabs were the most cultured and the most progressive race of the Mediterranean basin. Pious thinkers with some tincture of a modern education fell to examining the Koran and the traditions, and they found there some basis for a democratic doctrine, precisely as the Whig historians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries found in the medieval law of England sanctions and precedents for their constitutional teaching. Other minds in Turkey, in Egypt, or in Russia, were busy with the problem of education or with the position of women. The practical men who have made revolutions have reaped what these thinkers had sown. There has been no sudden conversion, but rather a rapid resolve to act upon the conclusions formed during a long and unhappy period of self-criticism. The old ignorant rage against Europe has turned inwards, and instead of the former attitude of a fierce but uncomprehending resistance to an invading civilisation, there is now a proud determination to renew the old glories of Islam by returning to a lost tradition of culture, liberty, and justice.

It is even yet too soon to form a very confident judgment on the prospects of this movement. Hitherto its course has been almost as smooth as its triumph is complete, and it has surprised the most hostile judges into a sudden generosity. The tolerance, the good sense, the mingled firmness and moderation of its leaders are beyond all praise, and their hold upon the people appears to be absolute. In two vital respects it has the advantage of the less fortunate Russian revolution. The Russian people was able to apply pressure to its rulers only in the spasmodic form of a general strike. Formidable while it lasted, it could not be renewed. The Young Turks, on the other hand, have behind them a standing army, to which they can at any moment appeal. In the second place, the Turkish is a purely political revolution, untroubled as yet by the ideas of a class war, and free from the burden of a social programme which might menace the interests of the governing class. The Russian reformers had to espouse a programme of drastic agrarian reform in order to carry the mass of the peasantry with them; having won the peasantry, they presently found that they had alienated the gentry, and, as a consequence, the officers of the army, who remain loyal to the throne because they are tenacious of their lands. There seems to be in Turkey no risk for many a long year to come of a class war, or of a powerful reaction among the Turks themselves. The real danger, and it is sufficiently serious, will arrive when the Young Turks grapple with the claims of the alien races within the Empire—Albanians, Bulgarians, and Arabs. If, in their desire to build up a strong and united Empire, they reject the idea of federalism and decentralisation, they may have once more to face the task of repressing local rebellions. If, on the other hand, they trust the non-Turkish races so far, for example, as to grant Home Rule to Macedonia, they may find that centuries of oppression do not make a soil in which an idea of loyalty and an artificial Ottoman patriotism can suddenly take root. A Bulgarian province in Macedonia might very well attempt to imitate the precedent set by Eastern Roumelia.

Nothing has been more striking in the recent history of constitutional movements than the amazingly rapid interaction of popular forces across frontiers. The October constitution in Russia was followed at once by a workmen's demonstration in Vienna, which gave universal suffrage to Austria. Through the Caucasus the impulse penetrated to Persia, and set in motion forces there which prove to be much more robust than official cynics had supposed. The Shah's *coup d'état* brought him only a temporary success, and, if he is still supreme among his Cossacks in Teheran, in the much more populous and important centre of Tabriz it is the revolution which triumphs. The Persian movement had an echo, even before the Macedonian rising, in a long series of unorganised revolts in the Turkish provinces which border Persia. Once more the impulse has recrossed the frontier, for it was the proclamation of a constitution in Turkey which put heart into the anti-royalists at Tabriz. It would not be surprising if Russia, which gave the first signal for all these revolutions, were, in her turn, to feel the backwash of the wave which she set in motion. The sense of solidarity and emulation among peoples, which played so great in the events of 1848, is once more astir, and it is keenest of all in the East.

Hitherto we have been disinterested, if sympathetic, spectators of the re-birth of two peoples that seemed to have no future. But we shall be poor students of history if we fail to foresee, shortsighted statesmen if we neglect to forestall, the influence of these events upon Egypt and India. If the Turks can achieve even a partial success, it must go far to break the spell which has led the East to acquiesce in despotism. If they, Mohammedans and Orientals, children of a stock which ranks in the East as the least progressive and the least intellectual, can acclimatise liberty and adapt a Parliament, the Indians, inheritors of an older culture and their superiors in modern learning, will certainly claim the right to make in their turn a similar experiment. For if India has the same problem of many races and vernaculars, she has now, what Turkey hardly yet possesses, a common language and a common culture. To Egypt the application of the object-lesson is even more direct. The Egyptians are still nominally Turkish subjects. Save that their character is less sturdy—an inferiority which they will not admit—they are in every other respect in a better position to use the liberty which the Turks have won. If they should claim in their turn a constitution, can we be less liberal than Abdul Hamid? Can we declare that the only portion of the old Turkish Empire which shall not enjoy self-government is the portion where England has been engaged for a generation in a work of education? The Young Turks have set a standard by which all our concessions will be tried; in the end they may force the pace of our too leisurely programmes of emancipation. While the independent kingdoms of the East were corrupt and unprogressive, our paternal despotisms enjoyed the advantage in a comparison. The time may not be far distant when that advantage will be obsolete.

A CRISIS IN COFFEE.

Children connect Brazil with nuts, motorists connect it with rubber, and investors (of whom there are many in this country, holding Brazilian railway stock or Government bonds) know that such prosperity and credit as the vast and rather unwieldy Republic possesses is based upon coffee. The investor does not always take a very intelligent interest in the country where he has placed his savings; but he may be pardoned if he is a little puzzled and embarrassed when he learns from the financial columns of his newspaper that there is something wrong in Brazil. He reads about a coffee valorisation scheme that is not working as it should, and of Brazilian battleships which are on sale before they have been delivered to the purchaser. He sees a telegram from Rio stating that the town proposes to borrow fourteen millions sterling, and that the State of Sao Paulo requires fifteen millions sterling. In his City article he finds that Brazilian issues are lower, and that the decline is accounted for by vague references to the coffee valorisation scheme, or to the extravagance and corruption of the Brazilian Government. Certainly he ought to have the situation cleared up for him; and perhaps others, who have no special interest at all, may be glad to know something about the crisis—for that is hardly too strong a term—in Brazilian politics and finance.

This vast republic, consisting of twenty loosely federated States, has an area considerably larger than that of the United States; it measures 2,600 miles from north to south, and 2,500 miles from west to east. The present constitution has lasted nearly twenty years, for it was in 1889 that a revolution drove Dom Pedro from the throne. The difficulties of such a territory are enormous. In some of the tropical parts negroes predominate, and there is one large town where, reversing the rule of Johannesburg society, white men are not allowed to walk on the pavement. Out of a total population of fourteen or fifteen millions, some six or seven per cent. are wild Indians. Among those citizens who are white or whitish the Portuguese are, of course, the most numerous, and Portuguese is the official language. But the commercial and agricultural development of the country is mainly in German and British hands. The important southern province of Rio Grande is largely colonised by Germans, who have been settled there for generations. They are said to be almost independent of the central government, to which they refuse to pay direct taxes. Probably the existence of this large colony, together with the very important and growing trade between Brazil and Germany, accounts for the rumors so frequent in the City that the Kaiser is waiting for a favorable opportunity of intervening. This, according to some authorities, is the real explanation of Germany's naval programme, and well-informed people with connections in Rio assert that the naval preparations of Brazil (the three battleships and four cruisers now being built for the Brazilian Government in England) are intended not for an attack on Argentina but for a defence against Germany.

So much for the political side; but the crisis now impending is primarily commercial and financial. Fifty years ago, when Brazil was still a great slave State, sugar was by far its most important product. Sugar is still largely grown in Pernambuco, but it has been far outstripped by other products—coffee, rubber, tobacco, Paraguay tea, cotton, cocoa, and hides. The total exports from Brazil in 1905 were valued at over £44,000,000 or 396,000,000 gold milreis, and of this total 190,000,000 milreis, nearly half, were accounted for by an export of about eleven million bags of coffee. Rubber exports were valued at 128,000,000 milreis, so that these two articles together contribute more than three-fourths of the total exports from Brazil. A depression in both these industries is, therefore, almost fatal to Brazil's prosperity. Its most important province, Sao Paulo, is entirely devoted to coffee plantations; and coffee is also the leading industry in Rio de Janeiro and Minas. Para in the north is, of course, the rubber State. Rio Grande in the cool south is almost the only important part of Brazil which is unaffected by coffee and rubber, and there, as we have explained, the people are almost independent of the capital. The rubber crisis of last year is ascribed partly to excessive production, partly to the sudden slump in the motor trade which followed on the American crisis. This will, no doubt, right itself in natural course; and the same, no doubt, would have held good for coffee if Nature had not been interfered with. The play of demand and supply determines prices and production. If production is too large in one year prices will fall and some of the surplus energy will then be diverted to more profitable pursuits, so that ultimately production will diminish and prices recover. But the coffee-growers of Sao Paulo were unwilling to put their trust in Nature. They could not understand why the price of coffee should be from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. lower than it was thirty or forty years ago; and after a long agitation for Government assistance they succeeded in persuading the State of Sao Paulo to embark upon the famous or infamous valorisation scheme. In September, 1906, an International Syndicate of Merchants and Bankers in New York, London, Havre, and Hamburg lent £3,000,000 to the State of Sao Paulo and received 2,000,000 bags of coffee as security, with interest at 6 per cent. and 2 per cent. commission.

It was easier to begin than to stop and it is calculated that the Government of Sao Paulo has already spent out of taxes and loans at least £15,000,000 in the purchase of coffee, which has been stored and warehoused in New York and at various places on the Continent. At least eight or nine million bags of coffee are now stored and held in this way, and the charge for interest and warehousing is already extremely burdensome for the unfortunate taxpayers of Sao Paulo. The Bank of France refused some months ago to lend any more money on coffee warrants, and this action has thrown the whole scheme out of gear. The banks and financial houses want their money back, and a desperate attempt is to be made to unload this huge debt upon the investing public. The existence of an enormous stock of coffee, which cannot be sold at anything like current prices, is a terror to the whole coffee trade, over which it hangs like the sword of Damocles. Unfortunately for the holders of the coffee the new crop is a very large one, and will be more than sufficient to supply the world's demands. What precisely will happen it is impossible to say. If coffee valorisation ceases there may be a revolution in Sao Paulo; if it continues much longer there is a practical certainty that the State will become bankrupt.

Life and Letters.

THE MIND OF THE SUBURB.

Why does the picture of suburban life, presented by however kindly a critic, leave the reader at the end with a sense of dissatisfaction? That is the query, excited not only by works written in revolt, such as those of Mr. Wells or George Gissing, but also by the writing of Mr. Keble Howard in his "Smiths of Surbiton," or Mr. Shan Bullock in his latest novel, "A Laughing Matter" (Werner Laurie). Both of these are drawing a sympathetic picture, revealing a community of kind-hearted, aspiring persons, of comparatively simple tastes, with much enjoyment of life and its varying incidents. The infinite boredom of the horrible women of "The Year of Jubilee"—with its vision of Camberwell villadom as idle and desolate as Flaubert's vision of French provincial *bourgeois* life in "Madame Bovary"—has given place to a scene of busy activity—with interest in cricket results, "book talk," love-making, croquet and tennis parties for young men and women. And yet at the end, and with the best will in the world, one closes the narrative with a feeling of desolation; a revolt against a life which, with all its energies and satisfactions, has somehow lost from it a zest and sparkle and inner glow of inspiration which alone would seem to give human life significance. Civilise the poor, one complains, expand their tiny rubbish yards into green gardens, introduce bow windows before and verandahs behind; remove them from the actual experience of privation, convert all Eng-

land into a garden suburban city—something, nevertheless, is wanting.

It is not the simplicity of suburban life which is at fault. Simplicity in writing, or in character, is as difficult of attainment as it is worth the attaining; and in so far as simplicity here exists—character cut on elemental lines, or occupied with elemental things—it provides an antidote to those complexities and cynicisms of other classes, which never can lay the foundations of a durable society. No one, except the vulgar, despises a Middle Class existence because it has substituted a high tea for an elaborate dinner, because it uses speech to reveal rather than to conceal thought, or because it refuses to torture itself with analyses and emotions which are the products of minds divorced from the ancient sanities of existence. The suburbans, like Walt Whitman's animals, "Do not fret and whine about their condition"—or their own souls; they would be none the more admirable if they did. Nor, again, is that narrow separation from poverty and the abyss a cause of any legitimate contempt, which makes for so many of them in their tiny two-storied villas the business of life an enterprise so hazardous and insecure. Rather is the observer conscious, where this struggle exists, that there has entered into the atmosphere the breath of salt wind, bracing if austere, which can provide a more heroic sustenance than the atmosphere where such tests and challenges are denied. One may compare, for example, Mr. Bullock's latest story of suburban life in some affluence with his previous volume, in which he traces the attempt of a "twopenny clerk" to provide for the needs of a family on an exiguous and precarious income. There was humor in the struggles of Robert Thorne, as of all similar millions of Robert Thornes, in his attempt to maintain his hardly-won standard of decencies and modest comfort—in the little boxes for the division of income, labelled "Necessities," "Outings," "Savings"—the first so rarely permitting any overflow into the second and third; in his revolt against the shabby clothes and difficulties created by unexpected illness, and the necessities of a clerk, who was also a man, wheeling the perambulator on Peckham Rye, or scrubbing the front door steps furtively after nightfall. But the humor was of the ancient, not the modern, significance; a humor not without tears in it, with admiration also at the courage and determination which could yet be content, and under such circumstances, with "the glory of going on and still to be." For here was the sense of battles, and battle, whether against deliberate foes, against the inimical forces of Nature, or the indifference of the crowd to the individual survival, is always stimulating and bracing.

But in "A Laughing Matter" this element is removed. The principal characters are in positions of comfort, if not of affluence: the houses are secure stuccoed or pseudo-Georgian edifices; and the breadwinners occupy positions of established security in the commercial or financial houses of the City. And it is when this position is attained—the goal of longing for all the thousands who see an earthly Paradise in such a desirable haven—that the atmosphere becomes suddenly stifling and difficult. It may be that such a condition is in itself unsuitable for mankind in the life of so uncertain and transitory a world: that existence which is occupied with sedentary labor in an artificially constructed aggregation of human beings herded in the same narrow grooves, is an existence of necessity carrying with it the seeds of futility and decay. Certainly the two chief accusations against the product of such an existence would be of an imperfect standard of value about the things which exist, and of a lack of demand for the existence of things at present unrealised. It is a wrong estimate of the significance—of rank, of birth, of wealth, of various material accumulations—which produce the more desolating ingredients of suburban life. Listen to the conversation in the second-class carriages of a suburban railway train or examine the literature and journalism specially constructed for the suburban mind: you will find endless chatter about the King, the Court, and the doings of a designated "Society"; personal paragraphs, descriptions of clothes, smile, or manner, a vision of life in which the heroic and trivial things are alike exhibited, but in which there is no adequate test or judgment which are the trivial, which the heroic. Liberated from the devils of poverty, the soul is still empty, swept and garnished; waiting for other occupants. This is the explanation of the so-called "snobbery" of the suburbs; there is curiosity, but curiosity about lesser occupations; energies—for the suburbs in their healthy human life, the swarms of happy, physically efficient children, are a storehouse of the nation's energy—but energies which fritter and scatter and degrade themselves in random activities—"random and meaningless sociabilities" which neither hearten, stimulate, nor inspire. So into a feud with a neighbour over a disputed garden fence, or a bustling and breezy church or chapel's mundane entertainment, or a criticism of manners and fashion, dress and deportment, will be thrown force and determination which might have been directed to effort of permanent worth in advance along the great ways of the world.

Beyond these incorrect standards of value there is the absence of vision. Suburban life has little conception of social services, no tradition of disinterested public duty, but a limited outlook beyond a narrowed and personal ambition. Religion—were that everywhere vital and compelling—would provide in part this vista of larger horizons; and when and where religion existed—even in its rigid conception of heaven and hell and a strait way of salvation—it offered some universes for contemplation beyond the orderly suburban road and the well-trimmed suburban garden. It is to be feared, however, that in the prevailing cloudiness about ultimate things which is developing in the modern world, religion has been tending more and more to resolve itself into social institutions, pleasant Sunday afternoons, or mild exercise of the less adventurous forces of suburban philanthropy. What remains? A public spirit in local affairs which is deplorably low, which sets a minute percentage of voters in Council or Guardian Elections, and accompanies a perpetual contempt for present municipal mismanagement with the resolute refusal of the personal effort required to make that management clean and efficient. An outlook upon Imperial affairs which is less a conception of politics than the acceptance of a social tradition: which leaves suburban seats securely Conservative not because the Conservative creed is there definitely embraced, but because Conservatism is supposed to be the party favored by Court, society, and the wealthy and fashionable classes. And too often this essential ignorance is supplemented by an arrogance which refuses advice and despises opposition. The result is a not too reputable product of modern civilisation: that dense and complacent "Imperial citizen" who despises the foreigner, and could set right or improve upon generals in the field or admirals on the ocean, and is satisfied with its universe and its limitations because it has resolutely closed all doors and windows through which there might appear the challenge of larger, other worlds. This is the suburban figure—with custom dominant, accepted and inherited students of judgment, contempt for the classes below it, envy of the classes above, and no desire for the adventure of romance amongst visible things or in the kingdoms of the soul. Against this type of honest man have warred the anarchists, the artists, the advocates of new moralities, the opponents of the accepted way. In revolt against the dominion of so questionable a type, we are perhaps inclined to forget the mitigating features: the good nature and ready generosity, the cleanliness of life, the still unbroken family tradition; all animated by that resolution, not so much deliberate as unconscious, to "make the best of it."

CAREFUL JOY.

Nothing can be done more than once, or, as Aristotle said more briefly, "Twice is impossible." No artist can repeat his triumph, no don can give the same lecture a second time, though he sometimes tries, and a novelist who "works his vein" through twenty volumes has written only one book in the end. That bar of impossi-

bility is the spirit's preservative against imitations. When the thing has been made, the thriftless, but artistic, spirit of man breaks the mould and puts no replica on the market. Neither author nor disciple can reproduce the quality of excellence. "I only wrote my love poems once," said Goethe, and of all the laborious imitations of "Faust," who wants to hear another word, whether in the study or at His Majesty's?

The admirer's imitation is an unwelcome tribute; it is a gift horse that may be looked in the mouth, a wedding present that must be hid. To the admiring disciple it is so natural to speak like the master; it would be so easy, if it were not impossible; and we ourselves should admire it as evidence of affectionate humility, if only it were silent. That is what we feel, for instance, in the disciples and imitators of Walt Whitman. Some weeks ago we spoke of Edward Carpenter, the complete Anarchist, one of the guide-posts of modern thought, and master of a prose as lucid and helpful as a guide-post's so long as he is not trying to write like Walt Whitman's poetry. And now here is Mr. Henry Bryan Binns with his little book, finely entitled, "The Great Companions" (Fifield, 2s.). Whether he would call himself a disciple of Edward Carpenter, or a comrade, we do not know. But he imitates their common master with an enthusiasm that would be admirable if it did not imitate. He says:—

> "I heard the wind blow out of the West, singing the song of Democracy, crying to men over-sea the challenge of Man."

Among the Great Companions he includes Pioneers. We knew he would.

Of all writers, Whitman is the most dangerous to imitate, and, more than others, he burlesqued his own greatness. By his attempt to shake off the fetters of rule he once or twice reached a kind of excellence that can never be reached again, because it is too easy. It was the same with Ossian, who, in his day, also had imitators. Johnson's familiar criticism of Ossian applies: "Sir," he said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it." So a man might write Whitman for ever, but it does not follow that what he wrote would be read for ever.

It is queer to think how gladly we might have welcomed Mr. Binns if Whitman had not written. To be sure, in that case Mr. Binns would not have written either, or would have written in quite a different formlessness, but he has the stuff of a writer. If the authoress of the Odyssey was a feminine Homer, Mr. Binns is a kind of feminine Whitman. He is not so large and boisterous, not so rough and exuberant, but more delicate, more perceptive. Sometimes his sayings are fine and courageous. "Beware," he says, "how you ensure yourself and those you love against life and its perils." And again:—

> "They said, 'Beware lest you commit some crime or other.'
> "But I heard the sunshine saying: 'O ye of little faith! Beware how you refuse the chances of life in your fond worship of the devil ye call prudence!'"

We do not know why it is that people when they want to speak like Solomon or Isaiah always say "ye" instead of "you," or mix the two words up, but the advice is good. It is like the finest of Nietzsche's sayings, "Live dangerously." For the most part, however, the distinction of Mr. Binns is a certain delicacy of perception, and, to our mind, his highest attainment is the description of an English cricket match in time of revolution:—

> "Yesterday, indeed, good humour and politeness and the playing of the game seemed excellent things: but to-day, the great words are being spoken, to be a man, a woman, is what they demand. . . .
> "Let them play on! but the day is come, and with it work to be done that our hands ache for: to-day at last, we shall spend our blood!
> "For the red flag is flying, the pass-words are chosen, the revolution has commenced: but, since it is no game of battles, the gentlemen-warriors do not notice it: no, no! this is no game of battles!"

There is a definiteness, a sharp outline, about that such as we enjoy.

But all this panegyric on life and time, all the boisterous optimism with which Whitman sought to flood the world, may seem a little forced and weary, when his disciples keep working at the pumps. Certainly, deliberate joy is a trifle better than the deliberate despair of a century ago; but pleasure prepense is a depressing concern, and if you tell a child how happy it is, it will cry. That is, perhaps, what makes a Kindergarten so dreary in the midst of its theoretic smiles; for happiness cannot be consciously produced, but is a fugitive and cloistered thing, coming, as it were, by accident, or, like a Spartan lover, by stealth. A conscious and purposed delight in nature and existence runs us into affectations that somehow recall the studied simplicity which tricks out a new house with eccentric gables and ingle-nooks and beams that carefully display the mark of the adze. It recalls the non-intoxicating inn that is inscribed "Ye Skittel Hostelrie." It recalls the Balliol young men who carry scythes so elegantly and sometimes pretend to mow or plough in the foregrounds of Fred Walker's pictures. When Mr. Binns tells us, "It is under the sky one rests, lying among the leaves at evening upon the breast of the Earth, drinking in at every pore the peace of Her vast life," it is at the best only a tourist in nature that we see. Certainly, we are reminded of Emerson's sentence, "The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them and quit our life of solemn trifles." But we turn Emerson's page and find, "A dilettantism in nature is barren and unworthy. The fop of fields is no better than his brother of Broadway." After an outburst on the joy of nature it is refreshing to think of a child with spade and bucket when first it sniffs the stinking seaweed from the carriage window, and does not need to ask what happiness is.

"Vous vous écoutez trop, Monsieur," said Napoleon to an apprehensive general, and the warning is as much needed against deliberate happiness as against apprehension, anxiety, or the scruples of conscience. Wordsworth was aware of that danger when he wrote on the contrast between himself and the leech-gatherer, who gained an honest maintenance, roaming from pond to pond, from moor to moor; in a spirit how different from the poet's introspective sorrows and delights! Thoreau, who exposed himself recklessly to the peril, was saved as by laughter. "There is no odour so bad," he said, "as that which arises from goodness tainted"; or, again, "I am no more lonely than the first spider in a new house"; or, again, "As if one were to begin the day with long-suffering, and hire a man to hoe one's potatoes." Laughter is a good salvation. Mr. Binns knows that; the trouble is that he knows it just too well. "Come then," he says:—

> "Come, then, divine destroyer of care, brother of tears and song!
> "Come shake our hearts together in thine irresistible chorus!
> "Come, Holy Laughter!"

But no laughter will come if you call it holy, any more than it comes when the lecturer says, "Now I am going to tell you something really funny," and the audience sits as at a funeral. All this deliberate insistance on the joy and goodness of nature or man drives us into violent contradiction. It is worst of all, perhaps, when the optimist on principle comes to speak of death. Somehow or other, death must be fitted into the scheme all right; "When you are at last alive," says Mr. Binns, "you will accept all with confidence, and Death, too, will be acceptable to you, and Love, which is as Death is." And in another ode he hears his brother, the wind, shouting and singing "Death!" to the woods and him.

> "Out of the unfathomed spaces the unknowable impulsion of your birth, 'Death! death!' exulting, warning, to me, flying into the night you cry this word. . . Blithe answer make the birds among the branches: 'Welcome to Death!' they chirp and sing and quail not."

That thought may be consoling to the sportsman, and, certainly, much humbug has been written about the pain and woe of death. But a falser kind of humbug is written about death's pleasure, and we would rather be the black savage of the forest biting the earth and howling with sorrow for her dead child than chirp "Welcome to death" with the optimist in a plantation. "I know I had not begotten an immortal," said the Greek when he heard of his son's death; and the saying

is fine, but, though not so optimistic as Mr. Binns, it leaves us chilly as a frost. Mankind is slowly learning to sympathise with sorrow, but still has difficulty in sympathising with a stranger's joy, and with indifference to sorrow or with a deliberate and contrived delight it has no sympathy at all. For what is joyful or beautiful or excellent is unconscious of its best.

CAN TROUT BE EDUCATED?

An entertaining problem of natural science arises in a notice, which we publish to-day, of a book on the trout waters of England. The reviewer indicates a belief that there are no such fish as "educated" trout. In doing so he challenges an understanding which is of immemorial vogue. Izaak Walton made no question that trout developed wariness in the process of being frequently angled for, and it would seem that practically all fishermen since his time have been of the same opinion. The assumption is manifest in the literature of the sport. Not all of the many books are before us as we write; but we are certain that nearly every one of them unreservedly accepts the understanding. Perhaps the writers instinctively felt that this was necessary if their chronicles were to be piquant. Is not a belief that the trout is critical essential in the pride which follows the capture of him? That appears to be the case. No sea fisherman exults in the taking of a large haddock; every freshwater fisherman does exult in the taking of a large trout. The two events are looked upon as essentially dissimilar. There is never any specific record of the seaman's catch; at the most it dumbly contributes to market-report statistics which gracelessly deal in tons. The landsman's catch is quite another affair. Besides being chronicled in many journals, it is almost certain to be the theme of a literary essay in one of them. This is because, while the capture of a haddock is a matter of course, the capture of a trout is an achievement in art. It is thought that, while the cod is so untutored that a child or a machine could take him, the trout is so well versed in the wiles of man that his downfall is the triumph of one intellect over another.

That this is so becomes evident on perusal of the angling pages in any number of "The Field." Week by week in that excellent journal you will find at least one grave gentleman, obviously well up in placid years, personifying a single trout, or two, or three, throughout the length of an elaborate column. He speaks of the fish courteously, circumspectly, with reserve, just as Sir Edward Grey, when it is absolutely necessary to speak at all, bears himself towards the Chancellor of the Emperor William or that dread being the Sultan. It is the narrative of a match of wits. That is it. Man has wits, and the trout had wits; and the man outwitted the trout. That is the subject-matter of the prose poems in "The Field" and elsewhere. Of recent years the writings have been becoming more and more exalted in consequence of a belief that the difficulty of catching trout has become greater and greater.

Now, the Education Question, wherever arising, is always ticklish. It stirs angry passions. When it is mentioned in relation to the children of England the Archbishop of This and the Minister of That fly at each other's wig Education in regard to the trout of England cannot with much assurance be deemed a topic more pacific. After all, it will be said, we do know a little about the human mind; but what can we know about the mind of a fish? Well, that is just what we wish to explain. Even if it were not necessary to back up our reviewer, we should, at this time of the year, be anxious to discourse on the question, over which a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written. What is to be said in refutation of the evidence adduced by our reviewer? If trout are educable, the most highly educated of all the tribes of them should be those of Lochleven, which have been angled for, often by as many as forty-four rods at a time, every day of every season, for over half a century; yet this year it is easier than it ever was to fill a capacious basket. This makes the fundamental assumption of most angling literature look foolish. After great and honest effort, we find ourselves unable to imagine a refutation of our reviewer's argument. If any reader offers one, we will gladly publish it.

Meanwhile the argument strikes us as the pricking of a bubble. If the trout of any water are educated, they must have become so through one of two processes. Either each of them must have gained knowledge of how to recognise a lure by being hooked and escaping, or those which have not had that experience have inherited the knowledge from their parents. Now, it is estimated that the chalk streams of Hampshire, in which county education of the fish is believed to have reached its highest pitch, contain, on the average, 25,000 trout to the mile; and not more than four anglers to the mile cast flies on them daily throughout the season. Thus, in order to educate the Hampshire trout by pricking them, each of the anglers would have to raise and lose forty fish a day, or 6,520 every season. We have only to read "The Field," in which every trout that rises to the most authoritative anglers is mentioned, to realise that of this educational work only a very small fraction is done. The alternative is even more obviously questionable. Artificial flies are not things in the natural environment of trout; knowledge of them by individual trout, therefore, is, with the extra wariness that may ensue, an acquired character; and acquired characters, it is now known, are not transmissible from one generation to another. There is, therefore, no warrant whatever for believing that any stream or lake has a race of educated trout.

How, then, are we to account for the general impression that trout are much more difficult to catch than they used to be? Partly we account for it by being unable to share it fully. It has been seen that sport on Lochleven has improved remarkably. On nearly all the waters of Scotland, and on many of those in England, the same tendency has been manifest within the last two or three years. Then, most of the literature of the subject, journalistic or bound in cloth, has its origin in Hampshire, and that county, though one of the best trout regions in the land, is a prolific source of misapprehension. Being within easy reach of London, it is the haunt of many anglers who write a great deal without fishing much, if at all, elsewhere. These good gentlemen honestly believe, for example, and often say, that the capture of a brace of Hampshire trout is a greater deed than the capture of a score on some wild northern river. They think that the Hampshire trout are particularly quick to detect the imposture of an artificial fly. It might be said that the very opposite of this is the truth. Being much more plentiful on the chalk streams than they are in less luxuriant places, aquatic flies are a larger item in the trouts' fare in Hampshire than they are elsewhere; the Hampshire trout rise at them, and at imitations of them, more freely than trout elsewhere do. The idea that trout fishing in the famous county is a specially high art is a delusion.

This brings us to the other part of our explanation; which is that within recent years the races of trout have been in some important places much intermixed. The general revival of interest in angling has led to the planting of alien trout here and there. The motive was good, and the results are not bad; but the results have not been everywhere what were expected. Full-grown trout of certain races do not feed on flies at all. Of these the brown trout of most Highland lakes are an example. Soon after weighing 1 lb. or so they give up flies and take to bottom-feeding. Such fish do not always change their habits when transferred to lowland waters; and, of course, if flies only are allowed on these waters, as is usually the case, the trout are often a disappointment. A more striking fact is that Lochleven trout, which of all immigrants are the most sought-for everywhere, are not invariably successful in exile. In their native lake, which all over is so shallow that aquatic insects abound in and on every part of it, they take flies very well; but elsewhere, perhaps because the insects are different, they cease to be what the fishculture men call "free risers," and even lose their sheen. Similarly, rainbow trout, which rise extraordinarily well until they

are about three years old, do not rise at all afterwards. The syndicate in charge of Lochleven, which is the conspicuous triumph in the management of trout-waters, have been shrewd enough to have no aliens there. They "stock" year by year; but they do so with fish reared from native spawn. Wherever sport has really fallen off it will, as a rule, be found that the water has as many alien as it has indigenous trout. That, and not "education," explains the lighter baskets.

Present-Day Problems.

THE HARMSWORTH BRAND.—VI.

The special characteristic of evil being its infectious quality, it is natural to discover that the Harmsworth influence has reacted on the popular Press of to-day. Against the will and purpose of their directors, the rivals of Harmsworth are driven to cheapness of thought, lightness of tone, a jarring brevity and "snappiness" of treatment and expression, and to a thousand quick changes from one subject to another. The Harmsworth success, while it is partly due to a certain cleverness in whipping up the surface of things and presenting them as a pleasant daily confection, keeps the standard down. So you have more and more personal gossip, more photographic illustrations, more sensational stories, less continuous reflection in politics, less able and authoritative foreign correspondence. But there are some things, or rather some things in combination, which the Harmsworth Press possesses as a patent of its own. This is its avoidance of all the points which distinguish a paper with steady opinions and tendencies of its own from a journal that is a mere recorder of the empty clatter of man's life. What are the "views" of the Harmsworth journal? It has no views and all views. It can be Liberal and Conservative. The "Mail" can denounce the "stomach tax" in one issue, and applaud Protection in another; can oppose Chinese labor and support Chinese labor; can threaten to "roll France in blood and mud," and throw up its cap for the *entente cordiale;* can talk of English respect for the German character and desire for German friendship, and devote issue after issue to anti-German fiction and suggestion.

The explanation of this unceasing instability is the purely commercial aim of the Harmsworth directorate. They want all men and women, not some men, such as Liberals, or Democrats, or even Tories. And they are wanted as customers—to be kept to the shop, petted, talked to, and lured to come again. The Harmsworth firm take human nature as it is, or as they think it is. In foreign policy, the line is flag-waving, the common appeal to an islander's dislike and ignorance of other people, and distrust of their characters and virtues. For women—the special discovery of the Harmsworth Press, a prolific source of advertisement, and, therefore, a specially valuable class of customers—it is flattery, a clever study of their lighter interests, such as dress, snobbery, gossip, shopping, love, marriage, engagements, the thousand trifles of their home life. For the average man it is the holding up of success as the end of life, so that the Harmsworth papers are filled with articles on "How to Succeed," or "Secrets of Success." For mental food he is given a stream of little, easily remembered facts, which filter through to his fellows, and make matter for gossip in the home, in the train, in the public-house. For the parent, again, it is the pretence of publishing "pure, healthy fiction," with denunciations of smoking and swearing, and ancillary "leagues" and "clubs" for non-smokers and non-swearers, who, while keeping strict guard on their lips, may unhappily be led down the pleasant by-path of gambling and the broad road of interest in crime. It is in this mixed appeal, and undeviating pursuit of profit, that the inevitable moral contradictions of these interesting purveyors come in, so that the Harmsworth paper, making its thousands a year out of the turf, jostles on the bookstalls a sister journal which unctuously contrasts the "horse race" with the "Christian race," while Lord Northcliffe, who makes a handsome living out of guessing games, denounces the professional fortune-teller, and the directors of the "Weekly Dispatch" censure the propriety of a Drury Lane pantomime.

Apply the Harmsworth method to politics and you get the results that might be anticipated. Mr. Morgan Browne, in his onslaught on the "Daily Mail," quotes a supposed saying of the late Lord Salisbury that the paper was written by office boys for office boys. Its neglect of the best kind of directing mind is certainly remarkable in view of its material success, while among its regular workers the only man approaching a genius for journalistic writing that we remember was the late Mr. Steevens. Nevertheless, all its geese are swans, and the other day an average machine-made story in the "Mail" was grotesquely described as a tale which will "take its place among the great works of imaginative fiction for all time." An American critic remarked that Lord Northcliffe had not "the editorial mind." So far, indeed, as any reasoned expression of it is concerned, the Harmsworth paper ignores it. Following the American model, it has reduced the leading article to a few sentences of semi-detached commonplaces. But its ignorance is as remarkable as its slightness and lightness. Take its *volte face* on Chinese labor. In March, 1904, it was announced, in familiar language, that the King would "not disallow" the Importation Ordinance, but that it would not at present be brought into operation. The "Daily Mail" construed this as a refusal to ratify it, and announcing, with awe, that "his Majesty is to be warmly congratulated upon thus interpreting the nation's call," came out in opposition to an experiment that might have "the most deleterious effects on South Africa." But presently it found out its mistake. Then it discovered that the policy which had inspired "general satisfaction in England" spelt "bankruptcy" for South Africa, that the cry of "slavery" was a "worn-out slander," and the "Radical organisers" had "poisoned the minds of the constituencies" in leading them to suppose, in common, it appeared, with the "Daily Mail," that Chinese labor would be abolished. Indeed, so certain was the "Daily Mail" of its retention, that it assured its readers, of its own information, that if "C.-B." came into office "next day" he would continue it. Within the space of a few months the "Daily Mail" informed its friends (1) that Chinese labor would go; (2) that it was "poisonous" to suggest that it would go; (3) that a Liberal Government had determined that it should not go; (4) on the announcement that it was to go that Sir Henry had broken a pledge to retain it.

But in order to measure the character of the "Daily Mail's" treatment of public affairs, it is necessary to revert to a more serious matter, namely, the publication of false news. The Lever case was a proof of the levity of its conduct. In that instance a number of charges advanced day after day, with every circumstance of aggravation, collapsed without the smallest attempt to prove them. Apology and damages by the score of thousands of pounds were then wrung from the promoters as soon as their paper was stripped bare of defence or palliation. No apology, no reparation, was ever offered either to the private sufferers from the story of the bogus massacre at Pekin, or to the Chinese Government, which was consistently maligned throughout that episode. Yet it is hard to see the excuse for it. Shanghai, from which it proceeded, is one of the most doubtful "news centres" in the world. The tale professedly came from Chinese sources, which were never precisely revealed. The messages of Mr. Conger, which were ignored, threw the utmost doubt on the narrative, loose and unverifiable as its incidents were. Yet it was written up day after day. The fusillade of telegrams and sensational articles began in the first week of July, 1900, and on the 16th the paper, glorifying itself as the transmitter of special and specially costly news, published a full account extending over three columns. It never attempted to explain the origin of its obviously unreal and colored sensationalism. But the comment of the "Mail" is worth reproducing even to-day. Its "leader" of July 16th was entitled "Murder Most Foul." It opened as follows:—

> "The most awful crime of the century has been consummated. With the publication of the official despatches which is reported by our correspondent at Shanghai, China stands confessed before the world a murderer among nations. Her hands are dripping with the blood of the diplomatic agents whom it was the Empire's sacred duty to protect, and her dragon's teeth are ensanguined with the lives of the innocent women and children who sought and expected safety under the flags of the friendly nations whose legations ought to have been, but were not, a sanctuary to be protected with all the strength of the ancient Government to whom the Ministers of Europe were accredited. . . ."
>
> "This," continued the "Mail," "happened on the night of the 6th, and so far as the details are concerned, *little can be expected to be added to the material available for the historian beyond the graphic narrative supplied by our special correspondent at Shanghai*, which confirms and supplements the despatch which we received from the same correspondent on Friday last."

The "historian" did indeed need nothing more; but the moralist might add a reflection of his own on the manner in which this falsity was bolstered up for more than three weeks, varied with incitements against the "crafty and ferocious Mongolian" (on another page the theme was "the violation of oaths" by the Boers); with declarations that the "cry for vengeance" on a "fiendish race" "rose unbidden" to the editor's lips; with statements that "Chinese mendacity" (*i.e.*, the denial of the false story of the massacre) and "duplicity" were "bye-words," and that the Viceroys would "dole out lies" even though they knew the "curtain must be speedily lifted"; with the hardy announcement, made on July 30th, a day before the full discovery of the truth, that there was "no scrap of evidence" that the Ministers at Pekin were alive; and finally with the bare recital, in a subordinate headline, that the women and children were safe, and the reproachful comment that the tardy British Minister, long consigned to a bloody grave, had spoken "at last." From the editorial pen, from the chaste author of "Murder Most Foul," not a word of retraction, apology, regret. But something more. On August 3rd, four days after the disclosing message, a further utterance proclaimed that there were "no limits to the impudence of the Chinese," and breathed a complaint that, not content with cutting off the Legations for six weeks, and doling out alternately good and bad news about their safety, the Chinese Government had added to the crime and the attack the "scarcely less grave offence of trifling with the feelings of the civilised world."

Such was the "Daily Mail"; such, as the Lever case showed, it is to-day. We may agree that all daily papers make mistakes, for speed is their mother, half-truth their father. But this kind of error, the slipshod incapacity to measure statements, the brazen attempt to fasten the paper's own faults on the party it had injured, the conscienceless and brainless attitude, constitute a danger to the public safety in a serious confrontation like that of Great Britain and Germany to-day, and of Great Britain and the Boer Republics in 1899. Let it be remembered that it was the "Mail" which informed its readers, within a few weeks of Magersfontein and Colenso, that the modern Boer would never stand up against the British soldier. To-day the peril is more serious. The "Daily Mail" has amply discredited itself; but it is read, and it enjoys the enormous power of self-advertisement which the Harmsworth combination uses unstintedly. Moreover, its mechanical cleverness and adaptability, its eye for the conventional and plausible, still catch the undisciplined intelligence, the timid, gregarious, imitative nature of the townsman, untaught to detect the cry of the hawker of cheap wares in the ring of its catchwords of country and Empire. But we must reserve a final dealing with these aspects of the paper's character for another article.

(To be concluded.)

Holidays.

IN THE GRAMPIANS.

Mile after mile, in sweeping curves, the little line climbs the long defile between monotonous mountain slopes, a rivulet and a road on either side. Three or four times a day a train of dark green cars (the very color fetches you to the August bracken) forges its way gallantly upward; three or four times a day a similar train runs lightly down. The northward train has but recently delivered at various wayside stations its heavy consignments of guns and sportsmen; and now, in exchange for these commodities, the southward train daily convoys huge cases of seasonably slaughtered grouse, which, to judge from the excited demand in the markets, the world south of the Grampians could far less easily spare. Stout palisades, significantly broken here and there, protect the line on either side, as if to remind us of other festive seasons, less profitable to railways, if less sinister to grouse, when the snowdrifts sweep down from the mountain wildernesses above into this gorge as into a natural gutter, and the sportsmen—though not the grouse—have long since returned to their proper habitat. Such is the main gate to the northern Highlands, the lowest and easiest pass across the mountain barrier of Mid-Scotland, the Brenner—or Dunmail Raise—of the Grampians.

Like these other two gateways, the Grampian Pass owes its impressiveness in but a small degree to palpable qualities of scenery. "The hills," says Mr. Baddeley in his well-known Guide, severely, "are remarkable neither for form, coloring, nor elevation." The sensational stimulus of rugged or beetling profiles, of the visible sublimity of towering peak and headlong crag, is rarely communicated. But no one who has walked through this lonely defile—for fifteen miles there is scarcely a house—will easily escape the obsession of a subtler kind of sublimity; the invisible mountain mass and power behind these monotonous slopes insensibly asserts itself, and he feels the presence of the unseen Hercules whose firmly planted, outstretched feet they are. He may even, as the solitude deepens, and the spectral twilight comes down upon the interminable defile, have glimpses of the more eerie mountain presences that made sport of Childe Roland as he rode to the Dark Tower, when

> "The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay
> Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay."

Altogether, the Grampians do their business with us, to speak profanely, more through the agency of the imagination than of the eye. Even when you emerge, at Kingussie, from the long upland ravine, and the Spey from a brawling beck has become a babbling river, the giants still crouch in the background and keep their own counsel—a purple wall, without any very salient peaks or clearly articulated profiles, and entrenched from the curious invader behind ten miles of forest. Charts in the hotels at Aviemore and elsewhere give you the means of disintegrating that purple continuity into little fragments of outline standing for the famous heights whose names we learned at school. This shelving boss is Cairngorm, that shallow dome Ben Mac Dhui, and so on; but the process is dissection, an artificial separation of things normally united, and when the chart is put away, the eye restores the old intimate accord. East and West Scotland stand sharply apart in many things; but in none more strikingly than in the character and demeanour of the great characteristic mountains of the two regions.

How piquant the contrast between this shy, secluded, inhospitable republic of the Grampian giants and that civil and affable sovereign, Ben Nevis! With a fashionable watering-place at his feet, and an observatory on his summit, and an easy winding path all the way between, Ben Nevis, if king of British mountains, is a very constitutional king; he may reign, but it is man and man's convenience that govern; and when you have paid the Government's tax of one shilling per person, or three shillings for a pony, you are free of his domain, and may track it to its loftiest sanctuary in three hours. No such levity of modernism prevails in the Grampians. Fifteen or sixteen miles, some of them arduous, separate any one of the group of neighbour-heights, all over four thousand feet, from the nearest convenient lodging—whether Braemar in the south-east or Aviemore in the north. And while the grandeur of Ben Nevis, towering as it does abruptly from the seashore, is best realised from some distance, the grandeur of the Mac Dhui group can hardly be grasped but by penetrating into their inner-

most recesses. Naturally, these austere conditions have their compensating advantages. Wildernesses of granite boulders, to be traversed gratis, repel unauthorised intruders of every class far more surely than a shilling and an easy road; and the mountain lover will, not improbably, meet nothing more human in these wilds than a storm or a mist. And the approach on either side imposes a certain test of physical endurance. Many tales are told of wanderings late and lone in the forest which covers the gradual northern slopes. Rothiemurchus, it is called, "the plain of the great pinewood"—a name not without something of the witchery which gathers about the haunted forest, Broceliande, of Breton romance. That Rothiemurchus is wholly primeval, completely left to the sway of whatever woodland gods there be, cannot be said; but the invading axe and pick of civilisation have made but short and perfunctory reconnaissances into its depths, and you pass, as in the proverbial city-precincts of the Wild West, within a few miles, if not from boulevard to squirrel-path, yet from a broad carriage-road spanning a fine new iron bridge, through the stages of rough cart-way and footpath, to a narrow, scarcely perceptible track through heather and boulders.

In the loneliest spot of the truly primeval forest you expect to discover charcoal burners. I did not, but, in default, lighted upon a sawmill; and though sawmills and sawmillers are infinitely poorer in the inherited charm of forest romance, they are by no means so obviously wanting in the stuff of which forest romance is made; and since romance is eternal, they wait their day. In the Rembrandtesque glory of swarthy gloom and lurid firegleam, the charcoal burner's scenery is no doubt unmatched. But a Corot would delight more in this wealth of bright and tender tones; the golden yellow of the timber sheds, the russet and amber of the stacks of bark: the glint and flash of revolving steel; and, poured out ankle-deep over the woodland ways, like a snow or foam of fine meal, the carpet of softly luminous sawdust; noiseless to the tread, retarding to the pace. If you have not the crackle of the flames and the odour of burning boughs, you have the long-drawn cry of the saw as it steadily forges its way through the heart of a pine, and the fresh aroma of the pine newly hewn.

And then the humanity! The charcoal burner, if he plays his legendary part aright, has to be taciturn and morose, a very bit of the forest in which his lonely days are spent. My sawmiller did not mingle and blend with his woodland in this simple obvious way. He stood out from it, framed as it were in a setting of different complexion, like his sawdust foam upon its ground of bracken and turf. A grave, elderly man, whose native Gaelic gave place, in communication with the Saxon, to an English only too flawlessly literary and academically precise; such language as Wordsworth was thinking of when he ascribed to his Pedlar speech,

"Such as grave livers do in Scotland use."

We fell into talk—of mountains and mountain ways, of the Saxon and the Gael, of the passing of the old and the rivalry of the new; on which things he discoursed with a pleasant blend of the canny shrewdness of the Scot and the mellow benevolence of old age. The superiority of the Highland to the Lowland, and of the Lowland to the South of the Tweed, was so obvious to him that opposite opinion, if offered, could be received with indulgent courtesy, and left to the maturing influence of experience and years to correct. The North, moreover, was poor, and, needing the gold of its inferiors, acted more tastefully in not reminding them too often of their inferiority. I casually mentioned the proverbial boast of the Aberdonians, that England would not be safe without two or three Aberdeen men at the helm. "They do say it," he replied, very seriously, "and it may be true; but they need not have given expression to it in *worrds*." And so, with a greeting in his grave, courteous fashion, he resumed his work, and I pursued my way into the recesses of the scarred wilderness called Cairngorm and Ben Mac Dhui.

C. H. Herford.

Letters from Abroad.

THE ZEPPELIN MOVEMENT AND GERMAN NATIONALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—No foreigner, and certainly no Englishman, will have been astonished at the enthusiastic sympathy displayed by Germans of all classes and sections for Count Zeppelin after the destruction of his new and so successfully launched airship. There is something truly admirable about this undaunted and unwearied worker and his achievement, and although many others who have given proof of the same qualities have remained unnoticed and destitute, nobody will grudge the Suabian nobleman the countless signs of gratitude and veneration bestowed upon him by his countrymen, all the more because in acknowledging them he shows himself a man of singular tact. He shows no false modesty, and makes no appeal to Jingo instincts.

The same cannot be said of a good many of those who have taken the collections for the Zeppelin fund into their hands or have otherwise come forward as the patrons of the indomitable inventor. Almost from the outset a Jingo under-current could be noticed in the collections for Count Zeppelin, and not all the sums that have flowed in are perfectly voluntary gifts. This is the reverse side of all such movements in our days. No sooner are the masses carried away by some event than commercial and political *faiseurs* exert themselves to exploit it for some low purpose. One of the most repulsive occurrences of this kind has been the attempt of Herr Rathenau, the cunning director of the biggest electrical concern in Germany and the whole Eastern hemisphere, to form a committee for the *supervision* of the Zeppelin fund and its application. This somewhat too obvious endeavour to "boss" the enterprise of an inventor who, though a loyal German patriot, has yet something of the independent spirit of the South German in him, met with universal repudiation. But not in all cases has public opinion and its exponent, the Press, developed the same outspoken spirit.

People are by this time used to William II.'s impulsive telegrams, and read them with a good dose of salt. They also leave it to the satirical papers to point the moral when the Kaiser's eldest son wires to Count Zeppelin: "Shall visit you, if possible, one of these days. Your Excellency will endure this affliction with a lifted head." But when the Heir Apparent to the German Crown proclaims, in regard to the construction of airships, that "Germany must not lose her advantage," some call to order would surely not be out of place. We have quite enough of the race in armaments on land and sea; humanity needs no third race of that kind.

But shall we escape it, and how so? There are many agencies at work to push us on. The principle of the construction of steerable airships seems well-nigh to be solved, and the first thought is everywhere directed to their use in warfare. That in this respect innovations of any kind should remain the secret of a single nation is quite unthinkable. Invention is to-day a matter of experimental science, based on theoretical knowledge open to all civilised nations, and not of chance hits. Consequently, the question is, in the long run, mainly a question of finance. Nations that are bent on outdoing each other will spare no expense for the purpose as long as they can scrape the necessary money together. What is the use of Royal visits, and what are all the friendly assurances of Emperors worth as long as the nations are nursed in that spirit of rivalry in preparations of war?

How deeply people in Germany are impregnated with the idea that more, and not less, armaments are needed for the welfare of their country is shown by a publication before me, the author of which is a man of learning and an academical tutor. It is a treatise entitled "England and Germany: A Study in Economical Politics," written as a "festival paper" to the birthday of the Grand Duke of Baden by Professor Doctor von

Schulze-Gaevernitz, Pro-rector of the University of Freiburg. Dr. Schulze-Gaevernitz is not unknown in England, nor is he imbued with inimical feeling towards her. In economics a disciple of Brentano, he spent some time in England studying the social conditions of its workers, and has recorded the results of his investigations in a book widely read in Germany and translated into English by Mr. Graham Wallas under the title "Social Peace." He shows himself there as an admirer of many English institutions, and of such social reformers as the Christian Socialists, the British Positivists, the schools of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Toynbee. Particularly he has done much to popularise Carlyle's social gospels in Germany. In the same book and elsewhere he has also insisted on the beneficial effects of Free Trade on England's industrial progress and the condition of her working classes.

The more serious is it that such a man should come forward at such an opportunity as an advocate of a further increase in the German Navy, and for that reason it may be of some use for English as well as for German democratic reformers to examine the line of his thought a little closer; for he is certainly not a preacher in the desert.

In the third page we come upon a rather debatable sentence. We are told that "he understands the great Manchester men of England as conceiving Free Trade as a means of British Dominion in the world." I think it can easily be proved that neither Cobden nor Bright nourished the Utopian thought that England could by any means—Free Trade or other—prevent the industrial progress of other nations. But it is not only our author who assumes they did. You find this notion held almost everywhere outside of England; and you will unhesitatingly admit that, this presumption once granted, nothing sounds more plausible than that England must of necessity resent the growth of Germany's trade and commerce. Schulze-Gaevernitz is fair enough to point out how much German aggressive protectionism —the dumping policy of the German syndicates—has helped to increase English resentment, and to create a movement for retaliatory duties. But this is only a plea for extenuating circumstances. The question at issue is very little affected by it.

Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz also pleads extenuating circumstances for the intrigues pursued, according to him, during the whole of the nineteenth century by British diplomacy to stay the political *renaissance* of the German nation, and against German colonial enterprises. He points out that there have always been in England people who disapproved of this hostility, and that by Free Trade England has benefited Germany much more than she has harmed her by diplomatic opposition. So far, so good. But when he defends those hostile diplomatists, and says that from the *British* point of view, as the "trustees" of their nation, they could only be blamed for not having been strong enough to prevent, in good time, the creation of a united Germany, he conceded far more than true reformers in England would, and will, admit.

For here lies the most dangerous argument in the chain of his deductions. After having described in an impressive way the astonishing growth of Germany's trade and commerce, and shown how dangerous a competitor Germany has become for England, he returns to the old question, and asks what might happen if England, unable to keep down the inconvenient upstart by economic means, should, at the eleventh hour, try to knock him down. Quotations from the "National Review," the "Observer," the "Outlook," the "Saturday Review," &c., facilitate the Professor's thesis that this presumption is more than a mere abstract speculation. Granted that they voice only the sentiments of a small minority, they are, according to our author, dangerous for Germany in this—that they point to a feasible and, consequently, enticing solution. The old peaceful Free Trade, he says, shows signs of senility. A new and rising Imperialism is everywhere inclined to throw means of political warfare into the balance of economic rivalry. Consequently, Germany must have a still stronger Navy.

> "We want the navy in order to confine the commercial rivalry of England within innocuous limits, and to deter the sober sense of the English people from the extremely threatening thoughts of an attack upon us. . . . The German Navy is a condition of our bare existence, indispensable, like the daily bread for which we depend, not only for us, but for our children."

Thus our professor. He bewails the hostility of the Social Democratic Party to naval armaments. He describes this opposition as the inheritance of the Manchester School, as a residuum of *bourgeois* sentiment. He points out that the Navy represents a liberal element in the State, friendly to commercial intercourse between the nations, and that the construction of battleships furnishes steady occupation to well-paid male workers capable of being organised and of maintaining families, whilst the fancy trades flourish on under-paid workers, to a great extent females, occupied only at seasons, and thrown afterwards as out-of-works upon the labor market. And, finally, he proceeds to prove that financially the German nation is well capable of paying for a much stronger Navy.

Here you have a specimen of a line of thought which inspires a considerable section of the German Intellectuals. I repeat that Professor von Schulze-Gaevernitz does not speak as an enemy or a detractor of England. It is only fair to add that he deprecates aggressive thoughts in regard to the purposes of the Navy he demands. Its purely defensive character must be upheld, so that, if the German Navy is to be increased in proportion to the increase of the British Navy, it may for that be smaller than the latter. But it must be strong enough to be able to prevent the conquests of hitherto independent parts of the Mohammedan world by others, and to secure Germany a share if the possessions of some decrepit Colonial Power should one day be liquidated. In the interest of the human race it is the right and the duty of the German nation to assert itself. "It is unworthy of a great civilised people to found its existence on the sufferance of a neighbour who may be well affected or hostile."

On this basis Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz thinks an understanding between England and Germany well obtainable, whilst, according to him, nothing endangers peace more than the pusillanimity of "pacifists," who take seriously the proposals for disarmament coming from a Power whose Naval Budget is four times that of Germany! British "pacifists" recommend only the disarmament of others. *Vide* the proposals of Mr. Stead after his return from Germany.

I quote this final remark as a further specimen of some oblique deductions that here and there disfigure the treatise. On the whole its tone and conclusions will offend no sober-minded Britisher. There is some reasonableness about it all. And if Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz could claim to speak as the interpreter of the powers that be, and warrant the future observation of the principles laid down, his *exposé* would rather help to reassure the alarmed spirits in both countries. But such a guarantee is impossible as long as irresponsible individuals and groups direct the foreign policy of the nations, and as civilised humanity allows *things* to rule her destinies instead of subjecting the movement of things to the direction of human reason and human interest. For thus it must be if the restriction of armaments is disparaged. Then, with the almost unlimited possibilities of modern technology, people will become the slaves of a movement which, one day, must by necessity lead to an explosion. It is all very well to admit that the German fleet need not be quite so strong as the British. The danger is in the race, and not in the disclaimer of the racers. And thus the endeavours to arrive at an understanding about a restriction of the armaments, or, in the meantime, a prolongation of the terms for the execution of the proposed naval programmes must go on, and will, in spite of the disparaging remarks of our professor, receive the strong support of the Socialist workers.

The peace sentiment a *bourgeois* sentiment! It is not the first time we meet this contention. It is almost on a par with the wisdom of the legend given out by our extreme Nationalists, that peace emasculates the nations.

Nobody knows better than Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz that four-fifths of the people live and work under conditions that leave little room for effeminacy, that modern industry demands from its workers in factory or laboratory the display of all the virtues that wars could possibly develop, without the brutalising influences of wars. The workers feel this very strongly. On Sunday last Breslau, the second town of the Prussian State, saw a peace meeting of its workers, the like of which has not been seen since the year of 1878. It was the privilege of the writer of these lines to address it, and I can say I noticed very little "effeminacy." Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz means well in his way, but it is not his method which serves the necessity of the hour. In the determination of the workers of the great Empires to oppose any war, in their hostility to any provocative policy, lies a better guarantee of a fair settlement of all the contentious questions that now are used to excite the nations against each other, the best available guarantee of peace and justice.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schöneberg, Berlin,
August 14th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may interest your correspondent, Mr. J. Colquhoun Reade, and your readers to know that last Thursday the Bucks County Council passed a resolution requesting the Local Government Board to authorise a speed limit of ten miles an hour wherever there are continuous human habitations on either or both sides of a thoroughfare for a quarter of a mile.—Yours, &c.,

EDMUND VERNEY.

Claydon House, Steeple-Claydon, S.O., Bucks,
August 15th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In some of the resolutions I carried, two or three years back, in the Cromer U.D.C. and the N.C.C., I made the question of eyesight a condition of driving motors. It was especially stipulated that no one should drive who had lost the sight of one eye. I had good reasons to do so.

I will give my mite to help in any movement for the better control of the vile things.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY BROADHURST.

Cromer, August 15th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In my judgment, the evil is so clamant that a drastic legislative remedy is demanded, and what I suggest is that Parliament should be asked to pass a measure to the following effect:—

1. With regard to new cars—*i.e.*, cars constructed after the passing of the proposed Act—it should be provided that they should be so designed as to be incapable of attaining a greater speed than twenty miles an hour. It seems to me that no adequate reason can be assigned for travelling on the public highways at a higher rate of speed. Government officials should be appointed to inspect every new car made in this country, with the object of ensuring that the construction of the car conforms to this suggested design. Further, foreign cars not conforming to this design should be prevented from entering the country. I would also suggest that in passing through towns and villages the maximum speed of a car per hour should be eight miles.

2. With regard to existing cars, it should be enacted that their rate of speed ought to be the same as that suggested for new cars.

3. As to penalties, I should support a proposal to visit a breach of speed regulations with a sentence of imprisonment without the option of a fine; while in the case of a car either imported or constructed in this country in violation of the legislative pattern, the appropriate penalty would include the forfeiture of the car, the loss being borne jointly by the owner and maker, unless the former proved his innocence, in which case the maker would be solely responsible.—Yours, &c.,

A. M. ANDERSON.

9, Great King Street, Edinburgh,
August 12th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—For the last thirty years I have ridden a tricycle probably 3,000 miles a year, but my nerves will no longer stand the hoot of a car coming up behind me, ordering me to get out of the way under penalty of death, because, unlike a bicyclist, I must have the best of the road. I have, therefore, been compelled to give my machine away, and take to field paths and places where "trespassers will be prosecuted."

I have just returned from a fortnight round the Lake district, and have discoursed with everyone I met on the motor nuisance, and I find that these monstrous things are hated there even more than in the South of England. The roads there now are the finest in the world, and the motorists know it. As in Switzerland, the inhabitants largely depend for their living upon visitors who come to view and stay in their lovely country, many bringing servants, horses, and carriages with them; but, I was told, they don't come now. Motors have come instead, rushing through, spending no money, and leaving nothing behind but a bad smell.

I see no help from our legislators. Mr. Balfour's chauffeur has been repeatedly fined. Mr. Asquith has a new car. The newspapers to-day announce that "His Majesty's 40-horse-power Mercèdes motor-car arrived to-day (Marienbad) in charge of Mr. C. W. Stamper." General Booth careers about converting the people in the new mode. Mr. Burns talks of the large capital invested in the manufacture, but omits to mention the ruin to harness-makers, farriers, and shoesmiths, and everyone I speak to repeats the parrot cry, "But they have come to stay."

I feel certain that nine people out of ten who don't use motor-cars would sign a petition to Parliament calling for restrictive legislation, which, I suggest, should be on the following lines:—

All hooters, gongs, bells, or other indication that one of these power-driven machines was coming, and that everyone using the road must get out of the way, should be prohibited.

A speed limit of twelve miles an hour on country roads, and eight or ten in towns and villages.

Post Office vans limited to ten miles an hour.

All vans conveying parcels or goods limited to six miles an hour.

Every person driving should, in addition to producing his licence, also produce an invoice or some form of certificate that would satisfy the police or the convicting magistrates, stating the value of the car, and not the driver only, but every person riding in the car, to be fined a sum not less than 5 per cent. of the value of the car, to be endorsed on such licence, and on the certificate of value, and doubled at every subsequent offence.

I base this last suggestion on the practice of companies insuring against accidents to motor-cars, as they, before issuing a policy, require the name of the driver, the number of his licence, and the make, value, and power of the car.

How such a petition is to be drawn up and taken round to every house in the United Kingdom I am not prepared at the moment to say; it would be a work of immense magnitude, and would cost a large sum of money, but, once started, I feel sure that volunteer canvassers would readily come forward, and, from the practice I have had in such matters, I feel certain that the conversations that arise when asking for a signature would arouse such a feeling of indignation that no Government could resist what would, I am sure, turn out to be the will of the people.—Yours, &c.,

J. H. CHATTERTON.

10, Mundania Road, Honor Oak, S.E.,
August 13th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While thanking you heartily for your efforts to control motor annoyance, there are some details your article and correspondence pass over.

1. The *size* of the cars. Very many are as large as hay carts or carriers' wagons, of which the speed is four to five miles at the outside. A motor car requires more than half the road unless it slows down, and drivers will never do this.

2. Why are country roads outside villages to be abandoned to the motorist? Surely pedestrians and cyclists have rights on them. The motor man is there merely for his amusement. Any speed beyond ten miles an hour interferes with other traffic.

3. The noise of the hooters should be controlled; it is purposely made as startling and disagreeable as possible.

Once subject motors to the same rules as other traffic, and all nuisance and danger cease.—Yours, &c.,

E. B. M.

August 15th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am at an utter loss to understand how any individual who wishes to be considered reasonable can ask for a higher speed than twelve miles an hour as a maximum on any road, at any time. What does Mr. Colquhoun Reade mean by an open road? Old people and children have a right to the fair use of any road either by day or night. What reasonable chance has a pedestrian on any ordinary road between two motors coming from opposite directions, even at a twenty-mile speed? Nor do the motorists allow themselves a fair chance at such a rate, especially if there be some other vehicle between. No motor can very well be seen or heard at a greater distance than half a mile at most, perhaps a quarter is nearer the mark. Your readers can work it out as to the time necessary to get out of the way.

As to speed in towns, I last night (Friday, 14th) witnessed a very narrow escape of five pedestrians near Clarence Gate, Regent's Park, who had every reason to consider themselves perfectly safe. A motor was going at about ten miles an hour from Allsop Place up Park Road. Opposite Clarence Gate, where those turnings meet Upper Baker Street, another vehicle came in sight of the motor driver. Although his pace, ten miles, was moderate to what some go on these dangerous roads, there was only one way of avoiding a collision, that was by suddenly swerving to the wrong side of the road, with the result I have spoken of.

I have just spent a month in France, and Paris is worse than London, owing to the many roads that have the characteristics of the roads I am speaking of near Clarence Gate. In Dieppe they have some excellent regulations, but, as it is, they only lull you into false security. In that town the law directs that the speed shall not exceed ten kilometres, and this rule is obeyed by nine-tenths of the drivers, but the other tenth do as they please. —Yours, &c.,

A. J. MARRIOTT.

249, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill,
August 15th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Apropos of your campaign against the misuse of motors, might I suggest that a good deal of the difficulty of fast driving through villages might be got over if the village authorities were to make shallow channels right across the road, at distances of about 100 yards one from the other, the depth of the channel to be about four inches, with gently sloping sides? Vehicles passing slowly over these would not be at all seriously incommoded, whereas if a motor were to go over them rapidly it would break its springs. I believe some of the French villages have adopted this expedient, and that it works satisfactorily; it certainly prevents any motor going rapidly through the village, and the inconvenience to other traffic is very slight.

You have probably heard the following reply to an examiner's question. It is illustrative of the widespread recognition of the danger of motor cars:—

Examiner: What is the difference between the quick and the dead?

Small Boy: The quick is them as gets out of the way of motor cars, and the dead is them as doesn't.—Yours, &c.,

FAIRPLAY.

August 14th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Surely if the public are ever to get back the use of the public roads it will not be by raising the speed of motor-car travel from twenty miles to thirty miles per hour, as suggested by Mr. Colquhoun Reade? Are we not now suffering from high speed? And are not these speeds higher now than in the pre-Motor Car Act days?

The reason is not clear, but I have seen the suggestion by others than Mr. Reade that it is absurd to restrict the speed of a machine capable of such high "going" as a motor car. But the argument is equally applicable to the horse. He could get along much quicker than he does, but we don't have pleasure riders and drivers galloping about the roads. Why? Because it is dangerous and not permissible. In short, the speed of the horse is restricted to what is safe and convenient for the public. The same rule should be applied to the motor car. There is but one criterion—public safety, public interest. Another fallacy is that the opposition to high speeds is likened to the opposition to trains. There is no analogy. The latter are on special tracks, and high speeds may promote public interests. Motor cars run on roads, and unless by running at high speeds they can promote the natural efficiency of mankind as a whole, there is no *raison d'être* for high speeds. We know, as a matter of fact, that they do not promote well-being—quite the contrary. High speeds of trains are conducive to the efficiency of mankind, motor cars are the contrary; therefore, fear not to impose a low maximum speed limit. Fifteen miles per hour is ample. It is certain to be exceeded, and common sense will turn a "blind eye" to it when no danger or inconvenience arises, but the public must have protection, and a low speed limit is the only way to secure that the wayside shall be convenient for all—motors, vehicles (horse), and mankind.

To the excellent suggestions for reforming the design of the motor car, I suggest that they should be taxed (Imperially) according to the amount of damage they are assessed to do the road, the comparison to be with horse vehicles, the cars, &c., to be classified according to their uses. The cars would thus recoup, to some extent, the public for the cost of repair when the latter exceeds that of a horse vehicle. Motor and horse car would then be on the same basis.—Yours, &c.,

Sevenoaks, August 16th, 1908. C. H.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The best way would be for the Royal Automobile Club to call a conference, at which all grievances could be raised, and a committee appointed to consider the best means of remedying them.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS COUTTS.

88, St. James's Street, London,
August 17th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You ask your readers for suggestions: Is it not time that a monster petition asking a remedy for the intolerable danger and nuisance to which 90 or 95 per cent. of the British public are now subjected by the selfish enjoyment of the comparatively few, were got up and presented to the House of Commons at the beginning of the next Session? I venture to think that the outraged feelings of the people of this country whose safety and convenience have been so ruthlessly disregarded would produce a larger number of genuine signatures than has ever been presented to Parliament.—Yours, &c., "CYCLIST."

Horsham, August 17th, 1908.

[We are compelled to hold over many letters on this subject.—ED., NATION.]

"HAGGERSTON AND AFTER."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Thanks, many thanks, for your leading article. It was badly wanted, and it will serve. In March, 1907, the electors of Haggerston sent Rupert Guinness to Spring Gardens with 900 votes more than they sent Sir W. R. Cremer to St. Stephen's in 1906. It is worth noting in passing that for L.C.C. purposes women *have* votes. The advantages accruing from Mr. Guinness' return to the L.C.C. were not all on one side.

At Spring Gardens he would have to vote. His votes could be used as a test of his words, his pledges and their worth. Once again did London Radicals and Progressives have their enemy at their mercy.

And to their shame, be it said once again, they did allow him, nay, encourage him, to escape. As at Peckham, so at Haggerston. For fifteen months Mr. Guinness has given a steady support to the anti-democratic policy of the Moderate Party, and votes innumerable has he recorded against London's best interests.

Neither by central or local association has his action in this regard been effectively challenged, and *no attempt has been made to bring to the knowledge of his constituents his many retrograde votes.*

Boats *not* on the Thames; their crews thrown out of employment; their families wanting food. One of the men responsible for all this is Mr. Guinness. His reward a seat in the Imperial Parliament! Why? Because London possesses no organisation capable of bringing offenders of this type to book.

The failure to use such splendid material for reprisal and punishment is the proof of this statement. In this regard London stands alone, not in splendid isolation, but in a state of abject degradation and despair. In not one of the large towns would such a state of things be possible.

In the recent five-day contest it was not possible for this side of the work to be properly done, although it must be frankly admitted a good deal which might have been done was not even attempted. Had there been a prospective Liberal candidate in the field from the time it was known he would be wanted the votes of Guinness upon the L.C.C. would have been to him material of the most effective kind.

To come to the Tariff Reform question, here again it must be admitted that the enemy has been given a walk-over. Ever since the General Election all kinds of influences have been at work for Tariff Reform continuously. And on the Free Trade side, with the exception of one or two spasmodic and meagre efforts, nothing has been done. Haggerston is the home of small masters and much home-work, and given these conditions of a rise in prices coupled with a depression in trade, you get one of the most favorable soils for the propagation of the Protection heresy. Result, natural and obvious. One has to go back to Lewisham in November, 1903, to find a darkness as profound as now reigns in Haggerston.

The cause of Free Trade has to face another danger which it is idle any longer to conceal; I allude to the open and fierce opposition of the Socialist Party to Free Trade. To them it is simply a "red herring," to be treated with derision and contempt. They cannot be brought to see that the alternative is not between a Free Trade and a Socialist Government, but between a Government pledged to Free Trade or one pledged to introduce Tariff Reform as their first measure. This dual difficulty only increases the need for a more vigorous propaganda and an active, live organisation.

I promised to say something about votes for women. Very few words will suffice. Outside the Haggerston gas works, from the van bearing the sign of the Women's Freedom League, I heard these words hurled at the Liberal candidate, who was at that moment addressing a meeting there. The woman speaker said: "With Mr. Warren we have no quarrel. As a man he is an extremely nice person, but we are here to ask the electors of Haggerston not to send a Liberal to Parliament, *because the present Liberal Government have broken every pledge they made when seeking power*, and the working men of Haggerston will be quite justified in now withdrawing the trust as expressed at the last election." I read in a Manchester paper that Mrs. Despard, speaking at the peace meeting in Trafalgar Square on the very day Haggerston was polling, said: "If it were not for the Boer War, they would be already enjoying old age pensions and many other privileges."

As a mere man, who has always been in favor of women having the vote, I am constrained to ask what is the practical value of Mrs. Despard's expression of regret in face of the fact that her organisation spent the whole of that self same week in Haggerston helping to put into Parliament a supporter of the party which plunged this nation into the Boer war?

Two nights before the poll Mrs. Pankhurst, in a speech which occupied over two hours, was instancing the need of female sanitary inspectors as one of the reasons why women should possess the vote. There happened to be in the crowd an elector of a London parish where for over seven years the Liberal and Progressive Party men, be it noted, have been striving to get a female inspector appointed. They have failed. Why? Because in that parish the women upon Division III. have, by large majorities, voted for the Tory and Moderate candidates, who have been opposed to any female being so appointed.

This elector put these facts in the form of a question to Mrs. Pankhurst, asking her to state the grounds of her belief that the women qualified to get on Division III. are in favor of such measures of social reform. He failed to obtain any answer.

Again are we brought face to face with the one overwhelming fact—increased educational effort, persistent, thorough, and unflagging, combined with a real live organisation, are the need of the moment, if the party and its programme are to live through the troubled sea upon which they are now afloat. Why cannot this need be met?—Yours, &c., F. W. SOUTTER.

32, Etterby Street, Stanwix, Carlisle,
August 12th, 1908.

A PROPOS DE BOTTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Why does your article upon "Shakespeare and Common Sense" let off Professor Raleigh *à propos* of his unpardonable heresies on the subject of Dr. Johnson's boots? "Very little is known," he observes, "about Dr. Johnson's boots." Now, Sir, apart from its historical presumption, this rash and negligent statement is a severe reflection upon the Oxford school of English literature, more especially in connection with the subsequent remark of the Professor that this is a topic which demands and would well repay (indeed it would) the expert labors of academic research. A school of thinkers, it appears, has risen in Oxford who hold that all boots were interchangeable in Dr. Johnson's day, and of this school it would appear that Professor Raleigh has constituted himself champion. Johnson's note upon a passage in "King John," it is maintained, leaves no doubt whatever on the point. The passage in question runs as follows:—

> "Slippers, which his nimble haste,
> Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet."
> (Act iv., Sc. iv.)

and the Doctor's comment runs thus:—

"I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which, in Dr. Warburton's edition, is marked as eminently beautiful, and, in the whole, not without justice. But Shakespeare seems to have confounded a man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or harried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes."

And on this evidence, Sir, we are seriously asked by the faculty of letters at the oldest of our English Universities to believe that Johnson wore his boots indifferently and with no attempt at, nor even idea of, discriminating right and left, which seems to involve the theory that there was in England a transition stage during which, below the belt, at any rate, all sense of right and left was ignored. One can hardly fail to perceive here another deliberate

and malicious slight aimed at the literary character of the eighteenth century.

The view taken, I need hardly demonstrate to readers of The Nation, is a wholly erroneous one, and is based upon a failure of discrimination, not on Johnson's part, but upon that of his irresponsible critics. The philosophy of "straights," it would perhaps surprise Dr. Raleigh to hear, supplies a complete refutation to his injurious attack upon the civilisation of one whose politeness enabled him to act with complete success, upon occasion, as mentor to Lord Chesterfield himself.

The lowest organisations of footgear, such as slippers (it should be superfluous to point out), are made without heels, and are interchangeable. For other reasons, the most highly organised forms of footgear, such as waders and jack-boots, are also made on the "straight" principle. The jack-boot, for instance, which was at one time peculiar to the tribe of postillions, would have lost half its utility, so great was the friction of the right calf against the pole, had not the legs been interchangeable. But in the intermediate forms of shoe, or "low," "high-low," the tasselled Wellington (dear to the heart of Jos. Sedley), and the "lesser people" of the boot tribe generally, no such lawless state of indifference can have ever prevailed; and it is absurd to suppose that Johnson was oblivious of distinctions which were made in medieval armour and were universally observed by the whole race of cordonniers from the time of St. Crispin downwards. Johnson slightly confuses counsel, it may be confessed, by using the word shoe as a synonym for slipper, an effeminate word for which he experienced a contempt similar to that he felt for the word "liqueur," and for the French character. But to rear upon this incurious aberration a superstructure of error so gigantic as this, should, I think, elicit a protest from all earnest students. I have felt compelled, therefore, &c.—Yours, &c., Thomas Seccombe.

Acton, W., August 19th, 1908.

NURSING THE VOTERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Is there not something very humiliating to our ideas of British liberty that, in order to get our votes, it is necessary that we be nursed? What class of our free and independent voters are most susceptible to this cajolery? The issues are so plain to most of us that even if our candidate is plumped down upon us at an hour's notice, we know what we have to vote against. One man is sure to be a supporter of the Lords and more taxes on the poor. No doubt three-cornered fights complicate the issue, and call, as you say, for more of the spirit of compromise. But the susceptibility to nursing is a sign that the democracy, especially in London, is devoid of even a feeble measure of intellectual grasp of issues, which are dinned into their ears every day of their lives.—Yours, &c.,

Edwin Hill.

Leamington, August 8th, 1908.

THE DILEMMA OF A LIBERAL SOLICITOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—As we all of us make mistakes at times, one cannot blame "Ignoramus" for having, when advising his clients who were interested in licensed houses, overlooked Sharp *v.* Wakefield, although many an articled clerk was familiar with it.

I do not think, however, that he need trouble himself very greatly about the fate of his clients. The "slump" in the licensed property market has done them far more harm than ever the Licensing Bill can do, unless they have been exceptionally reckless on the financial side of their investments, for which, of course, "Ignoramus" can in no way be held responsible.

If, however, the Licensing Bill does not pass—and it may not if all Liberals don't unite in support of it—we shall, next year, have high licence duties, which will not do as much for temperance, but will do a great deal more harm to licensed property.

If, therefore, I were in the position of "Ignoramus," I should advise my clients not to be frightened into realising their properties at a great sacrifice, but to hold on, remembering that things seldom turn out to be as bad for us in reality as we have imagined in anticipation.—Yours, &c.,

Another Liberal and Teetotal Solicitor.

Leeds, August 18th, 1908.

P.S.—Is the Liberal solicitor becoming a *rara avis?* In this city, out of 220 solicitors at least fifty-six are Liberals, or one in four.

"A GREEN HEAVEN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I suggest that the primitive liturgical prayers, cited in the article bearing this title, which prayers, as the author truly says, are to be found in all the early liturgies, refer rather to Paradise, the place of rest, than to Heaven, the abode of glory?

No description of Heaven, except the apocalyptic one, is to be found in the Scriptures, and the Seer of Patmos, though he mentions a pure river clear as crystal, and speaks of the tree of life, never alludes to green meadows—his Heaven is a celestial *city* with streets of gold.

But as the word Paradise means, if I am not mistaken, a park or garden, the idea of greenness may be associated with it most fitly, and, if my memory serves me rightly, in some of the early liturgies prayer is made that the departed may have their abode in the green pastures beside the still waters.

Paradise, to which our Lord invited the penitent robber, was clearly not the same place as Heaven, for Christ did not ascend to the latter till forty days after His resurrection, while His words to the dying brigand at His side were, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

It was a misfortune that when Protestantism swept away the doctrine of Purgatory the belief in Paradise was not restored. As the "Church Quarterly Review" well said many years ago, the Protestants simply eliminated Purgatory and set before mankind two abodes to be entered into at death, Heaven or Hell—a most unfortunate mistake, seeing, to quote Dr. Johnson, that few men can be considered good enough to enter the one or bad enough to be incarcerated in the other.—Yours, &c.,

Richard F. Jupp.

Lathland House, Wellington Road,
West Hartlepool, August 17th, 1908.

THE WORK OF THE INDUSTRIAL LAW COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I, through your columns, draw attention to the annual report, just issued, of the Industrial Law Committee? This society was formed in 1898, in response to the desire expressed by many social workers for a fuller knowledge of the protection afforded by law to women and children engaged in industrial work. The ten years' experience of the Committee has proved that many unnecessary evils in industrial life are borne without complaint because the workers concerned do not realise to how great an extent the law is able to protect them, and fail, through ignorance or fear, to claim the help which is theirs by right.

It is the aim of the Committee to make such needless suffering impossible, and to this end they seek to come into touch with district visitors, nurses, teachers, and other social workers, and to give them information regarding the industrial laws of the country, in order that they, in turn, may be able to instruct the women and girls who look to them for sympathy and advice. The information alluded to is given largely by means of lectures, and the Committee are fortunate in being able to secure experts, among whom are some of H.M. Inspectors of Factories, to deliver these lectures for them.

Proof of the need which exists for such educational work is afforded by the fact that after almost every lecture complaints referring to matters never previously recognised as illegalities are sent in by members of the audience.

As typical instances of complaints received may be cited the cases of a laundry girl whose hand was badly

crushed, and who lost two fingers in a machine mangle; of a boy working in a shop daily from 8 a.m. to 10.30 p.m., and sometimes much later; and of dressmakers' assistants obliged to work in a basement room lighted and ventilated only by a grating opening into the street, and having an earthen floor constantly damp.

The Industrial Law Committee greatly desire to extend their lecture work, and are only hindered from doing so by lack of funds.

They feel assured of the sympathy of all those interested in industrial questions, and venture to hope that such sympathy may take practical form in the increased financial support which they so greatly need.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary, Industrial Law Committee, York Mansions, York Street, Westminster, S.W.—Yours, &c.,

IRENE COX,
Secretary Industrial Law Committee.

August 11th, 1908.

LIBERALISM AND LABOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a speaker and canvasser at Haggerston for Mr. Warren, I cordially thank the Editor of THE NATION for his outspoken leader. This, with Mr. Arthur Ponsonby's letter, should teach the party that time passes quickly, and to-day work must be done in the constituencies to enable the Liberal and Labor forces to triumph at the coming General Election.

Regrettable circumstances caused the Liberal candidate at Haggerston to enter into the contest an untried and unknown man. This must not be permitted in future if our majority is to be held together. Victory must be organised to-day for the fight of to-morrow. Liberalism and Labor are not opposing forces, and every effort should be made by the Whips of the party to heal any threatened opposition or prevent any possible cleavage between Liberalism and Labor. We Liberals have nine points out of ten in common with organised Labor, while with Toryism we have none. Toryism seeks to lay the country under the tyranny of Protection and trusts and augment the existing armed forces of the Crown.

If Haggerston election had to be fought by the party the whole forces of militant Liberalism should have been drafted into the constituency and concentrated on victory at the polls. Yet on the election day the Tories possibly had from fifty to seventy motors steadily at work. As a contrast the Liberals had under half a dozen, and there were none to fetch up out-voters to the poll. The agents fought like lions, but the party responded like lambs. Speaker after speaker in the House of Commons and in the leading Liberal Club in London shirked their duty of supporting Liberalism. Defeat, they said, was a foregone conclusion. This, as a worker, I absolutely demur to. The seat was a Liberal seat, and if concentration had been determined upon, and the election fought with half the spirit of Peckham, our candidate would have done far better. It was bad tactics to have hastened on the election when time was invaluable to us; still worse tactics to fight only the Tory candidate. When a fight is determined upon, it is the duty of the party to fight all opponents, Socialism included. Failing a Labor agreement, there must be mercy to none. A fight once entered upon, it is cowardice to carry it on half-heartedly, and a base betrayal of Liberal ideals before an astonished country.—Yours, &c.,

August 18th, 1908. J. E. HAND.

THE ART OF ENDING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Unconsciously Mr. Parnell Kerr suggests a more appropriate relief from the recent discussion on the art of opening than that provided by Mr. Farquharson—to wit, the art of ending, which, as we know from the "Path to Rome," is indeed a much more difficult matter.

I would go much farther than Mr. Kerr, who remarks that

"Silent upon a peak in Darien,"

is, perhaps, the finest sonnet-ending in literature. I would venture to claim for it the distinction of being the most final line of any form of literature. It ends everything, that line. It is ultimate. Where is the prose-ending which so absolutely gives the note of having reached the one and only conclusion proper to the matter? I am sure a discussion on the art of ending would be much more fruitful than your recent article and correspondence.—Yours, &c., MAX JUDGE.

7, Pall Mall, August 19th, 1908.

JAMES II.'s STATUE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Would some of your readers kindly tell me what became of the statue of James II., by Gibbons, which stood in Whitehall till removed for the great Canadian arch at the time of the Diamond Jubilee?

'Twas said it would be re-erected after the celebrations, and for some time it lay in the garden of a house near by. Then one day I missed it, and cannot hear of it since.

That, and the statue on University College, Oxford, are said to be the only two of James II. in England.—Yours, &c., ANTIQUARIAN.

August 12th, 1908.

[The statue in question has been re-erected at the West Front of the Admiralty, facing St. James's Park.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

A SOMERSET LULLABY.

THE dimpsey dark's a-falling, the birds are in the nest!
The little stars are crowding now the zun is gone to rest.
While the girt beg chap was looking they didn't dare to play;
Now they run like happy children when the Dapper's gone away.
Zo go to sleep, my deary dear, a-snuggled in my arm;
Snuggled down in coopy-ouse you'll never come to harm.
Zafe and warm in hidey-hole while Mammy watch do keep,
And the stars look through the windy pane to zee ye off to sleep.

The Squire's cheeld's got a rattle, and a zilver coral ring;
But a can't zee its Mammy for she'm gone to zee the King.
'Tis tended by a maykin, and cheweth on a bone;
But you'm my lucky laddie with a Mammy of your own!
Zo go to sleep, my deary dear, a rocking on my knee!
And thank the Blessed Lord you baint a Child of Quality!
Aye, thank the Lord, who laid ye on our cottage hearthen stone,
With a Daddy as do love ye, and a Mammy of your own.

Sleep sound, my Husk o' Honey, my Sheaf of Golden Carn!
My Bird as can't flutter yet, my Rose wi' ne'er a tharn!
Give gold and sparkling jewels to them that's proud and high!
I've got a secret treasure no money could not buy!
Zo sleep and suck, my Pearl of Pearls, a-tugging at my breast!
The worser ye do use me, the better I shall rest!
Aye, tug and tease and tussle, and bless ye for the pain;
For if them busy lips grew still I'd never sleep again.

EDWARD SYDNEY TYLEE.

Reviews.

"THE HEART OF DARKNESS."*

George Grenfell's name will always be connected with the Congo, both for his explorations and for his labor as one of the founders of the Baptist Mission, to which nearly all travellers on the great river have been so much indebted. He may be said to have lived right through the Congo history of modern times. For he went to Central Africa in the early 'seventies, at a time when Victor Hugo was justified in his characteristic saying that in the region of the unknown Africa was the Absolute; he lived there for over thirty years, travelling far into unexplored lands of the interior, witnessing much of the horror and also of the virtue of native life as it then existed, and greeting with joy the international arrangement for its development under the philanthropic superintendance of King Leopold; and he died only two years ago, "a disheartened and disillusioned man," as Sir Harry Johnston says, having outlived the ruin of all his hopes. To those whom a wild instinct draws to savage and unknown lands, or who like to see the English nature in its most generous and unselfish type, the story of such a life must be of the highest interest, none the less on account of its tragic disappointment.

But the distinguished author of these volumes, himself perhaps more closely identified with Central African science and exploration than anyone now living, has not limited his work to a mere narration of Grenfell's life. The mission side of the biography has been almost wholly omitted, being left, we understand, for other hands; but upon Grenfell's own accounts of his travels and observations Sir Harry Johnston has built up what is, in reality, a very complete history of the Congo, with careful descriptions of its main districts, tributaries, and inhabitants. In this task, apart from the Grenfell papers, he has chiefly been assisted by Mr. Lawson Forfeitt, who, we believe, after twenty years of Congo climate, is still working for the Baptist Mission at his famous station near Matadi, where the cataracts of the Lower Congo begin, and by Mr. Emil Torday, the young Hungarian explorer, who served five years under the Congo Government, chiefly in the Katanga district, and is well known to British anthropologists by his admirable collections of savage arts, which are now exhibited in the British Museum. The book is, therefore, in reality, the joint production of four among the highest authorities on Central African travel—men who will always be remembered in African history, not only for their scientific explorations, but for their sympathetic knowledge of the native tribes before the forces of exploiting civilisation fell upon them. The volumes are very copiously illustrated, chiefly by Grenfell's own photographs, but some of Sir Harry Johnston's accurate drawings are included.

It is impossible here even to indicate the subjects that compose a work of such range. There are chapters on the course of the great river itself and on many of its tributaries; on most of the districts within the enormous basin which they drain; on the anthropology, the arts, religions, folk-lore, and languages of the people; on the botany and natural history; on coinage, commerce, and diseases. If anyone wants information on this great territory, which is estimated at more than half the size of our Indian Empire, he will very likely find it here. The whole work forms a valuable addition to the records of primitive man, which observers like the authors have been only just in time to collect. For if the present systems of exploitation continue unchecked for another fifty years, the whole of the Dark Continent, from the Cape to the Sahara, will have become a great breeding farm for black labor under the direction of European managers, who will control the hosts of indistinguishable laborers for the advantage of capitalists in England, Germany, Belgium, France, and Portugal. Under such conditions the still existing customs, religions, and arts of the natives themselves must necessarily disappear, unless the tribes develop a new power of combination and resistance.

It must not be thought that the methods of commercial civilisation, horrible as they are, have superseded an idyllic era of peace and joy. We will leave out of account the Arab slave trade, which was somewhat similar in its foreign and commercial character, but surpassed in its cruelty and destruction the worst records of the present Portuguese slave traders or the agents for King Leopold's rubber tax. Let us glance only at the recognised customs of the natives themselves, and we shall find them so horrible that we cannot wonder if Grenfell welcomed the formation of the Free State as the dawn of a millennium, and continued, though with increasing misgivings, to believe in its beneficence for more than ten years. Cannibalism, which is probably still common, but is practised in secret and with a sense of shame and fear, was almost universal thirty years ago, and regarded with no more compunction than beef-eating in England. Captives and slaves were openly fed and purchased for the table just like cattle, and in many tribes the bodies of the dead were habitually dug up again and eaten, unless the graves were carefully watched. Among the so-called rebels of the Batetela, just east of the Lunda district which Grenfell explored, cannibalism is still quite ordinary. A certain proportion of the slaves which they capture or buy to sell again to the Portuguese agents are set aside for provisions, and the present writer has known two or three men who, by some good fortune, have escaped the cooking-pot at the last moment. But even worse than this ordinary kind of cannibalism and the sale of human cattle for slaughter was the widely diffused custom of burying men and women alive in the same trench with the rotting corpse of a chief, so that he might not go companionless into another world. Indeed, the cruelties of African burial ceremonies form a chapter in man's history which it is hardly endurable to read.

The pleasure of cruelty disappears very slowly among mankind, and can still be found in almost every civilised family. But, we suppose, it can be seen nowhere now quite so frankly expressed as in Central Africa. To the untutored savage there the sight of pain gives real and unconcealed delight. It makes him laugh for joy, and if the pain is caused by deliberate tortures the satisfaction of watching it is increased. All civilised torturers probably feel the same kind of pleasure in executions, floggings, pulling out of nails, and other prison practices, to say nothing of the pleasurable tortures inflicted on animals. But in Europe the pleasure is usually concealed under some other name, such as political necessity, duty, law, or sport. To see the thing in the simple nakedness of cruelty one has now to go to Central Africa, or to read such a book as this.

The wonder of the world is that, side by side with these hideous qualities, mankind should have developed even such elements of music, beauty, and imagination as are found in Central African arts and legends. In beautiful handicrafts the natives do not rank very high, but the effort after beauty is almost always present, and all have the instinct for music. They have invented many kinds of drums, harps, and pipes, and all day and night they will play the primitive piano, which Sir Harry Johnston calls a "metallophone," because he could find no general word for it, though the present reviewer has heard it called the "ochisanji" quite commonly in the South-West and at the mouth of the Congo. The chapter on religion, fetish, and folk-lore, too, though they are touched with the gloom of Africa, are sometimes enlivened by the charm of a child's close sympathy with animals, and the form of many of the fables quoted seems to support a suggestion recently made that the "Uncle Remus" tales were derived originally from slaves exported from the Congo basin through the Angola slaving stations. But, as we said, we cannot hope in a review even to touch the surface of a book that raises so many points of interest, and must be read by all who wish to realise one of the greatest problems now confronting our own and other European countries.

* "George Grenfell and the Congo." By Sir Harry Johnston. 2 vols. Hutchinson. 36s. net.

THE IMPORTANCE OF JEWELS.*

Mr. Clifford Smith, in a work very imposing in appearance, very finely illustrated, and, what in these days is

* "Jewellery." By H. Clifford Smith. Methuen. 25s. net.

much rarer, very well and carefully written, has revealed a good deal of the significance and human interest attaching to jewels, and which the history of jewellery has stored up. Not only has he studied the subject himself very patiently and thoroughly, but he has had the good fortune to interest in his work a large number of the owners of the best-known collections in this country, in America, and on the Continent, with the result that his book has a character of great thoroughness, and the illustrations are always the best and most representative of their kind. One suggestion, indeed, we are tempted to make at the outset. The history of jewellery contains, as we have said, a whole store of human interest, and this interest Mr. Clifford Smith reveals successfully enough; yet the attitude he has taken up is not entirely satisfactory. He is, it seems, satisfied to think of jewels as ornaments or marks of distinction, and that only. "The love of ornaments," he says, "prompted by vanity, is inherent in the human race." Jewels, he thinks, have been worn "to give prominence to individual parts of the body by means of glittering, beautiful objects, which involuntarily draw the eye of the spectator in the desired direction." They have also been the means of "establishing a distinctive mark of rank and dignity" on the wearers. The human motive in either case is the motive of vanity and the love of display; but do such motives adequately explain the attraction which gems and jewels have already exercised?

Is there not something more deep-seated and belonging to the thing itself, from which, as an after consequence, its ornamental value has proceeded? Let the reader look long and intently into the heart of a ruby or sapphire, and, as he does so, consider his own sensations. He will find the same feelings stirred in him as is stirred when he looks into the recesses, shadowy or sunlit, of a thick-foliaged wood, or when he gazes fixedly into green depths of transparent water. These interior views or aspects of things, which absorb the vision without being themselves exhausted, awaken in the gazer's mind a sentiment analogous to their own nature. They awaken, that is to say, the interior or introspective mood, that mood called also receptive or intuitive, because it is capable of passively receiving impressions which are beyond the reach of active intellectual operations. This is the gift of which mystics, seers, and prophets have been in all ages the chief exponents. It belongs to the East more than the West, and to women more than men; at the same time, in a diluted form, and as one strand among many, it is a perquisite of human nature, and helps to complete the sum of its faculties. To a greater or less extent, it is possessed, probably, by most people, and whoever possesses it is conscious of the emotional pleasure which it affords and prizes those objects or views of things by which it is stimulated. The depths of the sea and the depths of forests have been the homes of most of what is mystical and occult in human history. But, in the same history, gems have also played an important part. The stimulating of the receptive mood and the art of divination have been fostered by crystal gazing or staring into gems from time immemorial. We are not conscious of the trance of the medium or adept, we daresay, when we look at a precious stone, for mediums and adepts are still more or less the exception among us. But still our mood differs from theirs less in kind than degree. To some extent the introspective faculties of our mind are played upon by the intensely inward capacity of the stone, and this it is which explains the attraction it has for us, and explains, too, we may be quite sure, when we consider the nature of its history, the attraction it has always possessed for mankind. That another, an ornamental value, should have grown out of this natural and inherent value was, of course, inevitable. To possess and to show others we possess what all desire to prize is, no doubt, a purport of natural human motive. But still it is, in the case of jewels, an after consequence. The first feeling was their preciousness for their own sake, and because of a secret effect they exercised on the mind; the second feeling was that "it were very fitting and right I myself should possess what is so precious." From this it followed naturally that the possession of such objects came to be regarded as a mark of high distinction, proper to persons of exalted rank or office, or, at the least, an indication of unusual wealth. And so we come to all those secondary or derivative motives, all of which are based in the same thought, that the possession of what is important make the possessor important. These, probably, are always the most obvious motives, nevertheless, they are themselves the consequences of the more primitive and inherent attraction. The importance of possessing these things, the consciousness of a personal honor or dignity conferred by them, never would have arisen but for the profound, instinctive sense of their value and beauty, resulting, as I think, from a certain inward affinity between their own aspect and a mood of the human mind.

So intimately are the two subjects of gems and jewellery involved that it is impossible to separate them, the jeweller's skill being devoted very largely to composing the setting or framework for the gem, while the stone's value is itself the excuse and justification for the elaborate pains expended on its exhibition. From whichever point of view we approach the subject, we find it necessary to assume a primitive value and sense of attraction residing in jewels, and unless this is examined and analysed the treatment accorded will inevitably seem not quite satisfactory or exhaustive. It is, perhaps, a drawback to Mr. Clifford Smith's work that it does not attempt an explanation of this kind. Failing this, its chief attraction consists in its historical examination of the jeweller's art as practised by the races of antiquity and throughout the period of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. To the latter two epochs full justice is done, but the same can scarcely be said of the Byzantine era, which is dismissed rather cursorily in four or five pages. This is a pity Byzantine jewellery is the result of the serious preoccupation of the Greek genius with this branch of art. The taste of classic Greece took another and more intellectual direction. It was not until the foundation of Constantinople as the capital of the Eastern Empire that Eastern ideals assumed, under Greek guidance, a paramount importance in art. Long previous to that date the Greek race had scattered and spread and settled throughout Asia Minor and the Near East, living the Oriental life and assimilating Oriental ideas. The rise of Constantine's capital was the opportunity for the expression of those ideas. Byzantine art, as this art of the Eastern Empire is called, is, in fact, an amalgamation of Oriental motive and Greek taste. The gorgeousness and splendour, the richness of material and of coloring which characterises that art are unmistakably Oriental; but the refined arrangement, the perfect adaptation of means to end, the invariable simplicity and coherence of the whole effect are the usual indication of the superintendence of Greek taste and Greek knowledge. Jewellery, though a minor branch of art, is, of course, one which has always played a great part in Eastern life; but Eastern jewellery, pure and simple, always suffers from the usual disfigurements of Eastern art; it is always, that is to say, overloaded and barbaric. In Byzantine jewellery alone we have the utmost splendour and richness united to a perfectly discriminating sense for effect. Precious stones and gems are freely used; *repoussé*, open-work, and filigree exhibit the rich quality of the material, and *cloisonné* inlay or enamel provides a means for the utmost splendour of coloring. But the discipline and control of all this material are much more remarkable than the material itself. The reader familiar with Byzantine mosaics and Byzantine sculpture must often have been struck with that knowledge of clear, simple, and telling effects which, equally with their pagan forefathers, these Greeks of the later Empire possessed. The same knowledge is shown in their manipulation of gems and jewellery. The patterns are so arranged, in tiny discs, each one showing clear as a star, or slender chains of delicate beading relieved by smooth bands, that not one atom of enrichment is lost sight of or fails to make its full value felt. The consummate workmanship, but, far more, the consummate knowledge pertaining to Byzantine jewellery, gradually disappeared with the rise of the more barberous ideals of the Middle Ages, nor was that knowledge recaptured during the Renaissance. Nevertheless, this jewellery is the most perfect example that remains to us of this kind of art, and perhaps in the comprehension and closer study of it will be found the best hope for the development of the art in the future.

A DICTIONARY OF THE GOSPELS.*

Dr. Hastings has issued this second volume of his new dictionary with commendable promptitude. It sets out to be a preacher's dictionary, written by preachers for preachers, and, therefore, like a true book of children's stories, it cannot be criticised adequately except by the audience for whom it is designed. Their verdict is the only final one. The proper test of this dictionary will be found in the clergyman's study. If it serves the special and practical purposes of the preacher, its success is assured, no matter what any extra-clerical reviewer may choose to assert. But we should imagine that there can be very little doubt as to the reception of this dictionary. It has many merits. For one thing, it is competently edited. The editor's choice of contributors is perhaps more catholic than judicious; he has been more hospitable than discriminating. The index, too, might have been improved and enlarged with advantage. It is impossible, for example, to discover what articles any given contributor has written. But these are minor defects, which leave the excellence of the work unimpaired. Dr. Hastings claims to have included not only the contents of the four canonical gospels, but "every aspect of modern life, in so far as it touches, or is touched, by Christ." A perusal of the dictionary shows that in the main he has justified this claim, although, naturally, the treatment varies in thoroughness and precision. It would be an excellent thing for the clergy if they mastered the contents of this dictionary; an excellent thing, also, for the laity, who might have less to suffer in Sabbatical hours at the hands, or rather the lips, of their spiritual advisers.

To select individual contributions for notice is a trifle invidious, but among the more striking articles in this volume are several by Principal J. G. Simpson of Leeds, Mr. G. H. Box, Dr. John Kelman, Professor Souter of Oxford, Mr. G. Wauchope Stewart ("Love," "Oath," and "Originality"), Mr. A. N. Rowland ("Personality," "Religion"), and Dr. J. C. Lambert, one of the assistant editors. Dr. Lambert's work is uniformly careful and unpretentious. Mr. Box, who writes the article on the Virgin Birth, sums up as follows: "When subjected to the criteria properly applicable to it, such a tradition would seem to possess high claims to historical credibility." He thinks that the Lukan narrative "contains more original material" than the Matthaean, which is the reverse of the ordinary critical opinion. But the temper and method of the discussion are sound, whatever may be thought of its conclusions. Professor Bacon writes freshly upon "Logia," and Professor McFadyen's discussion of "Psalms" is in line with the best traditions of New Testament scholarship. The "Teaching of Jesus" is estimated by Dr. Vernon Bartlet, who has a strangely high opinion of Wendt's "Lehre Jesu" and Latham's "Pastor Pastorum." Owing to the incidence of the alphabet, the passion week of Jesus receives very elaborate treatment by a number of writers, and the various articles on this topic, as well as on the Eucharist, form one of the most valuable contributions to the whole volume. Unfortunately, the same praise cannot be given to a number of the critical articles. Mr. A. E. Burn's on "The Magnificat," and Professor Cooper's on the "Nunc Dimittis" are not adequate, and it would be scarcely unjust to call them rather disappointing. These happen to represent the more conservative side of the dictionary, but it is not their conservatism which provokes unfavorable comment; Professor James Orr and Dr. Geerhardus are equally conservative, yet their contributions show a thoroughgoing method which some of their colleagues fail to practise. Thus a number of the minor articles—*e.g.*, on "Lazarus," "Mediator," "Pentecost," and "Pre-existence"—do little more than scratch the surface of problems common to faith and criticism alike. The bibliographies, too, might have been improved, with rare exceptions. Perhaps the least satisfactory of all the articles, when one considers its subject and size, is the last, by Canon Sanday on "Paul."

It would not be fair, however, to Dr. Hastings and his coadjutors to occupy more space with a chronicle of the shortcomings which are inseparable from any extensive undertaking such as a dictionary of this kind. The hits outnumber the misses. Taken as a whole, the dictionary will answer its purpose admirably. Few preachers will turn over its pages without gaining both instruction and impetus for their work, and, were it only for the impressive article on "Preaching Christ," by Professor James Denney, this volume would deserve the gratitude of the Christian Church. Professor Denney's paragraphs will not command universal agreement. They may prove strong meat for some. But no finer illustration could be forthcoming of the temper in which faith and criticism may be blended. Here we have the scholar and the preacher in one, and on a high level. The intensity of conviction which throbs through the article, and, indeed, through all the articles which this author has contributed to the Dictionary, is nothing less than a moral tonic for the Christian reader.

* "A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels." Edited by Jas. Hastings, D.D. Vol. II. Labour—Zion. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 21s. net.

A SINGER ON HIS ART.*

Sir Charles Santley's "The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation" (Macmillan & Co.) is a straightforward, bluff, and sensible account of the great baritone's vocal faith. The little book is probably intended for students of singing, and if they catch its spirit they will have learned much; but, apart from the hortatory character of the volume, there is a deal of interest in Sir Charles Santley's opinions. Even in the introduction a most important point is made. Having pointed out that the exercise of scales, *solfeggi*, &c., is necessary for the singing of modern compositions, if only for the object of "equalising the quality and power of the voice, and of preserving it intact until age destroys its charm," Sir Charles Santley proclaims a fact that cannot be too often proclaimed: that florid music was not introduced to "show off" the technical ability of the singer. "The *fioriture* is a great assistance to declamation, whether in serious or comic music." The gradual and other music books used in the Roman Church abound in *fioriture*, and they "surely could not have been written to 'show off' the technical ability of the monks or priests whose office it was to sing them, but by holding the ear in suspense with attractive sound, to intensify the declamation of the text." Sir Charles Santley might have cited the example of Farinelli, who, from being an extraordinary virtuoso of singing, became a most superior artist, combining both styles so that he moved his audiences to tears. And then, again, there is the example of Caffarelli.

It would be possible, too, to prove from contemporary writings that the great *fioriture* singers of the middle of the eighteenth century were by no means mere mechanical *virtuosi*. Farinelli, Caffarelli, and Vittoria Tesi could do wonderful things with their voices, in comparison with which Tetrazzini's trill on a D in altissimo is as nothing; but what we forget now is that the florid singing of the eighteenth century was considered a natural style of expression. It moved audiences to frenzied excitement, and drew tears from their sensible eighteenth-century eyes. This could be done by no mechanical perfection alone. A clarinet or a flute can execute embellishments which are beyond the powers of a voice, but these wind instruments leave one quite cold. There is nothing in music made by instruments to be compared with the timbre of the human voice. When we want to praise the tone of a violinist, we say that he makes his instrument sing, and that is the highest praise we can give him; but even an Ysaye cannot make his violin quite human. The quality which was particularly admired in these great eighteenth century singers was the expression with which they sang the *fioriture* fashionable at the time. That expression gave it a human significance. Later on, when another style of music had come into being, and the florid embellishment lingered as a mere excrescence, a period of decadence set in, until nowadays we make a special class of *coloratura* singers, and do not expect anything else from them. We do not even understand how this florid music should be sung, for if it be only done equally and roundly we are satisfied. The ideal is now that the voice in such music should be as reliable and as steady as an instrument, and of this mechanical perfection Melba is our living example.

* "The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation." By Sir Charles Santley. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

Tetrazzini's art, with all its imperfections, is more in the style of the eighteenth century, as far as may be gathered from contemporary records, because the new singer does put human expression into her *fioriture*. Then Sir Charles Santley himself is an example. To hear him sing the runs in a Handelian air with proper emphasis and dramatic expression is to understand why that artificial type of music did not seem artificial to the eighteenth century amateur of music.

The practical use of florid exercises and so forth for modern singing is unquestionable, and Sir Charles Santley has done well to insist on the necessity of these exercises. The dearth of great Wagnerian artists to-day is entirely due to their training not having been received in the Italian school. The artists who first made their name in Wagner's music dramas had been accustomed to sing in the Italian style, and it is only of recent years that the curious type of singer who is hailed as an "artist" because he cannot sing has come into existence. No doubt the excellent singing in the performances of the "Ring" in English was due to the fact that our native singers had been trained in the Italian style.

Sir Charles Santley is properly severe on the pseudo-scientific teaching, which is so rampant nowadays. Sometimes a "professor" of this art goes too far in his quackery, as a recent case in the Law Courts proved; but in general there is too much confusion between the physical means by which a vocal effect is obtained and the vocal effect itself. You cannot teach a good style of batting by learned disquisition on the muscles which are brought into play. There are certain positions of the body which have been found best for certain strokes, but the proclaiming of the anatomical reasons for this does not help. All teaching of arts which have a physical basis is best done by imitation and by concentration on the desired effect. Thus, you cannot train a painter by giving him an account of the nervous system by which his eye, brain, and hand may be brought into close accord. Yet that is attempted by many modern professors of singing. Sir Charles Santley stoutly tilts against this pseudo-scientific method of teaching singing. Santley was a pupil of Manuel Garcia's and a friend while he lived, but in all the conversation between the two never a word was said "about larynx or pharynx, glottis or any other organ used in the production or emission of the voice." Garcia had the knowledge, but he did not parade it before his pupils. "My experience tells me," writes Sir Charles Santley, "that the less pupils know about the construction of the vocal organs the better; in fact, as I heard a master once remark, 'better they should not be aware they had throats except for the purpose of swallowing their food.'" More particular hints on singing are scattered up and down this informal little book, and a chapter on the "study of vocal works" is especially valuable, for it lays stress on the proper pronunciation of words, and contains some commonsense remarks on the mystery of breathing, which, the author says, is no mystery at all. Care is required "in arranging convenient and appropriate places to take breath, and in practising speech or song accordingly." Indeed, the student will find no short cut to perfection advocated in "The Art of Singing," but much sound and sensible advice, which has its special value in coming from an artist who has preserved his style and power of pleasing even to his seventy-fourth year.

THE GENIUS OF MR. CONRAD.*

While a "Times" critic has patriotically declared that Mr. Conrad's stories are "characteristically English by virtue of the humour that plays all about them and through them," another English critic has hazarded the suggestion that had "Mr. Conrad remained a Polish writer he might —who knows?—have given us novels to compare with 'On the Eve' and 'Virgin Soil,'" and has deplored that the author should have become denationalised and have written his books in English instead of in Polish. Both these criticisms, though complimentary to Mr. Conrad's powers, go wide of the main point—that it is impossible for a writer of genius to denationalise his spirit. Mr. Conrad's rare gifts may, indeed, have been fertilised by his cosmopolitan life, and have fructified through their transplantation into English soil, but anything less English than his ironic, tender, and sombre vision of life it would be hard to find. In fact, the "humour that plays about his stories" is essentially Slav in its ironic acceptance of the pathetic futility of human nature, and quite un-English in its refinement of tender, critical malice. No doubt Poland lost much when this writer, who has literature in his blood, cast in his lot with our merchantmen and sailed to the ends of the earth in English ships; but what is of especial interest to the critic is that he has been a liberating force to our English insularity. The horizon of his human valuations is not bounded by the special illusions our English society cherishes, and yet none of our writers have paid so impartial, so fair a tribute to the integrity of the Englishman on active service, and the straightness of our English rule overseas. Mr. Conrad, indeed, has a special affection for the Englishman's bluff code, practical creed, and simplicity of outlook; but let us not presume on this, or conclude on such slender evidence that his stories are "characteristically English," for they are nothing of the kind. They are Continental in their literary affinities, Slav in their psychological insight, and Polish in their haunting and melancholy cadence, and in their preference for dwelling on the minor. Let the reader consider the following example of Mr. Conrad's unflinching and sympathetic irony which bathes the little scene in an atmosphere remote from any to be found in literature on this side of the Channel:—

> On his twenty-fifth birthday two of his friends in the repairing shop where he worked proposed to stand him a dinner. He was immensely touched by their attention.
>
> "I am a steady man," he remarked, "but I am not less sociable than anybody."
>
> The entertainment came off in a little café on the Boulevard de la Chapelle. At dinner they drank some special wine. It was excellent. Everything was excellent; and the world—in his own words—seemed a very good place to live in. He had good prospects, some little money laid by, and the affection of two excellent friends. He offered to pay for all the drinks after dinner, which was only proper on his part.
>
> They drank more wine; they drank liqueurs, cognac, beer, then more liqueurs and more cognac. Two strangers sitting at the next table looked at him, he said, with so much friendliness that he invited them to join the party.
>
> He had never drunk so much in his life. His elation was extreme, and so pleasurable that whenever it flagged he hastened to order more drinks.
>
> "It seemed to me," he said in his quiet tone, and looking on the ground in the gloomy shed full of shadows, "that I was on the point of just attaining a great and wonderful felicity. Another drink, I felt, would do it. The others were holding out well with me, glass for glass."
>
> But an extraordinary thing happened. At something the strangers said his elation fell. Gloomy ideas—*des idées noires*—rushed into his head. All the world outside the café appeared to him as a dismal, evil place, where a multitude of poor wretches had to work and slave to the sole end that a few individuals should ride in carriages and live riotously in palaces. He became ashamed of his happiness. The pity of mankind's cruel lot wrung his heart. In a voice choked with sorrow he tried to express these sentiments. He thinks he wept and swore in turns.
>
> The two new acquaintances hastened to applaud his humane indignation. Yes. The amount of injustice in the world was indeed scandalous. There was only one way of dealing with the rotten state of society. Demolish the whole *sacrée boutique*. Blow up the whole iniquitous show.
>
> Their heads hovered over the table. They whispered to him eloquently; I don't think they quite expected the result. He was extremely drunk—mad drunk. With a howl of rage he leaped suddenly upon the table. Kicking over the bottles and glasses he yelled: "*Vive l'anarchie!* Death to the capitalists!" He yelled this again and again. All round him broken glass was falling, chairs were being swung in the air, people were taking each other by the throat. The police dashed in. He hit, bit, scratched, and struggled, till something crashed down upon his head. . . .
>
> He came to himself in a police cell, locked up on a charge of assault, seditious cries, and anarchist propaganda.
>
> He looked at me fixedly with his liquid, shining eyes, that seemed very big in the dim light.
>
> "That was bad, but even then I might have got off somehow, perhaps," he said, slowly.
>
> I doubt it. But whatever chance he had was done away with by a young Socialist lawyer who volunteered to undertake his defence. In vain he assured him that he was no anarchist; that he was a quiet respectable mechanic, only too anxious to work ten hours a day at his trade. He was represented at the trial as a victim of society, and his drunken shoutings as the expression of infinite suffering. The young lawyer had his way to make, and this case was just what he

* "A Set of Six." By Joseph Conrad. Methuen. 6s.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY.

EVERY FRIDAY, 2d.

PUBLIC OPINION

EDITED BY

PERCY L. PARKER.

¶ "Public Opinion" provides the busy man with a lucid summary of what is happening in the different fields of human activity and focusses within reasonable compass something of that teeming interest which comes from being in touch with many phases of life.

Dr. W. H. FITCHETT says:—

"Most interesting and valuable; a matchless bit of journalistic work."

Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER says:—

"Your selection of current thought is worthy of all praise."

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for ***10s. 10d.***; and to any place abroad for ***13s.*** per annum.

SPECIMEN FREE ON APPLICATION.

31 and 32, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

Concerning Lafcadio Hearn.

By G. M. GOULD, M.D.

With 5 Illustrations. **Price 8s. 6d.** ***net.***

An appreciation of Hearn's personality and work, presenting him in aspects which have hitherto received little attention.

The History of Co-Operation.

By GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

Illustrated. Popular Edition in One Volume.

7s. 6d. ***net.***

"No other historian could have given us the story of the progress of co-operation in the way that Mr. Holyoake has done. Few can read the volume without being deeply interested."—*Nation.*

Democracy and Reaction.

By L. T. HOBHOUSE.

Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo. Paper Covers.

1s. ***net.***

"The whole strain of Mr. Hobhouse's argument is positive and constructive and though he has the high merit of being an idealist, he has long been a close, exact, and direct observer of working politics from day to day."—LORD MORLEY in *The Nineteenth Century.*

A New "Handy Andy."

"PATSY"

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

Author of "The Blue Lagoon."

6s.

FIRST REVIEW.

"'Patsy' is a rollicking story full of high spirits and fun. . . . A book of real humour."—*Daily Express.*

"PATSY"

The New Novel by the author of "THE BLUE LAGOON" is on sale at all Booksellers. **Price 6s.**

T. FISHER UNWIN. LONDON.

wanted for a start. The speech for the defence was pronounced magnificent.

The poor fellow paused, swallowed, and brought out the statement:—

"I got the maximum penalty applicable to a first offence."

I made an appropriate murmur. He hung his head and folded his arms.

The passage above cited is taken from "The Anarchist," a little story which is a gem of Mr. Conrad's art, and, indeed, an admirable illustration of our "cosmopolitan and friendless" author's talent for finding himself at home wherever his human material gives him scope for his ironical, picturesque observation of men. Give Mr. Conrad an aged cabman and a bony, disillusioned horse, and he will invest this prosaic subject (as he has done in "The Secret Agent") with a depth of human significance as arresting as Rembrandt's treatment of a group of beggars. Give him an advertisement of the B.O.S. Meat Extract Manufacturing Co., Limited, and his cosmopolitan vision transports us straightway to the Manaña cattle estancia in a South American estuary, where Mr. Harry Gee, the Americanised manager, collides with our unfortunate *soi-disant* Anarchist, the victim of a Parisian law court, who had managed to escape, by favoring fortune, from the convict settlement at Cayenne. The end of the story has that poetic cadence on the minor strings which, as we have noted, is part and parcel of our author's birthright. It is simple and ironically profound, is this poor Anarchist's refusal to return to Europe and to "*them*," which means the "victims of society" who were ready to "stick their comrade like a pig."

Four of the stories in "A Set of Six" are not studies on which the artist probably sets any high value, though all of them, if published anonymously, would betray themselves to the connoisseur's eye as indubitable Conrads. The least successful is "The Informer," another study of an Anarchist *milieu*, and we attribute its failure to the three chief characters—X, the great publicist conspirator and active inspirer of secret societies; Comrade Sevrin, "the most persistent, dangerous, craftiest, and systematic of informers"; and the girl Anarchist, with whom he is in love, not acting true to type, but being plausibly brought together for the purpose of the story. Much better is "The Brute," a tale of a mad ship, "the most evil-minded, underhand, savage brute that ever went afloat," who invariably kills somebody every voyage she makes. The narrator, a seaman, justifies his charge of insanity against the "Apse Family" by the terror she inspired among her crew whenever she broke loose, till finally she "overreaches herself in her last little game," and goes ashore off the Cape. The first story, "Gaspar Riuiz," a study of a heroic figure, "a strong man who perished through his strength" in one of the South American wars of liberation, though admirable in its character sketches, is lacking in subtlety of atmosphere; but this criticism does not apply to "The Duel," which is a masterpiece of style—a story which, in the unerring delicacy of its artistic strokes, is worthy of Turgenev. Mr. Conrad's serene impartiality, his mordant humour, his special faculty of depicting the change and movement of life, flowing on even while it arrests us with some sharply stamped aspect, then gliding away to form anew some strangely significant episode—all his rare qualities unite happily in "The Duel" to produce a perfect whole. The description of the first duel in Lieut. Feraud's garden (pp. 192, 193), the scene of Fouché's reception, in his Ministerial Cabinet, of General Baron D'Hubert (p. 240), and of the final duel in the pine wood between the exasperated adversaries, show the precision of a master's hand. So faultless is this story that indeed it creates the tests by which the companion stories reveal the nature of their achievement.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Trout-Waters of England," by Mr. W. M. Gallichan (T. N. Foulis, 2s. net), is designed to meet the needs of those, a constantly increasing class, who are anxious to catch trout, but are not sure where to seek them. It will be found serviceable. It dispels the general impression that there are hardly any good waters in England accessible to the public. Mr. Gallichan shows that there are scores of well-stocked streams and a few lakes on which one is free to fish, either on no consideration at all or on terms which are easily complied with. In fact, it is with these practically open waters, rather than with the trout waters as a whole, that his little book is concerned. He tells where they are, what sport each of them may be expected to yield, and in what hotels or farmhouses lodgings can be found. Our impression is that he does not exaggerate the fortune which anywhere awaits the angler. Not a few of the waters are known to himself, and his information as to the others has been obtained from persons who seem to be trustworthy. Like many an angler, Mr. Gallichan is prone to speak of the trout here or there as being "educated." By this he means that long familiarity with flies or other lures has made them cunning and difficult to entice. This is a facile assumption in favor of which there is no unquestionable evidence. Think of it in relation to Lochleven. For fifty or sixty years that splendid lake has been more severely whipped with flies and raked with minnows than any other water in the world. If trout can be "educated," surely, then, it is there that we should find education at its highest; surely, indeed, it should by this time be almost impossible to catch a Lochleven trout at all? This season, however, more trout have been taken from Lochleven than were caught in any other season on record. Nevertheless, one is not ill-pleased with Mr. Gallichan's work, which, whilst questionable as regards some of its incidental assumptions, is in its main purpose an honest guide.

* * *

The itinerary of Mr. Paul Waineman's "Summer Tour in Finland" (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net), was far more comprehensive than that followed by Mr. A. M. Scott in his "Through Finland to St. Petersburg," recently reviewed in these columns. Starting from Helsingfors, Mr. Waineman journeyed along the south coast as far as Viborg, thence ascended the Saima Canal and reached Imctra, famous for its falls; found his way by a zigzag route through Sordavala and Nyslott to Kuopio, then northwards to Uleaborg and Tornea at the top of the Gulf of Bothnia, whence he swooped southwards to Tammerfors, the Manchester of Finland, and to Abo, its former capital, finishing at Hango, the port of departure for Hull. The record of his experiences would, however, have read better had he told us of fewer things and arranged the order of their telling more carefully. What he gives us is really a collection of wayside notes and random impressions, thrown together without much regard to literary construction—a narrative in which the interesting description and curiously commonplace observation jostle each other. His impressions of the exciting journey down the Ulea cataracts, and of Finnish scenery in general, and his information as to the marriage and other customs of the country are excellent; while he tells us much that is useful about Osterbotten, the northern province which is far less familiar to travellers than is Southern Finland. But elsewhere the helter-skelter style, burdened with allusions to "buxom, bare-footed maids" and old woman faces "that Rembrandt would have painted," suggests the need of compression and elimination. We point out these failings, not because the book is not interesting in spite of them, but because it might have been much more so without them. Finland is a country of great and comparatively unexplored charm. Mr. Waineman has had exceptional facilities for studying it, for he is not merely a summer tourist; he has lived in the country in and out of season, and can hardly have failed to penetrate the surface of its character and social life. We feel, therefore, that he might have made more of his material. The book, however, is a pleasant enough production, and is very prettily illustrated by Mr. Alexander Federley's drawings and by many photographs of excellent quality.

* * *

"Samples of a great county, rich in many things, and of a people brave, courteous, and hospitable," is the description applied to "My Devonshire Book" (the Western Morning News Co., 3s. 6d. net), by its author, Mr. J. Henry Harris, and it fits this entertaining work. Open

THE AUTHORITATIVE WORK ON THE BRAIN.

EDUCATION, PERSONALITY, AND CRIME.

By ALBERT WILSON, M.D.

With about 100 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

Dr. Albert Wilson's important work has been received by the press, the experts, and the thoughtful public generally with a chorus of praise as befitting the magnitude of the work and the authority of the writer. The book should find a place in the library of every Doctor, Clergyman, Social Reformer, Justice of the Peace, in fact all who have the social welfare of the community at heart.

Bright Fiction for Holiday Readers

BEAU BROCADE	BARONESS ORCZY. 6s.
THE CARDINAL AND LADY SUSAN.	LUCAS CLEEVE. 6s.
ROLLIN STONE	ERNEST SUFFLING. 6s.
THE MEETING OF THE WAYS ...	J. D. BAXTER. 6s.
A SUBURBAN SCANDAL ..	GURNER GILLMAN. 6s.
THE AVA MINING SYNDICATE ...	CECIL LOWIS. 6s.
MRS. FITZMAURICE ON LEAVE	GABRIELLE FITZMAURICE. 3s. 6d.
THE PRODIGAL CITY ..	TRISTAM COUTTS. 6s.
BRENDAVALE	... E. BLACK. 6s.
ZOE'S REVENGE	.. M. Y. HALIDOM. 6s.
WORKERS IN DARKNESS	HARRIS BURLAND. 6s.
GOD IN SAN DAM	F. BLOUNT MOTT. 6s.
HEATHER O' THE RIVERS	W. HAROLD THOMSON. 6s.
ROSE CAMPION'S PLATONIC	ADAM LILBURN. 6s.
THE MYSTERIOUS ABDUCTION	G. S. GOODMAN. 6s.
SEMIRAMIS	... EDWARD PEPLE. 6s.

When Bound for Your Favourite Resort

ASK AT THE STATION BOOKSTALL FOR

GREENING'S SHILLING SERIES

Strongly recommended to holiday-makers as they are bound in a neat cloth style and of handy size for slipping into the pocket. Only works of undeniable merit find a place in this series.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. BARONESS ORCZY.
I WILL REPAY. BARONESS ORCZY.
A SON OF THE PEOPLE. BARONESS ORCZY.
FROM THE BOOK BEAUTIFUL. GUY THORNE.
SEEN AND UNSEEN. E. KATHERINE BATES.
THE DEGRADATION OF GEOFFREY ALWITH. MORLEY ROBERTS.
OSCAR WILDE. The Story of an Unhappy Friendship. ROBERT H. SHERARD.
PORTALONE. C. RANGER GULL.

The Publishers have just added to the above series

THE DUPE. By GERALD BISS.

of whom the "Daily Telegraph" said: "Guy Boothby never wrote with a more vigorous abandon."

TO SUFFRAGETTES AND OTHERS.

THE VICTIM AND THE VOTERY,

By WILLIAM CAINE.

Should be read by those who approve and those who disapprove of the "Votes for Women" cult, as it will furnish shrieks of laughter for the scornful, and even raise a smile on the face of the most advanced Suffragette.

Price One Shilling net. Paper Wrapper.

No One Visiting Cornwall should be without

FROM ST. IVES TO LAND'S END,

written by MR. A. G. FOLLIOTT-STOKES, and containing map and twenty-two photographic illustrations.

To be had at all booksellers and railway bookstalls. 1s. net.

GREENING & CO., Ltd., 91, St. Martin's ane, W.C.

THE CASE FOR FREE TRADE

is being pithily put
from day to day in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

by

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.,

under the title

100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE.

EVERY DAY
ONE POINT.

All who wish to have ready to hand an apt reply for the Tariff Reformer should watch this series in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

daily.

A NEW

"F.C.G." Froissart.

The "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE" is continuing at intervals throughout August, the publication of

"F.C.G.'S" MODERN FROISSART,

describing in quaint mediaeval phraseology and with illustrations founded upon fourteenth century examples, the principal political events from the end of 1902 up to and including the General Election of 1906.

The story of the events familiar to us all in our recent history will be told as if written by Sir John Froissart himself, and, although a good deal of humour is introduced both in the text and the pictures, the narrative will be an interesting record of actual events. The Weekly Editions* of

The "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE"

will contain the chapters published during each current week. The first chapter appeared in the "Westminster Gazette" dated July 29th. Back numbers containing the series can be obtained on application to the Publisher.

* *THE SATURDAY WESTMINSTER.*

Offices: WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, Tudor St., London, E.C.

BOOKS WANTED, 25s. Each Offered.—Brewer's Henry VIII., 2 vols., 1884. Burke's Armoury and Extinct Peerage, 1883. Borrow's Wild Wales, 3 vols., 1862. Eliot's Scenes of Clerical Life, 1st edition, 2 vols., 1858. Jerrold's Men of Character, 3 vols., 1838. Alice in Wonderland, 1865 or 1866. Stevenson's Edinburgh, 1879. Desperate Remedies, 3 vols., 1871. Churchill's Poems, 3 vols., 1844. Symond's Italian Literature, 2 vols., 1881. Swinburne's Atalanta, white cloth, 1865. Lorna Doone, 3 vols., 1869. James's Painters and their Work, 3 vols. Gardiner's History of England, 2 vols., 1863. Jackson's Old Paris, 2 vols., 1878. Freer's Last Decade, 2 vols., 1863. 100,000 books for sale and wanted. Please state wants.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

the volume where you will, and you will find bits of pleasant information—a piece of history, an anecdote, an example of native humour, a "pixie" story, or the expression of a prettily adoring sentiment. Mr. Harris has written much about the West Country, and he knows and loves it, as it was known and loved by Kingsley and Blackmore before him. He has, moreover, a whimsical turn of style and a store of humour. Between the Celt of Cornwall and the Saxon of Devonshire he draws a sharp distinction, while admitting that inter-marriage between natives of the two countries has done much to obliterate it; in the fusion of the two sets of characteristics he discovers perfection. All the principal towns in Devonshire are touched upon. In each he finds some quality that its neighbours do not possess. His estimate of the Devonian character, compounded of honesty and "slimness," of pride of place and tenaciousness of purpose, of love of sport, of Protestantism and Pagan superstitions, is probably as correct as any that could be made. The book is illustrated by thirty photographs, titled by quotations from the text—a plan that is not always happy in its results. Thus to label a very ordinary picture of Teignmouth, with its ugly, ultra-modern jetty the most conspicuous feature, "There have been romances on this water," is to invite ribald remark. But the text shows humour enough to balance the slight want of it in the naming of the illustrations.

* * *

"We are not all alike, and we never shall be, and with regard to food, though wide principles apply to all, we differ greatly when it comes to details." This sentence occurs in Miss Alice Braithwaite's "Plainer Fare and Less of It" (Richard R. James, 3s. 6d. net), and its truth is one that the average reader will do well to bear in mind while he is digesting mentally the rules for an improved physical digestion that the book lays down. Her counsels are largely based on the Buddhist philosophy of food, and their keynote seems to us to be contained in the second part of her title rather than in the first, which is to say that she preaches temperance in any diet that may be selected rather than exclusive devotion to a particular one. She supports, of course, the growing tendency to vegetarianism; but she is neither a rabid vegetarian nor a fruitarian, and to certain modern fads, greatly overdone, if not mischievous in themselves, she is strongly opposed. She reminds us that bread still deserves its reputation as the staff of life. Tea and coffee are banned as being little better, if more respectable, than alcohol. Her plan for the simple life, in which health, strength, and activity are combined with tranquillity of mind, is based on a two-meal day, assuming that no patient is willing to restrict himself to one. Needless to say, the custom that prescribes a late dinner is disregarded. The list of plain fare recipes at the end of the volume should be useful to reforming housekeepers.

* * *

In describing his long walk "From St. Ives to Land's End" (Greening, 1s. net) Mr. A. G. Folliott Stokes gently takes previous writers on the Cornish scenery to task for clinging to too frequented paths, and thereby missing much that is worthy of notice. His own route lay, broadly speaking, along the north coast of the Duchy, with occasional divergences into the interior, and his claim is that on the journey, as he made it, from St. Ives to Zennor, hence to Morvah and Land's End, one finds interests as absorbing as any encountered on the southern and more popular ways. However this may be, the pretty descriptive gift that served him so well in "A Moorland Princess" is here turned to the making of a very interesting nature ramble round and about the moors and dales, the tors and cromlechs and granite promontories of the country. He gives us a little bit of everything in his text, and includes a sketch of the fishing industry at St. Ives—from the pictorial standpoint—and instructions for skinning adders, a home-made map, and lists of flowers, birds, animals, and reptiles noted on the road. The book, which is not too long, is copiously illustrated by Mr. J. C. Douglas's photographs.

The Week in the City.

THE MOVEMENT OF LEADING STOCKS.

	Price Friday Morning, Aug. 14.		Price Friday Morning, Aug. 21.
Consols 2½ per cent.	86⅝	...	86⅝
German 3 per cent.	83	...	83¼
London and North Western	134¾	...	132½
Union Pacific	162¼	...	159¾
Canadian-Pacific...	176¾	...	175¾
Rand Mines	6 1/32	...	6 17/32

Everything has been very quiet, for nearly everybody who counts is holiday-making. Perhaps the most satisfactory thing to be recorded is the impression that seems to be gaining ground of a recovery in trade. The returns of pauperism and unemployment, which had been getting worse for some months, are improving again. A bumper harvest in Canada now looks like a certainty, and the rains in India have been so good and general that excellent crops seem to be certain. Excluding India, the world's harvest may only be an average one, and wheat prices may not fall very much lower, as stocks are light. But bread is pretty sure to be a good deal cheaper in the coming autumn and winter than it was last year. The United States are beginning to import more, and the heavy exports from Canada which must soon begin promise a revival in the shipping trade. Even South Africa is looking up, and the mining markets have been quite active. The Stock Markets have been fairly firm, and money is still as cheap or cheaper than ever. There is no expectation of any severe stringency in the autumn.

The American Market.

The buoyancy of the American market has been so remarkable that it cannot be entirely a matter of manipulation by the "derrickers" of whom we have heard so much. Let us see how it appears to a shrewd market operator on the other side:—

> "Under the influence of easy money, improving business prospects, a good harvest, and powerful inside support, prices have climbed to a still higher level. The advance has probably been more than conditions really warranted; but the market is in the control of a combination of unusually powerful operators, and as their interests are best served by an advancing market, it is but natural that they use their power to the utmost limit. But the most skilful manipulation could not have engineered a rise such as has taken place since last November unless there was some good foundation."

Here are some of the favorable influences. In the first place, the panic is far behind. Prices then fell much below intrinsic values because of extreme demoralisation, "and, unless history fails to repeat itself, they are likely to react above intrinsic values, because the pendulum invariably swings back violently before resuming its normal movements to and fro." Now that the storm is over, the financial atmosphere has cleared, and the commercial recovery has begun. There were no signs of general overproduction, such as prolonged the depression which followed the panic of 1893, and in many lines of merchandise there was a positive scarcity, particularly in agricultural products. The gaps have to be filled up, and, in the West at any rate, there is plenty of money and confidence. Probably the low rates of interest are the most important factor of all.

Foreign Bonds.

The demand for Foreign Government stocks is constant, and Japanese loans seem to be coming into fashion again, owing to a belief that the new Cabinet will make further reductions in military and naval expenditure. German credit stands to gain if a naval agreement goes through, and the various State loans are being freely bought in Switzerland and the Low Countries. But the supply is so large that a four per cent. investment may be possible for some time longer. Among speculative stocks Guatemala has been favored, probably because President Cabrera has just amnestied his political opponents. Turkey, on the other hand, is rather under a cloud. The bondholders are mainly German and French, and in Germany the Young Turks are regarded with much suspicion. Whether the bondholders will suffer or not depends partly upon the maintenance of the Debt Council, which is the one respectable fiscal authority in Turkey.

Lucellum.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 per cent. INTEREST on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it

WILL BE REPLACED.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.

Each packet is dated with the year of issue.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.

All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

TANGYE OIL ENGINE

AUTOMATIC TUBE IGNITION.

NO LAMP EXCEPT FOR STARTING

TANGYES LTD BIRMINGHAM.

HIGHEST QUALITY TURKISH TOWELS AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY

BARLOW & JONES, LIMITED, MANCHESTER;

And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

Liver troubles

SHOULD NEVER BE NEGLECTED.

The principal duty of the Liver is to extract the bile from the blood, and carry it direct to the digestive organs. Therefore, if the Liver is disordered, it cannot perform its duties properly, and the result is, the blood becomes overloaded with bile, which causes Lassitude, Debility, Irritability, and may develop Dropsy.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) Liverets

STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE

will speedily and permanently cure all livery troubles, because they thoroughly cleanse the Liver of all impurities, and stimulate it to easily perform its functions in a natural healthy manner MERIT'S LIVERETS are prepared from purely vegetable ingredients only, as prescribed by a prominent physician, and have no debilitating effect upon the health. Price 1/1½ and 2/9 of all Chemists and Stores. If unable to obtain, send direct to

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. So beware of spurious imitations.

THE INQUIRER

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL RELIGION

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:

6/6 per year, to all parts of the World.

Published every Friday at

3, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

University of Manchester,

Chancellor—The Right Hon. the Viscount MORLEY of BLACKBURN, O.M.
Vice-Chancellor—ALFRED HOPKINSON, K.C., M.A., LLD., B.C.L.
Registrar—EDWARD FIDDES, M.A.
Bursar—SYDNEY CHAFFERS, M.A.

The SESSION 1908-9 begins on the 6th October.

There are Eight Faculties in the University—Arts, Science, Law, Music, Commerce and Administration, Theology, Technology and Medicine—in all of which degrees are conferred. There are diplomas—Dentistry, Public Health, Veterinary, State Medicine, Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Mining, Applied Chemistry, and Technology. There are also a University Diploma and Certificate for Teachers. A large Training College, with Demonstration Schools, is associated with the University.

The Teaching Staff consists of 43 Professors and about 160 Lecturers, Assistants, and Demonstrators. A number of ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS are offered for competition annually in May.

There are special facilities for research, and Graduates of other Universities may study for research degrees, and are eligible for certain research Fellowships.

All degrees and all Departments of the University (except Engineering) are open to Women Students.

The Registrar will supply, on application, prospectuses of any of the above Faculties or of any of the following:—

Dental Department.
Department of Education.
Pharmaceutical Department.
Public Health Department.
Engineering Department.
Mining Department.
School of Architecture.
Fellowships, Scholarships, and Exhibitions.
Special, Popular, and Evening Courses.
University Extension Committee.
Advanced Studies in the Faculties of Arts and Science, and Technology.

The Examination Papers set at the last Entrance Scholarship Examination (price 6d.), those set at the last Degree and Diploma Examinations (price 1s.), and the University Calendar, 3s. (by post 3s. 5d.), may be obtained from Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes, 34, Cross-street, Manchester, and at 60, Chandos-street, London, W.C., or any bookseller.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.
APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,
R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.
Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.
Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields; gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Next Term, Sept. 18th. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.
Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON).
The MICHAELMAS TERM BEGINS on OCTOBER 1st, 1908. The College prepares Students for the London Degrees in Science and Arts.
Twelve Entrance Scholarships, from £50 to £60 a year, and several Bursaries of not more than £30, tenable for three years, will be offered for Competition in June, 1909.
For further particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.
Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.
A limited number of boarders received.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.
Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS. Ancient and Modern, Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOMAS THORP, 93, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
[And at READING and GUILDFORD.]
MONTHLY CATALOGUES FREE.
Mr. Thorp has incorporated the business in Review Books carried on for many years by Mrs. Hindley at Booksellers' Row, and at the above address.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.
School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'
BOOKSELLERS.
NEW AND SECOND-HAND.
All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)
Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.
A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.
PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the ECONOMIST is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS
Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

TOURS.

£6 6s. LUCERNE TOUR.

Nine days. Short Sea Route. No extras for Conductor or Gratuities.

HENRY S. LUNN, M.D.

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. 25, Cannon Street, E.C.
4, Charing Cross, S.W. 84, Piccadilly, W.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 „ ... ... 6d. „

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.
WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.
67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.
THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.
BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.
ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.
THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.
BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.
BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.
CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.
ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.
HILLS MARINE VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing sea. 10/- per day

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.
THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.
COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LANCASTER.
BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

STONEWELL RESTAURANT. T. M. Hey, Proprietor.

MARKET HALL RESTAURANT. Prop. J. E. Dowthwaite.

LEEDS.
HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.
COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.
CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.
HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.
SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).
SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, etc. Lecture

PENTRE.
PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PORTSMOUTH.
SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647

HOTEL CAFE CONTINENTAL, 207, Lord St., French and English Confectioners, Dinners, Teas and Suppers. Parties Catered for.

SOUTHSEA.
STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

SWANAGE.
"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.
REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.
WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

READY ON AUGUST 27.—Crown 8vo, 6s.

HOLY ORDERS

(The Tragedy of a Quiet Life).

By MARIE CORELLI

The demand for Miss Corelli's New Novel is tremendous and though the first edition consists of 100,000 copies it is nearly exhausted, and a second edition is in the press.

Messrs. METHUEN have much pleasure in announcing that they have just published New Editions of Mr. KIPLING'S Four Famous Volumes of Verse. The Form is fcap. 8vo, and the books are bound in limp lambskin leather, with a special design. The four books are uniform with the similar Edition of Mr. Kipling's Prose Works, published by Messrs. Macmillan. The price is 5s. net each volume.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.
DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES.

THE SEVEN SEAS.
THE FIVE NATIONS.

FICTION

ANTHONY CUTHBERT. By RICHARD BAGOT. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SPANISH GOLD. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MR. APOLLO: a Just Possible Story. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT. By BEATRICE WHITBY. Crown 8vo, 6s.
"Very delightful in every respect."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*
"A healthy, blameless, and simple-hearted tale."—*Morning Leader.*

A SET OF SIX. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Crown 8vo, 6s.
"A book for which one must be very grateful."—*Daily Express.*

THE SONG OF HYACINTH, and other Stories. By JOHN OXENHAM. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
"The stories are always clever and entertaining."—*Scotsman.*

THE EASY-GO-LUCKIES; or, One Way of Living. By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
"There is cleverness enough for half-a-dozen light novels in Mrs. Rawson's new story."—*Manchester Guardian.*

LOVE THE HARVESTER. By MAX PEMBERTON. With 8 Illustrations by FRANK DADD, R.I. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
"It is a dainty story."—*Evening Standard.*
"An admirable companion in a rural saunter."—*Globe.*

THE SURPRISING HUSBAND. By RICHARD MARSH. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
"Mr. Marsh has undoubtedly written a clever book."—*Athenæum.*
"The story is interesting and really powerful."—*Morning Post.*

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL. By M. E. FRANCIS. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
"There is much to enjoy in Mrs. Blundell's novel."—*Morning Post.*
"The story well maintains our interest."—*Westminster Gazette.*

THE PASSION OF PAUL MARILLIER. By ADELINE SERGEANT. Crown 8vo, 6s.
"An excellent entertainment."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Forthcoming in September and October.

COUSIN CINDERELLA. By SARAH JEANNETTE DUNCAN.
HILL RISE. By W. B. MAXWELL.
ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN. By FRANCIS AVELING.
THE GREAT MISS DRIVER. By ANTHONY HOPE.
MIRAGE. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON.
THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT. By PHILIP GIBBS.
INTERPLAY. By BEATRICE HARRADEN.
A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE. By CONSTANCE MAUD.
THE HEART SMITER. By MARY E. MANN.
SALTHAVEN. By W. W. JACOBS.
OVER BEMERTON'S. By E. V. LUCAS.
THE WIND IN THE REEDS. By KENNETH GRAHAME.

GENERAL LITERATURE

GREAT RALEGH: being the Life and Times of Sir Walter Ralegh. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. With 16 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.
The life of Sir Walter Ralegh, soldier, author, statesman, courtier, explorer, illustrates in a remarkable manner the astounding vitality of the great time in which he lived. And in recording the romance of his career an attempt has been made to give a picture of the manners and mode of life, and an account of the great men who figured in it.

A GROUP OF SCOTTISH WOMEN. By Capt. HARRY GRAHAM. With 16 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.
This book sketches the lives and characters of about a score of Scottish women, famous in the social, literary, or political world of a bygone age. Among those whose biographies are included in these pages are women of such widely different characters as Elizabeth, Duchess of Lauderdale, Lady Grisell Baillie, the martyrs of Covenanting days, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, etc.

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN. By CATHERINE WELCH. with 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.
Though the Dauphin, son of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI., has been in France the subject of more than a thousand books, and his mysterious career has given a *raison d'être* for at least four monthly reviews, it is a remarkable fact that practically nothing has been written about him in England. In the present book there is given an account of his pampered childhood at the gorgeous Court of Versailles, of his cruel imprisonment at the Temple with that now legendary villain, the cobbler Simon.

THE HORSE IN HISTORY. By BASIL TOZER. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.
Mr. Basil Tozer traces the Progress of that animal from very early times down to the present day. All the historic steeds come into the survey, and there are some interesting speculations as to the effect that the development of the horse has had upon the advancement of the human race.

A SUMMER TOUR IN FINLAND. By PAUL WAINEMAN. With 16 Illustrations in Color by ALEXANDER FEDERLEY, and 16 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.
Mr. Paul Waineman who has recently completed a new tour of this country, has collected a mass of personal impressions of the people, land, and principal towns, from the wild scenery of the far north, where the peasant's hut is the most luxurious abode, to the old aristocratic homes in the South of Finland.

THE CAUSATION AND PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS (CONSUMPTION). By ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, M.D., F.R.C.P. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

FRANCE SINCE WATERLOO. By W. GRINTON BERRY, M.A. With Illustrations and Maps. Crown 8vo, 6s.
The author of this book endeavours to tell, in a succinct and graphic narrative, the story of French history from the downfall of Napoleon to the present hour.

THE LORE OF THE HONEY BEE. By TICKNER EDWARDS. With 24 Illustrations from Original Photographs. Crown 8vo, 6s.
This is a history of bees and their masters, from the very earliest times down to the present. The wonderful communal life within the hive is touched on in all its varying aspects.

THE YOUNG BOTANIST. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., and C. S. COOPER, F.R.H.S. With 8 Coloured Plates and 63 in Black and White, by C. F. NEWALL. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.
In an original and concise manner the book sets out in tabular form full accounts of all the commoner British wild plants, their English and Latin names, where they grow and when they bloom, their form and structure, salient features, medicinal uses, &c.

JAMES II. AND HIS WIVES. By ALLAN FEA. With 40 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.
The writer (avoiding politics as far as possible) shows James II. as he was, with all his failings. Certainly his picturesque and dramatic surroundings, not to mention his misfortunes, make him one of the most interesting characters of the seventeenth century. The author gives the finest and most authentic portraits, many of which have not hitherto been reproduced.

THE ALPS IN NATURE AND HISTORY. By W. A. B. COOLIDGE, M.A. With 20 Illustrations and 9 Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.
The Alpine pastures, glaciers and great passes are fully described, while separate sections deal with the beasts, the birds, and flowers
"Those who know the Alps will welcome much knowledge that makes the country more absorbing than ever, and newcomers will find the book delightfully illuminative."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

METHUEN & CO., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908.

READING ROOM INSTITUTION

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 22.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Diary of the Week	755
Politics and Affairs:—	
A Message from Germany	757
The Future of Morocco	758
The Dark Side	760
The Civic Volunteer	761
Life and Letters:—	
Panic	763
A Killing Competition	764
Irony	765
Short Story:—	
The Pathetic Fallacy. By May Kendall	766
Open Questions:—	
The Use of Public Libraries. By Dr. Ernest Baker	768
Present-Day Problems:—	
The Harmsworth Brand. (Conclusion)	769
Communications:—	
"There is no Conqueror but God." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham	771
Letters to the Editor:—	
The Lost Liberty of the Road. By Douglas Fox Pitt, Charles Hamfeldt, James Tinto, Henry Holiday, W. G. Wickham, A Lawyer. W. Austen Bolam, New Forest, J. C. Paget, and "Pro Bono Publico"	772
"A Crisis in Coffee." By Chas. Evers	774
A Propos de Bottes. By G. W. E. R.	774
"A Green Heaven." By Sir Samuel Wilks and the Writer of the Article	774
Heaven as seen by Children. By John Higgins	775
Emden and Anglo-German Relations. By Arnold White	775
The Dilemma of a Liberal Lawyer. By C.	776
Poetry:—	
"On your account I shall not Die." By Padraic Colum	776
Reviews:—	
The Story of Dartmoor	777
William Penn	778
A City in Spain	779
The Visit of "Mr. Apollo"	779
Books in Brief:—	
Edward Grieg	780
The Elements of Angling	780
Ordnance Survey Sheets	780
The Week in the City	782

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The two-column article in last week's "Observer" on the naval problem may be briefly described as an invention. There is no truth in the assertion that the Government of the day contemplate a shipbuilding programme on a basis, so far as Germany is concerned, of "two keels to one" in the new types. There is no truth in the statement that the method adopted is to be a four years' programme, financed by a loan. The further assertions that such a programme involves the building of thirty "Dreadnoughts" and other vessels in proportion, and that this building scheme will cost fifty millions sterling over and above our present naval estimates, are therefore of no interest to anybody. We believe that we are correct in stating that the subject of a naval loan has never even been mentioned in the Cabinet. We are quite certain that if such a proposal ever arrives at this preliminary stage it will get no further.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George returned from his German tour on Wednesday, and has supplied the Press with a vivid impression of his survey of the German system of industrial insurance. On the Peace side his visit, though it had nothing to do with any formal search for an Anglo-German agreement, has done much good, and the tone of his speeches, at once frank and cordial, is, we are sure, thoroughly approved and endorsed by the Prime Minister and by Sir Edward Grey. This is the more useful, inasmuch as the German impression of the Cronberg interview, unlike our own, was that it was not successful, and that Germany could only meet with a negative a direct British application to reduce the dimensions of her revised naval programme. Her position is that the building of a powerful fleet has more of a moral than a material purpose. For example, it has no remote connection with an invasion of England, but it is undoubtedly intended to fortify German diplomacy, and to give it some weight in such a confrontation as that of Algeciras. Nevertheless, the German Press has held out distinct hopes of what the "Vossiche Zeitung" calls a "fundamental understanding" as to the size of the respective navies of the two countries, and the "Frankfurter Zeitung" says that the man who reaches such an understanding will be "popular," because he will interpret the keen longings of two great nations, both of which are "pacifically disposed." There is, also, a hint that some ratio of naval strength may be set up after 1911 or 1912, which represents, of course, the culminating point of the German programme. This is a very different matter from the absurd suggestion that both countries shall "agree" to go on building against each other, and that neither shall take offence at its neighbor. This is the "agreement" which exists, and which sensible statesmen desire to supersede.—Meanwhile Herr Bebel has sent a message to the "Labor Leader," declaring that for Germany to think of war with England during her "great economic crisis" was to "cast out the devil by Beelzebub." He declares that the Socialist Party will do its utmost to prevent war, but deprecates British deputations to Germany, which would encourage the German Jingoes to think that England was afraid.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George's views of the working of the German insurance system were distinctly favorable. He questioned officials, employers, and workmen, the last of whom were necessarily Socialists, and found them all agreed in supporting the principle and method of the system. The Socialists required extensions, thought the pensions too low, and wished the Government to enter on a crusade of preventive work directed against alcoholism and various forms of industrial disease. He was informed that, about 1910, the annual expenditure on all branches would rise to fifty-three millions (the Government finding five, or, practically, the cost of management), and that for this year the charge was thirty-four millions sterling. He adhered to our own non-contributory plan for old age, but thought that the German Government and people got an immense return for the State expenditure of two and a-half millions. We hope that the Government will, after further investigation, endeavor to place the whole problem before our trade unions and friendly societies, who will, of course, have to face the double problem of compulsion and State supervision. Mr. Lloyd George thought the trade depression in Germany extreme, and traced the universal reign of high prices to Protection.

* * *

The new order in Turkey has been winning the widest acceptance among the Mohammedans. The clergy at Constantinople are working hand in hand with the Committee; the troops in Hedjaz have arrested the recalcitrant Governor; the Kurds have given in their allegiance; and a network of Young Turk committees is being rapidly developed in Asia Minor. The work of clearing the departments of sinecure holders is continuing, and the Ministry, by loans and by the recovery of part of the booty of corrupt officials, has raised enough money to carry on affairs till the meeting of Parliament. The

Austrian Government, by recalling its gendarmerie officers, has paid the Constitution a great compliment, and pulled the first brick out of the fabric built up in Macedonia by European intervention. The one serious domestic event of the week has been a great fire in Constantinople, which destroyed many hundreds of houses. Meanwhile the old Turkish *régime* has celebrated its one success in the arrival of the Hedjaz Railway at the holy city of Medina. It is expected to reach its final goal at Mecca in about two years. This Religious Railway, the only such enterprise in history, was specially promoted by the Sultan and the generally infamous Izzet Pasha, and has been fed by subscriptions from the whole Mohammedan world.

* * *

The most difficult political problem which confronts the Young Turks is the reconciliation of their own Turkish nationalism with the claims of the nationalities. Absolutism misgoverned, but it was loose enough, as the present Sultan said in opening the first Turkish Parliament, to permit subordinate nationalisms to live. Constitutionalism is finding that kind of tolerance a much more serious concession because it is itself a much more serious system of government. The Bulgarians, Greeks, and Young Turks have outlined their policies with regard to the nationalities, and the chief points of difference are the reorganisation of Macedonia and the language question. The Bulgarians are said to want Macedonia to be given the quasi-independence of Samos with its own parliament and militia; the Young Turks are willing to concede local government but insist on subordination to the central Parliament and authority. Both Greeks and Bulgarians want the language of the nationalities to be the language of instruction in both primary and secondary schools; the Young Turks want Turkish to be the official language which should be taught in all schools, and be the language of instruction in secondary and higher education. This last condition represents the diminution of a privilege enjoyed under the old *régime*, and the Young Turks would do well to modify it. On the other hand, the Bulgarian demand for Macedonian quasi-independence is manifestly inadmissible by men who have a strong sense of Ottoman patriotism and a deep feeling for Ottoman unity.

* * *

As we suggested last week, the stories of Abdul Aziz's victories, though circulated by the French commander in Morocco, turned out fables, and as soon as his army came into conflict with Mulai Hafid's lieutenant it was utterly routed. Many of his troops went over to the enemy, and Abdul Aziz fled, accompanied by French officers, and is now at the French military post of Settat. Tangier at once proclaimed Mulai Hafid Sultan, and most of the other ports have done likewise. The French papers recognise that there is now no alternative but to acknowledge the new ruler, who has promised to accept all public conventions and liabilities, though not to assume responsibility for Abdul Aziz's private extravagances. It is highly improbable that a new Conference, with all its combustible fuel, will be summoned, and ordinary diplomatic machinery should suffice to settle the question. An agent of the State bank has also been sent to Mulai Hafid. With the ports, *i.e.*, the customs, in his hands the step was not to be evaded, though it is really a quasi-official recognition of the new Sultan.

* * *

Tabriz is wholly in the hands of Sata Khan, the Constitutionalist leader, and its *anguman* has resumed sittings. One of its first proceedings was to point out to the Consuls that loans raised without Parliamentary approval are illegal. Ain-ed-Dowleh, the Royal Governor, has arrived, with 1,200 troops, according to the "Times" correspondent, resembling some "broken-down Indian rajah's wedding party." The Tabriz Constitutionalists want the Megliss summoned and the Royalist leaders punished, and, so far as the Tabriz Royalists are concerned, are not leaving their punishment to the Shah. What the Shah thinks of these terms is suggested by his calling together a nominated council with the same powers, legislative and financial, as a Parliament.

* * *

The American fleet has left Sydney after a reception of unprecedented warmth and magnificence. The gathering of hundreds of thousands of people to welcome it into Sydney harbour was followed by junketing on a great scale. Mr. Roosevelt, in a cable to the Governor-General, insists that "the voyage is one of peace and of menace to no Power," but an officer of the "Connecticut" put his finger on the key to Australian enthusiasm when he said that the United States and Australia have identical interests in the preservation of the Anglo-Saxon States for their own peoples. The Australasian visit of the fleet has become in fact, though not in form, an anti-Japanese demonstration, and it is hardly likely to flatter Japanese susceptibilities. That is a serious matter at a time when the immigration negotiations between Japan and the United States are said to have reached a deadlock.

* * *

The closing stages of the annexation of the Congo have gone through with singular smoothness, and, if it be admitted that the job was either inevitable or worth doing, then it has been done in a manner not unfavorable to Belgium. So far as Belgium is concerned, the financial terms of the bargain are heavy, but not heavier than have been accepted almost without demur when this country has taken over the assets of chartered companies, while the Colonial Law gives the Belgian Parliament in some directions much greater control over the administration of the Congo than the British Parliament possesses over the administration of our own Crown Colonies. So far as the natives of the Congo are concerned, the situation remains just as before, with the one difference that their new ruler is both much more altruistic and more swayed by the common emotion of humanity. Belgium has now to evolve a new system, and it is for Europe to see that concrete shape is given to general assurances. Unhappily Leopold has, as part of his price, rendered a colonial deficit inevitable by burdening Belgium with a charge of £1,300,000 and the Congo with an annual charge for many years of £270,000, and rivetting the concessionary system upon the colony.

* * *

A mysterious murder was committed near a country house called Ightham Knoll, near Sevenoaks, on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Luard, the wife of Major-General Luard, an officer of some distinction, was found by her husband lying dead on the verandah of a summerhouse fixed in a wooded and very remote ravine. The murder seems to have taken place about half-past three, and death was due to two shots in the lady's head, fired from a small revolver. Before half-past two Major-General Luard left the house with his wife, parted from her at a spot close to the summerhouse, went on to a golf club to get his clubs, returned to the house, had tea with a lady friend of Mrs. Luard's, missed his wife, and, going to look for her, found her, at 5.30 p.m., lying dead, her hands violently stripped of the rings she usually wore,

and her purse being missing. The revolver has not yet been found, and does not seem to correspond with the two large service weapons kept in the house. There were many tramps and hop-pickers in the neighborhood, but the murder seems to suggest knowledge of a very lonely resort, and of the habits of the dead lady.

* * *

Dr. Evans has contributed to the "Times" a brilliant account of the success of this year's excavations on the site of Knossos in Crete. The work has been mainly done on the dependency of the great palace which Dr. Evans calls the "Little Palace," though it had a frontage of 114 feet. The date of this building he fixes at the close of the middle or the beginning of the late Minoan Age, that is to say, about the seventeenth century before Christ. Many of the objects found were religious, one of them being a beautifully modelled vessel in the shape of a bull's head. Other objects were crystal bowls and boxes, a gold-mounted intaglio of lapis-lazuli, silver bowls and jugs, a store of bronzes, sacred axes, ewers, basins, and a bronze saw. In another part of the island Mr. Seager, an American explorer, has opened up some tombs filled with beautiful works in gold and stone, including a fine bowl of Egyptian workmanship closely resembling a bowl discovered in the tomb of King Sneferu, whose date is said to be 2840 B.C. These and other stores Dr. Evans refers to the early Minoan Age.

* * *

Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, for many years the head of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and almost its founder, died at Folkestone on Tuesday, at the age of seventy-eight. He saw the Brigade through the period when modern fire appliances took the place of the old manual pumps. He was a man of brilliant courage, of great skill and knowledge in the management of fires, and picturesque enough in figure and personality to become a London and social hero, duly celebrated in a Savoy libretto. As a disciplinarian he was perhaps a little to seek. Certainly his rule, successful as it was, did not fit in with the stricter organisation set up by the London County Council. He then resigned. None of his successors have achieved his popularity, or are likely to make so interesting a figure in the world.

* * *

The following is a record of the chief outrages committed by motors in the course of the week. A Birmingham lady, aged sixty-five, was knocked down by a motor car and killed. She came from behind a tramcar and "hesitated" in crossing. A young cyclist of twenty-eight was crushed by a car, and, though he "managed to crawl" out from underneath it, was badly injured and died. A Mrs. Hicks, of Penzance, about to mount one motor car, was knocked down by another and killed, in sight of her husband and family, after receiving terrible injuries. A motor car, driven through Warton, knocked down a Mr. Fairweather, an old Manchester merchant, broke his ribs, and "drove rapidly away." The motor was said to have been stolen. A child of eight, playing in the roadway near Netherfield, was run over and taken unconscious to Nottingham Hospital. A correspondent of the "Glasgow Herald," sitting in a garden in the Highlands, and hearing an "awful smash and grating of motor car wheels," saw a boy cyclist "lying on the road covered with blood," and his cycle "smashed up" on one of the wheels of the motor car. One of the ladies in the car said that "the boy had no right to run into their car," which, the correspondent states, gave no warning of its approach. The people who last week ran down and slew a Carmarthenshire laborer, and then drove away from his body, have not yet been discovered.

Politics and Affairs.

A MESSAGE FROM GERMANY.

It is a relief to find the jarring controversy between Germany and Great Britain turned this week into a really useful exchange of thought on the social condition of the greatest and most modern of central European States. The turn of debate is the more valuable as it happens to touch the two questions most vital to our own State economics—the effect of high Protection on a highly organised industrial community, and the great system of public insurance for the workers initiated by Bismarck. The latest of the series of invaluable reports on German life which we owe to Sir Francis Oppenheimer raises the first of these questions, and Mr. Lloyd George's brief report to the newspapers of his German tour opens up the second. Reading these two "documents" together, it is not difficult to gather from them a conclusion thoroughly in harmony with the democratic view of politics. Germany has certainly something to learn from our practice of free import and exchange, as against her intricate scheme of interference with the natural courses of trade. We, on the other hand—and this is no small reproach to the fellow-countrymen of Owen and Shaftesbury—are well behind her when we come to the protective organisation of the workmen's lives. She exposes her people to serious loss of efficiency owing to the toll she allows her landlords to take on their food; on the other hand, we have shown nothing like the care which she has bestowed on the problems of working-class sickness and infirmity. We can boast that we have kept clear of a wrong kind of State organisation; she can say that she has given her best brains the task of developing a right one. On the question of whether the elaborate nexus of food taxes, export bounties, public and private, and vast correlated syndicates, States within the State, manipulating the tariff to suit their friends and crush their rivals, has done good or harm, Sir Francis Oppenheimer, while freely acknowledging the steadying effects of the syndicates in times of rising and falling trade, has no doubt whatever. German Protection has, indeed, produced all the results which English Free Traders assert of it, and English Protectionists deny. In the first place, the industrials complain that it is agrarian, that it is "out of keeping with the demands of a modern 'Industrie Staat,'" the very interest in which its application here is invoked. It is a Junker and a pro-Junker policy, directed by the Chaplins of Germany, and imposing crippling disability on her organised industries and on the physique of her people. Secondly, its full direct consequences have fallen upon the home workers. For example, Sir Francis shows by comparing the average prices of wheat in Berlin and London before and after the high tariff of 1906, that when the duty on wheat was 35 marks, the excess price of Berlin over London per 1,000 kilos was a little over 35 marks, and that when the duty was raised to 55 marks, the excess price in Berlin, as compared with London, was 62 marks 3pf. He declares the rise in the price of food to be a distinct factor in the growing inefficiency of the German workman.

But the trouble does not end there. Increased food prices have forced the workpeople to struggle for increased wages, so that their natural movement towards a higher standard of existence is blocked by a continual struggle to repair the loss which the enhanced cost of living inflicts on them. Public officials, and all workers with fixed incomes, find their spending power contracted. Meanwhile, the rise in money, though not in real, wages reacts through the whole industrial fabric. The transport services have to increase their charges. The State, the greatest of employers, has to spend more in feeding its workers, and has therefore continually to seek new revenue—from railway travellers, traders, or consumers. Raw material becomes dearer, and as the tendency of German trade, and of all progressive industrial nations, is towards the production of highly finished articles, which, again, depend on a variety of unfinished products, all protected, and all, consequently, costly, the position of German industry in the world-market is seriously embarrassed. Protected agriculture hurts less protected industry; industry therefore requires more protection. The result is that everybody is protected, and everybody complains. The increased food duties did not even benefit the landlords; they only brought about a general speculation in estates, leaving the new owners burdened with their share of the universal system of high prices. Finally, the system of export bounties, whether organised by the State or by the coal and iron syndicates, has acted as a serious handicap to Germany's foreign trade. Thus the three syndicates who control the "heavy" industry have been in the habit of selling great quantities of their produce abroad at prices far below those prevailing in the home market. This is the practice of "dumping" which we so much resent. But its punishment has been exemplary:—

> "The policy," says Sir Francis Oppenheimer, "benefitted the foreign finishing industries, so that the German finishing industries, compelled to buy the same German raw material at higher prices, could no longer compete on the world's market. . . . Steel plates being thus exported to the United Kingdom, shipbuilding for German account there was materially promoted; in a tender to build a gasometer in Copenhagen a British firm cut out a German competitor because the Englishman could obtain the necessary iron more cheaply—from Germany!"

Much the same result accrued from the public premium on the export of sugar which preceded the Brussels Convention. The sugar bounties did nothing but good to us and little but harm to Germany:—

> "Not only was the home consumer compelled to pay dearly for sugar, which had long since been scientifically proved to constitute a very valuable foodstuff, and the purchase of which ought to have been put within the reach of the greatest possible number, but the manufacturers of confectionery and preserves complained bitterly that they were placed at a great disadvantage as against their foreign competitors, whose finishing trade procured German sugar at a greatly reduced price, so that any export abroad of the German manufacture was exceedingly difficult, if it was not impossible; while even on the German market the foreign goods were in a better position."

The net effect of the Protectionist system, stiffened as it was in 1906, is that in a period of depression which we share with Germany, and some of the causes of which are common to the two countries, she has to fight for recovery against high prices, while we have no such obstacle.

Thus far, then, the balance is very much in our favor. But the account changes when we survey the British and German systems of workmen's insurance in the light of Mr. Lloyd George's suggestive observation of them. We have clearly made a proper departure in setting up a non-contributory scheme for very old people, mostly agricultural workers and their wives, and our plan of compensation for accidents may very well rival the German system. But, after all, our scheme of old age pensions, though not without its effect as a relief of wages, was more an effort of pity and sympathy than a broadly conceived act of industrial statesmanship. It did not touch the great problem of unemployment, which so cruelly reacts on the health of the children as well as on the moral and physical force of the workers. It did not deal with disability, with sickness, with the town-worker's tragically early decline in health and vigor. With us these things come within the range of voluntary effort and organisation; and, as we have often argued, they are certainly not cases for State aid alone. But we confess that we read with some envy of the intelligent and comprehensive mechanism under which, for example, the German insurance system enables its officers to pack off a sick workman to a sanatorium, to transfer him, if his illness does not quickly yield, to a hospital, and finally, in case of a lingering ailment, to enrol him as a pensioner for disability. Mr. Lloyd George tells us that when clerks and widows and orphans are included, as they will be included in 1910, in the general scheme of State-aided assurance, a sum of fifty-three millions a year will be expended on recuperative work, under the departments of sickness, accident, and old age. The function of the State will, in the matter of money, be trifling, for its contribution of some five millions will do little more than pay the cost of organisation. But it gives its brains, it supplements, without superseding, voluntary contributions, it co-ordinates the efforts of workmen and employers, it supplies security, it is a guarantee against fraud and oppression. We are not surprised to find Mr. Lloyd George's quick intelligence attracted by such a vision of beneficent organisation. If the German plan is in any way to be applied to our own needs, the co-operation of the trade unions and the friendly societies will be indispensable, and will, of course, be readily sought. The question of unemployment, which the Germans do not touch, and of compulsion, which does not at once fit in with our character and institutions, must also occur. Notwithstanding these objections, we have long argued for some such step forward to industrial order, and we hope that the Government will see in it the crowning of their endeavours to redeem the lot of extreme old age.

THE FUTURE OF MOROCCO.

The triumph of Mulai Hafid is something more than the victory of one pretender over another for the possession of a barbarous throne. It means the success, surprising even to sympathetic observers of Morocco, after

generations of degradation, of a consciously nationalist movement, against a Sultan who had become the tool of a foreign invasion. Nor is it only the fortunes of Abdul Aziz which have been ruined in the headlong flight to the coast. There end with his inglorious expedition the dreams of the French Colonial Party. No circumstance was lacking to emphasise the intimacy of the connection between the defeated Sultan and French diplomacy. His expedition was prepared under the shelter of the French warships at Rabat. The Sultan's harem travelled to Casablanca under a French escort. He owed such funds as he possessed to French complacency, and his advance was apparently successful, only so long as he was marching through the territory which General d'Amade has conquered and policed. The official French Press was convinced that he must triumph, and sang pæans which were echoed in the leading articles of the "Times," on his approaching victory. To-day the same Press reports his intention of taking refuge like the great Algerian patriot Abdul Kader, among the mosques and gardens of Damascus, and sadly admits that France and Spain must lead the way in "recognising" his successful rival. The Colonial Party has greatly miscalculated the long Moroccan crisis. Like Lord Cromer, it set out from the premise that Islam was hopelessly decadent, and only capable of opposing to Western Imperialism the futile resistance of an angry and unintelligent "fanaticism." They assumed that Mulai Hafid's patriotic army would melt away at the sight of a few mercenaries in uniform; he dismissed the Egyptian nationalists as a mere "handful of extremists." The one man in Paris who has been steadily wise and well-informed throughout this crisis has been M. Jaurès, and he owed the superiority of his insight to his sympathetic perception of the fact that a new spirit is awakened in Islam. Several months ago he said in the Chamber: "You are choosing for your violation of Morocco the very moment when throughout the Mussulman world there is rising a breath of liberty and progress, and men are declaring that the Koran can be reconciled with modern civilisation, with science, and with freedom." These prophetic words were spoken long before the revolution in Turkey had made the dullest expert wise after the fact.

The mistakes of French policy have all sprung from a single root—the dominance at the Foreign Office of a group of powerful financiers who were concerned only to push their monetary interests in Morocco. Trade, in the sense of the export of manufactures, is, as yet, relatively unimportant in Morocco, and France, whose exports are mainly of highly finished and artistic goods, is less dependent than any other industrial Power on semi-savage markets. Nor does she suffer, with her stationary population, from any necessity to find fields for emigration. Her main export is capital, always seeking investments at high interest in Russia, in Turkey, and now in Morocco. The foreign policy of a manufacturing nation, while it holds to Free Trade, is commonly democratic and popular in its sympathies. The goodwill of the nations with which it trades is an asset, and it is forced, if only from enlightened self-interest, to desire their prosperity, their freedom, and their advancement. It is quite otherwise with the export of crude capital. It depends rather on the goodwill of governments or despots than on the confidence of peoples, for it requires rather concessions than sales, rather opportunities for loans than the exchange of goods. Here lies in great measure the explanation of the apparently unnatural Franco-Russian alliance, and here too is the clue to the rather ignoble concession-hunting which has neutralised of late years the influence of France as a Liberal Power at Constantinople. In Morocco the immediate interests at stake have been those of the banks which had lent money to Abdul Aziz, and still more of the financiers who hoped to lend yet larger sums. It was, on a smaller scale, the history of the Egyptian bondholders repeated—with this difference, that the fear of Continental complications prevented the landing, in adequate force, of an army of occupation, and checked its operations when it did eventually land. The world was content to see in the bloody reprisals at Casablanca simply a punitive expedition to avenge an outbreak of xenophobia. It forgot that this outbreak was due to the proceedings of a group of financiers engaged in constructing a harbour, who had seized the customs house, and carried a light railway through fields, for which they paid no lease, and across a cemetery, where the spades of their navvies spared neither corpses nor stones. The expedition, once landed, proceeded to penetrate into the interior, avowedly with the object of cutting Mulai Hafid's communications. Abdul Aziz happened to be a weak and childish personality, dependent on the aid of European moneylenders and the advice of European adventurers. He won a reputation for "tolerance" and open-mindedness by purchasing pianos and bicycles, through "advisers" who assured him that pianos could be bought only by the dozen and bicycles only by the hundred. Meanwhile the serious affairs of state were in peculiarly venal and incompetent hands. French finance desired his success, because a sovereign so improvident could have ruled only on a basis of debt, and still more because a sovereign so unpopular must have relied on European backing. He had, in a word, mortgaged his country to the foreigner. Mulai Hafid, on the other hand, represents at least an aspiration after competence, stands for a more virile tradition, and bases himself on the national determination to resist even a disguised conquest by financiers and advisers.

Little as we know of this Moroccan nationalism, it is hard to refuse it a certain sympathy. It has given proof of a desperate, if ineffectual, courage in resisting the troops under General d'Amade, and of a certain statesmanship in uniting a people which has been for generations in a state of civil war. The election of Mulai Hafid by the clergy at Fez showed at least the beginning of some democratic impulse, or, rather, perhaps, a return to that primitive Mohammedan democracy, which combined personal rule with the ultimate supremacy of a popular opinion represented by the clerical caste. It is doubtful how far there is any constructive capacity in the movement. The Moors, descendants through some of their great families of the scholars and artists of Spain, are almost destitute even of Oriental culture, while modern learning has made

even less progress among them than among the Persians. Their refusal to recognise the Sultan of Turkey as Caliph has kept them isolated from the rest of the Moslem world. But even ignorance and isolation are relative terms. Some echo, we may be sure, will reach them of the teachings of the new school in Islam. If Europe will but have patience for a few years yet, there may grow up among them an aspiration for enlightenment. A wise Power, which desired to lead but not to conquer, to trade but not to enslave, would found schools instead of sending punitive expeditions, and encourage the immigration rather of enlightened Mohammedan teachers from Tunis or Egypt or Turkey, than of dubious European adventurers. The renaissance of Moslem peoples sets to Christendom the largest problem in statecraft and sympathy which has faced it since Napoleon's dreams of Eastern Empire.

THE DARK SIDE.

Knowledge of the condition of the people of this country is scanty, remote, and largely conjectural. The forces which are making for the comfort or degeneration of four-fifths of them still lack any accurate estimate, and sensational appeals of churches or charities, the exaggerations of political parties, the enterprise of romantic fiction, are offered as substitutes for sociology. Those who are occupied with this, the most vital of all human problems, will clutch at any firm ground in this quagmire of uncertain statement, however limited and unfavourable in appearance such firm ground may be. Here, in bulky volume of table and statistic, as a kind of by-product of a Royal Commission, is the report of the Medical Inspectors who investigated certain selected districts of town and country. The object was a double one. The first, and (from the point of view of immediate reform) the most important, was the compilation of some comprehensive estimate of the various classes of mentally afflicted in specified areas, and of the provision which would be necessary for their humane and intelligent treatment. The second was the diagnosis of causes—the measuring of variations in populations living under diverse conditions, and the attempt to refer such variations to larger influences. The result is a series of investigations, lacking, indeed, the unity which would have come from a single observer and exhibiting undoubtedly the personal predilections of the remarkably able body of medical experts who undertook the work, but offering, nevertheless, much matter of interest, as a kind of series of dredgings, bringing up samples from a deep whose content and nature are still unknown. In the general survey, it is interesting to note that numbers all over the country tend to average towards a standard of one in two hundred persons mentally disordered and unfit for the normal business of life. This standard is (roughly) that erected in the rural districts and the larger urban areas of England. It is reduced to less than one-half—one in four hundred—in specially healthy artisan areas, such as the mining districts of Durham or a shipping and riverside centre such as Hull. It sinks to a similar figure (for some reason not entirely explicable) in such large cities with wide areas of poverty as Glasgow and Cork, and rises to half as much again in Dublin and the rural areas of Galway.

Most of the observers caution the reader from drawing too clear-cut deductions concerning the present from these figures. Their estimate of mental deficients is not an estimate of to-day but of yesterday, of the children of a generation whose prosperity or suffering has in part stamped upon the sensitive human mind of its descendants a living and perpetuating hall-mark of values. The cities—in their vast and unwieldly aggregations, as a new experiment in the life of humanity—are but the growths of a few decades. Not for many decades still to come, and until the proportion of city bred to country bred has greatly increased, shall we be able to reckon with any accuracy what change this city aggregation is destined to effect upon the bodies and minds of its denizens. But we can learn already what terrible and exacting payment is extorted for all neglect of the laws of human well-being. The whole of the report might be accepted as a text or vindication of law "fixed in adamantine rigor," as Carlyle once declared, "by the ancient elemental powers who are entirely careless how you vote." It is true of the individual. Ninety-five per cent. (in one investigation) of all the deficients are found to be "degenerative"—descended from insane or feeble-minded parents, or from physically degenerate parents. The origin of these latter is "always complex—a medley of tubercular disease, alcoholism, heart disease, syphilis, nervous and other constitutional disorders." Science is offering with a relentless empiricism, none the less minatory because detached and dispassionate, a demonstration of the old theological affirmation that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children.

But this is true also of the race. Social welfare is neglected, the poor are forgotten or allowed to fester in their misery, while those who direct the courses of human affairs are occupied with pleasure, business, or Imperial visions. A few years afterwards the price of this neglect is exacted, and the price is paid. In Wiltshire, for example—with its deplorably high percentage of lunacy and mental deficiency—this burden is ascribed directly as a "heritage from the past" to "the dwarfed outlook and poverty of the agricultural laborer in former days." "People are surprised to read of so high a proportion of insanity in agricultural districts," says the Superintendent of the County Asylum, "where hard competition, worry and anxiety, the modern causes of insanity, are almost unknown. But the matter is easily explained, and one has only to refer to the Poor Law records of sixty years ago to see and understand the life then led by residents in rural districts, and how their then surroundings and habits more or less bred insanity. . . . The depravity, starvation, and wretched surroundings and other evils of those days must be answerable for most of the imbecility and mental deficiency now apparent." It was the price paid for the Corn Laws, contributed as a Bill, which posterity is compelled to honor. Rural England has laboriously climbed out of the abyss; rural Ireland remains there. The report on Galway describes the realities of a life still unparalleled in Europe for sheer patient, unmeaning wretchedness and privation. "The people live under conditions of the hardest toil," runs

the verdict, "yielding the most meagre results, in a state of poverty in which not alone is the food innutritious, but oftentimes insufficient, and their clothing inadequate. They cannot make provision for bad seasons, and the sum of these causes has a most injurious effect in producing the low forms of mental and nervous degeneration which are prevalent in the district." There is even here a special form of nervous disease noted, in which the individual, exhausted, and at length broken in hopeless effort, suddenly capitulates to the enemy." A condition of neurasthenia is very common. It is a state in which the breadwinner of the family suddenly abandons the effort to face his responsibilities, takes to his bed, and remains inert and passive for months, suffering from what is locally described as "the nervous fever," and which very often ends in mental derangement. Such a collapse is estimated as insane; to those familiar with the realities of that impossible life, it may seem rather like a sudden access of sanity in a region where no one who can see clearly will any longer acquiesce and endure.

Drink and overcrowding form the two attendant evils to which the vast majority of these deformities are ascribed. Eliminate alcoholism and congestion from the body of society, and the feeble-minded and mentally degenerate might become as rare as the once familiar figure of the leper. But some of these observers are disinclined to share the optimism prevailing concerning a steady, irresistible advance in human welfare. "While I think physical degeneration in the past has been conspicuous by its absence," is the report on the Pottery towns, "I am afraid, unless preventive means are taken, the course of events in the future will not be so favourable." "The towns are growing, women are being employed more than ever in factories, and are in consequence neglecting their homes and their families; men are becoming more lazy and ready to join the unemployed; tea and other injurious articles figure more and more largely in the diet of children." "All that is wanted," says a clergyman at Stoke, "is a little more food and a good deal more clothing for the children, more practical work for the older boys, and fewer public-houses for the men." In passing from a smaller urban area to a large city the change noted is "the increasing defective population of school ages, the diminished proportion of adult feeble-minded men, and the increase of feeble-minded women." On investigation of the casual wards, however—primarily to find the feeble-minded who have drifted there, but extending to the whole of these forlorn and drifting populations—many observers are struck "by the small number in which alcoholism could be looked upon as playing any great part—that is to say, any physical part in leading to their presence in the tramp wards."

Evidence is overwhelming concerning the inherited and congenital nature of these mental instabilities. Many of the family histories here outlined suggest a record as terrible and baffling as the record of the family which formed the subject of Zola's gaunt and relentless fiction. "Female, aged 11, in special school," runs the story of one. "The parents of this child are dead; both died of consumption and alcohol. She has five brothers, the youngest being seventeen, all alcoholic, and one sister, who is slightly mentally defective." The parents had been rich middle-class people. These feeble-minded marry; they have females above the normal; the happier majority die; the remainder struggle into cloudy existence to form an insoluble problem for the future. One reads here of "a chronic drunkard, aged thirty-three, congenitally feeble-minded, found to have had eleven children, all of whom are dead." "Records were obtained of ninety-three children as the offspring of eighteen mothers who were defective. Fortunately, most of the children are dead." In another workhouse it was found that sixteen of the feeble-minded women had together produced 116 children, mostly illegitimate, the greater number dying early or growing abnormal and degenerate. A civilisation which is too callous, too careless, or too sensitive to deal with such cases as these—the girls who form an easy prey to any man's lust, the alcoholics, who are convicted hundreds of times for the same offence, the degenerates, who choke up the prisons and "workhouses"—workhouses described as "the receptacles of every description of human wreckage, seniles, drunkards, epileptics, imbeciles, and acutely insane"—is a civilisation which has no warrant for trumpeting to the world the splendour of its actual achievement.

THE CIVIC VOLUNTEER.

The recent trial of the Mile End Guardians raises wider issues than that breakdown of local administration of which it is not the only symptom. It may be that the Mile End Guardians represent a survival of the old vestry spirit of former days, but their condemnation cannot be without effect in the way in which their office is regarded. It may tend to discredit still further the local honours for which these men strove; with some perhaps it will serve as an incentive to do their best to provide worthier substitutes for the people's choice. And such an effect indeed it needs must have upon those who realise all that the civic volunteer means to our national life.

Amongst the many points which distinguish our English political life from those of neighbouring peoples, not the least remarkable is the fact that the ordered life of the community is so largely dependent upon voluntary work as an essential part of the machinery, both of national and local government. Not only in Germany, but also in democratic France, one is in constant contact with paid officials. The Deputies of the Chamber, the Municipal Councillors, the Mayors, Prefects, and Sub-prefects, and a host of minor officials, are all paid officers. The contrast, in fact, between our own system and such a one as this is so great that people who perceive it hardly realise how little by little our English life is changing, even in respect to this voluntary side of local government Some of the older unpaid offices have already disappeared. These were, it is true, only survivals of a feudalism which exacted unremunerated service as a duty. But quite apart from such cases as these, the growing complexity of modern life has made it increasingly difficult to depend, as in the past, upon the

free gift of the leisure of patriotic citizens to provide us with the machinery of government. In a day when only the rich and cultured had political influence, some of the difficulties which now present themselves were not felt. In the rush of modern life it is becoming increasingly hard for men to find leisure to give to such work, and if working people are to be represented by men of their own class these representatives must be paid, either directly or indirectly. One of the practical difficulties of County Council government at present lies in the fact that anyone who wishes to fulfil his duties as a representative effectively must not only spend a very large part of his time in the work, but in the case of country districts must devote many hours of leisure and no little money to travelling to distant places of meeting. Meanwhile the very growth of public work itself has involved an immense increase of paid officials responsible to the various local bodies. Nowhere is this seen more strikingly than in the change which followed the abolition of the London School Board. The County Council had then to take over not only the old Board Schools, but the oversight of the voluntary schools and of higher education. The change in machinery, however, was far larger than this increased work implies. The School Board had at the head of its paid service a clerk. It relied upon its own members for expert advice and for a very large amount of administrative work. Under the new authority, not only has the staff of clerks been increased by more than mere numerical additions, but new departments have been created, and the whole formed into a permanent organisation, capable of formulating an educational policy. A similar change has taken place in the merging of local vestries and boards of works, and their groups of tiny officials, in the Borough Councils.

It will be seen at once that this change has its good side. Too often in the past the old vestries were corrupt. They were dominated by petty cliques, and it was difficult to bring a wider public opinion to bear upon them with any effect; but in proportion as the new machinery becomes strong against such influences, it is also in danger of being less and less adaptable to new ideas. Bureaucracies are essentially conservative, and they resent interference from without. A new idea at length becomes regarded almost as an insult. Freedom of experiment, which is so essential to progress, is hard to attain under any official system. Rules and precedents, by-laws and red tape, leave all too little room for the expansion and expression of personality. One realises this if one has seen a man of originality chafing in this enforced inaction or slowly hardening and becoming less human in the grip of the great machine. Yet the change was necessary; it is impossible for a great community to depend upon the haphazard efforts of volunteers and the good-natured but spasmodic activity of untrained and unpaid workers. The truth is that we have need both of the trained official, with his systematic organisation, and of the volunteer. The one must provide the necessary machinery, the other the oil upon the wheels, without which the best machine comes to grief. But it is to voluntary work at its best that we must look for something more than this—the inspiration of new ideas, the means of wider contact with the unseen forces that mould our common life.

Looking back over the change that has come about during the last century, we cannot regret the disappearance of the private voluntary fire brigade and the transformation of our hospital system into national and municipal institutions. Our lifeboats still linger under the control of a private charity; but this is an instance of the way in which the methods of the Middle Ages continue in England, side by side with those of to-day and to-morrow. In all these things it is easy to see that greater permanence is needed than can be supplied by private enterprise. But while the organism of the State thus slowly grows, the spirit which first created these institutions must turn to new work. The civic feeling and the sense of duty which called into being the little corps of volunteers who manned the parish fire brigades; the care and foresight of the committees who first began the work for the training of the blind, the deaf and dumb, the cripple and the mentally defective, which is now undertaken by the public education authority—all these are needed still to deal with other problems no less vast.

In the Middle Ages men banded themselves together in religious guilds to make bridges along the line of the pilgrims' roads. No Government had yet undertaken such a task; but these men were the forerunners of the organised care of the community which came after. Even to-day, it may be, travellers pass and repass across the bridges that they built, though, for the most part, the regiments of progress have forgotten the work of the pioneers that went before them. The chivalry of public service to-day can scarcely be compared with that of the citizens who founded the brotherhood of the Misericordia at Florence, or created many of the philanthropic guilds of the Middle Ages. Yet the survey of the work of existing local authorities, marred as it is by so much pettiness of spirit, narrowness of outlook, party strife, and sectarian bitterness, is not wholly a disheartening one. The work is, indeed, too often hampered by self-satisfied ignorance, and sometimes even undermined by self-seeking and love of personal gain; yet it is illumined here and there by the light of lives given without grudging to the common good, the thought of minds too intent upon seeing their ideas take root to claim the fruit for themselves. These are the forerunners of the citizens of the future, combining in their commonwealth the Greek and the Christian notions of citizenship. We need to get back to the Greek ideal of the duty of the man endowed with many opportunities to perform a liturgy to the State: to give freely of his substance and effort, not to private charity, but to the public need.

But the Greek ideal, fine as it is, is not enough. We need, also, that sense of membership with one another which not only makes the strong wish to bear themselves the burden of the weak, but brings the good citizen to a sense of responsibility for the failure of his fellows, and makes him ready to atone for the evil about him by the free gift of his own life. In proportion as men of this type develop in the State, hope will spring up even for society's wastage, and the unpaid work which is so needful will never lack civic volunteers.

Life and Letters.

PANIC.

It is strange that the most terrific phenomenon of war should derive its name from the god of gentle shepherds. Pan was but an ancient being who loved the nomad sheep, and though the evil habit of punning on his name began before the Homeric Hymns and still continues, the name only means a feeder. His very worshippers felt the difficulty of connecting that pastoral nature with the hideous rout of battle. They tried to discover the origin of his warlike functions in the awful silence which inspires a lonely wayfarer with inexplicable terror upon the mountains. They saw him flickering along the front of battle, whether invited or uninvited, that day when he chased the barbaric host bleating to their ships in Marathon bay. They gradually made of him a power dæmonic and incalculable rather than benign. But it was only a case of primitive wisdom forgotten. Those who gave to the shepherd god the attribute of panic were wiser than their town-bred descendants knew. In towns they had not lived among flocks or known how sheep are caught by the infection of fear, even when their own familiar dog barks them to the fold, or the shepherd god tends them himself with rod and staff. And should anything strange or unknown move upon the pasture, for a second all the white faces are turned one way, here and there a silly foot stamps defiance, and then fear seizes them like one fool, and they are off in a panic of quivering tails.

Our pastoral fathers, when first they crept into Europe, knew something of ovism, and such, they knew, is the infectious terror inspired by the shepherd god. To transfer their observation from sheep to men was but a step; for in half their battles they saw how fear spreads like a pestilence, and in half their village meetings, too. So it was, as we cannot doubt, that the word "panic" became fixed in the languages of the West, and because the Greeks kept sheep on Helicon our counsellors are said to be panic-stricken when they behave like sheep in Fleet Street.

Of panics there are many kinds, and since we live by trade rather than slaughter, the panic of poverty has grown commoner than running. We have lately heard many accounts of the panics of loss in New York, but it is not so many years since the prudent and the poor could for themselves watch the thing in a London street as at a play. A whisper said the bank might shut its doors. There was not a ghost of truth in it, but in an hour the people came rushing to clutch what gold was left. Some came believing in the lie, some for fear the lie should cause a panic and they left out. They clasped their bank-books, cheque-books, receipts, and all they loved against their hearts. White-faced and struggling, they crammed the street, watching the fatal doors as souls from purgatory would watch the gates of heaven if the seats of the blessed were limited inside. Terror grew with numbers. How unspeakable if another entered first and took the last gold that was one's rightful due! They were kindly men—humble and sweet-tempered men and women for the most part, who would have shared a crust with the hungry. But if one who had entered that bank and received the solid gold had returned by the same door, they could have torn him to shreds for rage. True, there was plenty of gold to go round. Even if there had not been, a panic was the surest road to ruin. But that did not matter to the white-faced, struggling crowd; for panic possessed them.

It is the same in wars and revolutions. In Moscow, the patriots of the Black Gang were assembled by hundreds in a public square, swearing to shed their last drop of blood for the Tsar, and the last drop of his enemies' blood as well. From the balcony of Government House the governor applauded their loyalty and courage, when a voice cried, "Students!" and, like well-drilled troops at the word of command, the patriots shook and fled. No student was near, but, jostled by galloping sledges, slipping on ice, rolling each other in the snow, they ran, and the Governor was left applauding their courage to an empty square. Yet the Black Gang, honored by the Tsar, was not unused to blood. Many a Jewish family had they slaughtered already, hurling the girls and babies from the windows down to the pavements. They were not unused to blood, but panic possessed them.

Or it is the turning point of a campaign, and all is going fairly well till on a sudden the blast of infection passes over the faces of the men. They look at each other and then look round. Cattle are being driven away in the distance. One or two stragglers are fluttering out of sight like autumn leaves. The men are uneasy, they begin to leave the trenches, a few limp away, pretending to be wounded, others go to help them; more and more follow, the officers hasten to bring them back and do not return. The men who stay watch them anxiously; they are brave, they would stand if it were any good; but it is absurd to stop and be killed when others are escaping. In half an hour the road is blocked with guns, wagons, horses, bullocks, and all the crowding chaos of a retreating army, mingled in confusion with villagers, bedding, goats, and cottage furniture, for the enemy is what victors always are. If only one man in ten had faced his front, the enemy dared not have approached; but now he could slaughter sheep and men indifferently for thirty miles, since panic possessed them both.

One need not tell of the panic that seizes soldiers when some new form of death is flung among them and they scurry here and there like bewildered ants, to be steadied only by the deaths to which they are accustomed; or of the panic at a falling stone which on a night attack will convert a line of patient battery-mules into a shrieking rout of terrified Bacchantes. Beside the panics of loss and war, there are also the suspicions and superstitions that drive men similarly mad. How many victims fell to the Popish Plot? Or how many witches and warlocks did James I. hang and burn before a grateful people bestowed on him the title of Solomon? The Last Judgment has been a recurrent source of panic, and the valleys of the Caucasus are still peopled with German villagers whose fathers started from the Rhine to face the Judgment in Jerusalem as the safest place, but abandoned their fears between Elbruz and Ararat. Nor is it so many years ago since that expectation of imminent judgment so wrought upon a section of England that the present writer refused his birthday present, knowing it would be useless in hell; and fain would he claim that present now from the heirs of Dr. Cumming, whose thunders caused the panic.

One may notice that to these panics of loss, fear, suspicion, and ignorance there are reverse or opposite moods, which we may call possessions, if they are not panics. Such was the infection that possessed Europe at the preaching of the Crusades, when even children set out by thousands together for the redemption of the Sepulchre. Such was the madness of greed that speculated with tulips in Holland, with John Law in Paris, and in London with the South Sea Company, when shares were offered in "an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is," and in five hours the promoter was entrusted with £2,000, but was afterwards seen no more. Such a reversion of panic was that madness on Salisbury Plain last year, when the cavalry in peace manœuvres rushed upon each other with fearless intent to kill.

But outside the common lines of panic and these queer perversions, there is yet another kind which infects many faint-hearted people now. Like common panics, it is bred of selfishness on suspicion. It contains a fear of loss, and, worse than cowardice, it even parades its fear of danger, and affects to shudder if a German battalion embarks in a tug. But the fear is not quite genuine. It is mixed with the desire of a new and dangerous sensation, just as some people like to feel their flesh creep and to make the flesh of others creep as well; or as a child enjoys the thrilling terror of the bogey-man, knowing in its heart who holds the turnip behind the sheet. Or, if the terrors of their panic are real, have they no shame that they go quavering to the world, "Two keels to one! Two keels to one!" Call themselves patriots! They dare not trust the country to meet an

inexperienced rival on the sea unless their odds are two to one in battleships. They sing their "Rule, Britannia" and their "Hearts of Oak," but they think so little of our sailors that they count any German conscript worth two of the men who rule the waves. Only on an assurance of two "Dreadnoughts" to one, they say, can they possibly sleep peacefully in their beds. If the one object of these poor panic-stricken souls is to sleep peacefully in their beds, they had better go to bed at once and leave the preservation of their slumbers to men of stronger nerve, and to the navy whose courage and capacity they alike insult. Where would they be sleeping now if Drake and Hawkins had bleated, "Two keels to one! Two keels to one!" when the Spaniards came looming up the Channel?

A KILLING COMPETITION.

There is something rather startling and even a little mysterious in the mania for slaughter which the Incorporated Society for the Destruction of Vermin has succeeded in exciting during the past few months. With infinite trouble, at some cost in money and energy, with the aid of several periodicals, and thanks largely to the support of some of the most eminent names in literature, Lord Avebury and his friends have just succeeded, after twenty years of work, in inducing the House of Lords to take steps to check the slaughter of birds for the purposes of decoration. So slowly and painfully does a humane idea make its way even in a country which prides itself, with some justice, on being exceptionally sensitive about the sufferings of birds and beasts. Yet it is only necessary to suggest the wholesale destruction of sparrows and rats to call forth the enthusiastic and practically unanimous support of public opinion. A certain warfare against the undue multiplication of prolific creatures there always must be, and only a very foolish humanitarian would attempt to interfere with it. The balance of nature is only preserved by the slaughter of insects by birds, and of birds themselves by other birds and "vermin." The cat and the terrier are as necessary within the ranks of man's recognised allies as the owl and hawk outside them. But even to a mind which calmly accepts the fact of this continual, but natural, war of species against species, there is something revolting in the enthusiastic and unsparing campaign of extermination which is being organised to-day. The rat, for example, is a creature for which it is difficult to feel much sympathy. Useful as he is as a scavenger in a primitive community, he probably serves no good purpose in a modern and sanitary town. But, none the less, the logic which has doomed him to extermination is as feeble as the methods by which he is being slaughtered are cruel. The case against him, which was presented by Sir James Crichton Browne and his colleagues, was that he is proved to be a formidable carrier of disease. Even if all their theories are accepted, there is still no medical case against the rat in this country. He has been associated only with two diseases, the bubonic plague, and an exceedingly rare and obscure malady known as trichinosis. The plague is obsolete in Europe. Trichinosis, which is unknown in England, has been traced to the rat only in certain cases in which pigs had been fed on the carcases of slaughtered rats, and afterwards used for human food. The moral would seem to be rather to abstain from so peculiarly disgusting a diet than to exterminate the rat. But one element in this campaign seems to have been the fact that the companies which sell the new rat virus had an interest in promoting it. These companies advertised largely, a sure way of securing "a good Press," and in a similar campaign in India wrote to a journalist to assure him that they would make it "worth his while" to take part in the campaign against the rat. It is not so much the demerits of the rat as the commercial interests of his enemies which have doomed him to destruction by a lingering and very painful death.

Triumphant over the rat, these organisers of victory are now preparing to make war upon the sparrow. A correspondence in the "Times" has set forth once more the familiar indictment against him, and the case seems likely to go by default. The now familiar method of a "national killing competition" will be invoked against him, and village lads will collect sparrows' heads as they collect Harmsworth coupons or cigarette wrappers. The sparrow is by no means so unpopular as the rat. To town-dwellers at least he has become a very intimate friend. His gaiety, his insouciance, his genial contempt for mankind, win him something more than toleration in dull streets where he alone condescends to represent wild life. The cockney child, who knows no other uncaged bird, is quite prepared to idealise him, despite his dull plumage, his common-place flight, and his cheerful but quite unmelodious note. But somehow this general friendliness to the sparrow in no way deters correspondents of the "Times" from describing the various devices of their invention, by which, as one of them put it, he may "perish miserably." The case against him is not yet complete. But the medical scare and the profitable virus are alike about to be invented. His record as a disease-carrier is now to be investigated, and the laboratory which studies that question will doubtless discover how best to inoculate him with some exceptionally painful malady.

There is undoubtedly some case against the sparrow. He feeds greedily and wastefully on ripening corn. The farmer who does not choose or cannot afford to be generous, who will not say as Burns said to the field-mouse—

> "I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
> What then? poor beastie, thou maun live,"

and does not believe that he will "get a blessin' wi' the lave," proceeds at once to decree his extermination. It is always difficult for a farmer who sees his fields or orchards ravaged in autumn to remember that he might have had no crops at all unless the birds, which now take toll of his produce, had protected it from weeds and insect pests through the spring and early summer. But there is good evidence to show that the sparrow's devastations in autumn are balanced by his beneficent activities through the earlier months of the year. Even Sir James Crichton Browne, the most pitiless adversary of the rat, is impressed by the case for the sparrow put forward by Mr. Joseph P. Nunn after sixteen years of special study. He has even come to the conclusion that the sparrow is "the most valuable of all our indigenous birds," for the seeds of harmful weeds and the eggs of various insects are its favorite diet. The chances are, then, that even in its present immense numbers the sparrow is rather a blessing than a curse. If it is true that his numbers have immensely increased, it is not difficult to assign the reason. England is becoming the playground of the rich, and their pleasures make the gamekeeper the chief arbiter in the survival of species. The gamekeeper has destroyed the owl, the kestrel, and the sparrow-hawk. The consequence is that rats and sparrows multiply. At this point medical science, which has been engaged ever since Plato's day in ministering to the follies of the rich, steps in with a proposal to exterminate sparrows. The next consequence will of course be the inordinate multiplication of weeds and insects. That, in its turn, will bring us to the necessity of poisoning them also, until the earth itself will be inoculated with diseases warranted to destroy all wild vegetation and every creeping thing. A humanised world in which mankind alone survives with a few racehorses, some pheasants, and a breed of guinea-pigs for vivisection, is the ideal at which destructive science is ultimately aiming. There is an odd case in history to warn us. The Parisians exterminated their sparrows during the siege under the pressure of sheer hunger. Next year they complained of a plague of every species of insect and fly. Meanwhile, the prospect which this "national rat and sparrow killing competition" opens out threatens to make the country even more uninhabitable for beings of average sensibility than motor-cars themselves. While they are taking their toll in human life on the high roads, the village boys, with sticks and stones, catapults and air-guns, will be beating the hedgerows for the scalps of sparrows. It means the sudden end of all the efforts made by schools and "Dumb Friends Leagues" to

check the natural cruelty of children, and the demoralisation of the next generation by a form of "sport" at least as ignoble as rabbit-coursing or pigeon-shooting. The advocates of this "killing competition" make no secret of the fact that they regard the slaughter of sparrows as "fun," a sport suited to the tender years and light purses of those who cannot hunt tame deer or "break-up" hares. As a Mr. H. G. Tomlinson put it in the "Times," "Plenty of trustworthy volunteers would easily be found for the work, and enjoy it." The killing of sparrows is to be undertaken, not as a painful necessity and a measure of self-preservation reluctantly forced upon us, but as an enjoyable and congenial sport provided by country gentlemen for village lads. We agree with Mr. Salt that, even if the case against the sparrow were stronger than it is, the "moral and intellectual damage" wrought by this organisation of cruelty would be a more serious loss to the country than any material ruin which the sparrow can inflict.

IRONY.

Like the villain of melodrama, Irony dissembles: saying one thing, it usually means the opposite. Its employment as a figure of rhetoric is various. We find it under the pens of grave, important signiors, such as Gibbon; of elegant reprovers of their times, such as Addison; of wielders of the plaited scourge, such as Swift; of whimsical and meditative gossips, such as Lamb. The preacher and the orator make use of it. It has a cousin at several removes, held in affection by us all, in the form of a good-tempered raillery known as Banter. It is of nearer kin to Innuendo, which insinuates. It owns a terrible brother of the "dreaded name" of Sarcasm, that rends as with fangs. They are all, with others of the family, in the regular service of Satire.

When Lamb, writing to a friend in Botany Bay, says (we quote from memory), "Your hemp, I take it, is one of your chief industries," we recognise the banter he excelled in, with a spice of the oblique, the innuendo. When Sydney Smith, discussing with the Chapter of St. Paul's the proposal to pave the path around the Cathedral with wood, remarks confidingly, "If *we* lay *our* heads together the thing is done," we recognise the same method, with an added relish of his peculiar and very frolicsome wit. When he advises the Bishop of New Zealand to assure the native chiefs that there will be "cold curate and roasted missionary on the sideboard," he touches what Bain calls the "cannibal humour" that Swift had developed with proper ferocity in the communication on boiled baby. When a gentleman in Parliament is told by a gentleman on the other side of the floor that "he did his party all the harm in his power—he spoke for it and voted against it," we perceive the innuendo in about as direct and deadly a mode as it is capable of. When Addison exhibits Sir Roger de Coverley in church, we are conscious of that irony of delicate malice which Thackeray (possibly misled by Macaulay) so strangely mistook for the tenderest humour. When Junius addresses himself to the Duke of Bedford (and minds, as he does not always mind, his grammar),

> "My lord, you are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if in the following lines a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding—"

we have the irony, at its artistic best, of pure malignity. When De Quincey presses the claims of murder as a fine art, we feel that his ironic humour will only just go down with us, that it only just makes the situation tolerable. When Gladstone, rising to answer Disraeli, who had manifestly lingered over dessert, said icily, "The right honourable gentleman has apparently had access to sources of inspiration which have been denied to me," he had recourse to a figure of speech which, politely styled periphrasis, contains the quick, dagger-like thrust of sarcasm.

Irony, the learned tell us, was the method of Socrates with the Sophists. It is the method of all who seek to lure on disputants to their discomfiture. It ramifies, however, very widely in literature. The world's masterpiece of sustained irony is, of course, "Don Quixote," which, if a satire, is also very much more. Fitting examples would be too long to present, but, as a happy instance of irony within irony, the reader might be directed to the scene where the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, plays with the Don concerning the veracious history of him by Cid Hamet Benengeli. It is interesting, by the way, to compare Cervantes' treatment of Don Quixote, Addison's treatment of Sir Roger, and Sterne's treatment of Uncle Toby. In his direst plights the "flower of chivalry" is a dignified gentleman. Buffets and worse his creator suffers him to undergo, but he himself makes us always regard him as the knight errant, merely born out of due season. Knowing him crazy, we yet tender him honour and a deep affection. This is the supreme art of Cervantes. Addison, we feel, is never quite sincere with us about Sir Roger. He has not his tongue in his cheek, as Swift has, when Gulliver "defends his country" against the charges of the Emperor of Brobdingnag. He does not fool Sir Roger as Toby Belch fools Aguecheek, and as all the persons in the play fool Malvolio, and as Shakespeare himself fools Justice Shallow. But when we understand the true cast of Addison's mind, and realise the bent of his genius, we are moderately sure that he is in the main making jest of the gentle knight. He will not say that he regards him as, on the whole, a rather silly old gentleman: that is not Addison's method. But this is the innuendo or insinuation throughout; and we end by thinking that if Addison is not deliberately making game of his hero, he is in some degree making game of us. There are readers who will resent this view of Addison, but we believe it to be a just one. Now, Sterne's Uncle Toby is also in large measure an ironical portrait, inasmuch as that unrivalled strategist of the bowling-green is sometimes admittedly a trifle on the weak side when it comes to distinguishing hawks from handsaws. But no one shall persuade us that Sterne did not dote on Uncle Toby as the rest of us have doted on him ever since. The sheer sincerity of the creation (coupled, of course, with the absolute success of it) is its eternal passport to our hearts.

Rabelais, who flings on the colour with a lavish hand, is very skilled in the broader and more comic uses of irony, bringing to his immense art all the aid of his astonishing vocabulary. Glance at the scene of the trial of Judge Bridlegoose, in the matter of the subsidy-assessor Toucheronde, against whom the Judge had pronounced a sentence "which did not seem very equitable to that centumviral court." Bridlegoose explains and defends his giving of judgment by a cast of the dice.

> "I posite on the end of a table in my closet all the pokes and bags of the defendant, and then allow unto him the first hasard of the dice, according to the usual manner of your worships. . . . That being done, I thereafter lay down, upon the other end of the same table, the bags and satchels of the plaintiff (as your worships are accustomed to do). . . . Then do I likewise and sembably throw the dice for him, and forthwith livre him his chance."
>
> "But," quoth Trinquamelle, "my friend, how came you to know, understand, and resolve the obscurity of these various and seeming contrary passages in law?"
>
> "Even just," quoth Bridlegoose, "after the fashion of your other worships; to wit, when there are many bags on the one side and on the other, I then use my little small dice (after the customary manner of your other worships), in obedience to the law. . . . I have other large dice, fair and goodly ones, which I employ in the fashion that your other worships use to do when the matter is more plain, clear, and liquid; that is to say, when there are fewer bags."

Throughout the whole of the scene, which extends to five or six chapters, the ironical jest is kept up in the gravest manner. A more richly humorous example is the banquet given by Bishop Homenas to Pantagruel and his suite, where the talk is in praise of the thrice-sacred decretals. One after other, on the spur of the

moment, Friar John, Ponocrates, Eudemon, Carpalim, and the rest, invent a story of wonders achieved through the sacrosant decrees; and at each recital, Homenas, getting steadily tipsier, proclaims a miracle, and clamours to the waiting-maids to fill him another brimmer of "light." Gymnast takes up the running:—

> "At Cahusac, a match being made by the lords of Estissac and Viscount Lausun to shoot at a mark, Perotou had taken to pieces a set of decretals, and set one of the leaves for the white to shoot at. Now I sell, nay I give and bequeath for ever and aye, the mould of my doublet to fifteen hundred hampers full of black devils, if ever any archer in the country (though they are singular marksmen in Guienne) could hit the white. Not the least bit of the holy scribble was contaminated or touched; nay, and Sansornin the elder, who held the stakes, swore to us . . . that he had openly, visibly, and manifestly seen the bolt of Carquelin moving right to the round circle in the middle of the white; and that just on the point, when it was going to enter, it had gone aside about seven foot and four inches wide of it, towards the bake-house."
>
> "Miracle!" cried Homenas. "Miracle! miracle! Clerica, come wench, light, light here! Here's to you all, gentlemen; I vow you seem to me very sound Christians."

What a treasure of joy is François Rabelais! Has anyone understood better than he what George Meredith means by the "cataract of laughter"? In parenthesis, we may say that (if we remember rightly) Mr. Meredith uses the phrase to describe the "supper in the manner of the ancients" in Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle"; and that super-excellent episode, had we space to give to it, would aptly serve our purpose.

Half a century nearer to us than Smollett is Walter Savage Landor; and we might bring forward as a thoroughly literary example of sustained irony his "Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare," but with diffidence we submit that it is a little tough in the reading. Rather would we name the matchless "Imaginary Conversations," and in especial such a piece as the talk between Louis XIV. and the unctuous confessor.

Still nearer to us, chronologically, is the namesake of the author of "Hudibras," Samuel Butler, whose "Erewhon," at no time as well known as it should have been, is greatly distinguished among the minor, or even the greater, efforts of satire. In "Erewhon" (need we say?) sickness is a crime, while crime receives the treatment that we bestow on sickness. In working this out, Butler, as Garnett says, "holds an inverting mirror to the world's face with imperturbable gravity."

The chapter entitled "An Erewhonian Trial" is a finished pattern of the author's ironic art. He begins with the directness and seeming earnestness of Swift:—

> "But I shall perhaps best convey to the reader an idea of the entire perversion of thought which exists among this extraordinary people, by describing the public trial of a man who was accused of pulmonary consumption—an offence which until quite recently was punished with death."

The case is clearly a very bad one. The prisoner, a young man of twenty-three, coughs incessantly in the dock, and is kept on his legs there solely by the attentions of the two surgeons in charge of him. Vainly does his counsel plead that the young man has been simulating consumption in order to defraud an insurance company from whom he wanted to buy an annuity. "If this could have been shown to be the case he would have escaped a criminal prosecution and been sent to the hospital as for a moral ailment." But the prisoner is damned by his appearance and his cough; and in ten minutes the jury find him guilty. The judge, in passing sentence of hard labor for life, says:—

> "It pains me much to see one who is yet so young, and whose prospects in life were otherwise so excellent, brought to this distressing condition by a constitution which I can only regard as radically vicious; but yours is no case for compassion: this is not your first offence: you have led a career of crime. . . . You were convicted of aggravated bronchitis last year; and I find that, although you are now only twenty-three years old, you have been imprisoned on no fewer than fourteen occasions, for illnesses of a more or less hateful character——"

and so forth. Here, again, is an instance of the art that raises the smile which sympathy would repress. But all humour, and the appreciation of humour, have their foundation in malice—and who should know this more certainly than the masters of irony?

Short Story.

THE PATHETIC FALLACY.

Jack Vane had been struck off the rolls for five years for the misappropriation of trust money—he who had lived like an anchorite, to whom money had never been a temptation. He would have been in prison, but that the injured party, a wealthy woman and a distant relative, had declined to prosecute. His career was over at thirty-five.

He had come of people of unblemished integrity, in whom the habit of honesty was ingrained. That morning he had received a letter from his only sister, in which she expressed a chastened thankfulness that their father and mother had been taken away from the evil to come.

He had alleged gambling as the reason of his financial difficulties, although, in point of fact, he hardly knew clubs from spades. One or two of his friends surmised this, and said that there was probably a woman in the business; but they never guessed what woman. Ella Mannering was above suspicion. It was generally felt, at this crisis, that the friendship which, for many years, she had extended to her moody, laconic cousin had been a greater boon than he deserved, and that the Ethiopian who, under her ministries, refused to be washed white was impossible.

She, too, had written, saying that the news of his trouble had come like a bolt from the blue, and asking him why he had done it. That question seemed irrelevant; but perhaps she really believed that gambling had ruined him. Perhaps she had forgotten her own appeal to him four months ago, her piteous story of blackmail and compromising letters, her immediate need of twelve hundred pounds.

Oh! yes, he had seen his way quite clearly to returning the money. That always goes without saying. The fact remained that he had built a shelter for her out of his own dishonor, and discovery had come swiftly and certainly. But her letters were burned. That was well. She had never been wicked, only weak and emotional. And she would marry some strong man—he fancied he knew the man—and be quite good and happy.

To be sure, if she had stood by, it would have seemed possible for him to begin again. As it was, his presence in the world was like a faint reproach to her. That reproach would end to-night. And he did not judge her; he had done with all judgment save this last judgment on himself—that was expressed in the small dark blue fluted bottle that stood before him. He had got it from the chemist's six months ago for neuralgia, and had not used it, which was providential, since just now a chemist who knew his story would have hesitated to supply him. He thought of the monument in St. Paul's with two stone angels, and the legend, "Through the gate of Death we pass to eternal life," and wondered if the little bottle held white angels, or black demons, or only sleep. It seemed very small to hold anything effective, being a two-ounce bottle, and it was dark blue for Oxford—he was an Oxford man.

Surely the step he was about to take was a necessary expiation, a libation to the injured laws, and not a coward's expedient. Yet he knew, also, in his heart, that he was afraid to face the music, the dissonance of remorse and shame that had broken in upon his life. He couldn't disentangle his motives, and it didn't seem to matter. He was done.

No one would miss him acutely. Perhaps, he conjectured vaguely, his own intense desire for love had driven it away from him, since all love flies from exaction; and, though he had exacted very little outwardly, the exactions of his soul had been many, and had made the emotional atmosphere about him heavy and tense, like air charged with electricity. People had often tired of him.

It is a terrible thing to outstay one's welcome in the world—the world of fellowship and sanity and hope—to become conscious of oneself as a menace to its well-

being, an obsession, like the nightmare that visits a healthy man. Just then he hardly blamed himself, or God either. Why should he? It seemed to him that freedom and necessity were one, that there was no responsibility, divine or human, that God was a dream of the emotions, which always crave for some half-way house, some halting-place between the infinite and the finite, at which to lay down their burden of passion, or worship, or hate. But if there were responsibility, it would be of the whole, not of the tortured fractions which we call human beings, poor fragments of the world-soul bound on the wheel of life, for other ends than their own. Christ? Yes, Christ was a person who had been broken on the wheel long ago, and it had pleased humanity to worship Him. But what of Judas? He, too, was broken on the wheel; but his agony held at the heart of it no supreme faith and joy. There were broken hearts that God did not despise, and broken hearts that He despised. . . . One was haunted by that term God. Perhaps, after all, it stood for something—some ultimate bliss and harmony into which all discords died. But with that thought he seemed to have nothing to do.

There was no good in waiting, and he rose to get a wineglass. But as he rose a brown retriever at his feet stirred uneasily, and then, without warning, lifted up his voice and howled. He started; he had forgotten the dog.

He stooped down and patted his head, saying farewell to the one living friend, it seemed to him, who had never criticised him, never told him he was a fool. Rough had been a patient dog, not exacting, and not greedy. But he wasn't a handsome animal, nor one for whom it would be easy to find a suitable home. He was snappish with strangers. Moreover, age was creeping upon him. But he had been absurdly grateful, absurdly loyal to Jack. It was a pity to leave him. But, after all, in the great world-tragedy, what is the pain of one more dog?

"Good-bye, old man!" said his master. "Good dog!"

He reached a glass from the cupboard. Rough followed him, whining uneasily. Then, with unusual demonstrativeness, he sprang up, licking Jack's hand.

"It's no use, Rough," he said, as if the dog could understand. "I must do it—I'm knocked. See?"

It was as if the dog acquiesced—he was a very obedient dog—for he fell back instantly and crouched on the ground, one dumb anxiety from head to tail, his eyes following the man's movements. It was worse than if he had barked; then one might have been angry with him. Jack swore softly as he took up the blue phial, but his hand shook. For the first time he realised vividly what would happen after his death. There would have to be a coroner's inquest. He would be carried upstairs, the door would be locked and unlocked for doctors, jurymen, undertakers, and through it all Rough would be trying to force his way into the room. People would kick him and swear at him. Perhaps some good-natured person would drag him into the backyard and give him a bone. He would attack it fiercely, in the first pangs of hunger, and then slink away ashamed, with some dim, doggish sense of having been unfaithful, or he would forget it altogether, in his consuming anxiety to find his master. He had done that kind of thing before now, when Jack was absent. Someone would say, very soon, that it was kinder to put him away, or, if benevolence prevented such summary proceedings, he would be turned out to starve. Jack had a vision of an unattractive dog, wandering, homeless, hungry, masterless, with drooping tail, not understanding even then that the one person in the world who had been consistently good to him could never be found again. If one could only explain to the brute!

Jack pulled himself up in these imaginings.

"It's the pathetic fallacy," he said, angrily, and then his eyes fell on the dark blue bottle, and in a remote, vague fashion, he wondered if an impartial outsider might not have called his despair another instance of the same thing. The dog gave a short, muffled bark. Outside the sun was shining, for the first time that day.

"I'll take him one more walk," said Jack, grudgingly.

After all, it would do later on, when the dog wasn't looking! He put the wineglass back into the cupboard, and the phial into his pocket. Then he took up his hat and whistled to Rough. He had not changed his mind; indeed, his mind was not a plastic one, rather the kind of mind that has to begin all over again from the beginning before it can come to a fresh decision. But he would concede so much to the dog. And the edge of his agony was growing blunt, as if the effect of the anodyne were already creeping over him. So Rough and he went down to their old haunt, the Thames Embankment; and he sat down on a bench, while Rough lay at his feet in the sunshine. Already there was a touch of autumn in the air, and sunshine was pleasant.

No one knew, here, that he had been struck off the rolls; if they had known it wouldn't have mattered. On the next bench, the one he had passed, was a woman obviously of no reputation, the kind of woman one expects to see in other places than the Thames Embankment. But there was a boy of seven with her, whom she had clearly brought to watch the ships and steamers, and in her face, as he passed, Jack had seen fleetingly the sweet, protective look without which the face of a saint is too austere, and that can redeem the face of a sinner.

Then an old man came limping to the bench on which he sat, and sank down heavily at the farther end. Next he drew out a battered pouch, and, with infinite care, as if the particles had been of gold, transferred what coarse shag it contained to the evilest-looking meerschaum that Jack had seen for a long while. Still, the bowl was only half filled, and he groped in all his pockets for any precious *débris* that might have leaked from the pouch. Jack, watching him with a curious, detached interest, pulled out his own full pouch and replenished the old man's. They entered into talk, and he found that his companion was seventy-six, and lived in a fourth-floor back in Wardour Street. It cost him eighteenpence a week, and he had three-and-six from the parish. It wasn't often he got down as far as the Embankment; but he liked to see the shipping. Yes, his rheumatism was cruel bad, but it was no manner of use grumbling—he'd bear his bit of pain and go!

Jack left him at last, and crossing to the parapet leaned over it—the stone was hot to his touch—and watched the grey river lapping round the piers, the river that always looked to him like the life of the great city—the human life, fed by pure, far-off springs, and dark with shame and pain, as it flowed through the city of time, but passing on to the all-transmuting purity of the sea. What was he, one poor breaking wave, to rebel against the river?

Remorse, in its anguish, looks for short cuts; but very few of those it finds are open to repentance. Strange incoherent thoughts passed through Jack's mind. He thought of all the baulked and inefficient people, halt and maimed of soul and body, better far at dying than living. He thought of obscure frontier warfares, incessant, seemingly trivial, the loss on both sides, the nameless graves, the men facing death in inglorious skirmishes, or invalided home, with their poor pensions—and, either way, God help them! Yet that was how the empire held together.

And there was another empire, with dim, uncertain boundaries, where men fought for a line they could not see, where there was always trouble and ferment, little glory and heavy risk—a frontier held by people who weren't worth much, but they had to hold it for all they were worth. . . . He had been badly beaten, but so had many others, who had yet crept back to the frontier and, scarred and wounded, were fighting still. For that was how the other empire would rule the world one day, the empire called by many names. Jack Vane drew a long breath, and, in another moment, there was a tiny splash, as the river's waves closed over something. He turned and called to the dog.

"Come on, Rough," he said. "We must get some more tobacco!"

May Kendall.

Open Questions.

THE USE OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The annual conferences of the Library Association, of which the thirty-first has taken place at Brighton this week, are probably looked upon by the average layman simply as meetings of librarians, having for their object the advancement of the profession, or the discussion of esoteric problems in library economy. In reality, these congresses have a much less selfish aim, and one of far greater public significance. Of the six hundred and odd members in the Association, perhaps one-third are actual librarians, the remainder being made up of delegates from public library authorities, of committee-men, and of other persons interested in the establishment of a national system of libraries. For the last quarter of a century, the two most powerful factors in the library movement have been the millions of Dr. Carnegie, and the patient activity of the Library Association. The Association has secured amendments in the Public Libraries Acts; it has by its discussions and publications helped to make efficient and economical administration generally attainable; it has, in spite of adverse conditions, established a scheme of professional training for the young librarian; it has secured sound leather for bookbinding, and is laboring to improve the quality of paper and the general durability of books; and among other notable services it publishes an annual volume of one hundred pages, forming a descriptive guide to the best current literature of Europe and America. Above all, the Library Association has been the one influence on the side of concerted and harmonious action, and has steadfastly promoted exchange of views and orderly progress among the scattered groups of libraries administered by the different local authorities.

The library movement has now been going on for much more than half a century, but though few would dissent from the abstract proposition that the public library should be an integral part of the national system of education, it is still a long way from taking up its full position as a necessary complement to our schools. Our public libraries at the present day remain what they have always been, a number of isolated institutions, working, it is true, for a common object, but with no official apparatus for concerted effort, and by as many different methods and systems as there are distinct authorities. Inevitably the result is great overlapping and waste of energy, and innumerable anomalies, the most glaring of which are exhibited by the haphazard conglomeration of libraries in the metropolis. The libraries have also been starved by the miserable financial conditions imposed by the Public Libraries Acts, yet it is doubtful whether they are hampered more at the present time by the lack of funds than by the lack of co-ordination. It must suffice for the present to take London as an illustration of this absence of any organic system. In London there are seventy-nine lending libraries financed out of the rates, with a total stock of 822,168 volumes, averaging rather more than 10,000 volumes apiece; and in "Greater London" there are forty lending libraries, with an aggregate stock of 347,247, averaging a little less than 9,000. There are besides three or four voluntary free libraries, with an aggregate stock of 64,577 volumes. These libraries, together with a score of reference libraries, have been established at various dates, each as a separate unit, and with complete indifference to the facilities afforded by the libraries in adjoining parishes and boroughs, their distribution being the result of principles of local government that are rapidly becoming obsolete. It strikes one as monstrous that Londoners paying the library rate should be debarred by the vagaries of our boundary lines from using the books bought from the same penny rate, simply because they live a few streets away. Mr. Sidney Webb, in 1902, in an address to the Association, truly said of this vast library service that it is not organised at all.

Attempts have been made without success to introduce the obvious reform of making borrower's tickets interchangeable throughout the Metropolis. The Association has also discussed schemes for forming library groups, with a moderate number of good reference libraries established in convenient situations, each with due regard for the specific character and position of its neighbours. Another valuable proposal was put before the Bradford Conference by Mr. J. McKillop, who thought that the London County Council should take advantage of its powers under the Education Acts to remedy one of the most urgent defects of library administration; the failure to provide books for special students and persons engaged in research. Briefly, he would ask the separate libraries to content themselves with collections of moderate size, capable of satisfying the requirements of the average reader. Then he would establish a library in central London, and stock it with long sets of learned periodicals, transactions of societies, and other costly works of supreme importance to students, which the ordinary library acquires only in a haphazard way; such books to be lent to the libraries demanding them on application from the local readers. This central depôt (for the proposed library would not be a place of public resort) would be stocked partly by permanent loans of books from the scattered borough libraries, where quantities of valuable works are at present lying unassimilated and idle, the reader who badly needs them being situated, perhaps, in another part of London, and partly by a grant from the education rate. Some such scheme must be put in operation sooner or later; it would make for economy as well as fulfil an urgent public need.

But it is not only the student and the scholar who is neglected at present. A strong case could be made out for that far more numerous body, vaguely denominated "the general reader," which suffers a good deal more in the aggregate through the present wasteful system, since spasmodic attempts to foster the student mean that few, if any, of our libraries are really complete even as general collections. During the last twelve months, a group of libraries, including Woolwich, Stepney, Poplar, and Hackney, and certain libraries in "Greater London," have entered into an agreement to lend each other books, when a borrower at one requires a work in some other library of the group. The borrower defrays all the expenses incurred, but these have been reduced to a minimum, and in the case of contiguous library districts, where the advantage is at its maximum, there is no expense at all, as the borrower takes his credentials from his own library and fetches the book himself. The combination at present embraces twenty-one lending libraries, with an aggregate stock of 160,000 volumes. The work done so far has been most encouraging; borrowers taking advantage of the scheme use it again and again. The greatest obstacle is the absence of a union catalogue, but if the system is extended to a large part of the Metropolis, this obstacle, with many others, can easily be done away with.

That difficult problem, the wise selection of books, has been a perennial topic of debate at meetings of the Library Association. Needless to say, the Association is anxious to furnish librarians with the best materials for maintaining a high standard of choice, and several members have compiled guide-books to books for the use of both librarians and readers. Much more could be done were the Association financed for this purpose on the same scale as the American Library Association, which has produced a dozen or more guides to all departments of literature, science, and art. I have already alluded to the annual Best Books List—a volume that ought to become the standard index to the best of our current books. Recently, in conjunction with the National Home-Reading Union, the Association has begun to publish a monthly "Readers' Review," in localised editions at some thirty libraries, the object of which is to keep library readers in touch with literature as a living thing, and to furnish them with expert guidance to the books actually on the shelves.

Public libraries are constantly charged, mainly by those who hardly dissemble their hostility to every effort at giving the people opportunities for the higher culture, with being little more than distributors of inferior novels. It is a fact that the issues of fiction for home reading largely exceed those of all other classes of books. Since it is in the novel that the age has chosen to express itself and to contemplate its form and pressure, this must have been so inevitably. But the Association has always taken a sensible view of the case. A public library is something more than a workshop, subserving the arts of life and scientific knowledge and re-

search; it has to satisfy the demand for books dedicated to the humanities. The fiction that stimulates and delights the higher faculties of man—the fiction, in short, that is literature—justly claims a place in our public libraries. So long as we select our novels with the same scrupulous regard for literary merit as we pay to the essay, the drama, and poetry, so long can there be no question that in this department, as in the others, we are promoting the higher culture of the people.

The Association, in default of satisfactory legislation, has undertaken many duties that should properly fall to the lot of some public authority—such, for instance, as that of the training of librarians. For many years the Association has provided lecturers and run correspondence classes and summer schools on the various departments of library country; it has also held annual examinations. Last May, for example, 250 candidates sat for the certificates granted by the Association. The usefulness of the work that has hitherto been done voluntarily by the Association, at great personal sacrifice, is being gradually recognised by University colleges and other bodies. The London School of Economics in 1901 opened its doors to students of librarianship, and several University colleges in the provinces are now offering similar privileges; but until the work is properly endowed, and one permanent library school at the least established in some such centre as London or Manchester, the training of librarians cannot have the continuity and thoroughness that are essential to qualify a man for the administration of a modern library system.

In an age when intellectual culture, scientific research, and even industrial progress, depend to such an extent on books, good libraries must take an all-important place in the life of the community. The most conspicuous defect of our system of elementary education is that it breaks off at a certain point, and does not serve, as it should, to lay a permanent foundation for intellectual habits. Our school children must be taught the use and enjoyment of libraries: to teach them to read may otherwise be disastrous. Our public libraries must be, in the first place, an auxiliary to education; in the second place, a workshop for the technical and the scientific student; and, lastly, a means of intelligent recreation and delight to people of all ages. In close touch with all the artistic, scientific, and literary activities of each town, it will take its true position as the centre and focus of the intellectual life of the nation.

ERNEST A. BAKER.

Present-Day Problems.

THE HARMSWORTH BRAND.—(CONCLUSION.)

> In 1904 Mr. Walter said: "The control of the 'Times' has been in my hands for a good many years past, it is there now, and there it will remain until events over which mortals have no control shall place it in the hands of my successor. No outside influence of any kind or of any origin will ever be permitted to affect the character of the great institution which was founded by my great-grandfather 120 years ago, which has never for a moment passed from the control of his lineal successors."
>
> Biography of Arthur Fraser Walter, chief proprietor of the "Times," in "Daily Mail" Year Book. 1908.

WHEREIN lies a prime source of the untrustworthiness of a paper of the character of the "Daily Mail" and of the American prints of which it is an imitation? Largely in their eschewing of the verbatim or detailed report. "It is a very rare occurrence," said this paper of itself, "that the 'Daily Mail' prints speeches." It includes in this self-denying ordinance any serious report of the proceedings of Parliament, and of the men who guide its activities. Thus the paper which delivers its brawling judgments to the world, unweighted with reason or authority, gives its readers the smallest possible opportunity of judging their value. The case is not heard; only the verdict is announced. Nations and individuals share this summary dealing, which disposes of their destinies after the fashion of the Queen of Hearts in "Alice in Wonderland." Thus, as we have said, in November, 1899, the French were described as our "inveterate enemies," with whom nothing like an *entente cordiale* could subsist, whose mind was hopelessly perverted by the "dreadful gutter journals" they read, and whose colonies must be "taken from them" as a mark of our profound "contempt" for their character. These elegant extracts, which should be written in letters of gold in front of the "Daily Mail's" pavilion in the Anglo-French Exhibition, served as a foil to the artless suggestion (made in the same month) of an Anglo-German alliance, to be succeeded in its turn (1903) by the proclamation that Germany was a "secret and insidious enemy," and by a long-continued series of "warnings" of an inevitable and imminent war with her. The public, fed on this coarse diet of hatred and suspicion of other nations, forgets that its purveyors have no system of policy which cannot be changed in half-a-dozen issues, and that reckless sensationalism continually varies the object of its light-headed wrath or fancy, but never its method. The danger is that right-thinking men have not time to counteract the mischief-monger, who, day by day, and hour by hour, multiplies, through a dozen instruments, the voice of anger or unreason, as a squeaking gramophone multiplies the notes of Tetrazzini or Caruso. As in the Lever case, the "Evening News" takes up the tale where the "Mail" drops it, and then passes it to the "Mirror," the last word in catch-halfpenny journalism. Take the case of the Russian outrage on the North Sea trawlers three years ago. The "Daily Mail" (February 23rd, 1905) then declared that the verdict of the Court of Inquiry was that the Russian Admiral was "entitled to act as he did." Four days later, as Mr. Morgan-Browne has pointed out, it was obliged to declare the truth, which was that the Court found the Russians not to be "justified in firing on the trawlers." But, in the meantime, the "Mail" had called for "instant reprisals," in case of future trouble, on the ground that the finding of the Court was a "death-blow to arbitration." There, as in a flashlight, you have the whole "Daily Mail"—the untrustworthy intelligence, the rash, violent conclusion from it, the childish logic, the spirit of ill-will and impatience, governed by the ingrained trade sensationalism of the journal, the contempt for deliberate reporting, and the appeal to passion. We will give two capital examples of this spirit, to which we have already referred in brief, before we close these articles.

The first is the Lever case. Of politics the chief director of the "Mail" has always been ignorant. But one would have said that Lord Northcliffe's practical shrewdness and capacity for "business" would have stood him in some stead in a great commercial issue. But the "Mail" never went near accuracy. It failed to defend a single one of its serious allegations, withdrawing them all in panic-stricken haste after Mr. Lever's cross-examination. It is therefore fair to assume that they were all as false as Sir Edward Carson declared them to be. The "Daily Mail" did not fail in breadth and severity of judgment. It charged Mr. Lever with fraud and dishonesty. It declared that the formation of the trust had led to a great dismissal of employees. It said that he had indulged in a "tricky method of trade," that he had cornered the raw material, that he had tried to bribe the Press, including, of course, the incorruptible "Mail," with advertisements, that he had manipulated shares, oppressed the widow and orphan, and sold them 15 oz. of soap so as to lead them to believe that they were getting 16 oz. "Cunning" and "secrecy" were said to have been Mr. Lever's conduct in the sale of the famous soap tablets. The trial showed that the reverse of these charges was true; that the Lever firm had been singularly and unwontedly open and straight-dealing. Still more serious was the view the trial afforded of the good faith of the defendants. Just before the attacks in the "Mail" were opened, a letter was written to the Lever firm, on behalf of Lord Northcliffe, offering to treat the controversy with perfect fairness and friendliness and to insert both sides of the case. In point of fact, only one side was heard, and Sir Edward Carson quoted the case of an important letter written in defence

of Messrs. Lever, which was sent to the "Mail" and refused insertion. It only remains to be said that the main features of the Lever case—the vindictive libel, and its withdrawal without an attempt at justification—were repeated at Mr. Churchill's expense during the Manchester election.

But what was the motive of the "Mail" in the vindictive attack on "the Soap Trust"? It could hardly be the dislike of syndicated trading: the largest newspaper syndicate in the United Kingdom, which once aimed at controlling the newspaper distributing business, and thus placing its rivals at its mercy, could not be so fastidious. The prosecution suggested that the cause was the economy of £200,000 in newspaper advertisements which had been set out as one of the reasons for associated production, a matter which the "Mail" had included in its own indictment of the "trust." If this be true—and no attempt was made to rebut the suggestion—the attack on the Levers stands stripped of every vestige of public spirit. It had none of the merit which could fairly be claimed for Mr. Hearst's journals in their costly and powerful crusades against American syndicates.

But the method of the "Mail" was open to graver censure still. Sir Edward Carson insisted that part at least of the correspondence which appeared in the "Daily Mail" was not genuine.

> "The defendants," he said, "published an article headed the 'Sunlight Trust,' and they advertised certain other soaps so as to try and prevent the public buying Messrs. Lever's soaps among others, and they headed the appeal, 'Fifteen ounces make one pound.' They mentioned that correspondence was reaching them from all parts of the United Kingdom in connection with this matter. It would," counsel said, "be interesting to see that correspondence, if it was ever produced. They had an order upon the defendants calling upon them to produce all the letters they had in their possession, but they had not produced any. When a newspaper talked of correspondence, it very often really meant correspondence manufactured in the office."

And again:—

> "To further influence the public, the defendants, under the heading of 'Cruel Blow to the Poor,' published an interview with a widow with a large family, who said the Trust had meant an increase in her weekly soap bill of 1s. 6d. The poor widow, counsel pointed out, must have used ninety-six threepenny bars a week to lose so much. But the plaintiffs had asked who and where this widow was, over whom the 'Daily Mail' had sought to make the tears of its readers flow, but without being satisfied as to her identity. They made interrogations about the widow, and the only answer they got was that the words were contributed by one of their reporters, who was now in the South of France, reporting the strike riots."

If this statement was untrue, and the correspondence was all genuine, why did not Mr. Rufus Isaacs assert the fairness and propriety of his client's procedure?

But when we come to fairness, let us glance at another leading episode in the "Daily Mail's" career, its relations to the Boer War. Whatever may be said of the causes of the South African War, no one will rob the "Daily Mail" of the credit of inspiring much of the spirit in which the British nation entered upon it, the spirit of bitter hatred of the South African Dutchman, and of absolute cock-sureness of beating him after a few insignificant skirmishes. Week after week the readers of the "Mail" were taught in leading articles, in letters, in columns of extracts from censorious writings, that the Boer was a malignant, cruel, hypocritical, and lustful being, the sum of whose bad qualities, one would have said, sadly unfitted him for membership of the British Empire. It is true that the "Mail" laid stress on certain characteristics—such as a habit of "doing to-day what he would undo without a twinge of conscience to-morrow"—which detractors of that journal might possibly attribute to its conductors. But the inconvenience of this method of stirring up passion against a public adversary happened to be that at a moment when diplomacy desired to go a little slower, if only because the military side of the situation had been developed with some deliberation, the Mafficking element contributed by the "Mail" could brook no such delay. Not that the "Mail" was troubled by this trifling impediment to British success. Day by day, in the early stages of the war and the troubled negotiations which preceded it, it told, with some trifling qualifications, a pleasing tale of the Boers' incapacity for modern war. Their tactics were those of "Afridis." On October 9th, 1899, their "threats" might be dismissed with "contempt," for the coming of the Army Corps would be their "doom." True, in pursuit of their savage instincts, they were accumulating a large quantity of cyanide of potassium at Bloemfontein, "presumably for use in poisoning the springs." But in the field they would be merely contemptible, for they had "no organisation whatever," so that the British forces were "in no risk of defeat," while a Boer attack on Sir George White could only mean a "crushing defeat" for these wild tribesmen of the kopjes, who however (October 24th) were too "disheartened" for any such enterprise. On October 11th the country was assured by Mr. H. W. Wilson, who acts as a kind of military-naval-political expert for this highly instructed journal, that, while there might be "trifling reverses" for the British flag, there could be "no disaster." On the same day there was in Natal "no danger whatever," for Boer warfare would be limited, on this side of the theatre of campaign, to "meaningless advances" and "cavalry raids." What else could be expected of "half savages," with an "infantile strategy," which (October 19th, with the "Ladysmith entanglement" drawing swiftly near) might impel them to court "terrible disaster" at Sir George White's hands?

So the paper warriors prattled of the war which was to cost England thousands of lives and scores of millions of money, their proprietor not forgetting, in the daily pursuit of custom, to remind the British public, advertising and other, on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities, that some months' pursuit of "Independent Imperialism" as against the unprofitable errors of "Little Englandism" had brought the circulation of the "Mail" up to 600,000 a day. Was ever such a paper? Was ever such a meagre stock-in-trade of knowledge, conscience, forethought, good feeling, and good sense joined to so prodigious a faculty for self-advertisement and acquisitiveness? Put the Harmsworth paper at its highest—which is the "Daily Mail," now a little chastened by experience—or at its lowest—which is the dreadful, coarsely-printed page smeared with tales of maniac crime like Jack the Ripper's—is there one quality revealed by its directors that they hold in common with the writers and men of the world who built up the "Times"? Is there one great London journal on either side in politics to which it can fitly be compared? Each one of these newspapers can boast of something—the steady advocacy of a political or a social cause, richness of talent and personality in its staff, a well-conceived or brilliant scheme of adventure or enterprise—giving it a title of merit, a standing and substance in the world of journalism and letters.

What title belongs to the "Daily Mail"? Let its conductors, and the conductors of the weekly journals associated with this business, make what pleas and excuses they may—the search for a new public, its half-educated character, and, therefore, its indifference to the old-fashioned paper that the "Mail" has largely pushed aside. Let them proclaim, with justice, the vividness, brevity, and adroitness of their presentation of news, the "push" of their business organisation. But what good have they done, or tried to do, to their country, to the children who buy their wretched crime stories, or their silly, vulgar school tales, to the women whom they dose with snobbery and sentimentality, to the citizens whose minds they fill from time to time with hatred of this country or that, to the simple people, young and old, whose time and small stores of money, and not too broad or elevated intelligences, they waste in idle guessing games, skilful only in name, and truly profitable only to themselves, or turn into a thousand petty channels of gossip and sensation? Could not Lord Northcliffe's cleverness have been put to better use than this? Could he not have set his standard a little higher, even though the sum of his profits stood a trifle lower?

And why, we may well inquire, Lord Northcliffe at all? On what grounds could a Minister recommend such

a creation and the King be induced to sanction it? Could not Mr. Balfour have taken the common precaution of reading a bundle of Harmsworth papers, culled at random from the nearest bookstall, so that he could realise what was their method, their commercial aim, their literary standard, before he proposed such a peerage? These are unpleasant questions; but they must be asked and asked again unless the life of our age and people is to be enfeebled by a form of journalism which acknowledges no responsibility to its readers, save the production of a conventionally "bright" and amusing paper. It is deplorable that such a firm, with its present methods and ideals, should be associated with the "Times." It is impossible to think that the special power over public opinion that to this day adheres to Printing House Square can survive such a connection.

Communications.

"THERE IS NO CONQUEROR BUT GOD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I now feel how the prophets of old must have felt when (by chance) their prophecies came out as they had predicted.

When they were wrong people simply said they were fools, and the prophets returned to their usual avocation quite undisturbed. The fulfilment of their predictions placed them in quite a different position. Instantly everyone must have hated them, for whereas we all love a fool, recognising in him a man and a brother, we naturally dislike all those who show the least vestige of common sense, for common sense and hard work are two things that we profess to admire, but really despise and dread.

For the last year all those who knew Morocco have been writing and saying that Mulai Hafid had the whole country at his back. We were told this was untrue, chiefly by gentlemen who had either never been in Morocco or had passed a month there as representatives of some "Diddlesex Herald" or another.

It was hinted that we were in the pay of Germany, though no one ever heard of the Kaiser being over free with his thalers. We were enemies of France, the great Power which Nature herself had pointed out as the natural ally of England. This, too, from writers who had had no words too bitter to apply to France when some of us in our humble way were preaching the "entente cordiale" in the days when it was unpopular.

Well, we are justified, both by faith and works, not our own works, of course, for we are but human, after all. Mulai Hafid has demonstrated to Europe, by the only arguments that Europe ever really cares about—that is, by brute force—that he is the master of Morocco.

That he was the choice of the people of Morocco no one who knew the country ever doubted for a moment; but when did Europe care for a trifle of that nature? Freedom of choice is right and proper for those who have armies and navies, but Poles, Irishmen, Chinese, Zulus, and the rest of those peoples whose funds are not quoted on the Stock Exchange may have some sort of abstract right to be considered as human beings, but they had better not talk too much about the matter, as that sort of thing is apt to annoy a great Power if carried too far. (I do not mention Egypt or India, for fear of bothering your readers with facts.) The first act in the drama has now been played. It remains to be seen what will be the attitude of Europe, and especially of France

The Act of Algeciras is in no wise altered or infringed by what has occurred. That Act declared for the integrity and independence of Morocco, and not for any Sultan in particular.

Everyone knows how it was stretched and trespassed on by France, by her quite unnecessary landing at Casa Blanca, and by all the useless and futile loss of men and money which she has since sustained.

Here, again, I refrain from dragging in the loss of money and death of her subjects (all with their presumable immortal souls), to Morocco.

To insist on such things is to make oneself hateful and hated.

In the past year the French have advanced just sixty kilometres into the country. They assumed to have pacified the province of Chawia, though no one had ever heard it was disturbed—that is, more disturbed than Yorkshire would have been had a force of Germans or Yankees landed in Whitby, because there had been a riot and a few Germans or Yankees been killed by a mob. I hope to have put these sort of things in a common sense way, but really is a Yorkshireman's soul of so much more value to the Creator than a Moor's? That the Chawia has not been pacified (pacification is a thing that can only be achieved with a very large army) is apparent by the fact that at the very first battle, no less than six thousand of the Chawia people are said to have deserted the standard of the ex-Sultan and passed over to the actual Sultan, Mulai Hafid. There can be no doubt that Mulai Hafid is the actual Sultan to-day.

It is for that reason that I have headed my letter as I have done. To the Moors, anything that is, is of God, and the fact that Mulai Hafid is victorious will be interpreted by them as the Will of God.

Now that God's Will is clear, for I presume that in this matter Christians and Mahommedans are at one, and that not even the most bigoted Christian in the world would sustain that Mulai Hafid has conquered against God's will, what is to be done?

As France has suffered heavily, in pocket, in human lives, and in prestige, and, as most clearly from the first, she has been in error, surely now she should try and show her love for that liberty about which we hear so much in her Press. It is time for her at once to withdraw all forces from Morocco and to endeavour to repay the Moors for all the cruel wrongs she has inflicted on them, by leaving them alone.

Spain, her co-mandatory by the Algeciras Act, has shown her how that Act should have been interpreted. She would have shown her still more clearly had not she been so unluckily represented in Paris by Leon y Castille, who has become more French than Spanish by long residence in France.

England might surely give a "cordiale" jog to France, for we cannot stand by and give our countenance to an armed intervention, with all its attendant crime and bloodshed, merely to save the faces of the French politicians who have plunged their country into so Serbonian a bog.

No doubt the Jingo section of the Parisian Press will call out savagely for blood, as did the Jingo section of the English Press during the "sort of war" in the Transvaal. If they do so, the reason will be the same that made our Press so fierce against Kruger and all his works. In France, just as in England during the Boer affair, capitalists have embarked much of their soul (that is their money), and, without doubt, articles will be written and speeches made by the score about the mission of "La France," on Liberty, on Progress.

The fact remains that we are face to face with a whole nation struggling to free itself from the dominion of the European money-lender and the concession-monger, to live its life as it seems good to it, and by degrees to evoke, as have the Turks, free institutions and some liberty.

This to the journalist or to the man of money may seem ridiculous. They well may say, What freedom can there be outside the circle of the freedom that we in Europe know?

Nevertheless, a great occasion has arisen for France and England, for Spain and for all Europe, to make a stand in favor of the Moors, and to show definitely that the Act of Algeciras was not a miserable stalking-horse for filibusters, but a real charter for the emancipation of the Moors.

From whom? I think I hear you say. From the tyranny of Sultans and of tribal fights?

Well, partly so; but ten times more from the blighting breath of Europe, so harmful to the East.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Some of your correspondents have suggested petitioning Parliament on the subject of motor-cars, but it is useless to petition a Parliament made up of so many motorists. The villagers must take the law into their own hands and make the roads unfit for motor traffic. The patience of the villagers is remarkable, but sooner or later they will rise to protect their children and chickens from these ever increasing "road-hogs."—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

War Coppice, Near Caterham, Surrey,
August 22nd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The motor problem and unemployment trouble might conceivably be touched by constructing a main road through the land, where no speed limits would apply, and along which hotels, restaurants, repair shops, and possibly even villages would soon appear.

The motor as a carrier-means of marketable commodities has scarcely begun, and I can conceive the use such an agency would be for farmers—among others—to gain speedy access to the large towns possibly through the intermediation of regularly running freight cars.

In all probability the road would soon pay both for construction and upkeep by charging toll.

The number of men that could be kept at work from the very start all along the line would surely make itself felt in the ranks of the unemployed, while the income arising from the sale of land would probably bring satisfaction to hundreds in all parts of the country.

Is this not a matter for a public company?—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES HAMFELDT.

Cricklewood, N.W.,
August 24th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—*Re* "Lost Liberty of the Road." I have carefully read your article in a recent issue of THE NATION, also the letters which appeared therein, but no one seems to me to think of a very simple remedy for all this trouble. Mr. J. Colquhoun Reade seems to me to have made the most sensible suggestion when he suggests that the speed limit should be thirty miles per hour instead of twenty on an open road, and that in villages and towns the limit should be ten miles; but, may I ask, what is the use of licensing cars whose speed is known to be anything from thirty-five to sixty miles an hour, and at the same time make the maximum rate at which they should travel only thirty miles? Does anyone imagine that a driver with a car which can do fifty miles per hour is not going to take the opportunity when he thinks it is quite safe of going at a much higher rate than thirty miles. My simple remedy is this: If cars are to be limited to twenty, twenty-five, or thirty miles per hour, then cars should be built accordingly, and no licence should be granted to any car which has the power to go at, say, five miles an hour beyond the limit speed; that is to say, if the limit is to be thirty miles an hour, then no cars should be licensed which can travel at a greater speed than thirty-five miles per hour. The limit when approaching villages and towns, and when going through villages and towns, should not be more than ten miles per hour.

My own idea of limit is twenty, or, at the very outside, twenty-five miles, per hour on an open road, and that no car should be licensed with a speed power of more than five miles beyond the limit. Where is the sense of licensing cars which can do fifty miles per hour if the limit is to be twenty miles?—Yours, &c.,

JAMES TINTO.

Timperley, Cheshire,
August 18th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. H. S. Clough seems anxious to offer himself as a "shocking example" of the havoc which motoring plays with good sense and good taste. In his two letters he adopts the motorist's favorite line that those who dislike being choked and blinded with dust, or sickened with stench, or terrified by the tearing speed of cars, or being crushed against walls, or having their mangled bodies dragged fifty yards along roads, or having their gardens ruined and their homes rendered intolerable—that all who resent this treatment merely exhibit their "ignorance and prejudice."

But his ire is chiefly kindled if we apply the term "rich vulgarians" to the class of motorists against whom public indignation is being roused to an extent of which Mr. Clough seems to have formed no conception. He first takes the word "rich," and meets it by contending that "the great increase in the number of cars is due to their use by people of moderate means, who, in very many cases, previously had no vehicle of their own." When the obvious meaning of this statement is ridiculed, he stultifies himself by repudiating the interpretation that these people could not have afforded ordinary vehicles. In which case the sentence is wholly irrelevant.

But to turn to the word "vulgarian." "Vulgar" is an ugly word which I personally dislike. It is often most objectionably used to stigmatise little peculiarities or mispronunciations which do not happen to be those that are common among the smart set. But there are some things which the word perfectly describes and to which no other word would so fitly apply. And the rowdy motorist is one of these. A mind so coarse in its perceptions that it can take no pleasure in the beauty or fragrance of our country roads or lanes, and so coarse in its way of regarding other minds that it will deliberately and knowingly destroy those pleasures for others, is a vulgar mind if the word has any meaning at all. The motorists I see in our lovely Lake District, goggled and veiled, tearing along the roads at reckless speed, defiling their beauties with dust and stench as they go, can see nothing of the beauties they rush through, and do all that is in their power to prevent others from seeing them.

I do not think that anyone whose intelligence has not already been injuriously affected by motoring will deny that this is vulgarity of a peculiarly odious kind. It is not negative, but aggressive offensive vulgarity. We can ignore some vulgarians and simply avoid them; but these infest every highway and lane and offend every sense.

I stayed last year with a friend in Switzerland, who used an electric motor. It went easily, made no noise, emitted no stench, the speed was abundantly sufficient for purposes of locomotion, but not so great as to prevent our enjoying the beauties we drove through or to be a peril and nuisance to others. If motorists will use such cars none will complain. If they prefer to be a pest and a peril, to see no beauties themselves and to defile them for others, they openly declare themselves selfish vulgarians of a dangerous and detestable kind, and the question will before long have to be settled whether the country is to belong to these or to the nation.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY HOLIDAY.

"Oak Tree House," Hampstead,
August 17th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I yield to no one in my dislike of motor cars and their manifold offences, but are we not inclined to get things a little out of perspective? To the ordinarily alert persons, in towns at least, there is not much danger, provided that the rules of the road are adhered to. Unless the police stiffen their backs somewhat in this respect, many of these rules will die a natural death, and I should put down the hansom cab as at least as bad an offender as the motor car. Where there is no island, and even at times where there is, vehicles of all kinds turn out of the traffic and cut the corner on the wrong side of the road. The fact that it is illegal, as well as dangerous, to pass a vehicle or cycle on its near side seems to be unknown to or ignored by most of the cyclists and drivers. The place of the slowest vehicle is the side of the road; actually your dray or horse omnibus is to be found, even in a clear road, as near the middle as possible. This is done partly to avoid the slope, but often with the deliberate intention of blocking faster traffic.

Again, the smell from a motor car is only so offensive

because cars are permitted by the police to go along emitting a cloud of foul gas and dense smoke; this, I understand, could be stopped under existing laws.

It may interest your readers to know that Calcutta has a speed limit of twelve miles per hour, and an examination to test all applicants for a driver's licence.—Yours, &c.,

W. G. Wickham.

34, Craven Terrace, W.,
August 25th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In reading the correspondence in your columns under the above heading, it has occurred to me that if coroners' juries would do their duty and return a verdict of manslaughter in all cases except where it was clear that the accident was unavoidable and was not due to any negligence on the part of the driver, the recklessness of motorists would soon be effectually checked, as few would care to incur the risk and expense of a trial. In the notes in your last issue there is an account of an inquest where the driver, in answer to the Coroner, admitted that the accident could have been avoided by stopping the motor cab. The unfortunate man who was killed had as much right to be on the road as the motorist, and if he failed to get out of the way, there was not the slightest justification, in law, for driving over him. And yet, in the face of this admission, the jury exonerated the driver from blame.—Yours, &c.,

A Lawyer.

August 26th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is evident from the attention given to the subject by journals of every shade of opinion that there is grave cause for complaint and that this is almost universal.

The principal points on which all non-motorists and, we believe, many law-abiding motorists also will agree, appear to be substantially as follows:—

1. The excessive speed at which many cars are driven, involving (*inter alia*):
   (*a*) Danger and annoyance to all other users of the public roads.
   (*b*) The production of clouds of dust, which, besides being a nuisance, are dangerous to health and damaging to all property in the vicinity.
2. Uncalled-for noise, both of machinery and horns, bells, &c.
3. Smoke and fumes, annoying to everyone but the offender, and undoubtedly detrimental to the public health.
4. Reckless disregard of the comfort and convenience of others, and of the ordinary amenities of civilised life.

Nobody wishes to "deprive motorists of the use of the roads," or to "stifle a young and growing industry," which are the typical parrot cries with which objectors are daily assailed, but some remedy is urgently called for, and the following are suggested as some of the points on which the law needs reinforcement:—

1. First of all, the hands of the local authorities need strengthening, to enable them to make regulations to suit local circumstances including:
   (*a*) Special speed limits.
   (*b*) Closing of any thoroughfare not suited to motor traffic (as in Holland and Germany).
2. Prohibit the use of any car which emits fumes or smoke or makes an undue amount of dust or noise. Cars to be subject to inspection in the same manner as are cabs, &c., at present. Each car to be certificated for a limited (renewable) period, and this certificate to be liable to suspension or withdrawal for certain offences.
3. Make the *owner* of the car a party to all proceedings in which the car is shown to be in default. A second conviction should involve total deprivation for a period of the right to drive or use any car except as a passenger.

The cost of special treatment of the roads (now for the first time discovered to be necessary) should be collected by the Excise from the motorists themselves and distributed locally as are other "grants in aid."

The present laws should be more strictly enforced, not so much as regards speed limits on open country roads, but more especially in cases where it can be shown that life or property are recklessly or avoidably endangered.

The time has passed for a mere attitude of "passive resistance." We cannot wait for ever, and if stringent legislation is required for the suppression of an admitted nuisance, the whole body of motorists need not necessarily suffer for the misdeeds of the undesirable element against whom alone such legislation would be aimed. As a lifelong athlete I am naturally an upholder of all legitimate sport, and an earnest believer in a policy of "give and take." At present, however, we "give" all that makes outdoor life worth living, while we "take" poisonous smells, choking dust, and nerve-destroying row. It is too one-sided.—Yours, &c.,

W. Austen Bolam.

August 27th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—A chimney-sweep was recently charged with driving to the common danger in one of the streets of a country town. He hurt neither man, woman, nor child, but was convicted and fined because it was proved to the satisfaction of the Bench that he had driven his light cart at *the furious pace of fourteen miles an hour.*

A chauffeur, driving a heavy car in the same street, was unable to pull up in time to avoid running over a cyclist, who, alarmed at the approach of the car, had fallen twenty or thirty yards in front of it. At the inquest that followed, where the usual verdict of accidental death was returned, the coroner pointed out that here was no question of a car being driven at a dangerous speed. Police evidence showed it to have been travelling at the *reasonable pace of fifteen miles an hour.*

Now, I fancy that many of us who dislike privilege would be content to take our chance of being killed on the road if motor cars were restricted to the same pace as other vehicles; but, like your correspondent, "Cassandra," I have very little hope that anything will be done to dock the motorist's existing privileges.—Yours, &c.,

New Forest.

August 24th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Accept my thanks for your patriotic endeavours to restore the lost liberty of the road. "The road"—the very phrase will soon disappear. At present it might better be called "the track," for it practically exists for one class of persons alone—motorists.

Speaking of remedies, you say: "Generally the aim of these measures would be to force the motor trade out of the groove in which it has become fixed and into channels where it may become useful to humanity." There is, I am certain, only one such channel possible—a road of their own. When steam was first used for traction an attempt was made to run "steam carriages" on the road; these were practically motors. The speed attained was from eighteen to twenty-four miles an hour; the lower figure was the usual one, but the annoyance, dust, noise, danger, and possibility of losing the liberty of the road for all other vehicles, riders and pedestrians, caused all such things very soon to be relegated to a road of their own—that is to say, the railway. This, properly supervised and organised, gradually became the magnificent system that, on the whole, it is. Of course, even with their own tracks there would be places where motors would have to cross ordinary high roads, others where they would be compelled to pass along them for a short distance, but in these cases they would have to be under regulations infinitely more stringent than any at present in force.

I should have used the words "their own tracks" rather than "roads" for reasons that need no stating.

"Would it be very costly?" you will ask. Not a hundredth part the cost of a railway, I reply. And who is to pay? Themselves primarily—afterwards such of the public as may make use of this method of travelling in public vehicles.

Surely things cannot remain as they are. Rural England is all but ruined, whilst in London our windows have to be kept shut on a hot summer day, otherwise we cannot hear each other for the din outside. "Town," "country,"

and similar expressions will soon have no meaning. Life is held to mean going rapidly from A to B, and back again from B to A.—Yours, &c., J. C. Paget.

August 20th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I fear that the so-called considerate motorist is somewhat of a "myth."

Whenever I have been in motorist circles listening to the conversation I find that one and all acknowledge they break the speed limit; they all have to tell of striking adventures, of narrow escapes, dogs and poultry killed, of how near they have been to collisions with other vehicles, and passengers on the road, and the tricks they have played on the public and the police. These tales are not told with shame. I feel, therefore, that it would be dangerous to trust them. Their apologists write one way, and they do another. One thing above all others would restrain them, and that is imprisonment for reckless driving, whenever they are caught; and, secondly, insurance companies ought not to be allowed to insure motorists against accidents caused by culpable negligence.

I know of a case recently in which a motorist rightly or wrongly was convicted at the assizes for damages done to others. I give him credit for the ordinary human feelings, but for some reasons he enjoyed the case rather than otherwise, and he knew beforehand that although he might be nominally fined hundreds of pounds, and have to pay the legal expenses, yet he felt personally quite comfortable, as he was insured. He suffered, then, practically no punishment at all. Within a very few days he informed me that he had travelled in his motor to a certain town, and came back by express train, but his return journey took a longer time than his outward one. He passed through some populous places, and his average worked out at twenty-six miles an hour. These are the sort of cases the police ought to catch.

Motorists also travelling in the evening, when the main roads of our cities are practically deserted, return from long journeys at great speed, and hooting continuously without the slightest regard for the inhabitants who wish to obtain their needful rest.

I do not believe there would be so many accidents, if both motorists, and particularly motor cyclists, and pedalling cyclists, were forbidden to use horns at all (they are a nuisance by day and night), and if they were confined to the use of bells it would be much pleasanter for everybody. The motorist is compelled by law to hoot, and is encouraged to think that he can then proceed with safety, when he has made noise enough. The penetrating sounds of the vile motor horns and syrens do not allow us quiet lives even in our own homes, and the sooner the inhabitants of these islands band themselves together, and say they will have some comfort, and will not continue to be annoyed, the better it will be for everyone.

If the motorist slowed up as he should, when he sees an obstruction, instead of continuing his pace at the same speed, sounding his horn imperatively, the public would be much safer, and our lives not made a burden. I find I am not alone in being sensitive to noise.—Yours, &c.,

"Pro Bono Publico."

August 17th, 1908.

"A CRISIS IN COFFEE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I be permitted to point out a few inaccuracies in your article of the 22nd inst?

No Brazilian battleships are on sale; the Brazilian Government is not corrupt; there is no large or small town in Brazil where white men are not allowed to walk on the pavement; the commercial and agricultural development of the country is not mainly in German and British hands; there is scarcely any direct taxation in Brazil, but the State of Rio Grande do Sul pays its contribution to the Federal Government by a high import duty in exactly the same way as any other State in the Union; the depression in coffee and rubber could hardly have been greater, but has not been fatal to Brazil's prosperity or credit; the Bank of France has not refused to lend any more money on coffee warrants, and it is a practical certainty that the State of Sao Paulo will be able to hold the purchased stock of much less than nine million bags without danger of bankruptcy.

The burden on the planters to repay a consolidation loan of 15 millions will undoubtedly be very heavy, but the already decreed surtax of 5 francs on every bag exported will yield two millions per annum, and the calculation of the number of years required to repay capital and interest, after setting aside sufficient funds for storage, is simple arithmetic. What will eventually become of the coffee is a more difficult question to answer. The trade will probably have to get accustomed to this sword of Damocles, which will be suspended by a strong golden chain until the accident of drought or frost or the effects of well-judged propaganda will allow the load to be removed. This may not be for ten years, but in the meantime the coffee is an asset for the State in much the same sense as the gold reserve in the Bank of England.

If once the holding of the Government of the State of Sao Paulo comes to be looked upon as definitely withheld until urgently called for by the consumer, and thus ceases for the present to be calculated as an integral part of the world's visible supply, the market must respond, and when it does so, to the tune of 5 francs per bag, the planter's burden is gone. It will be objected that, after all, valorisation will still have accomplished no good purpose for the State of Sao Paulo, but I am not concerned to offer any apology for the action of the Government. A blunder has been committed, but it is not irreparable, and will entail neither revolution nor bankruptcy.—Yours, &c.,

Chas. Evers.

August 26th, 1908.

[We can only say that we have no reason to doubt the general accuracy of our article, and that we envy our correspondent his certainty on so many matters that rest upon report or opinion.—Ed., Nation.]

A PROPOS DE BOTTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. Thomas Seccombe speaks of "the tasselled Wellington, dear to the heart of Jos Sedley." Jos wore Hessian boots, and Hessian boots were tasselled. The last man who wore them was Mr. H. F. Stephenson, who died in 1838, and was father of the present Usher of the Black Rod. Hessians were superseded by Wellingtons, which had no tassels, and were worn inside the trousers.—Yours, &c.,

August 24th, 1908. G. W. E. R.

"A GREEN HEAVEN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Under the above title your correspondents refer to the Garden of Eden or Paradise in contrast to the New Jerusalem or the shining golden city of the Apocalypse; and you yourself invite information as to the popular thought on the subject. I may say personally that, having had a long professional course, I have often heard expressions about a future life from the sick and dying, and the similarity of these expressions had so much struck me that I one day turned over the pages of a well-known hymn-book, and also some other devotional work, to see what the orthodox teaching was. I there found, to my surprise, how like this was in the words used to those which were quite familiar to me. It was therefore evident that the Protestant Church had nothing to impart as to the nature of another spiritual world. Unfortunately, I am away from home as well as my library (being convalescing after a long illness), and therefore I must trust to my memory, but I am sure that many words employed in the idea of heaven imply little more than a negation. This necessarily must be the case, for, as all our knowledge is obtained through the five senses, it is impossible to gain a glimpse of what a place is like when filled with spiritual beings. All descriptions of heaven must be purely metaphorical, even in the hands of so great a genius as John Bunyan.

As most people have gone through hardships of various kinds in life, the heaven they look forward to enter is a place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, as with the lotos-eaters, where all was afternoon and there was no peace but rest. Heaven, therefore, is a place of *rest*, and with some even more than this. It is a

place where they will be unconscious; at least, I see no other meaning to be given the figurative expression *sleep*. I do not perceive myself much difference between this state and one of non-existence, although the true Christian would be horrified at the thought of annihilation after death, as held, I believe, by the "Positivists." My statement is made in consequence of having so frequently heard these terms used by the friends of deceased persons and printed in the daily obituaries. He or she has gone to his *rest* or his *eternal rest*, is almost daily seen; or he is now *sleeping* in the arms of Jesus. This expression, or its synonyms, is to be frequently met with in hymn-books.

How far this rest is real happiness opens up another question which need not be discussed, as it is irrelevant to the present one, but I might remind those who have read the works of the distinguished American, Professor James, that he declares he cannot understand happiness except in this wicked world. They may remember his description of a new Eden formed by a reading society wherein nothing evil enters, and virtue alone in all its forms is practised, and how he admired it all. And yet the rapture of delight he felt when he left its gate, and how he much more enjoyed a world of vicissitudes, showing him that it was there, with all its crimes and vicissitudes, happiness could only exist. The Professor quotes FitzJames Stephen to the same effect, and how the latter looked back with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to his first voyage across the Atlantic in a sailing vessel when the weather was stormy and he was in danger of shipwreck, for he regarded it as an important era in his life. But he found no pleasure in his later quiet voyage when the ship was merely an hotel, and he was surrounded with all the luxuries and requirements of his daily needs. This feeling might carry us further into the whole question of human nature, and make us agree probably with the writer on Art who maintains that all beauty depends on its contrary. We might then enter into the question discussed ever since the time of the Greeks whether the feeling of beauty was innate or acquired.

Without occupying your valuable space further, I may say to your inquiry, "What is the popular idea of heaven?" it is a state of rest or inactivity, or even with some it is a state of sleep—meaning unconsciousness. If this be so, my answer to your first correspondent would be that a Garden of Eden would be preferred to a New Jerusalem.—Yours, &c., SAMUEL WILKS.

Eastbourne, August 23rd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am well aware of the distinction between "Paradise" and "Heaven" pointed out by Mr. Jupp. But in ancient Christianity this distinction was not clearly borne in mind, if it was ever really made at all. By "the Fatherland of Paradise," "Patria Paradisi," the old offices for the dying and the dead quite clearly intend Heaven, and not a kind of Purgatory—not an "intermediate state," but the final rest. The most cursory glance at them shows this quite plainly. "May thy place be to-day in peace, and thy habitation in the holy Zion." "May'st thou see thy Redeemer face to face, and always in His Presence, with blessed eyes behold the unveiled Truth." "May the holy Angels come to meet him, and lead him into the heavenly city Jerusalem." "We beseech Thee for the soul of Thy servant which Thou hast to-day bidden to depart out of this world that Thou would'st order it to be received by the holy Angels and led to the Fatherland of Paradise, and that because it hoped and believed in Thee it may not suffer the pains of hell, but possess eternal joys." "May the Angels lead thee into Paradise. May the Martyrs receive thee at thy coming, and lead thee into the holy city Jerusalem."

But I do not wish to enter upon a difficult theological question. What I had in mind in writing was the mental picture of the other world made by simple people at different periods, and what was actually expected and hoped for by them —Yours, &c., THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

August 23rd, 1908.

HEAVEN AS SEEN BY CHILDREN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The following report may interest your readers:—

"Is Heaven a nice place, like a garden?" said Nell.

"Ah!" said Charlie, the eldest boy, "you girls never do understand anything. Of course it is nice, or we should never make ourselves so miserable all day Sunday to get there—always being quiet, and church, and all that."

"I don't think much of it," said Jack. "There's nothing to eat and no larks."

"How do you know?" shouted Charlie.

"Well," said Jack, "what would be the use of the jolliest sorts of grub if you can't eat it? When your mouth and everything are gone, it would be awful lines to see the stuff about and not be able to wire in."

Said Nell, in a ghostly voice, "There's spirits!"

"Ah!" said Charlie; "and a jolly lot of good spirits would be to us—teetotallers, same as we are."

"I ain't," said Jack. "I had some of Uncle George's whisky in water. It was splendid, and burnt all the way down."

"That can't be like Heaven," said Nell. "Nothing can burn there—there is no fire."

Jack: "Shouldn't like that—not in mornings."

Charlie: "Mornings! Shows what a lot you know about it! There will be no sun nor moon nor day nor night."

"Nor nothing," said Jack, "as far as I can make out, 'cept clouds."

"I think," said Nell, "Heaven must be going on now. When auntie took us to see 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the theatre, and Topsy and Eva, I saw a lovely bit of Heaven when the angels took Eva up after she was dead. Her nightdress was just like shiny moonlight. I thought the angels looked tired. Perhaps Eva was fractious in dying, like baby at nights, and worried the angels."

"Bah!" said Jack, "angels! They are only a lot of girls. One of our sixth form kissed one as she came out. He said she smelt of onions. I hate onions."

"Oh! yes," said Charlie; "but when you had the debility didn't you used to cuddle up to Nurse Jeannie, and she likes onions?"

"She never smells of anything," roared Jack; "and when I'm a grown-up I shan't bother about Heaven. I shall marry Jeannie. She will be very useful when mother's head is bad and there's rows in the kitchen."

Nell: "You boys always talk about getting married when I want to know about Heaven. Wonder if it is going on now?"

Charlie: "Shows what a lot of use it is for *you* to go to church. Didn't they read, 'The trumpets shall sound continually, and the blood shall be up to the horse bridles, and they shall sing'——"

"Couldn't sing when their throats are gone," interrupted Jack. "But perhaps it was the Volunteer brass band and the wars, becuss of the blood."

"How horrid!" said Nell. "I'm sure they couldn't sing with all that mess about."

"Just like you," said Charlie; "ask a lot of questions, and when you are told, find fault."

"But you haven't told us," said Jack. "Father told us the world was millions of years old, and what a deuce of a time some of them must have been waiting for your trumpets, unless they were blowing all the while."

Nell: "That would not be all nice."

"What ignorance!" shouted Charlie. "You don't understand a bit. All these things are spiritual like—like very *fine* air."

"Ah!" said Jack, "I know—a sort of wind."

And upon the breath of that last blast I wafted myself away.—Yours, &c., JOHN HIGGINS.

Pylle, Somerset, August 18th, 1908.

EMDEN AND ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Reading your extremely able article on an agreement with Germany immediately after a visit to the Frisian coast, I am emboldened to ask your permission to state the reasons why agreement is impossible, unless Germany abandons purely aggressive—not defensive—preparations for attack on some Power unnamed. It is beyond dispute that no Englishman free from mental disease desires war with Germany or any other Power, and it is equally clear that the average German outside the Army, especially in the North,

is as much opposed to war with England as the average Prussian was opposed to the war with Austria. Unfortunately, however, the pacific spirit of Germans and Englishmen, and their passionate desire for peace—at all events on our side—are not the deciding factors. Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey, with the United Kingdom at their back, will never make war on Germany. But when Germany makes war, the assent of the German people is neither invited nor required, and therefore, if war comes, it will be the act of an Administration, not the desire of a people on either side of the North Sea.

The Bismarckian method, when closely studied, is consistent, logical, and patriotic. For national purposes it launches a policy of which the national conscience disapproves. When it is a *fait accompli*, the nation accepts it.

No German except the Duke of Mecklenberg—according to King William, approved of the Austrian war, but every German now accepts the result and admires Bismarck's audacity and courage.

In the case of France, it was essential to drive France into a declaration of war. Bismarck succeeded. What I fear in our own case, is that German policy will goad some future English Ministry into repeating the policy of Pitt at Copenhagen, and of becoming the nominal aggressor in a war that the rulers of Germany desire and intend.

If this were not so, how can the existence of the new Emden be explained? To describe Emden as a rival to Hamburg or Bremen is a wilful deception. It is a dead town galvanised into life by Bismarckianism and aggressive militarism. Floods of money have been spent on it, and the enormous cost of the dredging operations now being carried on is not explained by the prosperous herring fishery of the coast. Fishermen's nets were almost the only sign of life on the miles of deserted quay and warehouse that have been erected, not for commerce or defence, but for aggression, because the whole apparatus can be put to no other use than aggression. What is the object of those Emden quays? Why twenty-nine great cranes? Ten of them are electric travelling cranes. There is a large coal tip which will unload twelve railway waggons per hour and discharge into war vessels alongside.

These arrangements are necessarily meant for war vessels, because merchant ships do not resort to Emden for the purposes of coaling, except on rare occasions, and the quays are useless on any commercial theory.

The Ems Jade Canal can be easily made available for torpedo boats, and although the railway track from Oldenburg to Leer up to the present date is a single line, it is sufficient for all purposes of the Tenth Army Corps, which is quartered in the neighbourhood. Krupp's proving range for artillery at Meppen is near Rheine, and the passage of heavy guns attracts no attention.

The phenomenon of Emden is inexplicable on any ground other than that of sudden and deliberate aggression.

The immense harbour system, with the miles of quay space practically deserted, make a powerful impression on the mind of one who agrees with Mr. Winston Churchill that there is no Englishman outside a lunatic asylum who desires war with Germany.

We are told moreover, that the new German Navy is intended for the protection of German commerce in all parts of the world. Since coal is the breath of the Empire, and coaling stations the lungs, the German Navy cannot be intended for commerce-protection, because there are no German coaling stations in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, Persian Gulf, or Indian Ocean. In time of peace British coaling stations are at the service of Germany, but the construction of German Dreadnoughts and Indomitables is not to be reconciled with any theory of commerce protection.

Unfortunately for the world, the Bismarckian war policy does not depend on the assent of the governed. The will and intelligence of five or six Germans are all that are necessary to light the conflagration. A hundred years ago Napoleon told the French people that the choice of their destiny lay between artificial restriction of the population —Malthusianism—and expansion. The French have followed Malthus; the Germans prefer expansion, and the menace of this country is not the insensate folly of German or English jingoes, but the never-ceasing cry from a million German cradles. When Englishmen understand the German point of view, they will appreciate the inevitableness of German expansion, and surely it should be within the limits of English diplomacy to enquire the meaning of Emden and the building of the German Dreadnoughts, which are useless for commerce protection, and can have no other function than to wrest the mastery of the seas from this country. Intellectually and physically, the average German to-day may excel, as is claimed, the average Englishman, but the menace of Emden may play the part of a Savonarola in awaking this country from sleeping sickness, and enable her to improve the quality of its men and women by improving the lot of the disheartened and by giving them something to live for. We should then need no leagues to spread the love of country. We are now drifting towards a collision, because there has been no frank interchange of views between the great German people and British democracy.—Yours, &c., ARNOLD WHITE.

August 17th, 1908.

[We cannot deny Germany the right to construct quays suitable for the reception of men-of-war, or say that they have a more aggressive purpose against us than Rosyth has against her. Both Powers are building against each other, in fear of each other.—ED. NATION.]

THE DILEMMA OF A LIBERAL LAWYER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am not a lawyer nor an abstainer, but may I give a short reply to "Ignoramus"? A few years ago I held shares in two brewery companies which yielded good dividends. I became alarmed with the way licensed houses were, as I thought, recklessly being bought up, and also with the small amount set apart in the balance sheets for repairs and depreciation of property. For a trade always liable to *restrictive* legislation from whichever party happens to be in power, and with the knowledge of the Sharp *v.* Wakefield case as a warning, such depreciation was foolishly inadequate, and the sums paid in dividends far too large. I sold out at good premiums, and advised my friends who held shares to do the same. The shares I had sold declined heavily in price while Mr. Balfour was in office. "Ignoramus" is a Liberal, and asks if he should leave his party because he advised some clients to lend money on licensed premises which I presume he is now afraid may prove a bad investment. Obviously the advice he gave to his clients was unwise, but why blame the Liberal Party for that?—Yours, &c., C.

August 19th, 1908.

Poetry.

"ON YOUR ACCOUNT I SHALL NOT DIE."*

(From the Irish.)

O WOMAN shapely as the swan,
On your account I shall not die:
The men you've slain were trivial men,
Not such as I!

Well shaped the breasts and smooth the skin,
The cheeks are fair, the tresses free!
And yet I shall not come to death
God over me!

Those even brows, that hair like gold,
Those languorous tones, that virgin way,
And flowing limbs and rounded heel
Slight men betray!

Thy spirit keen through radiant mien,
Thy shining throat and smiling eye,—
Thy little palm and side like foam!
I cannot die!

O woman shapely as the swan,
In a cunning house hard-reared was I,
And so, white breast and well-shaped palm,
I shall not die.

PADRAIC COLUM.

* There are two versions of this poem in English already. Mr. Douglas Hyde has placed a metrical translation opposite the text in "The Lore Songs of Connacht," and Mr. Alfred Percival Graves has made another version. Both of these are in the difficult metre of the original. The present translation may convey something of the hardness and concentration of the original.

Reviews.

THE STORY OF DARTMOOR.*

In this country at the present time we have two different kinds of prisons; prisons for the punishment of offenders sentenced to short terms of detention, and prisons for offenders sentenced to penal servitude. All offenders sentenced to imprisonment for two years and under (and these compose the bulk of the prison population), are committed to what are called local or county prisons. All offenders who have received a sentence of more than two years, are sent to penal servitude prisons. These penal servitude or convict prisons, as they are technically called, are four in number: Aylesbury, Parkhurst, Portland, and Dartmoor. It is of the last of these grim establishments, the great convict prison on Dartmoor, that Mr. Basil Thomson has just written the history. Mr. Thomson has many qualifications for the task. He tells us that he was Governor of the prison for seven years. He has had access to all the records relating to its past. His practical experience of prisons, imprisonment, and the habits and character of the convict population, are all placed at the service of the reader. At the present moment Dartmoor is the principal penal establishment in the United Kingdom, and contains an average daily population of over one thousand convicted men, whose sentences range from three years' detention to penal servitude for life. Its history as a place of detention goes back to the early years of the last century, and revives the recollections of our great war with France. Dartmoor was not in its origin a convict prison at all; it was started as a place of safe keeping for prisoners of war. It was within a day's march of Plymouth; the land, as it belonged to the Duchy of Cornwall, was to be had for nothing; it was represented to the Admiralty that Dartmoor was "a most eligible and healthy situation" for a prison. Considerations of this kind decided the authorities to choose it as a site for a war prison; it was completed in 1809, and on the 24th of May in that year, 2,500 French prisoners were marched up to Dartmoor from Plymouth, and were followed by another 2,500 a month later on.

The life of a prisoner of war was not an enviable one. The daily allowance of food was scanty; far short, in fact, of what is now found necessary for convicts in the hungry air of Dartmoor. It was no uncommon thing for the imprisoned Frenchman to consume his daily ration at one meal, and to go without food till the following day. Those who could not afford to buy provisions were always hungry. One day the soup was discovered to be full of dead rats, whose heads and tails and feet were dredged up from every bucket, but so great was the hunger of the prisoners that only a very few of the most squeamish abstained from eating it. In spite of French gaiety, insufficient food produced nervous irritability among the prisoners, and a mere jest or sharp word was immediately followed by a challenge to fight. The prisoners, possessing neither swords nor pistols, had to resort to all sorts of curious weapons, such as scissor blades, razors, and compass legs. Even with these weapons many duellists received dangerous wounds, and some were killed outright. In fact, the number of deaths and suicides in the prison was so great that the Plymouth Coroner protested to the authorities. But the Admiralty, who had charge of the prison, instead of improving the condition of the prisoners, met the Coroner's complaint by undertaking to pay the jurymen who had to attend the inquests one shilling for each attendance, instead of the eightpence which they had formerly received from the parish. Such is the wisdom of a Government Department. In such circumstances it is not surprising that the imprisoned men excited the pity of the country folk, and many of them, with their assistance, escaped to France. Fishermen and smugglers made their living by arranging escapes, and the militiamen on guard over the prisoners were often successfully bribed to allow a prisoner to get away. A Government inquiry which took place as to the causes of these escapes established the fact that the town of Launceston was more French in its sympathies than English. One man, Samuel Smith, a mason, was described "as a very disaffected old fellow, very much attached to the French and to their principles." The ideas of the Revolution had made a deep impression on the minds of the English middle classes, and to whatever place in England the French prisoners had been sent, they would have found many friends and sympathisers. The second war with the United States brought many American prisoners to Dartmoor. They proved to be much more difficult to manage than the French, and the fact that the prison was already overcrowded when they arrived did not contribute to make them welcome visitors. The Americans had none of the distractions which the French had invented for whiling away the monotony and miseries of prison life, and a certain number of them enlisted in the British Navy to escape the horrors of Dartmoor.

After the peace with France and the United States, Dartmoor was deprived of its inmates, and it remained almost unoccupied for more than thirty years. It was a bleak, inhospitable spot, and all the attempts which had been made to utilise it for agricultural purposes had failed. During the first half of the last century convicts sentenced to penal servitude were not kept at home to undergo their sentences; they were, as a rule, transported to Australia and Tasmania. But as these colonies grew in population and organisation, they became less and less willing to receive the dregs and desperadoes of the Mother Country, and transportation had to be abolished as a method of dealing with crime. At the best it was a wretched system, and the decrease of crime in this country may be said to have begun with the abolition of the practice of sending convicted offenders to penal settlements beyond the seas. But the Government had made no preparation for a change of system. When transportation suddenly came to an end, they were at their wits' end as to the disposal of the criminal population. In those days the local prisons scattered up and down the country were in the hands of the county authorities. The Government had to negotiate with the county magistrates for accommodation in the county prisons for offenders sentenced to penal servitude or transportation. But the county prisons were soon filled, and the old war prison at Dartmoor had to be opened for convicts. Even after this was done, the tremendous sentences which it was then customary to inflict soon had the effect of overcrowding the prisons, and in 1853 the ticket-of-leave system was extensively resorted to, in order to diminish the congestion. But several of the prisoners liberated on ticket of leave were soon afterwards re-arrested on charges of burglary or housebreaking; a panic arose in the country, and the order went round to the convict establishments that ticket-of-leave was to be abolished, and that the convicts would have to serve out their sentences to the last day.

Had the authorities possessed the slightest glimmering of common sense, or the most elementary knowledge of human nature, they might have foreseen the effects of such an order. Every one of these men was pining for liberty; every one of them was confidently counting on the reduction of his sentence as a reward of good behaviour. It is easy to imagine the state of mind of a man eagerly looking forward to freedom, when he was suddenly told that the moment of his liberation was to be delayed for years. The effect of these perverse proceedings on the prisoners confined at Dartmoor was disastrous. Escapes became common; assaults on warders increased in frequency and violence, and the prison was a pandemonium. Sir Joshua Jebb, then the official head of the prison administration, tried to improve the situation by increasing the rations. But it was all to no purpose, and matters did not improve till the old incentive to good conduct in the shape of a remission of sentence was restored. It is unfair of Mr. Basil Thomson to blame the humane policy of Sir Joshua Jebb. Some of its details may have been defective, inasmuch as he was experimenting on an unknown field. But the essential principles of his administration were sound. Imprisonment at its best consists in reducing a civilised human being accustomed all his life to liberty to the condition of a slave. Such a condition in itself is inevitably demoralising to character and conduct, and the only way in which that demoralisation can be held in check is by humane and considerate treatment. A timid movement in this direction has recently taken place in our prison administration. We have only to look at the latest reports of the

* "Dartmoor Prison." Basil Thomson. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

Commissioners of prisons for an indisputable proof of its beneficent results. Almost every governor, doctor, and chaplain engaged in prison work asserts that the improved dietary, the associated labor system, the remission system for short term prisoners, the Borstal system for juveniles, and other minor alleviations in the prisoners' lot, are producing a wonderful improvement in prison discipline, as well as a highly beneficial effect on the character of the individual prisoners. Humanity and discipline are not two antagonistic ideas, as some prison administrators seem to suppose. They are complementary, and it is only the official acting on these lines who is fit to be in control of convicted men.

WILLIAM PENN.*

William Penn was born in a year of civil strife, the year that saw Prince Rupert and the Duke of Newcastle ride out of York to meet the Ironsides on Marston Moor. He was living in London when Cromwell was Protector; in the year of the Restoration he entered Christchurch; he was a friend of James II.; he lived through the reigns of William and Anne, and died after the first Hanoverian had reigned for four years.

His father, Admiral Sir William Penn, resided in the City of London. Handsome houses, with gardens sloping to the river, stood close to London Bridge, and fashionable people received their friends hard by the walls of the Tower. The Penns withdrew from London filth in the Plague year, but when the Fire followed Pepys and the Admiral might be seen digging a huge pit for their valuables. Mrs. Grant gives an interesting picture of England's inns, good because travel by land was slow and difficult. "The birch floors were swept clean, the sheets smelt of lavender, and the home-made bread and home-brewed ale, and trout from the stream, with the produce of the farmyard, caused these halting-places to be looked upon with favor." Travel by water was no better than by land. A journey from Brill to Harwich meant suffering for Penn for three nights and two days, and his first voyage across the Atlantic was accompanied by small-pox, which demanded toll of one-third of the passengers.

In such an England Penn rose to fame in the cause of civil liberty, of spiritual religion, and of peaceful colonisation.

Charles is sometimes acclaimed as a champion of liberty by virtue of the Habeas Corpus Act, which we are told, only passed the House of Lords by a corpulent peer being counted as ten in jest—a precedent which might be commended to modern Prime Ministers in their endeavours to get Bills through the Lords. The authoress tells us that Charles II. was not a persecutor. It may be true, in the constitutional sense that his sayings were his own whilst his deeds were his Ministers'. Surely the Clarendon Code must rise up against him, and the fact that thousands of Englishmen languished in foul gaols for their religious convictions. Although the King had no intention of going on his travels again, the Second Stuart Tyranny was a reality, and "the people's ancient and just liberties" needed a champion. Penn pleaded for the fundamental laws of England: "Are our liberties to be invaded, and the laws of our country not to be observed? The Lord of Heaven will be judge between us in this matter, which concerns thousands of persons as well as my own case." When the jury brought in a unanimous verdict of "guilty only of speaking in Gracechurch Street," the infuriated magistrates haled prisoner and jury alike to Newgate. The trial is memorable in the development of our civic liberties and in the prisoner's persistent questioning of his judges. When the Recorder of London remarked to Penn, "If I should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning, you would be never the wiser," Penn aptly replied, "That is according as the answers are."

The middle of the seventeenth century was notable for a keen search after the things of religion. One man seeks them in outward uniformity, another in inward conformity. "Poor grey old little Laud" dreams his dream out of a perfect church; Fox, the maker of the perennial suit of leather, grasps the thought, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition." To Laud, says Mr. Trevelyan, "the Church was not so much the temple of a living spirit as the palace of an invisible King." For Fox, the Church was "made up of living stones, living members, a spiritual household which Christ was the Head of." The whole conception of Early Quakerism, of which Penn was an exponent, is missed, if one fails to recognise its two-fold aspect: mysticism and ethics. It is the mysticism of the Fourth Gospel combined with the ethics of the Synoptists. Nowhere is this religion of the spirit better expressed than by Barclay: "When I came into the Silent Assemblies of God's People, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart; and, as I gave way unto it, I found the Evil weakening in me, and the Good raised up."

No story of British colonisation is complete without mention of the Holy Experiment. In Pennsylvania, writes the Governor, "the trees are beautiful; in the woods are to be found black and white mulberry chestnuts, walnuts, plums, strawberries, cranberries, and grapes of divers sorts, muscadel and black cluster grapes, also peaches in great quantities." Turkeys, we are told, weighed forty-six pounds, salt fish cost three farthings a pound, and herrings were caught Indian fashion in penfolds. William Penn's stipulations in favor of the Indians have immortalised him. "Soaring above the customs of his time, when navigators and adventurers considered the inhabitants of any lands they discovered as their lawful prey, to treat and use at their pleasure, he regarded his unknown subjects as men of like feelings and passions with himself, and who, in proportion to their ignorance, were the more entitled to his fatherly care and protection." The story is well told of that "great array of strange men in their war paint and feathers" meeting with Governor Penn under the elm tree, pledging themselves to live in love with him and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure. There was a conspicuous absence of all military and naval provision for attack and defence. Seventy years of peace and friendship resulted.

Mrs. Grant's book gives admirable pictures of London in the seventeenth century, of a ministerial tour in Holland and Germany undertaken by three leaders of Early Quakerism, Fox, Barclay, and Penn; it gives glimpses of Penns and Peningtons at Chalfont, along with Milton and Ellwood. But the book is marred throughout by carelessness and inaccuracy. Carelessness is represented by a habit of punctuation that would be tolerable in a fourth form boy. It would be easy to quote fifty sentences punctuated like these:—

> "(King Charles) gave orders to be rowed alongside, and inquired whither they were bound, on receiving that information, he further asked if they were all Quakers" (p. 100).
>
> "Wigs were expensive and troublesome, but the Governor had four in a year, doubtless sent from England, there is a bill extant for 'dressing the Governor's hats,' and 8s. for a pair of stockings" (p. 199).

Carelessness is further represented by extraordinary constructions:—

> "the lives, properties, and persons, even of English people were in danger of justices of the peace putting aside trial by jury, could convict, fine and imprison" (p. 61).
>
> "Having before me an original one hitherto unpublished, I think it may be of interest as giving an insight into his thoughts, and is a specimen of his style" (p. 122).

Inaccuracy, born of ignorance or carelessness, is prolific in these pages. Chapter VI., on "Quakers," is unworthy of the book. What conceivable authority, apart from the dogmatism of ignorance, is there for the statements that "they admitted two ceremonies—water baptism and the Lord's Supper" (p. 48); that "Quakers never used actual texts of the Bible for their sermons, but formed them out of Scriptural words" (p. 41, note); that "the Quakers seem to have been very numerous in all parts of Europe" (p. 106); and that the Quakers "did not long entrust the defence of their principles" to Fox (p. 90)?

Amongst the "principal doctrines" of these Early Friends no mention is made of the "Universal and saving Light of Christ," surely their central doctrine, although some reference is made to it forty pages further on. "Meet-

* "Quaker and Courtier: The Life and Work of William Penn." By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

ings for discipline were called quarterly, but ended by becoming monthly ones," is sheer nonsense. "A yearly meeting was held in London in 1675 for the purpose of assistance in case of suffering for conscience' sake, and this practice continued to be observed till 1797." Why 1797? For the yearly meeting was held in London every year from 1678 to 1904, the record being only broken by a transfer to Leeds for 1905.

Robert Barclay, the Apologist, is confused with his father, the hero of Whittier's poem, and his wife is given a wrong Christian name and a wrong surname. The Conventicle Act of 1670 seems to be confused with the Conventicle Act of 1664 (p. 61): but what had the Long Parliament to do with either? Mary Penington becomes Maria; Pennsbury is sometimes Pennsburg.

Mrs. Grant writes of "such a senseless enthusiast as George Fox, who, however, continued to preach until he was imprisoned at Nottingham in 1649." It would be more correct to speak of his preaching until his death in 1690. "Enthusiast" Fox certainly was, and sometimes extravagant in language, but his common sense, his organising powers, and his insight into social reform, combined with profound spirituality, go far to nullify the word "senseless."

Penn is so attractive a subject that, in spite of carelessness and inaccuracy, the book gives an interesting sketch of the Quaker and Courtier, and succeeds in showing the essential simplicity of the man, that simplicity which Swift styles "the best and truest ornament of most things in life."

A CITY IN SPAIN.*

Some little time ago Mr. A. F. Calvert produced a large, splendidly illustrated volume on the principal feature of Granada—the Alhambra. Since then he has written in the well-known "Spanish Series" on "Granada and the Alhambra"; and now comes a new book from his prolific pen, entitled "Granada: Present and Bygone." In the preparation of the latter some fresh authorities appear to have been consulted, notably the "Guia de Granada," by Señor Valladar; and Mr. Calvert tells us in his preface that he has approached his subject in a mood more critical than hitherto. But the chief value of the book seems to us to lie in the fact that it is the most comprehensive record of the Spanish city that he has given us. The contents deserve the title, and if the treatment is really more critical than on previous occasions, we do not notice any slackening of the enthusiasm that gives wings to the author's style. Granada has for Mr. Calvert the same fascination that it possessed for Washington Irving. It is not a difficult one to understand. Of all the cities occupied by the Moorish conquerors of Spain, this was the last to succumb to the armies of Christendom. More than two centuries elapsed between the victories of St. Ferdinand that deprived the Moors of most of their Spanish possessions and the final surrender of Granada by Boabdil to Ferdinand and Isabel of Castile. During this period Granada rose from the position of a provincial town to that of a populous city state. Al Ahmar, the first of the Naorid dynasty of Moorish Sultans founded the Sultanate of Granada and built the Alhambra; and the monument to his genius as a ruler "was a kingdom which, shut in between the sea and its implacable and powerful foes, and torn by incessant internecine disorders, defied its fate for 250 years." But it paid the penalty of prolonged resistance. Despite undertakings to the contrary, its fall was followed by a ferocious persecution of its Moorish inhabitants by the Christians, culminating in 1609 in the expulsion of all persons of Moorish blood. This bitter religious fanaticism that would not suffer the presence of another people and creed, however impotent for evil, in its midst, is also responsible for the paradox that the modern city of Granada presents. In spite of its having been a Moorish city far longer and more prominently than towns like Seville, Cordova, or Toledo, it retains fewer traces of the Moorish occupation than either of these. The iconoclastic zeal of the Christian Spaniard, fanned by this time to a fierce flame, would not permit the arts of Islam, which St. Ferdinand had admired and allowed to remain elsewhere, to pollute Granada by their presence: the conquest was the signal for an orgy of vandalism. The Alhambra, indeed, escaped destruction by the skin of its teeth. But the site of the mosque attached to it is occupied by a sixteenth-century church; the principal show-places—after the Alhambra—are the Catholic Chapel Royal, where Ferdinand and Isabel lie buried, and the palace that Charles V. began to build in 1526 and never finished: and Moorish remains in the town itself are difficult to find. Only by night does the Moorish spirit of Granada re-assert its sway. "The white city gleams with a shimmer that the luminous sky above reflects. The thousand points of light that stud the vault of Heaven are outnumbered and outshone by the myriad lights below. It is thus at night-time that Granada resumes her old Oriental aspect. Leaning over the rampart, this seems no city of the West. The fancy strays to Syria, to white towns crowning brown hillsides in Galilee. The Christian's by day, Granada returns by night to the allegiance of the Crescent riding yet triumphant in the violet sky of Andalusia."

Mr. Calvert devotes the first portion of his book to the history of the city. The second chapter deals with the Alhambra. This, though necessarily less detailed than the exhaustive account in his larger work, is a sufficiently useful guide, and brings out most of the salient architectural features, while expounding the geometrical basis on which Moorish design rests. Brief essays on the Moorish remains in the modern town, on the Chapel Royal and Cathedral, the church of San Geronimo, and the old houses and historic sites, make up an all but complete picture of Granada, past and present. Despite the perpetual feuds of rival sultans, marked by most of the horrors and savageries of the Middle Ages, the city's steady development was not seriously checked until the capitulation of 1492. Then, however, the failure of the Christian sovereigns to keep faith with the conquered population, the establishment of the Inquisition and the final expulsion of the Moors brought a rapid decay, the tale of ruin being completed by the French invasions of 1810 and 1820. It was not merely that the Spaniards destroyed buildings and oppressed the Moslems who would not forswear their faith; it was the tragic fact that in doing so they uprooted the trades and industries of Granada, which the Moorish people alone had the power to keep alive, and so drained the city of the life-blood necessary to its existence. It is clear at any rate that Mr. Calvert does not think that Granada gained by its change of masters; there is a perceptible slackening of his enthusiasm when he has passed the point at which the city becomes Catholic, and a distinct note of disparagement in his reference to its "tawdry churches and dilapidated buildings" in the chapter on "Old Houses and Historic Sites." His interest, however, appears to revive in the concluding chapter on Alonso Cano, a Spanish artist who is not as well known in this country as he might be.

The colored illustrations to this volume are contributed by Mr. Trevor Haddon, and the black and white drawings are by the same artist, and by Messrs. Walker Hodgson, Louis Weirter, M. Green, F. H. Gallichan, and M. Reed. They look as if they had been done very largely from photographs, and do not call for particular comment.

* "Granada: Present and Bygone." By A. F. Calvert. With 230 illustrations. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

THE VISIT OF "MR. APOLLO."*

One of Mr. Wells' cleverest romances was "The Sea Lady," a fantasy which describes how a mermaid came ashore at Eastbourne, and installed herself in a British family, and how all the respectable conventions of Villadom were powerless to prevent her luring back to the sea the hapless man she loved. And now, in "Mr. Apollo," we have Mr. Hueffer rehandling with freshness the old legend of the Gods descending to earth to see how it fares among men. Apollo in Hoxton, among the Fabians, and at Carmelite House! The idea seems, at first sight, more bizarre than a mermaid being wheeled in a bath-chair along the parade. But our audacious novelists know what they are doing: they know that a world-wide spiritual conception is more potent than a mass of contradictory phenomena, and they

* "Mr. Apollo. A Just Possible Story." By Ford Madox Hueffer. Methuen. 6s.

cleverly place the elemental figure of Aphrodite and Phœbus Apollo against the perishing stucco figments and the crumbling lath and plaster conventions that we have reared. After a score or so of pages, the divine idea incarnated in the immortal figure of Apollo waxes stronger and stronger, and the ephemeral human activities that would deny it, by their denial, give us their measure. It is not necessary for "Mr. Apollo" to do anything much or say anything much in the story: he simply moves among the crowd of characters, calmly unconcerned, all-seeing, and just, manifesting his will both to those who serve him and those who refuse to serve him in a pleasingly capricious and god-like manner. But the reason why, at the close, the human characters appear small and grey beside his figure is that "Mr. Apollo" symbolises for us the Unknown God at whose altars the ancients sacrificed, but whose shrine modern materialism has denied. Despite the ineffectiveness of certain chapters and the tiresomeness of some of the conversations, it must be allowed that Mr. Hueffer is justified of his thesis, which would liken our scientific materialism before Apollo to a brick wall in the dazzling sunlight. Thus when "Mr. Apollo" walks away from the Western Police Court, where he has been confined for the night, through a blunder of Constable 742L, and is conducted through a region of grimy slums by the court missionary, Mr. Todd, who intends "to exhibit the poor as a background to himself—himself as a personality"—the Prince, as he is called, simply asks the missionary: What were the aspirations of these people? And what became of them and their aspirations? And Mr. Todd, discomfited, can think of nothing to say but that "They fill graveyards."

Here we have, in a stroke, the artistic method by which the author brings us to admit that a system which breeds a population without faith is more irrational than a system which worshipped an incarnation of the divine principles of light and beauty. The test of a system and creed of life is, after all, its human product. Mr. Hueffer is, therefore, able to make very short work of Mr. Clarges, the agnostic, whose mortal fear is that his forty years' work of sweeping away the priests and all their works will be lost in a general religious reaction. Similarly the cocksure young Fabians, who make it a principle to show no reverence for anything or anyone, fall an easy prey; and the Cockney Science teacher, Mr. Carver, merely by the exhibition of his arid and ungracious manners, is shown to be the victim of too narrow and soulless a conception of the universe. Incidentally there are some shrewd blows dealt at those altars at which the man in the street worships, the new gods he has set up in his own image. When "Mr. Apollo" is conducted into the heart of the palace where Lord Aldington is editing "The Daily Outlook," the great paper which "spun out of brains here and reverberated into paper that night would be all over England, all over the Empire and the world, on the morrow," we hope that our author is about to expound for us the psychology of the demagogue and bring Cleon up to date. We get, indeed, some passages that are too truthful to be styled satire:—

> "They came to where, in the corner of a block, a gaily-lit door, set transversely, sent gleams down marble stairs. Innumerable young men passed in and out, and many young women, pulling on and off their long gloves as they entered or left. A benevolent commissionaire, with an aspect that was almost more motherly than fatherly, so kind and serviceable was he, took their names, conducted them with little pats on the shoulder into a waiting-room that, behind a gilt and trellised lift, had the air of being a cupboard beneath stairs. Nevertheless, it was furnished with oak and green leather; it was lit by a gilded chandelier with pink shades, and alone, solitary and startling, on the heavy carved table, with its name in white letters on a red ground, decorated with the smiling portrait of an actress in an opera hood, there lay a single copy of 'Cosy Notes.'
>
> "Wouldn't you say?" Alfred Milne laughed, "that the last word, the final message of this huge building, of these streams of people running about, and of all the millions of us men that they write for and bamboozle and lead by the nose—the last word of it all is—that?"
>
> "Mr. Apollo took up the flimsy pamphlet; he glanced at a smuttily-printed portrait of a marchioness; at infinitesimal paragraphs of two lines each, divided by a black border leaf; at the badly-printed lines and dots of a diagram with the subscription: 'A New Cape.'
>
> "It has all the air of being as you say," he uttered, "if this be, as I understand you to imply, one of the products of this palace." He looked up at Milne.
>
> "But why not?" he asked.

But we must confess to being disappointed with the last third of the story, in which Lord Aldington takes a hand. Lord Aldington is on the point of booming the Krakoffs, the famous spiritualistic mediums, in "The Daily Outlook," and when "Mr. Apollo" performs a miracle which puts the Krakoffs' performances in the shade, his lordship naturally asks "what sort of" an advertisement do you want us to give you? Are you behind the Krakoffs, or what is it?" The opportunity here for a close analysis of the mind of a man who is "an anemometer, a thing for registering the public's breath," is fiddled away in a number of sketchy conversations, during which the story marks time. Minor shadowy characters are unnecessarily introduced, and our author's fault of letting his characters talk in arbitrary fashion till they irritate us becomes conspicuous. When "Mr. Apollo" becomes didactic in his insistence on his own godhead, we sympathise with the scrupulous man, Alfred Milne, who refuses to have him in his house. And it would have been deeper satire had we been shown Lord Aldington actually booming the god successfully in "The Daily Outlook," and transmuting something divine into a sensational appeal to the "common, the worst appetites, the appetites of the crowd, for evil fare." Our author has, however, not ventured to launch boldly into this final audacity, and we can only thank him for a romance, which, uneven and in places desultory, is very stimulating in its criticism of scientific materialism.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

A SYMPATHETIC appreciation of the late Edward Grieg, the Norwegian composer, is contributed to the Miniature Series of Musicians (George Bell, 1s. net), by Mr. E. Markham Lee. It is early yet to estimate Grieg's position among the world's composers, but Mr. Lee's broadly-stated judgment of his genius appears to be sound; "an artist of consummate power in the miniature" is his description of the Norwegian. With the exception of the incidental music in Ibsen's "Peer-Gynt," Grieg accomplished nothing remarkable in the way of orchestral or operatic music; but, using the folk songs and dances of his country as the foundation for many of his delicate lyrical piano pieces, he transformed this material by his own genius for original harmonies. His style is so well known to amateur and professional students in this country, and so popular with the drawing-room performer, that one credits it with more superficiality than it possesses, and this little book, with its careful analysis of the composer's talent, should help to remove any such misconception. It would clearly be futile to disparage Grieg because he was neither Beethoven nor Brahms.

* * *

"THE ELEMENTS OF ANGLING," by H. T. Sheringham (Horace Cox, 3s. 6d. net), is well designed. The handbook is written, as it were, in response to a request for guidance. Assuming that his friend will be content to begin with what are generally called coarse fish, Mr. Sheringham takes him to a tackle-shop, and has him properly equipped; then to a well-stocked stream, whence no fewer than eight of these fish, each a good example of a species, are caught at the first outing. Soon the tiro goes on to brown trout, which take his wet flies very freely, and the dry ones now and then; and before the year is closed he baskets sea-trout and salmon. Why not? Mr. Sheringham is quite right in pooh-poohing the notion that the angler's craft is mysterious and very difficult. It is just difficult enough to be well worth acquiring in what measure may be possible. Only a few of us can become first-class hands at it; but practically anyone can become sufficiently skilled to be highly entertained. Mr. Sheringham, who, being in charge of the angling department of "The Field," has most of the details of the subject well under command, talks like a trained writer.

* * *

THE latest Ordnance Sheets issued on behalf of the Ordnance Survey Authorities by T. Fisher Unwin (2s. each net) are those for Spalding and London. The latter is an entirely new departure in the printing of these maps, the Government having adopted, for the first time, the so-called layer system, which shows the varying heights of the ground by differences in the colors of the inks employed.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S LIST.

New Novel by MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

READY SEPTEMBER 17th. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Diana Mallory.

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD,

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," Etc.

On September 10th. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Wroth.

By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE.

Authors of "Rose of the World," "If Youth but Knew," "French Nan," Etc.

New Volume by W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D.,

Author of "Deeds that Won the Empire," "Fights for the Flag," Etc.

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

***** A true historical novel dealing with Napoleon and the Expedition to Egypt.**

Recent 6s. Novels.

CROSSRIGS - - MARY & JANE FINDLATER.
Third Impression.

THE HONOUR OF "X." - GRAHAM HOPE.

CHATEAU ROYAL - - J. H. YOXALL, M.P.
Third Impression.

THE FOREWARNERS - GIOVANNI CENA.
Translated from the Italian by OLIVIA AGRESTI ROSSETTI, With an Introduction by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.

London: SMITH, ELDER and CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

BOOKLETS ON DIET By the Author of "Plainer Fare and Less of It."
SEVENTH THOUSAND.

"PLAIN DINNERS: a Help to a Uric-Acid-Free Diet." Post-free, 7d.
"There is much sound wisdom and real helpfulness in the pages of this little pamphlet."—*Dundee Courier.*

"SALINE STIMULATION: with Remarks on a Common Ill." Post-free, 7d,
A "new application of old and familiar facts." From the Author,
ALICE BRAITHWAITE, 45, West End Avenue, Harrogate.

In the SEPTEMBER ISSUE
OF THE
Financial Review of Reviews
THE
Rt. Hon. Viscount Midleton, P.C.,
Late Secretary of State, writes on
British Life Assurance and American Models.
The Article includes a striking survey of the changes in National Life during the past thirty years.
Other Articles, Notes, Statistics, &c., 288 pp., price 1s., post free.
Publisher, 2, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W.

BOOK BARGAINS.—Balzac's Droll Stories, illustrated by Doré, 12s. 6d. Foote's valuable medical work, Plain Home Talk, 7s. 6d. Burton's Arabian Nights, unexpurgated, 17 vols., illustrated, £13. Garnier's English Landed Interest, 2 vols., 6s. 6d. (published 21s.). Hart's Female Pelvic Anatomy, colored plates, 17s. 6d. (cost 42s. net). Cruickshank's 400 Humorous Illustrations, 4s. 6d. (published 16s.). Pepy's Diary, 4 vols., 15s. (published 30s.). Fennimore Cooper's novels, 32 vols., 42s. Thackeray's complete works, 26 vols., 45s. (cost £4 12s.). Chaffer's Pottery and Porcelain, 28s. 6d. (cost 42s.). Trall's Sexual Physiology and Hygiene, 3s. 6d. Art of Extempore Speaking, 2s. 6d. 100,000 books for sale and exchange. Please state wants. Catalogues free.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BEACH-COMBER.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF AN UNPROFESSIONAL BEACHCOMBER IN TROPICAL QUEENSLAND. BY E. J. BANFIELD. WITH A MAP AND 48 ILLUSTRATIONS. 15s. NET.

CULTS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF INDIA.

BEING A REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION OF "INDIAN LIFE, RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL." BY J. CAMPBELL OMAN, D.LIT. PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. 14s. NET.

CONCERNING LAFCADIO HEARN.

BY G. M. GOULD, M.D. WITH 5 ILLUSTRATIONS. 8s. 6d. NET. AN APPRECIATION OF HEARN'S PERSONALITY AND WORK, CONTAINING SEVERAL HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

THE HISTORY OF CO-OPERATION.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. POPULAR EDITION IN ONE VOLUME. LARGE CROWN 8vo, 7s. 6d. NET.

AUGUSTUS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE FOUNDER OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE (B.C. 63—A.D. 14). BY E. S. SHUCKBURGH. ILLUSTRATED. POPULAR EDITION. CLOTH, 2s. 6d. NET.

THURSDAY MORNINGS AT THE CITY TEMPLE.

BY THE REV. J. R. CAMPBELL, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE NEW THEOLOGY." CLOTH, 5s. NET.

SYLVIA IN SOCIETY.

BY MRS. GEORGE BLOUNT (MRS. GEORGE NORMAN). WITH A COLOURED FRONTISPIECE. CLOTH, 3s. 6d. NET.

NOTABLE 6s. NOVELS.

PATSY.
BY H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE LAGOON," ETC.

THE STEM OF THE CRIMSON DAHLIA.
BY JAMES LOCKE. WITH FRONTISPIECE.

THE PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.
BY W. H. WILLIAMSON, AUTHOR OF "THE TRAITOR'S WIFE."

THE WOMAN WHO VOWED.
BY ELLISON HARDING.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON.

The Week in the City.

THE MOVEMENT OF LEADING STOCKS.

	Price Friday Morning, Aug. 21.		Price Friday Morning, Aug. 28.
Consols 2½ per cent.	86 5/16	...	86½
German 3 per cent.	83½	...	83⅓
London and North Western	132½	...	132½
Union Pacific	159¾	...	164½
Canadian-Pacific...	175¾	...	178
Rand Mines	6 17/32	...	6 23/32
Peruvian Pref.	9¼	...	10¼

THE last account was not a satisfactory one, generally speaking, to operators for a rise, though an upward movement set in towards the close, which has since been carried further. All doubt as to the permanence of cheap money has vanished since the Indian Government released a million of gold held by it at the Bank of England. The American and Canadian crops, though large, will evidently be financed without difficulty. Many prophets predict a general upward tendency in home and foreign securities with the exception of American railways, which seem to have been carried rather high by professional operations. In the foreign market a large investment business is reported, and Peruvians have been specially strong. Preparations for the new Russian loan are reported to have been completed in Paris. It is expected to be for a very large amount, and is likely to appear soon.

GERMAN GOVERNMENT LOANS.

At the present time the only really first-class Government securities that yield four per cent. are German State issues, and the last German and Prussian loans. Our Consul at Frankfort in his long and very able report, which has just been issued, points out that the low state of German credit is due to excessive recent borrowing. In 1907, he writes, the German Government stocks suffered from the first, because the banking concerns which had clubbed together for the issue of the 3½ per cent. German stock of 1906 still held at the beginning of 1907 120,000,000 marks of that issue; as a result, they could not intervene as purchasers when quotations began to fluctuate downwards. Twice in the course of 1907 the quotations sank so low that they became a temptation to foreign buyers, who purchased German stock in considerable amounts. Shortly after the first purchases by French and Belgian investors, however, the Government stocks reached the lowest point they had yet touched; in August, 1907, the 3½ per cent. Imperial stock fell to 91·80 and the 3 per cent. stock to 81·20. Some of the stock of the other Confederate States dropped even more seriously, *e.g.*, the 3½ per cent. stock of the free city of Bremen which fell between August 1st and August 20th from 92 to 89·90 per cent., *i.e.*, 2·10 per cent. This drop tempted chiefly French and British purchasers; and these foreign purchases "ultimately encouraged the German investors again to buy German stock!" Last December the quotation were:—

	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.	1907.
3 per cent. Imperial stock and 3 per cent. Prussian stock	91·75	89·90	88·70	87	82·60
3 per cent. Kingdom of Saxony	90	88·25	87·25	86	83·25

Owing to this downward tendency of the older stock, the Government, forced to raise money, offered as an additional inducement to investors the payment of an increased rate of interest. Early last year Bavaria and Würtemburg issued 4 per cent. stock. Prussia and the Empire were compelled to make the same concession, though they tried at first to make it a temporary operation by issuing 4 per cent. Treasury bonds for five years to the amount of 400,000,000 marks; 300,000,000 marks were offered to the public at 99 per cent., equalling an investment for five years at 4 1-5 per cent.; as such they became popular at the expense of the existing older stock. "The return to a 4 per cent. issue of German stock is very remarkable and contrary to all expectation," writes our Consul. "Years ago so experienced a financier as Miquel, the then German Secretary of State for Finance, had predicted popular Government issues at not more than 3 per cent.!" At the beginning of this year the Prussian Government was again faced by the necessity of a new loan. In order to capture the interests and dividends which then were becoming due, it was the first in the field with its new issue.

> The issue itself was addressed to intending investors only, and as such all applicants had to bind themselves to hold the stock for a year, the scrip to be deposited with the Prussian National Bank. The amount of the issue was not limited, but was made dependent upon the amount that would be subscribed. The most remarkable feature of the issue, however, in the eyes of the Germans, was the varying rate of interest. The stock bears 4 per cent. interest to the end of March, 1918, then to the end of March, 1923, interest at the rate of 3¾ per cent., and subsequently 3½ per cent. The price of subscription was fixed at 98½.

The Stock Exchange was entirely taken by surprise, and took a gloomy view of the chances of the issue, but nobody dared predict to what extent subscriptions might be expected. However, the total sums actually subscribed amounted to 181,000,000 marks; which in all the circumstances was deemed satisfactory. Moreover, in most cases the total amount subscribed was paid for at the date fixed for the first instalment only.

Nevertheless, the subscription of 181,000,000 marks did not fulfil the "official" expectations. The issue was closely followed by the issues of—

	Marks.
Baden	34,000,000
Würtemburg	50,000,000
Hamburg	65,000,000
Bremen	15,000,000
Bavaria	60,000,000

Our Consul writes:—

> These loans became necessary not, as is so often believed abroad, for the purposes of the army and navy, but for the growing number of public enterprises. The constant need of new issues for the purpose of public trading (railways, canals, &c.) is not generally taken into consideration by those advocating State railways, &c. The State in Germany builds the railways in the "Reichsland" (Alsace-Lorraine), it works the post office service, telegraph and telephone. The individual Confederate States have practically converted their whole railway systems into State enterprises. They also own State lands and woods. Prussia owns a very extended mining industry; in future years the construction of canals will necessitate further issues. The Imperial debt to-day amounts to approximately 3,200,000,000 marks. The revenues amount to 2,570,000,000 marks, among which 700,000,000 marks, *i.e.*, 27·40 per cent., are the yield from State-owned enterprises. The debts of the Confederate States aggregate 12,200,000,000 marks; the receipts amount to 4,600,000,000 marks, among which no less than 3,098,000,000 marks, *i.e.*, 67·28 per cent., are the yield of State-owned enterprises—against 9·65 per cent. in France, 12·81 per cent. in the United Kingdom, 14·68 per cent. in Italy (1905).

But though the debts of Germany are by no means crushing, and would justify a lower rate of interest, the deficits are appalling. We read:—

> When, towards the middle of April, 1908, the money market became somewhat easier, a lively competition among new issues was expected. In consequence, both the Empire and Prussia showed some anxiety to be the first in the market. The amount of their issues—850,000,000 marks—was a great surprise to many. Among the 850,000,000 marks Prussia claimed 600,000,000 marks and the Empire 250,000,000 marks. Among these, 650,000,000 marks were issued as a 4 per cent. loan, whereas 200,000,000 marks were taken over in the form of Treasury bonds by a banking committee. Even then the 4 per cent. rate of interest was not decided upon as a permanent type; it was guaranteed for ten years only.

The new Prussian issue was chiefly needed for secondary railways, which required 434,000,000 marks, and for the expropriation of Poles in the eastern provinces, &c. In the Empire new credits had been voted amounting to 253,000,000 marks, to which must be added 134,000,000 marks still needed for the satisfaction of older credits. Moreover, on October 1st next, 145,000,000 marks of 3½ per cent. Prussian Treasury bonds, 1904, and 100,000,000 marks of 3½ per cent. Imperial Treasury bonds become due. The result of the issue was not brilliant; the amounts subscribed represent home savings, and there is little foreign participation; only 700,000,000 marks were subscribed. Since then there have been considerable purchases of the issue by foreigners; but the situation has been so harassing to the growth of German banks that there is now an overwhelming demand that the process of providing for ordinary expenses by borrowing shall cease.

LUCELLUM.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's
Navy Cut
Tobacco and
Cigarettes

Sold only in the original Packets and Tins, and may be obtained from all Stores and Tobacconists of repute

Regd. No. 154011.

0487.

TANGYE
OIL ENGINE
AUTOMATIC
TUBE IGNITION.
NO LAMP
EXCEPT FOR STARTING
TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE
RED WHITE & BLUE
Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

Curio Club Bargains
Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

Liver troubles
SHOULD NEVER BE NEGLECTED.

The principal duty of the Liver is to extract the bile from the blood, and carry it direct to the digestive organs. Therefore, if the Liver is disordered, it cannot perform its duties properly, and the result is, the blood becomes overloaded with bile, which causes Lassitude, Debility, Irritability, and may develop Dropsy.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) *Liverets*
STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE

will speedily and permanently cure all livery troubles, because they thoroughly cleanse the Liver of all impurities, and stimulate it to easily perform its functions in a natural healthy manner MERIT'S LIVERETS are prepared from purely vegetable ingredients only, as prescribed by a prominent physician, and have no debilitating effect upon the health. Price 1/1½ and 2/9 of all Chemists and Stores. If unable to obtain, send direct to

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. So beware of spurious imitations.

BIRKBECK BANK
ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

"PYRENO"
(REGISTERED)
A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.
Should any Garment shrink in the wash it
WILL BE REPLACED.

TYPEWRITING.
TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION
Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

WEST HEATH SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD.

On high ground close to the Heath.
A day school for Boys and Girls (about 100 pupils).

Principal: **Mrs. Ennis Richmond.**
Headmaster: **Mr. F. V. Bindon (M.A. Cantab.).**
Succeeding Mr. & Mrs. Rice, now taking up work at Bedales School, Hants.

Good Buildings. Playground. Large Grass Playing Fields.

A Boarding house will be opened in September in connection with the above under the immediate management of **Mrs. Richmond** and her son, **Mr. Kenneth Richmond,** as house master.

Michaelmas Term will begin September 22nd.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.

Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields; gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Next Term, Sept. 18th. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

Buy

The Saturday Westminster

Weekly Issue of "The Westminster Gazette."

Because

it contains all F.C.G.'S Cartoons of the Week.
of its unique page of "Problems and Prizes."
of its Book Reviews and Literary Columns.
of the Variety of General Articles and Short Stories.
it is the only Weekly Magazine-Review of the kind.
it costs but a Penny a Week. ***By post, 6s. 6d. (Home), and 8s. 8d. (Abroad) per annum.***

It

Never Fails to Please & Satisfy

Offices: Tudor House, Tudor St., London, E.C.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."
—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."
—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN. W.C.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

TOURS.

£6 6s. LUCERNE TOUR.

Nine days. Short Sea Route. No extras for Conductor or Gratuities.

HENRY S. LUNN, M.D.

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. 25, Cannon Street, E.C.
4, Charing Cross, S.W. 84, Piccadilly, W.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors, Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.

67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye. Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.

BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

HILLS MARINE VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing sea. 10/- per day.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LANCASTER.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

STONEWELL RESTAURANT. T. M. Hey, Proprietor.

MARKET HALL RESTAURANT. Prop. J. E. Dowthwaite.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell. Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture.

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647.

HOTEL CAFE CONTINENTAL, 207, Lord St., French and English Confectioners, Dinners, Teas and Suppers. Parties Catered for.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

A Memorable Debate

An Interesting Reminiscence of

Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE

and **Mr. Lloyd George,** the present Chancellor of the Exchequer

In a debate in the House of Commons, on the 13th June, 1890, on the Local Taxation Bill, Mr. Gladstone said, "Enough of idle words; if you were to multiply these amendments till they were as thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa, or as plentiful as the advertisements of

Pears' Soap

you would not prevent the consequences of this clause." And in the same debate, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* reported, "Mr. Lloyd George, the new Member for Carnarvon, made a capital maiden speech, full of promise for his future career."

This was eighteen years ago, but tributes to the popularity of Pears' continue to appear in an ever-broadening stream. It is 120 years since Pears' was invented, and it still remains the leading toilet soap of the world—first in purity, first in beautifying properties, first in point of economy and first in public favour.

The highest possible honours at the leading International Exhibitions since 1851 (including the only Grand Prix ever given for a Toilet Soap) have been awarded to Pears.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1908.

READING ROOM
INSTITUTE

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 23.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Diary of the Week	787
Politics and Affairs:—	
Kings as Politicians	790
The Entente of America and Australia	791
A South American Ruler	792
Life and Letters:—	
Science and the Supernatural	794
The Despair of an Intellectual	795
The Legend of Faust	796
The Kitchen Garden	797
Letters from Abroad:—	
The Character of the German Workers' Insurance. By Ed. Bernstein	798
Short Studies:—	
An Immortal. By the Rev. S. Henry	800
Present-Day Problems:—	
Useless Naval Expenditure. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Eversley	801
Communications:—	
The Dual Policy in India. By S. K. Ratcliffe	802
Letters to the Editor:—	
The Lost Liberty of the Road. By H. F. H.	804
The New Daily Press. By P. J. Reid	804
Concerning the "Imitation of Whitman." By Henry Bryan Binns	805
Ideas of Heaven and Happiness. By W. J. B.	805
A Green Heaven. By J. M. Lloyd-Thomas	805
A Propos de Bottes. By G. W. E. R.	805
"The Dark Side." By Lawrence Richardson	805
The Date of George Fox's Death. By A. Neave Brayshaw	806
The Maintenance of "Dreadnoughts." By G.	806
Officialism in the Channel Islands. By Taxpayer	806
Poetry:—	
The Old School. By Thomas Burke	806
The World of Books	807
Books to be Read	807
Reviews:—	
The Real Ossian	808
The Hope for India	809
A Great Schoolmistress	810
Filthy Lucre	811
Books in Brief:—	
The Monthly Reviews	812
Birds and their Nests and Eggs	814
The Week in the City	814

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The Kaiser made a series of speeches on Sunday at military banquets at Strasburg, which, though described by the Berlin correspondent of the "Times" as a "statesmanlike appeal" for peace, have somewhat seriously disturbed France and Europe. The pith of the Emperor's speech was to assure the world that peace was not in danger chiefly because it was guaranteed, first, by the "conscience of the princes and statesmen of the world," secondly, by the "will and desire of the people themselves," and, thirdly, by "our power on sea and land—by the German people in arms." The Kaiser's final sentence was still more expressive: "Proud of the manly discipline and love of honor of her armed forces, Germany is determined to keep them on their high level, without menace to others, and to develop them as her own interests demand, favoring none, injuring none." The meaning of the speech, we are afraid, is universally found in the hurried mission of Dr. Vassel to Fez, and the revival, very much in Germany's favor, of the situation in Morocco which preceded the Act of Algeciras. Its further interpretation is that it rejects the proposals said to be made at Cronberg for a reduction of naval armaments, and confirms Germany's right to maintain her naval policy on the full basis of her revised programme. The place, time, and substance of the speech, as well as its apparent sequence in policy, are taken to show a reversion to Bismarck's coarser strokes of policy, even though the Kaiser be not a fully conscious agent. Probably the tactlessness of the intervention decrees its failure.

Meanwhile, the Kaiser's speech is obviously connected with German action in Morocco, the news of which has swept over Europe like a dust-storm. The action is twofold. The German Government has intimated to the Powers the importance of recognising Mulai Hafid as a means to the pacification of Morocco, and has sent Dr. Vassel, its consul, back to Fez, Mulai Hafid's headquarters, nominally to look after the interests of its subjects. It is hardly doubtful that the two events are part of a single policy. France, which, as the "Frankfurter Zeitung" points out, occupies with Spain a preferential position under the Act of Algeciras, and has a right to conduct negotiations, is naturally perturbed, and her Foreign Office declares that the recognition of Mulai Hafid must be preceded by "minimum guarantees." France's position is difficult on account of her earlier errors of policy, and because a section of her politicians would like to perpetuate the occupation of the Shawia. But Germany's precipitate action has isolated that country, and the criticism of the able and enlightened Frankfort journal that German policy has once more shown itself to be "incalculable, untrustworthy, and therefore disturbing," is an echo of European opinion. The same kind of rough tactlessness has been shown in the choice of Alsace-Lorraine as the scene of the German autumn manœuvres.

* * *

The whole of the Parisian Press (writes our Paris correspondent), including even such papers as the "Petit Parisien," which rarely touch on foreign politics, comments on the announcement made by the German Government that it proposes to recognise Mulai Hafid apparently without making it a condition that he should accept the Act of Algeciras or afford any other guarantees to Europe. The comments are as nearly unanimous as those on the voyage of Herr Vassel and rather more vigorous in tone, but there is an absence of excitement, except on the part of one or two Nationalist journals. The majority of the articles regard the action of Germany as a characteristic example of bad Europeanism. The "Temps" remarks that Germany, after complaining of attempts to isolate her, is now isolating herself. It is not the proposal of Germany to recognise Mulai Hafid that is criticised, but the action of the German Government in forcing the pace while negotiations were in progress, and in forestalling the rest of Europe. The "Temps" says that the French and German Governments have been in communication since August 26th, that France and Spain have made it clear that they do not object to the recognition of Mulai Hafid, but insist on the necessity of obtaining from him beforehand the necessary guarantees. It is also understood that steps were already being taken, with the knowledge of Germany, to ascertain whether Mulai Hafid would furnish these assurances. The Nationalist Press calls for a "spirited policy," but it represents a small fraction of public opinion.

* * *

The visit of the American fleet to Melbourne has been marked by something more than indiscretion on the

part of Mr. Deakin, the able Prime Minister of the Commonwealth. Mr. Deakin, speaking at a dinner given to the American officers by the Melbourne Royal Yacht Club, declared that the visit was no "holiday adventure," but that it grew out of an invitation made by him in "a spirit of deepest earnestness." In other words, Mr. Deakin said that he had invited the American fleet to come, and had used his personal influence with Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. James Bryce to secure its coming. Mr. Deakin was no less candid as to the purpose of the visit. Describing the American Navy as the last word in the art of naval construction, he added that it would "launch Australia on the beginning of a naval career," for the American example showed that only through her navy could a nation protect herself from outside injury. Mr. Deakin did, indeed, say that the Australian Navy would be added to the defences of the Empire, but on the point of an Australian Squadron he has been, and is now, in complete disagreement with our own Admiralty. The visit of the American fleet, therefore, is practically used as a weapon in his controversy with the Mother Country on a problem of Imperial defence. The American Press declares that the visit shows Australia to be nearer akin to Americans than to the English people, and that it dissipates the sentimentalism that "blood is thicker than water." Other papers suggest that Australia is losing confidence in the British flag, and in Great Britain's willingness to protect her against the Eastern peril. The "Springfield Republican" considers that the reception is a reminder to the country that Australia means to keep itself "white at whatever cost," even of the loss of the Japanese alliance.

* * *

The most dramatic event of the week in Turkey has been the reception by the Sultan of his heir, Reshad Effendi, after a seclusion of thirty years. It coincides with the return of the Sultan's nephew, Prince Sabah-ed-din, the head of the Young Turkey Committee in Paris, and of many other eminent exiles, who have received an enthusiastic popular welcome home. Politically little that is tangible has happened. The new *régime* is riveting its authority on the remoter facts of the Empire, and is getting something of order into the administration, and the various nationalities are formulating their demands. The Greeks emphasise the importance of ecclesiastical and educational privileges, but, unlike the Bulgarians, will be content with a modest concession of local government. Only Parliament can settle these questions, and in the meantime the nationalities are selecting candidates and organising themselves into political parties.

* * *

There has been no attempt yet by the Shah's lieutenant to recapture Tabriz, and the Constitutionalists are maintaining order in that city with vigour and effect. The "Times" correspondent, however, telegraphs that financial necessity and disillusionment at England's policy have created an extreme faction in Tabriz which is openly talking of an attack upon the British Consulate as a means of compelling foreign intervention. There is little danger, however, of this party getting out of hand, and meanwhile the Shah's position at Teheran does not improve. The Anglo-Russian loan has fallen through, not because English diplomacy had any scruples as to its pernicious consequence to Persian liberty, but because the lenders were not satisfied with the guarantees of their pound of flesh. The Shah's troops are already divided and dissatisfied, and if supplies are scarce their loyalty must be a treacherous reed to lean upon.

* * *

Lord Hugh Cecil, speaking at a Primrose League demonstration at Lord Londonderry's seat at Wynyard Park, spoke in a strong vein of Tory individualism. He complained that the Liberal conception of social reform was to make somebody uncomfortable, to make him "squeal." This defect would destroy the value of the Licensing Bill, which went beyond public opinion, and would never obtain the co-operation of the liquor trade. The Liberal Party were lingering on for mere custom's sake, and must give place to Socialism, which, in its turn, would be fatal to the national character, for it would unfit us for the control of "many races and many climes," and would destroy our main characteristic, namely, our love of liberty.—Mr. Arthur Henderson, speaking on foreign policy, declared that the Labor Party would never incite to a war with Germany, and any Labor leader who departed from this position betrayed the British democracy. He said that the Labor Party was collectivist in its tendency, but accepted practical solutions, and declared strongly for Free Trade, which so greatly mitigated the evils of unemployment.—An important election is pending in Newcastle, Mr. Cairns, the Liberal member, having died. The Liberal majority is enormous, but Sir Walter Plummer, the Unionist candidate, is a strong man, and the Liberal-Labor *entente* may not hold.

* * *

Mr. Francis Darwin, chosen as President of the British Association fifty years after his father's enunciation of the theory of natural selection, took as the theme of his address the existence of what he called a psychic attribute, *e.g.*, a kind of memory, in plants. Such language would have sounded strangely in the ears of scientific men thirty or forty years ago, for it is really a development of the argument which we remember Martineau used in the famous symposium in the "Nineteenth Century," that consciousness was innate in the most primitive natural forms, and developed until it attained its full fruit in man. Dr. Darwin gave two instances of what he called a "mnemic factor" in the life of plants. The first was the case of scarlet runners, whose leaflets, under the alternate influences of light and darkness, rose to a horizontal position by day and sank at night. Yet, if the plants were placed in a dark room where these stimuli were absent, they would still mechanically rise and fall at the usual times. In the same way a little sea creature in Brittany, whose life depended on the ebb and flow of the tide, would go through its usual motions were it placed in an aquarium where the necessity for them no longer existed. Dr. Darwin's address developed into a close statement of his position and that of Semon against the rival theory of Weissmann which, as Dr. Darwin said, is so hard to fit in with the "rhythm of development." Weissmann, of course, denied that characteristics which were acquired through various external causes could be telegraphed, as it were, from the acting body to the cells of the central germ plasm and so transmitted to offspring. Dr. Darwin declined thus to take the linchpin out of evolution. In a happy metaphor, he likened natural selection to the power of a trainer of dogs, the power of "an automatic master with endless patience and all time at his disposal."

Mr. Alfred Robbins, in delivering his Presidential Address at the Conference of the Institute of Journalists at Manchester on Monday, touched on many vital points in the history and development of journalism. He thought that the Press in this country was never more powerful than during the Popish Plot, that it worked in fetters under the later Stuarts and the earlier Hanoverian Kings, though it produced Defoe, whom he truly described as "perhaps the greatest all-round journalist" in England, and that it attained its height "in the realm of thought and opinion" in the first three quarters of the nineteenth century. Since then, while the circulation of newspapers had increased, their power had declined because of the sensationalism of the later newspapers and the public's growing distrust of their good faith and truthfulness. Closely connected with this decline was the loss of security of tenure for the individual journalist, with which, we are afraid, the Harmsworth development has had much to do. The need of the hour, therefore, was to raise the status of the journalist, to deepen his culture, and to heighten his self-respect. We believe this to be thoroughly sound counsel, and we should like to see the Institute of Journalists applying itself systematically to such purposes.

* * *

On Tuesday the Hedjaz railway, which now covers the eight hundred miles from Damascus to Medina, and two years hence will reach Mecca, was formally opened. The new line is a remarkable tribute to the strength of Islam. The capital has been provided by the subscriptions of the faithful throughout the world, so that the line starts free of debt. It has been built very rapidly and economically in seven years; it has been pushed through a disturbed and desolate country; and it has been zealously, and, what is more remarkable, honestly, furthered by even the most corrupt officials of the old *régime*. Strategically the Hedjaz railway tightens the grip of Constantinople upon Arabia, and when linked up with a completed Baghdad railway will greatly add to the cohesion of the Turkish Empire. Politically it strengthens the Sultan's claim to the Khalifate, and it can hardly fail to give a considerably extended circulation and influence in the Islamic world to the ideas of Western and reformed Islam. Its reactions will certainly be felt wherever there is a large Mohammedan community.

* * *

We are glad to see that the local authorities are heartily co-operating with the central departments in the administration of the Old Age Pensions Act. Their first business is to set up the Pension Committees, the minimum membership of which is fixed at seven. The majority of local authorities that have taken steps towards putting the Act into operation have appointed all their members to act on these Committees, and the expedient of co-option has seldom been resorted to. For administrative purposes in County Council areas the petty sessional divisions will probably be found the most convenient units, and in the boroughs and urban districts the ward representatives will, as sub-committees, take charge of the work. The only doubtful point in the organisation seems to be whether the Excise officials, who will act as Pension Officers, will be able to get through the vast amount of work they will be called upon to do between the beginning of October and the end of December. It is estimated that during this time half a million claims at least will have to be investigated, and in many cases the enquiries will be long and tedious. The Executive Council of the Poor Law Unions' Association will next week discuss a resolution passed by the Birmingham Guardians, expressing the opinion that all aged poor over 70 who are in receipt of out-door relief "and who have exercised any sort of thrift" should be granted 5s. each weekly from the beginning of next January. It will be interesting to see whether this policy is endorsed.

* * *

The meeting of the first Eucharistic Congress held in England (our Rome correspondent writes) is regarded at the Vatican as an event of international importance, going beyond the field of religion. The Congress will indeed demonstrate to the world, the Holy See believes, the freedom, protection, and sympathy enjoyed by the Catholic religion, its episcopacy, clergy, and faithful, in a Protestant country, among people who, up to half a century ago, had the reputation of being the most intransigent in their opposition to Rome. The Vatican is convinced that a manifestation like the Eucharistic Congress in London, or the celebration of the centennial of the New York diocese in New York last April, would be impossible, not only in France, but in any Latin country. It therefore concludes that what is called liberty in Latin countries is a mask for religious persecution. In other words, among the Latins the separation between Church and State, the Vatican thinks, is generally understood as the liberty of the State to persecute the Church, and the union between State and Church is, as a rule, used by the former to oppress the latter. Such a situation makes the Pope still more enthusiastic over English-speaking countries, and a greater admirer of their institutions.

* * *

Here is the latest list of the worst outrages by motors: A man walking near Green Lanes, Tottenham, saw the wheels of a motor-car "twist" and "something like a bundle of clothes underneath." He saw "it" taken from under the wheels and put on a van. "He then saw that it was his own child, eight years old." His boy, who had also been run over, told him of his sister's fate. The child's skull was fractured and she died in a few minutes. The children did not seem to have seen the car. At Dunblane, on September 1st, a servant-girl was killed by a car belonging to her master. A man named Hobbin died in Bromsgrove Cottage Hospital on Tuesday, from a fractured skull, after being knocked down by a road motor-mail. His companion suffered a compound fracture of the leg. An Elgin cow-feeder named Grant, striking at a hare which ran across the road, was himself struck by a motor-car, carried along by it till it stopped, and killed. A middle-aged man, getting out of the way of one taxi-cab in the Brixton Road last Saturday, was struck by another, and "seriously injured." A car dashed into a wagonette near Onibury, upset it and its load, and inflicted concussion of the brain on a son of Sir William Grenville Williams. A taxi-cab, driven by a drunken chauffeur, was seen to be "proceeding at a rapid pace" near Blackfriars Bridge, with a boy "clinging to the mud-guard," and a bicycle "jammed into the rear." He had been struck violently in the back, thrown bodily on to the mud-guard, and carried one hundred yards with the vehicle and its drunken conductor.

Politics and Affairs.

KINGS AS POLITICIANS.

It is rarely a good omen when the Kaiser makes a specially amiable speech. His visit to the City was intended to soften the effect of the revision of the German naval programme. His speech at Strasburg on Sunday, for all its praise of peace, and of kings as the pillars of peace, has proved to be the prelude to a new period of German activity in Morocco. Indeed, to any commentator skilled in the interpretation of these Imperial utterances, the warning was quite clearly conveyed. For it was to a corps of French veterans that the Kaiser's flatteries were specially addressed. Next day came the news from Tangiers that the German Consul had set out in profound secrecy for Fez, whence all the representatives of the Powers had simultaneously withdrawn when Mulai Hafid was proclaimed. It was, of course, denied that Germany was attempting to steal a march on France by recognising the victorious Pretender in advance of other Powers. The denial retained whatever value it may ever have possessed only for twenty-four hours. For on Tuesday the announcement was officially made in Berlin that Germany had taken the initiative in inviting the Powers to recognise Mulai Hafid. The commentaries of the German Press disposed of any idea that Prince Bülow was merely contributing a disinterested suggestion towards the solution of the Moroccan tangle. His move was interpreted as an explicit reply to the French theory that the Act of Algeciras conferred upon France a certain leadership in the Concert in the handling of Moroccan affairs. The intention was partly to further the political interests of Germany by doing a service to the successful competitor in the Moroccan civil war, partly to emphasise the mistakes of French diplomacy, and partly, by being the first to advocate officially a course which everyone has recognised to be inevitable, to acquire, for the time being, the appearance of leading the Concert.

France is annoyed, and it could not be otherwise. Nor is the curiously clumsy strategy which alternates a caress with a buffet at all calculated to minimise French resentment. Indeed, German diplomacy has merely aggravated a blow to French interests by what is, in effect, an insult to French intelligence. It is difficult to believe that the Kaiser can really have supposed that Frenchmen would be so flattered by a flamboyant reference to their military prowess as not to resent a scheme designed to frustrate their political aims. The real explanation of this now familiar method is probably that it is a conventional way of indicating that Germany is about to enter on an active competitive policy, without, however, wishing to provoke the Power which she has challenged to any dangerous hostility. Her theory of international relations is that they should imitate those which may obtain between rival merchants or party politicians. Two Powers may outbid each other in naval armaments, or struggle for influence in a barbarous country, just as traders compete for a market or party leaders for votes, without the risk of any mortal enmity. Unfortunately for this theory, nations, at a certain stage in this competition, are apt to go to war; rival merchants and politicians, on the other hand, do not, in civilised communities, assassinate each other. No one in Paris can forget the German ultimatum of December, 1905. This German move need cause no immediate alarm, and if it damages French interests, the fault lies mainly with French diplomacy. It is only the fact that M. Pichon chose to back Abdul Aziz with money and men which gives a sting to the German partiality towards Mulai Hafid. But in so far as it is an advertisement that Germany still aspires to play an active part in Morocco, still disputes the supremacy of French interests, and means to trade on the too numerous mistakes of the French Foreign Office, it introduces a fresh element of anxiety and unrest into the European situation.

This incident carries its own commentary on the Cronberg meeting. Whatever success King Edward may have had in improving the feeling between the British and German Courts, it is obvious that he has done nothing to smooth the political relationships between Germany and the Western Powers. There is, we believe, no doubt that the meetings which have taken place at Cronberg and Marienbad had a political character. Public opinion in this country is left, as usual, without authoritative information, but the statements in the German and French Press have been unusually precise. So far as can be gathered from German sources, an attempt was made from our side to discuss naval armaments, and, apparently, a too brusque approach ended only in causing a certain irritation. Morocco, and the recognition of Mulai Hafid, was also mentioned in all the *communiqués* as one of the subjects discussed. If that is so, the events of this week have sufficed to show how far the discussion was from reaching an understanding. King Edward's personal popularity in French society probably enabled him to aid in the cementing of the Anglo-French *entente*. But the conclusion which is commonly drawn in London and Paris from this success, that he is an active and exceptionally gifted diplomatist, has done much more harm than good, based as it is on an entirely false and yet tenaciously held theory of our Constitution. If we were to accept it, we should necessarily have to speak with more freedom than the British Press usually applies to the action of a King who reigns but does not govern. We should have to point out that the friction between the British and German Courts has added for several years an element of special difficulty to Anglo-German relations. The notion that the King is his own Foreign Minister has, we are bound to add, received some support since those days. And the results have not been fortunate. The King's sudden visit to Italy in 1907 gave rise to suspicions at Berlin, which were, for the moment, a positive danger to peace. The Reval visit had already begun to complicate Anglo-German relations by raising the Balkan question in an acute and undesirable form, when, happily, the revolution in Turkey created a wholly new situation. Of the Cronberg visit one can only say that visibly it has done no political good, and it may have done much harm. Quite apart from the constitutional impropriety of these proceedings, there is nothing in such a record to lead us to welcome the increased influence of the Crown in

foreign affairs, or to condone the startling breach with established practice which they indicate.

Up to the present reign it had been an invariable rule of our Constitution that the King should not meet a foreign Sovereign, save in the presence of a responsible Minister, and this principle of jealous supervision was even extended to correspondence. There is no conceivable reason why the principle of Ministerial responsibility should be relaxed in the department of foreign affairs. On the contrary, the very fact that so large a part of the work of diplomacy is carried on in secrecy and beyond the control of public opinion makes it, if possible, more important there than elsewhere to limit the activity of the Crown. The temptation for a Monarch to follow his dynastic interests or his personal prepossessions is too obvious to require emphasis. The revelations of General Kuropatkin, which trace the Russo-Japanese War to the financial interests held by the Russian Grand Dukes and probably by the Czar in person in a Korean timber concession, and show how the Court contrived to make war inevitable by over-ruling the Ministry, remind us forcibly of some of the reasons which justify the rigid English theory of Ministerial responsibility. The King cannot begin to play an active part in foreign affairs without at once exposing himself in Parliament and the country to the attacks and criticisms from which it is one of the chief purposes of the Constitution to shield him. It may be objected that in all these visits the King was accompanied by Sir Charles Hardinge. But however implicit the confidence which Sir Edward Grey reposes in his chief permanent assistant, a paid official, who is not responsible to Parliament, and whose views and temper are unknown to the public, and are never expounded to them, cannot possibly replace the Foreign Secretary as a check upon the Crown. Parliament cannot call him to account, nor judge of his fitness for so delicate a function, nor has he the authority or prestige which would enable him, if necessary, to assert the views of the Cabinet (known to him only at second hand, and by the report of the Foreign Secretary) against his Sovereign. If the King is permitted to discuss political questions with the Kaiser, or M. Clemenceau, or M. Isvolsky, all of whom he has met at Cronberg and Marienbad, he fills one of two functions. Either he speaks for himself, with a certain freedom and authority, or else he is the agent of Sir Edward Grey, tied down by precise instructions, and permitted to speak only to a brief. On the former supposition Parliamentary government would be at an end; on the latter the dignity of the Crown itself would be seriously compromised. There is only one possible answer to this dilemma, and that is, that despite official and semi-official *communiqués*, the King, when he goes abroad, does not talk politics, and that all the statements solemnly made by Russian, or German, or Austrian officials, to the effect that he has discussed Macedonia, or Morocco, or armaments, are pure fiction. But if these visits are to result in misunderstandings so grave, and misunderstandings for which highly placed foreign officials are responsible, that is only one reason the more for their discontinuance, or for a reform of the procedure which governs them.

These visits have not contributed to the tranquillity of Europe, nor have they enhanced the prestige of the Liberal Cabinet. Their effect has been to confirm a belief, always prevalent on the Continent, that nothing is really changed at the Foreign Office when a Liberal Government comes into power. It is assumed that, in diplomacy, at least, "the governing class," which is apt to mean in practice the inner ring of the Unionist Party, still rules. The "Times" is still accepted as its voice, the King as its representative. Anything which tends to encourage this view must damage the special purposes of Liberalism in foreign affairs by exposing it to a suggestion of impotence and insincerity. This is no novel objection, and it is beginning at last to disturb men who are not by any means pedants in constitutional matters. The Garden Party incident, which meant, if it meant anything at all, that the King considers that the policy of his official visits is in some sense his personal policy, has made it all the more important to insist on a change of practice. The precedent which is being fixed is much too grave, the growth of a permanent misunderstanding abroad far too serious, to be ignored. Sir Edward Grey's distaste for ceremony, creditable as it is to his good taste, may explain this very risky innovation, but hardly excuses it. Liberalism, if it sanctions this precedent, weakens its chances of resisting the growth of the power of the Crown, and removes foreign affairs by yet one stage further from democratic control.

THE ENTENTE OF AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA.

It is natural for British opinion to be moved by surprise, at least as much as by pleasure, at the spectacle of the entertainment of the American battle fleet in the great Australian ports, and the unbounded warmth of its reception by the people and the statesmen of the Commonwealth. The demonstration is said to have been more cordial than the greeting to the Prince of Wales at the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament, and is compared with the frenzy of emotion with which Paris received the sailors of the Russian fleet. Mr. Deakin, the head of the Commonwealth Ministry, admits that the visit was arranged, and that it was designed by him to enforce a policy on which he and other Australian statesmen have long been at issue with the Imperial Government, namely, the creation of an Australian Navy. The "Westminster Gazette," indeed, points out that Mr. Deakin did not, as Reuter's report indicated, invoke the example of the American Navy as an incitement to Australia to build another such fleet as the only means of securing her against "outside injustice and injury." He only appealed for the building of a Navy "which would rank in time among the real defence forces of the Empire." But even in the modified version the speech strikes us as a somewhat sensational development of the march of colonial self-government. We are on the best terms with the United States; had our relationship been cold and strained, the visit would not have taken place. But it seems to us strong measure for an Australian statesman to use a foreign fleet as a means of forwarding a project which is not

approved by the Admiralty, and is regarded by them as an entirely wrong development of Imperial Defence. Mr. Deakin is still fighting his battle for an Australian Navy. The Admiralty support, as they are bound to support, the opposite policy of Colonial aids to the great force which guarantees the safety of Australasian territory, of a unified command, and of concentration on the seas which wash these shores. It is clear that Mr. Deakin rejects these theories, so far as they hamper his view of Australian naval policy. He uses the American fleet—"the last word in the art of naval construction," as he calls it—as a plea for the "creation" of a separate Australian scheme of "naval defence." As we have no real control over Australian policy, it is certain that Mr. Deakin will prevail, especially as Canada cherishes a like ambition for itself. The Australian subsidy of £240,000 to the Imperial Navy will be withdrawn, and a small, and entirely useless, Australian squadron will take its place. The special point of attraction in the Canadian case is the United States, in the Australian case it is Japan, and, as Mr. Archibald Hurd points out in the "Fortnightly Review," Canada must provide a fleet comparable to the American Navy, and Australia aim at a counterpart to the sea-power of Japan, before these visions can even approach reality.

The truth is, however, that Australia's desire for an independent Navy, in "alliance" with our own, is merely a fresh embodiment of the nationalism which has informed her politics for a generation, and which federation has powerfully aided. Australia has always desired to act alone. She would have liked to govern Imperial policy in the Pacific before and after the day when Sir Thomas McIlwraith "annexed" New Guinea, and was disavowed by the Colonial Office. Even when she joined an enterprise of the Mother Country like the South African War, she did so largely with the desire, expressed to a distinguished Englishman by Mr. Deakin himself, to "blood" her young people, to furnish them with a passage of adventure in the early history of their State. This feeling, consistent as it may be with a feeling of loyalty to the Motherland, finds ready expression in contact with the American people. All visitors to the Colonies are struck by the points of superficial likeness between the Colonial and many prevailing American types—their self-confidence and buoyancy, their *newness*, their sharply defined and rather material views of life, and their highly-developed vision of an organised commercial and industrial democracy unknown to our more delicately shaded and conservative society. Resembling the Americans, the free colonial peoples resemble each other still more. And in one point of exterior policy they are in close harmony with the later, though not the earlier, developments of American opinion. The American fleet was invited to Australia in close sequence on the anti-Japanese riots on the Pacific coasts of Canada and the United States, and the Mayor of Sydney took care to emphasise, in the address of welcome, the identity of views on the color question, and especially on Asiatic immigration. Here, indeed, Australia has led America, and has done as a considered and consistent policy what the States are beginning to do as a consequence of later teachings of the dark evangel of race hatred and fear. And here, again, British and Colonial policy does not move from the same springs. Few South Africans or Australians see with pleasure the admission of Asiatics or negroes to London clubs and the terms of equality on which they subsist with British people of all classes. Many cherish more or less consciously the idea of the old-fashioned Boer that such races as the Kaffirs belong to an inferior, half-finished creation, with doubtful pretensions to a soul. And all "Colonials" are firmly possessed of the notion that the standard of life must be maintained by white men for white men, and that a mixed industrial order, based on inter-marriage and joint government by white and black or yellow, is incompatible with civilisation.

It is obviously impossible for an Australian holding such views to approve the action of this country in entering on an equal alliance with Japan. The Anglo-Japanese alliance may and should mean a great easing of the situation in respect of Asiatic immigration, a useful guarantee of peace, if not of good feeling, between white and yellow Governments in the Pacific. But Australia is much more disposed to regard it as a concession to the doctrine of color-equality on which that portion of the British Empire which is self-governing is no longer built. For that reason, she is pleased to see the hand of the United States stretched between her northern shores and Japan—pleased to secure the patronage and support of the Great Republic, fresh from her anti-Japanese agitation. We have, indeed, to admit that on a great range of questions in which British commercial interests and British feeling develop on one line, Australian and free Colonial feeling is firmly established on another, which now happens to be distinctly American. It does not, of course, follow that because the United States and the two federated Anglo-Saxon communities—which will soon be three—think alike on such questions as Protection, the color problem, and hereditary aristocracy, and because their internal governments belong more distinctly to the Republican than to the Monarchical type, there will be separation. Already the tie between the self-governing colonies and ourselves is one of alliance rather than of dependence, and the Liberal conception of these relationships was always based on sympathy and on freedom. Probably, South Africa, Canada, and Australia are, and will remain, almost as safe from invasion as from the Black Death. But we confess that we think the Colonies do not always realise, in the later developments of their politics, how much moral force they owe to the home connection, and how great would be their loneliness in the world of new Empires and old ambitions if the *prestige* of the Imperial Power and the support of the Imperial Navy were withdrawn from them.

A SOUTH AMERICAN RULER.

It is impossible to describe President Castro's present proceedings except by saying that he is at it again. He has challenged the Dutch Government to come on. The Dutch Government looks at him in some perplexity, talks vaguely about naval demonstrations, and resigns

itself to putting up with it a little longer. But the Netherlands are not alone in furnishing Castro with the sort of excitement on which he thrives. Great Britain, France, and the United States have each their account to settle with him; and none of them quite know how to do it. The Americans a few weeks ago advertised at once their impatience and their embarrassment by breaking off diplomatic relations. Great Britain, indeed, seems to be the only considerable Power with which the Venezuelan potentate is at present on speaking terms. Such a situation is precisely what he relishes. In the course of the last ten years he has trodden on the toes of at least six European Powers. He has been blockaded by the fleets of three of them; he has probably received more ultimatums than any man alive; he has insulted plenipotentiaries, cancelled concessions, disturbed the peace of Central America, and flouted foreign bondholders. Now he has the supreme satisfaction of seeing another crisis well on its way to maturity.

It is the old story of broken contracts and cancelled concessions. Castro has had an unequalled experience in all these forms of politics, but the pastime of outwitting concessionaires is probably the one that most appeals to him. His indulgence in it is quite impartial. He does not care to what nationality the concessionaires belong nor what kind of enterprise they engage in. Mines, banks, railways, cables, waterworks, matches, salt, asphalte—it is all one to him. His procedure is usually this. He begins by granting the concession. He incorporates into its terms a clause binding the concessionaire never under any circumstances to have recourse to international redress. He then looks on benignantly while the work of development proceeds. When it has advanced sufficiently far, when the business is well established, he begins to tax it. Nine times out of ten the provisions of the original grant exempt the undertaking from taxation. But trifles such as these do not weigh with Castro. He applies the pressure of export and import dues, and of such direct imposts as happen to occur to him. Soon afterwards it is found that there was a technical flaw in the concession. It had not been approved by the National Congress, or the work had not been completed within the specified time. The next stage is to hale the offending company before the Venezuelan courts. The courts know what is expected of them. The concession is cancelled, and the plant and property of the undertaking are taken over by the Government. The concessionaires appeal to their respective Foreign Offices. The Foreign Offices "make representations." Castro, secure in the consciousness that Venezuela is a debtor State and impossible to invade, replies that the case has already been sat upon and decided by the highest judicial authority in Venezuela. If the Foreign Secretary is a European, the Monroe Doctrine is thrown at his head. If an American, he is adjured to remember the solidarity of the sisterhood of republics.

This more or less has been the history of the Italian mining concession, the Belgian waterworks concession, and the French cable concession. More or less it is also the history of the American salt, asphalte, and shipping concessions, and of the British match concessions. And Castro has a measure of right on his side. Speculators in South American Republics are not always political *fainéants*. Such a thing as their subsidising a revolution is not unheard of, and Castro, who has always the whip-hand of the material situation, has not infrequently the better of the argument also. But the business of cancelling concessions, long since reduced to a mere matter of routine, fails to satisfy his more expansive moods. There are times when he is stirred to seize foreign trading vessels and imprison their crews, to violate commercial treaties, or to select some foreign Minister as the target for his fulminations. His variety, indeed, is inexhaustible, and it is out of the question to be seriously angry with him or to forget that if he is occasionally an international nuisance, he is at all times an international joke.

Ten years ago Castro was an unknown man. The outside world had never heard his name, and even in Venezuela itself there were reckoned to be at least fifty "generals" more prominent than he. He began life on a small ranch on the Colombian frontier, a Westerner of the Westerners, a typically hardy mountaineer of the Andine provinces. When he was sent to Caracas as Senator for his district, the aristocrats of the capital laughed at his clothes and provincialisms, and his general air of uncouthness. It takes as little to stir an Andino against the rulers at Caracas as to stir a Catalan against the rulers of Madrid. Chance brought Castro his opening. His cattle had been seized and confiscated for the non-payment of taxes. Having no other means of livelihood, he raised the standard of revolt. The local capital was quickly captured, and in a few weeks Castro found himself President of the Andine province. A little later he was invited by the military chiefs at Caracas to join in overthrowing Andrade. With six hundred mountaineers behind him, Castro set out for the capital, entered it, overawed the local conspirators, and was proclaimed President of Venezuela. From that moment his rule has been absolute. He has had to face the regulation number of risings, but he has stamped them out without very much difficulty and with an ample revenge. He owns Venezuela completely. He is the beginning and end of all legislation, of all decrees, of all official activities. His journeys through the country are marked with the pomp, the extravagance, the adulations and revelries of a Roman Emperor. Even the Spanish language has been hardly equal to coping with the panegyrics that bubble up to the dictator and gush from him. He is the "prodigious Andino" whose heart is "inspired by ideals sublime and grandiose." The blessings he has bestowed upon his country are "as refulgent as the light of the king star when it shines in the zenith." He is "the universal conscience, the criterion of peoples, the saviour of the sovereignty of the Patria, and the defender the most inflexible that reason and justice ever had in the Homeric struggle against the enemies of liberty." Castro himself deprecates such language. "I ought to declare," he has said, "that I am hardly more than the agent of a something superior that watches over the fortunes of virtuous peoples, of nations called to fulfil the high destinies of civilisation

and of progress." Yet in his calmer moments his estimate of his "magnificently patriotic, and admirably grand and portentous work," is not a low one. He speaks of himself as a second Bolivar, another Cæsar, a Washington *redivivus*.

But Castro is also an able man and an ambitious one. He has raised an army of six thousand men; he has invaded Colombia, and means, if possible, to amalgamate Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador into one Republic under his rule; he has laid every conceivable form of industrial enterprise under contribution for his own and his favourites' benefit; he is the very monarch of "graft"; he has perfected a more than Turkish system of espionage and censorship; and he has made good his title to be called "The Restorer of Venezuela" by restoring to her most of the concessions that were granted by his predecessors to foreigners. He is an original whom the great world of diplomacy and Empire has to bear with, for it cannot get rid of him.

Life and Letters.

SCIENCE AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

For a man of science forty years ago to treat the phenomena of occultism as worthy of consideration was to run a serious risk of being deemed a charlatan. It is very different now. The pioneers of psychical research, Professors De Morgan and Crookes, and Mr. A. R. Wallace, have not merely hewn a broad path through the jungle of prejudice, but have drawn after them a large number of men and women of the highest standing in the intellectual life of these and other nations. Among the active psychical researchers of to-day we find eminent physicists such as Lord Rayleigh, Professors Ramsay, J. J. Thomson, Barrett, Lodge, psychologists such as Professors W. James, Stanley Hall and Richet, anthropologists like Lombroso and Ferri, many of whom have not merely abandoned the blank incredulity of a generation ago, but have advanced far towards a state of positive acceptance of facts and interpretations which their predecessors would have dismissed scornfully as "old wives' tales." This striking change of attitude is well worth investigation. A nidus for the new culture was doubtless furnished in large part by the litter of decaying dogmas, religious, scientific, and philosophical, which strewed the latter part of the nineteenth century. The general trend of the scientific interpretation of nature and of man has been away from the hard-shell determinist materialism of the mid-Victorian era towards more spiritual conceptions and terminology. The abandonment of the older molecular theories to meet the more fluid demands alike of modern physics and modern chemistry; the growing recognition, alike from the side of biology and of psychology, of an underlying unity of mind and matter; the insistence of philosophy that this unity shall be expressed directly in terms of consciousness, as Professor Darwin expressed it, on Wednesday, in his address to the British Association, rather than in other terms that are unmeaning until they are reduced to consciousness—all this march of modern thought has helped to concentrate more and more attention upon the study alike of the normal and the abnormal phenomena of the human mind.

But this new stimulus to psychology would not alone account for the modern zest for psychical research. Still more potent has been the influence of the transformation of religious thought and feeling wrought by the combined impact of Biblical criticism and the wider evolutionary teaching. Among many intellectual men of a definitely religious cast of mind, the liberative influence substituted for a creed of dead miracles, embedded in a distant past, a more living and glowing apprehension of a growing spiritual order in man and the universe, which not only preserved but enriched the significance of the human soul, opening wide the gates of spiritual revelation in this life and another. The claim of priests and churches to an exclusive interpretation of spiritual things could be no longer maintained, and many busy souls set themselves reverently to an exploration of the mind of man in the fuller light of evolution. But there is the best reason to believe that the strongest impulse towards psychical research in its narrower sense came from another religious effect, viz., the shock which the new biology had dealt to the theological supports of the belief in human immortality. Many intellectual men and women found that, amid the decay of many accepted dogmas, all assurance of a personal life after death for themselves and for those they loved was slipping from them, and that the loss was fraught with anguish and despair. It is important to recognise that this craving for a support for the belief in personal survival has not merely underlain the acceptance of spiritualism by large numbers of men and women, here and in America, but was directly responsible for the organisation of psychical research upon scientific lines. Though the research itself has, for the most part, been conducted in a seriously scientific spirit, which seeks to banish prejudice and to apply the sternest tests of evidence, it must not be forgotten that the desire to ascertain whether positive proofs of spiritual survival could not be found was a chief motive of the founders of the study. Certainly the leading investigators have shown, both in their researches and in the controversies to which they have given rise, a singularly high standard of intellectual integrity, setting, in this regard, an excellent example to modern controversialists in some of the "exacter" sciences. But we doubt whether they have realised the havoc which so powerful an interest is capable of making in processes of reasoning so delicately subjective as most of those upon which they have to engage.

Two works before us, both able and lucid expositions of the positive achievements of modern psychical research "A New World of Thought," by Professor Barrett (Kegan Paul), and "Occultism and Common Sense," by Beccles Willson (Werner Laurie)) seem to illustrate this inherent defect of their science. So long as the researcher keeps within the wonderland of psychology, dealing with mesmerism, trance, hypnotism, and thought-transference, he is sufficiently remote from the central craving to preserve a sane judgment upon the worth of evidence. In those fields psychical research has made genuinely scientific progress, though much deceit and error have grown up with it. The evidence of double or alternating personality, stores of sub-conscious knowledge, and direct psychical communications among the living, is so strong and various as to convince open-minded readers of the existence of many unsuspected powers in the mind of man. Though the evidence of clairvoyance, and of what are termed the "physical phenomena" of *séances*, such as rappings, the raising of bodies, &c., involves some radical changes in our conception of the material world, these changes are not really more wonderful than those involved in such modern miracles as wireless telegraphy or x-rays. No one doubts that matter, as well as mind, contains such powers as yet unused or undiscovered. We do not know that we are yet prepared to give full acceptance to the case of Mr. Home floating mid-air between the windows of two adjoining houses. As a guess we would rather set down such cases to collective hypnotism. But our intellectual constitution would not be wrecked if such "interference" with the law of gravitation were proved to be possible. Of thought-reading, the direct imposition of thoughts and feelings by one mind upon another, access to knowledge forgotten or only known to lower centres of consciousness, involving, perhaps, the notion of a universe vibrating with psychic as with physical energy, there exists a large amount of substantially sound evidence.

But when we are invited to pass from such enlargements of ordinary knowledge to the acceptance of premonitory dreams, disclosures of past occurrences known to no one, and the appearance of disembodied

spirits, we are impelled to pause and contemplate the chasm which separates these phenomena from the others we have just described. How future events can be imaged in the present, how a trance-subject can learn facts that never have been known, how a "soul," having shed its body, can simulate to the senses that body and its former clothing—these things are no extension but a contradiction of the whole round of human experience. Therefore, their adoption and incorporation in our mind upon the sort of evidence that is adduced spell intellectual chaos. It is true that we must, as reasonable beings, "go where the argument leads us," but we shall do well to scrutinise the evidence very closely. In this task we have the able and skilled assistance of Mr. Podmore, whose latest volume, "The Naturalisation of the Supernatural" (Putnam), is a forcible criticism of the nature of the reasoning in these processes of psychical research. As we cross the borderland of abnormal psychic experience into the realm of objective spiritual phenomena, the ground appears to crumble beneath our feet. While valid instances of phantasms of the living and other psychical projections abound, the ghostly visitants from "another world" who bide our question, baffling both physical and ordinary psychical interpretations, are extremely few. The fact that many men of intellectual eminence think otherwise carries little weight when due allowance is made for the incessant working of the craving for positive proofs of human survival. There is, first, the selection of persons interested enough to pursue such enquiries, a condition which probably disqualifies the very men whose judgment is coolest and whose scrutiny is keenest. Next comes the necessary or contrived obscurity of the setting in which the phenomena appear, involving grave possibility of error in clear and continuous observation. Then we have to reckon for the treachery of memory and records conducted in an atmosphere of excitement; and, finally, there is the tendency to prefer interpretations which support a strongly preconceived and deeply cherished idea. The most thorough training in disinterested science affords little security against the twin perils of mediumistic trickery and honest self-deception. Both these elements abound both in ordered *séances* and in sudden chance invasions of ordinary experience by the abnormal. As Mr. Podmore shows, among the best attested instances of prophetic visions or "revenants," where the separate testimony of several eye-witnesses is given, the genuine independence of these witnesses is almost always open to doubts, which, in the nature of the case, cannot be resolved. It does not seem as if the researches of members of the Psychical Society have yet surmounted these difficulties, which beset the task of proving inductively the survival of human personality. Such proof may not be impossible, but it must be very difficult. And we are afraid the evidence tendered hitherto is not strong enough to convince those who approach it without a positive bias towards acceptance.

THE DESPAIR OF AN INTELLECTUAL.

The second volume of Taine's letters concluded with his German tour; when, immediately before the chaos and whirlwind of 1870, he suddenly realised that some awful disaster was impending to his country. This third and concluding section of his correspondence ("The Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1870-1892," Constable & Co., an English translation and partial abridgment of the third and fourth French volumes) carries the story onwards to his death. His life appears sharply divided into two halves by the great catastrophe: part of whose interest lies, to an observer who can contemplate it dispassionately, in the twisting, stunning or stimulating effect which it produced upon the various great intellects of the time. M. Hanotaux, in his "Modern France," has vividly described the effect of this sudden crashing of harsh realities into the visions and speculations of the intellectuals of the time. They had pictured the progress of man, of society; they had sought the origin and traced the development of intelligence; they had declared that life was "a living geometry," men a "walking theorem," Vice and Virtue "products like sugar and alcohol." In the midst of these speculations fell the dumbfounding realities of war and national disgrace, with the invading army thundering at the gates of Paris. Taine is driven to madness by his impotence, the uselessness of all his knowledge and intellect in face of the overwhelming calamity. He offered himself for the armies, but he was too short-sighted to be of any use. He turned in fury first to denounce the Commune and its leaders, then the whole structure of the society which had been built up from the Revolution and seemed to him finally to have collapsed in irretrievable ruin. At first the cries are almost as those of a wounded animal. "My heart is dead within my breast," he wrote; "I feel as if I were living in a madhouse." Later, "I am in a continuous state of dumb anger and dry despair," he proclaims. "I have tried in vain to start work once more," he wrote from Pau; "sorrow and anxiety seem to sap my energy." He brushed aside all the elaborate speculation in art, literature, and philosophy which had made his international reputation. In face of such shattering realities the best of these kind appeared but as shadows. He determined to devote his remaining energies to an attempt at diagnosis of disease: to reveal, through the historical method, the errors and deliriums of the Revolution and the generations which still called themselves its children. "This short, slender, pale man," says M. Hanotaux, "munching his throat lozenges, with squinting grey eyes behind his thick glasses, had at last seen things which astonished him—dying men, flowing blood, burning cities." The result of that experience was "Les origines de la France contemporaine."

These letters are practically a commentary upon that great controversial study, revealing the spirit in which it was written and the motives, deliberate or unconscious, behind it all. Taine claimed to be writing in as detached and impartial a spirit as a visitant from Mars or Saturn, recording without bias, without passion. A similar assertion was made by Macaulay, by Froude, by Carlyle, with as little justification. Every page of this cold, relentless indictment of the Revolution and its authors bears evidence of the convictions and prejudices of the writer: his hatred and fear of the mob, his exaltation of the intellectuals, his distrust of all passionate and emotional upheavals and appeals to anything but the reason of the few. Carlyle possessed no more whole-hearted a contempt for the Democracy. "The essential point to be gained," he declares, "is that the wealthy and enlightened classes should lead the ignorant and those who live from hand to mouth." He never grasped the truth, as Lord Acton once declared, that not only was any class unfit to govern but that every class was unfit to govern; perhaps of all most unfit, the "wealthy and intellectual classes," whose follies are stamped upon the pages of history. He regarded organised society as a "fortress in which humanity had taken shelter." Like Mr. Balfour and other enlightened intellectuals, he saw a tiny region of serenity and culture set in the midst of a waste howling wilderness, only preserved from destruction as by a miracle: the barbarian always "knocking at the gates," a brutal populace, blind and furious, prepared to bring the edifice at any moment crashing to the ground, even if at the cost of their own lives. France thus painfully reviving her wasted energies after the havoc of the war, fills him merely with wretchedness and disdain. Sometimes he thinks the whole civil society will end in a universal dissolution. "The grey has now turned to black," he writes in the spring of '71. "I foresee a whole year of anarchy and civil strife, then a second invasion, possibly then the severing of France into two hostile parts." "We have no leaders," he cries, "and are driven at haphazard by our interests or by our fears." Six years afterwards, "as we are in the power of the brutes," he suggests "we must learn to tame them, and, above all, to find them enough food." He is convinced that by 1920 France will have sunk below the level of Italy; perhaps below that

of Spain. In such a spirit of savage anger—born of outraged patriotism and a smarting sense of impotence in defeat—he turned to the "introduction of the grandsires to the grandsons." "Generally speaking," is his summary, "since 1789 the French have thought and acted partly like madmen, partly like children." The Revolution he branded as "an insurrection of mules and horses against man, the mules and horses being led by monkeys with parrots' voices." Its progress resulted in "a systematic selection of madmen, all equally alarmed and alarming." He hunts eagerly for incidents derogatory to its leaders: finding Robespierre "a scared and embittered fool," asking for evidence that Saint-Just stole silver. "I should be much obliged," he writes to a correspondent, "if you could help me to verify this allegation." The man who found Victor Hugo a "mystic charlatan," and had seen Paris burning and the alien triumphant could never, as M. Hanotaux has declared, "see success through defeat, and the world conquered beyond the limited frontier."

Outside this great product of labor, anger, and bitterness, these letters reveal Taine as faithful friend and generous husband and father, working for the common good, for the healing of dissensions, for the advancement of truth, and for the social welfare of the world. That world appeared to him no desirable residence for the tortured and bewildered race of men. He repudiated the charge of pessimism, claiming that he saw life as it was, without distortion, without undue complaint, enduring where resistance was empty and vain. "The more I think of life, he wrote to his wife, the more it seems to me like launching out to sea in a frail boat—the weather is always uncertain, and one has no one to depend upon but oneself, and oneself is not always quite reliable. If I were a religious man I should say, 'May God guide us and help us! All that we can do is to add our small endeavours to His aid.'" He was unable to fall back with any confidence on a directing Providence. He could not even follow Renan in his general affirmation of Purpose in the Universe and progress towards an end. When the natural losses of life fell upon him—a man of sensitive friendships and deep affections—he could only call up a stoical endurance, with work as a refuge from torturing memories, and a perpetual recollection that life itself would soon be over for all. At times he had been tempted to repudiate altogether, standing aside, defiant, refusing to acquiesce or to obey. He writes to a friend after the death of a little girl, "For a long while I was prevented from marrying by the idea that life was too sad to be passed on to others, and I used to think that to provide oneself with a wife and children was to act like the tortoise when it exposes its head or feet to the knife instead of keeping them safely in its shell. My head and feet are now exposed, and may be taken from me any day." So, in the face of the great mysteries, he fell back upon the teaching of Marcus Aurelius, wiser, as he thought, than all the speculations of later ages. "You will suffer much and long," he wrote to M. Boutmy, in a letter of consolation; "it cannot be otherwise with you, but calm will come at last and resignation to the inevitable. And the dead are not unhappy, and we, too, shall soon have joined them. Last year I realised so intensely that my own life is but a vapour, and it was this conviction which served as the opiate that, though it does not cure, it at least brings respite from the pain."

It was a life of almost unparalleled mental activity, consistently devoted to high causes, disinterested, laborious, sincere. Of the accepted religion (in correspondence) he was frankly contemptuous. "All these early Christians," he wrote of Renan's "Antichrist," "are such inferior creatures, so like low-class Methodists or the converted negroes of America, that one grows weary of their jeremiads and their hallucinations." Yet later he is re-reading the Gospel of St. Mark, and finds "some striking passages there"; although "it is the work of an illiterate, straightforward artisan, something like the cahiers of Coignet." Yet he had no prejudice against the adherents of the older faith, and was totally lacking in any anti-clerical ardor. "Perhaps your road," he writes to M. Bourget in a rather remarkable prophecy, "will lead you to some mystic haven, some form of Christianity. Should you there find rest and peace of mind, I will greet you no less warmly than I do to-day."

His test of character in history was the test of humanity. "Has the man under consideration tried to diminish, not augment, the total sum of present and future human sufferings?" "I would gladly exchange all worldly honors," he could declare to Alexandre Dumas, "for one more original idea of my own or for the power of proving the truth of the ideas which I have already conceived." His last survey of the world was mournful and uncertain. "We are being borne along by a vast and rapid current," he declared. "Of what avail is it to write about its rapidity and depth?" So—unable to anticipate the future of society except in dread, pronouncing utter ignorance of life or death beyond the grave, refusing even to affirm purpose and a goal in the Universe—died one of the wise men of the nineteenth century.

THE LEGEND OF FAUST.

To see Mr. Tree as the Devil may satisfy a curiosity in playgoers, but when the curtain at His Majesty's rises to-night, there will be nothing new in the theme of Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Comyns Carr. It is not a virgin soil that they are cultivating. Some years ago a diligent German professor, named Karl Engel, totted up the books, plays, and pamphlets in which the story of Faust had been told. He collected two thousand seven hundred and thirteen titles before he died, and even then he left his task unfinished—it was called "Die Zusammenstellung der Faust Schriften." For the poor Professor never lived to see Nellie Farren in "Little Doctor Faust," or Irving as Mephisto, either of which would have given him a happy end. And so, as a German professor can be trusted in arithmetic, we know for certain that to-night's version will be at least the two thousand seven hundred and sixteenth that has been attempted. It is rather depressing that of all that number only two have counted, except in the German's simple addition. But perhaps to-morrow we shall be able to say three.

Evidently, there is something attractive in the idea of a learned man who sells his soul to the Devil. To unlearned people, who give their souls for nothing, it seems a pleasing vengeance upon superiority. That the legend originated with the unlearned is shown by the kind of pleasures which Faust purchased in exchange for eternal torment. His joys have always largely consisted in the beery jests that Germans think merry and call mad. In his first authentic biography, published a year before the Armada attempted our holy shores, and entitled "A Life of Doctor Faust, Compiled from his own Manuscripts, for the Instruction, awful Example, and earnest Warning of all presumptuous, over-curious, and impious Folk"—in that first biography we find tricks upon the Pope's dinner and apple-pie beds for the Sultan's wives ranking high among the pleasures for which the man of learning consigned his immortal soul to perdition. It is significant, too, that the Devil as part of his price taught him the German miracle of making wine without grapes, the tradition of which lingers in Hamburg to this day, though now the ultimate penalty is paid by those who drink.

It is true that in that early story Faust visited the stars and called up Helen from the classic shades, and even took a glimpse at hell, as though seeking a foretaste of things to come. But his chief delight was in the Till Owlglass merriment of beer barrels, and it is queer to see how even Marlowe, who had read the tale and put it to such magnificent use, was caught by the German infection in the unremembered parts of his play. It is almost as queer that this side of the old legend should have suggested to Goethe the scene in Auerbach's

cellar. Faust came from communing with eternity and with the spirit who labors at the buzzing loom of time. How, then, could a clever Devil suppose that for him a German students' Kneipe would be a fair exchange for damnation? A cultured don may not as a rule commune with the Earth Spirit or spend much thought on eternal truths, but even he would not dream of giving his soul to be present at a fresher's wine. He would be more likely to give his soul to be out of it.

At the back of all this legend one discerns the figure of some dim scholar, some prophet of approaching change, dwelling alone with knowledge among the roofs and spires of an old German town. A Churchman's letter, written while Henry VIII. was still innocent of matrimony, tells of such a man whose name was Faust, and ascribes to him the dangerous powers of working miracles and knowing Plato and Aristotle by heart. In the year when a wife survived Henry VIII., Faust is mentioned again, but as one already dead—strangled by the Devil in accordance with his bond. In that mention we meet the dog for the first time—the black dog, which has always played such a part in the Faust legend and will—we lay even money—trot into His Majesty's to-night by kind permission of the Hippodrome. Wagner first appeared in another "Life of Doctor Faust," published nearly fifty years later, in the very year that Marlowe's play was acted. And that is all we know for certain of the dim scholar who lived alone in an unknown German town. He passionately sought wisdom in the New Learning of the Greeks. He experimented in chemistry, for he wrought miracles, and to the common mind all the greatest miracles are chemical. He was fond of animals, for he kept a dog. He endured boredom, for he kept Wagner. And he probably had a German woman as housekeeper, for gossip said he associated with Helen, the ideal of feminine beauty.

How tragic a fate has befallen that humble and obscure man of learning! We need not suppose him a man of unearthly virtue—not so unimpeachable as the hero of a Chinese novel, who was so very good that in his thirtieth year he was allowed to converse with the Emperor. But, still, we recognise in him a patient and devoted lover of wisdom, tinged, perhaps, with the scholar's melancholy at the hopelessness of knowing all that life offers for knowledge, but mild and tolerant by nature. One of his few authentic sayings maintains that the Devil was not so black as he was painted, and Hell not so hot as was generally supposed. "Ah!" whispered the townspeople, "he may get on very well with the Devil in his garret up there, or riding to his wicked dances with women we know of on broomstick and cloak, but as to the comparative coolness of Hell, he will find out his mistake when his twenty-four years of revelry are up!"

The twenty-four years have been up for nearly four centuries now, and still the damnation of Faust continues. After Marlowe's play, nothing could save him. His lamentable story went back again to the theatres of German Courts. At German fairs it became the most popular of Punch-and-Judy shows, with Faust as Punch, Helen as Judy, the black dog as Toby, and Mephisto as the executioner. A squeaking voice from underneath the show always brought down the curtain with the words: "Faust, thou are being judged! . . . Faust, Faust, thou art damned, damned, damned!" And to-night the curtain rises again on the damnation of Faust at His Majesty's. Really, it is a tragic fate for any scholar, even a bad one.

But to-night the main interest will not lie in the poor old scholar so repeatedly sent to perdition, but in Mr. Tree, who sends him there again. It is seldom that a spiritual conception has changed so rapidly as the Devil did between the days of Luther and of Goethe. The devil who haunted Faust in his real German attic was rather a tricksy thing, amid all his obvious terrors—a little childlike, almost good-humoured. When Luther turned on him with the appeal, "If grace cannot save me, you must pray for me yourself," we feel he would relish the humour of the situation. Burns, writing at the same time as Goethe, was clinging fondly to the old conception when he cried:—

"Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
And let poor damnèd bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie
E'en to a Deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeal."

There is something homely and human, a touch of the household pet, about the creature. But in good society he would be as much out of place as a bumpkin given to practical jokes or the conjuror from a fair. To be sure, Goethe's Mephisto, in his conversation with the Lord, for one moment half pities the wretched brood of man, and has hardly the heart to plague them further, but we have in him no more of a rollicking and lubber spirit than in Milton's Satan. He is, as Goethe himself said in old age, "the living result of a vast observation of the world." Or, as Carlyle said of him, he is the devil, not of superstition, but of knowledge. He has so changed that when he visits the old witch she does not know him again. "Culture," he sighs, "has licked the devil smooth. Men have banished the northern phantom, but haven't got much by the exchange; they have lost the Wicked One, but kept the wicked." So now he is the man about town; a delightful conversationalist, never declaiming or volunteering information, but profound in the knowledge of iniquity—"a lynx of hell," as the witches call him, with a sleuth-hound's nose for evil. In any decent circles he would pass very well as the commonplace, negative kind of man raised to a higher power. It is only Gretchen that feels at sight of him the instinctive horror that a dog feels at a snake, though he has never seen one before.

But we cannot here analyse the most significant personality of modern literature, or dwell upon those scenes of unsurpassed subtlety and pathos in which the spirit of evil is revealed at work, until, at the common spectacle of a young girl's ruin, we are ready to cry with Faust as he enters her prison: "Der Menschheit ganzer Jammer fasst mich an," and the long misery of all mankind lays hold upon us. It is nearly a century and a half since the creation of Mephistopheles was begun. That is not long for the growth of a spiritual idea, but the change from the earliest of Faust's devils up to Goethe's took only some fifty years longer, and we wonder what fresh conception of the Evil One may have been developed in the interval for Mr. Tree to show us.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

The flower garden touches the house and belongs to the house. The carpets are reproduced in its lawns bordered with geranium and calceolaria, its wall-papers in its tall hollyhocks and sunflowers, larkspur and œnothera, poker plant and golden rod. The arboretum is like a Roman triumph in which all the denizens of the empire have been collected together to do honour to their conqueror. If we want the true temple of Flora we must enter the rose garden. Here, as in other temples, only one attribute of the thing to be worshipped is singled out and placed on high, but at least the roses are thoroughly honoured. The ideal wild garden has no borders; if man arranges it he must at any rate appear not to have done so. In the kitchen garden man frankly sets nature at work for his own ends. We feel when we enter it much as we should if we asked the dairymaid among her milk-pans to help us wile an idle hour. Idleness in the flower garden has no piquancy; while, for some reason that we are too lazy to pursue further, the kitchen garden seems crammed full of idleness. A tall brick wall of the warmest, softest red that the old brickmakers ever baked shuts out the wild world.

It is said that the bell of the snowdrop encloses air two degrees warmer than that outside. If a little sun shines, our kitchen garden, even in January, sometimes feels like the Garden of Eden. To-day, with the bees at eager commerce among the lavender blooms, with the gorgeous autumn butterflies sailing among the

artichoke blooms, with plums, peaches, and apples glowing in the last ecstasy of colour, the air, albeit, just laced with the tonic of September, the walled garden seems the whole world and the hour of noon the whole twenty-four hours. It is indeed the Garden of Eden regained by generations of human industry. We are back again not only in the place but in the days when we bottled the bees at work in the foxgloves, or watched those wonderfully courageous little spiders attack even the wasps that got entangled in their net. And as it seems, the same fly-catcher inhabiting the same branch of the jargonelle permits us to take pleasure in her work.

The kitchen garden is far older than the flower garden, even than the happy, perennial flower garden that our great-grandfathers loved. The first flowers were planted here as thank-offerings for the more substantial benefits received, and many of them remain here to this day. At the same time, our kitchen garden is far older than most of the vegetables it now officially contains. Every schoolboy knows what is the age of the British potato. At the time when its first tubers were propagating in England, carrots and onions, and "sallets of herbs" were being imported from the Continent for royal and other wealthy tables. It is true that Piers Ploughman, or, at any rate, his master, could eat parsley and leeks and cabbage about two centuries earlier, but if the cult of vegetables had not died out in England by the time of Elizabeth, it had, at any rate, fallen far behind that of Holland. We are even reminded, as we pass the feathery carrots and come to the next bed, that the best parsnip we grow to-day is from stock that grew wild in the fields less than twenty years ago.

Our kitchen garden gives many evidences of its antiquity in the "weeds" that spring up here in spite of the sternest cultivation. The commonest and most persistent reminder of our ingratitude in calling it a weed is a tallish green-flowered plant with heart-shaped leaves, the under sides of which seem to have been rubbed with soap. It is Chenopodium bonus-henricus, Good King Henry, All-good, Fat-hen—lastly wild spinach. Some curious people and a faithful cottager or two eat it now. To our ancestors who knew simples better it was one of the best of green-stuffs obtainable, and we do not doubt that in this old garden it was once thoroughly welcome in the beds whence now we chase it with the proverbially vain "furca." "Simple" we have called it. Let anyone reflect for a moment, and he will realise that for thousands of years the vegetable has been at most but the garnish or the medicinal corrective of the joint. So deep-rooted is this feeling that we regard even the fat parsnip or the bean, which the analyst tells us contains far more food than the meat, as merely an adjunct. Take away all the vegetables and we can still dine on the joint, but take away the joint and we are lost. That attitude is being rapidly beaten down by the vegetarians, and we may have to take up its exact opposite. But before the advent of the heavy vegetables, it may be said that the cabbage was scarcely more important to the sirloin or griskin than the mint is to-day to the green peas or new potatoes. That is to say, vegetables were unimportant from the food point of view. We took them as the cat and dog take couch-grass as medicines, and so badly did our staple food of meat serve us, that as time went on we cultivated in this kitchen garden of ours a vast number of herbs that we never hear spoken of to-day.

The sweetest of them have survived with the flowers. We all know lavender, marjoram, thyme, sage, mint; many of us rosemary, hyssop, sweet basil, borage, dill. But where are alecost, clary, dittander, fenugreek, lovage, skirrets, smallage, and a hundred others that were once deemed essential to the happiness of every housewife. We can find no trace of them. Long ago their places were required, and none of them are of stalwart fibre enough to live as guerillas with the spade and hoe always against them. But there is a certain other sinister family that has taken its dismissal by no means so tamely. Let us test the significance of their names even in their Latin guise. Atropa belladonna, Hyoscyamus niger, Solanum, Datura. They still signify something because, being among the most potent of the old herbs, they are still notorious in the pharmacopœia. Deadly nightshade has gone. Such outspoken villainy could not be expected to escape the attentions of a hostile gardener. But sometimes even now its woody friend, the bitter-sweet, climbs up the roots of a peach tree and manages to set its tomato-like fruit, and the expeditious black nightshade rears its tiny tree in the rich soil between diggings, ripens its berries, and meets the hoe smiling. The great henbane is regarded to-day as a curiosity, but there must have been other gardeners who tried in vain to eradicate it perhaps in a less tidy and more overgrown garden. For the past twenty years no partiality has been shown for the thorn-apple, a leaf from which cured, let us hope, the asthma of some medieval monk. Twenty, nay, thirty years ago, we remember, a solitary thorn-apple came up, spread its cucumber-like blossom, and matured its prickly burr. We have scarcely known the garden since, but here again is the solitary annual plant, its burr open and grinning with black seeds about to fall. Let us leave the mandrake, still rambling here, the aconite promoted to the flower garden, and others, and return to pleasanter subjects. The black art of those who founded this garden will not bear dwelling on. Some of those stories poured into the ears of avaricious Henry may have been true.

Letters from Abroad.

THE CHARACTER OF THE GERMAN WORKERS' INSURANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There appears to be widespread desire in Great Britain to build up a system of workers' insurances. This is very natural, and the first step having been made with old age pensions, the force of events will, I think, compel you to seek other developments. There is in this domain, perhaps, still more than in other kinds of legislation, a powerful law of consequences. The calamities that befall the worker and disable him from earning a livelihood are manifold; but often they combine in such a way that it is almost impossible to keep them separate or distinguish cause and effect. Our agencies for the administration of the insurance laws have provided experience, and Great Britain will not ignore it. But she may for that reason avoid the false steps by which the German insurance law has become a complicated and wasteful machinery.

It was no other than Count Posadowsky, the able late Home Secretary, and one of the most competent authorities on the subject, who, on March 29th, 1905, said in the Reichstag—and English legislators would do well to keep these words in mind:—

> "If to-day we had the question before us as *res integra*, no sane man, I believe, would think of creating a separate organisation for sick insurance, a separate organisation for accident insurance, and a separate organisation for old age and invalidity insurance. Accident, sickness and invalidity are, I dare say, three physiological conditions which in cause and effect are closely connected. What is called the system of our social legislation is only the result of a chronological evolution. If to-day the social legislation could be built up afresh, there would, I think, be not the slightest dispute in this House that a *uniform organisation* should be created. I am convinced, gentlemen, it must be the task of the time before us to combine these three great insurances into one uniform organisation."

These words were, stated the official report, received with "repeated cheers from all sides of the House"; and I may add that the Socialists were not the last to applaud them. The evil is felt and recognised by all concerned.

It is not enough to speak of three bodies only, for the sick insurance alone comprises seven—or, with the miners' provident funds, eight—differentiated sorts of organisation. But the evil is not so much that there are three great organisations, but in the fact that the three insurances are organised on three absolutely different systems of administration and finance. It is this constitutional evil which creates an enormous

amount of superfluous clerical work and other costs, of friction and discontent, of confusion and disputes in courts. To make the matter understood, I shall try to explain as clearly as possible the three systems.

1. Sick insurance is, in the main, organised in local or localised associations. An exception is made in favor of the free friendly societies, formerly very popular, but now, in consequence of the law, on the decline, the miners' provident funds, and the sick funds of the artisan corporations ("Handwerks-Innungen"). The latter are, by the way, quite a negligible quantity in spite of much patronage by the powers that be. Servants and agricultural laborers, as far as sickness is concerned, are not insured by law. Four-fifths of the workers insured against sickness (over ten millions of about twelve millions) are organised either in local sick unions or in municipal sick insurances ("Gemeindekrankenkassen"), or in the works insurances. Of these the localised sick unions, the "Ortskrankenkassen," are organised by trades or federated trade groups, the works insurances are insurances established by manufacturers for their employees, and the municipal sick insurances are established by the municipalities for those workers for whom other agencies do not exist—*e.g.*, workers in small trades, or jobbing workers, &c. They are wholly administered by the municipalities, through their officials. Those insured have no voice in the administration.

But it is otherwise with all the other sick insurances. There the insured workers take a more or less important part in the administration, most, of course, in some of the free friendly societies, least of all in the works and artisan sick insurances, where the employers, either by statute or by the force of their economic predominance, have the power to nominate the chairman of the administrative body. But even there the workers elect two-thirds of the members of the administration, whilst the employers elect the other third. This is in accordance with the legal distribution of the costs of the sick insurance. One third of the contributions per head is paid by the employer, two-thirds by the workers themselves. In the local sick unions the employers have no other representation than the third of the administrative body allotted to them by law, so that the representatives of the workers are always in the majority, and, consequently, often the masters. But there is comparatively little quarrel between the representatives of the employers and those of the workers, even where the latter are all or in their majority Social Democrats. Nevertheless, the Ortskrankenkassen are to-day the object of all sorts of hostile schemes on the part of the reactionists, just as they are favored by the advanced workers. They embrace six millions of members, *i.e.*, more than half of all the workers concerned in the sick insurance.

To sum up, the sick insurance is, with some few exceptions, organised locally and administered mainly by the insured workers themselves, together with a minority of representatives of the employers. The costs are collected in the shape of regular fixed contributions, one-third of which is to be paid by the employers. They accumulate no capital, but provide some funds for reserve, which at present amount to something over twenty shillings per head of the insured workers. This equals the amount of the average expenditure for each sick worker in 1906, the last year for which returns are available. The number of cases of sickness supported was in that year four millions and a-half.

Altogether, the organisation of the sick insurance may be described as a qualified democracy. It is different with the other two insurances.

2. The accident insurance is organised on aristocratic or feudalistic lines. Here the employers, organised in trades associations ("Berufsgenossen Schaften") manage the whole insurance through their committees and agencies. In the management the workers have no say at all, only at the boards of appeal and the boards of experts have they some representation. The trades associations are organised either on imperial or on State lines, and in the cases of some particularly big industries there are also provincial associations. On the whole, there are sixty-six organisations for the different trades or trade groups, and forty-eight for agriculture. For the accident insurance embraces almost the whole wage-earning class, and includes certain sections of small traders who practically are workmen themselves. In 1906, 20,717,000 persons were insured against accidents under the law.

In the overwhelming majority of cases the trades associations raise their costs, not by regular fixed contributions but in the shape of levies, fixed annually according to the calculated expenditure, and graduated according to risks. Their reserves amounted in 1906 to 236 millions of marks—*i.e.*, little more than 10 marks per head of insured workers. Their expenditure was 185 millions of marks, of which 142 millions were paid to disabled workers.

The entire cost of accidents is not paid by the associated employers. For the first thirteen weeks the disabled worker is supported by his sick insurance. Only if the disability exceeds thirteen weeks is he entitled from the beginning of the fourteenth week to support from the accident funds of the employers' associations. It will be easily understood that, in consequence of this, the workers pay a considerable part of their accident insurance themselves in the shape of their contributions to the sick funds. In 1906, 675,583 accidents were reported, and of these only 139,726 had to be paid by the employers' associations. They include 61,347 cases of permanent partial disability, 1,463 cases of permanent total disability, and 9,141 cases of death, so that the aids and pensions to be paid by the employers amount to much more than the amount of the aids shifted on the sick insurances. But the fact remains that in nearly four-fifths of the cases the sick insurance had to interfere, and this is a strong set-off against the fact that the worker is entitled to pay or pension in all cases where the accident was not caused deliberately by him.

Great discontent prevails in the ranks of the workers in regard to the spirit shown by the insurance committees of the associated employers. It may not in all cases be justified. But the exclusive character of the organisation is, in a high degree, responsible for the extreme distrust felt everywhere by the workers, without difference of party, in regard to the administration of this branch of the insurance.

3. If the sick insurance represents democracy, the accident insurance aristocracy, the old age and infirmity insurance may be called the bureaucratic branch of the system. Here the administration is mainly in the hands of permanent State or municipal officials. There are thirty-one State insurance boards—"Landerversicherungsanstalten"—and nine "Pensionskagsen" (superannuation boards, partly for railway employees and partly for miners). In Prussia and Bavaria they have for their domain provinces only, in some States there is only one board, and in some cases a group of States have one board in common. Locally, the insurance is administered by particular departments of the State or municipal authorities. As is known, the insurance is paid in the shape of equal weekly contributions of the employers and the workers, whilst the Empire adds an annual grant of fifty marks to each pension or superannuation granted. In 1906 this Imperial contribution amounted to about seventy-nine million of marks. Part of the costs of the administration is also paid from public (Imperial or State) funds.

The employers, as well as the workers, have an equal representation on the advisory committees, arbitration boards, and even on the central boards, so that officialdom does not act in seclusion. But the officials have the casting vote, and thus the decisions are very often against the workers. This is now mostly the case in the decisions of the Imperial Insurance Board—the "Reichsversicherungsamt"—the supreme body of the whole insurance system and the court for appeal and revision in regard to the interpretation and application of the laws concerned. It, too, is mainly composed of high officials (lawyers and others). True, the workers and the employers are also represented—as assistant judges—but the election of the representatives of the workers

is, at least, a four-fold sieve, and, then, they are mostly outvoted. The "Reichsversicherungsamt" was, in former years, very popular with the workers. But since Herr Boediker, its late director, left office, a different spirit seems to prevail, and complaints increase from year to year.

The old age pension is paid at the age of 70; the invalid pay begins after the twenty-sixth week of the illness or infirmity which leads to invalidity. The first twenty-six weeks must be paid by the sick insurance.

Thus we have a very complicated machinery which makes friction and litigation almost inevitable. One insurance is linked with the other, but each has its own finance, each its own administration, led in quite a different spirit from those of the other bodies. Often it is difficult to decide whether a case of invalidity is the consequence of the unhealthiness of the occupation or must be regarded as an accident, from which decision the rights of the injured worker and the obligation of his sick society depend; and similar difficulties arise about other questions.

Everybody longs for simplification, and, if possible, unification of the organisation. But political fear and class interest prevent a radical progressive solution of the problem. Instead of widening the sphere of self-government for the workers concerned, those in high circles want to take away as much as possible of the not too extended sphere of self-government that exists. The local sick unions, as has already been stated, are the object of their attacks. They cannot deny that these unions are well and honestly administered; but since a number of them are led by Social Democrats their free movement must not be tolerated.

This is the constitutional evil of the German workers' insurance. That the insurance has had beneficial effects cannot be denied. It has even had some good effects its initiator did not foresee, and would have execrated had he foreseen them. Instead of keeping down the movements of the workers it has helped to educate and organise the wage-earners for the improvement of their conditions. Each measure to minimise the social influence of the workers has resulted in raising their spirit of opposition. The local sick unions were intended to kill the Socialist free friendly societies, and they have become Socialist bodies themselves.

From a progressive, statesman-like standpoint, it ought to be no complaint that they are, for what lives in the minds of the people must live in their administration. But it ought to be a warning not to mix political cross-purposes with the organisation of a comprehensive insurance system. It must be elaborated for its own purpose as a measure of constructive social policy. From the outset the guiding idea must be to make it as uniform and coherent as possible. It is a difficult task, but an examination of the principal schemes for the reform of the German insurances will show that it is not impossible. —Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoneberg, Berlin, August 30th, 1908.

Short Studies.

AN IMMORTAL.

I OVERTOOK him at the gate of the cemetery, not without some deliberation on my part. That he is dangerous company for a parson I am well aware; but I no longer avoid him. Perhaps by the time he has cut the ground from under my feet I shall be sure-footed and strong. At least, there is a Pauline dictum to this paradoxical effect. A system of religion or philosophy—call it what one will—which has saved himself and something over, cannot be very debilitating.

He walked on as unconcernedly as though it were his wife who had joined him.

"If there be no Hereafter," I burst out, hot from the grave of a young man whose untimely death had cast a gloom over the whole parish, "what are we to think of scenes like this? How can we stand up against such tragedies? If this be all—*cui bono?*"

Almost before the words were out of my mouth I realised, with something like shame, how widely I was separated in thought and feeling from this strangely self-collected and informed individual. No sad nod of agreement answered me, as nine people out of every ten would have done; no sympathetic shake of the head; no companion doubt, hesitation, or despair. Instead, he paused and looked at me sorrowfully, almost scornfully, like one who could hardly credit my continued stupidity. Then, without a word, he walked on with averted face, ridding the pavement of pebbles. My grief was more than half cured already—almost frightened away by this unsociable treatment.

"Why don't you say something?" I asked at last, timidly as a child.

"What's the use o' talkin'?" he answered, with unexpected forbearance—even gentleness. "My boots don't fit you, that's all."

"Perhaps my feet will grow," I suggested, feeling unaccountably hurt at the pedal comparison.

"They're too big a'ready, I'm thinkin'," he returned, uncompromisingly. "Most people's are, for the matter o' that. God only stocks small sizes."

"You think, then, that I'm wrong in taking this dear fellow's death—one of my best Sunday-school teachers—to heart?"

"I think no such thing! There's few bowels enough in the world 'thout shuttin' up yours or mine. If th' Almighty 'adn't intended us to feel, He'd ha' made us stones."

"Well, then?" I interrogated, in better spirit.

"To heart, *but no more*," he allowed. "It's when your feelin's rise to your 'ead, an' make your reason drunk, that we part company. I don't mind anybody that likes 'avin' a quiet cry, but I powerfully objeck to 'em blamin' the wrong party, or showin' a bad temper."

I winced.

"This young fellow," he summarised, "who you 've just committed earth till earth, got struck by a cricket ball, an' never 'gained consciousness. Bin clever an' so on, he might ha' done wonders in the world, if he'd lived, or, again, he mightn't. We won't say anythink now 'about dyin' as a fool dieth. Any'ow, he's gone as complete as if a tel'gram came for him, or he was offered a new situation. But no one 'll give up cricket, I don't suppose. An' I don't think anybody worth mentionin' 'll give up 'avin' sons an' daughters. But, 'cordin' to you, the world should come to an end because one fine young chap didn't duck his 'ead at the right moment. That's queer logic. It's the funny *conclusions* you come to as take away my breath."

"They're not a bit funny," I assured him sadly. "The awful uncertainty of life, witnessed here, there, and everywhere, weighs on the minds and spirits of mankind until they naturally ask if the game is worth the candle."

"Natcherly, eh? Try again, sir! You'll get there in time if you keep on guessin'. Life is the most dead certain sure thing I know. I may be wrong; but it 'pears to me that's the one only reason why we was cr'ated!"

"But I refer to the individual consciousness," I protested.

"Certingly! You can be as conscious o' 't as you like. My dear sir," he continued, as if addressing me in a letter, "come down from your steeple an' do a bit o' reel livin'. You're not 'alf-born yet, if you don't mind my sayin' it. See them beautiful fine roses there?" pointing to a neighbouring garden. "Only the Lord Himself knows 'ow ever they came here 'an stay here spite o' everythink an' everybody. The wind snaps 'em off. People break 'em off. Cattle come an' tramp 'em down. The owner hisself plucks 'em. A few fall to the ground leaf by leaf. But, strange to say, the roses are all there as sweet an' good-lookin' as ever!"

"Not the same roses," I said.

"If you can tell the diff'rence, your sight is better

than mine. Even when the gard'ner has done his best, God 'elpin' him every time, it's still the same fine flower."

I shook my head sadly. I could not share in his exultation, not just yet.

"It's a bad world for pride, sir," he observed penetratingly, "of a certain sort."

"But what's the good of it all?" I asked wearily.

"Find out!" was the indignant answer. "If you can occupy your time to greater a'vantage, don't let us keep you."

We walked on again in a silence which might be felt.

"I don't pertend to be no scholar," he resumed less distantly; "but the little 'rithmetick I know tells me that anythink *at all* is more than nothink. It'd be a hextr'ordinary world where no one died (wouldn't it now?), not to say un'abitable. But what's your trouble if you b'lieve in a 'Ereafter?" he asked suddenly.

"That's our one hope and consolation," I murmured.

"Isn't it strange, sir," he rejoined with more consideration than one might expect, "isn't it strange that the people who only b'lieve what they see with their two eyes, an' don't bother about no 'Ereafters, are the very ones who complain the least? How d'you account for it?"

"They are worldly people," I said, half-enviously.

He laughed aloud, much to the undertaker's surprise who was driving past.

"I should think an' hope so, indeed! The more worldly people there is, the better. If you know o' any other sort, tell 'em from me they're in the wrong place. For 'Eaven's sake, sir, try an' talk sense," he finally advised. "Even if I felt like you sometimes, I wouldn't be such a bally onnatcheril fool as to say so. I'd cut my tongue out first. You remember what the Psawmist said? 'A day in Thy Courts is better nor a thousand.' That's the way to see it! But I s'pose now you thought he could only mean the brick-an'-mortar Church. Small wonder there's onb'lievers."

With this parting shot, smilingly delivered, he took off his coat at the door of his workshop.

S. Henry.

Present-Day Problems.

USELESS NAVAL EXPENDITURE.

In a recent article I dealt with the *matériel* of the Navy, and endeavored to dispel the prevalent belief that it will be necessary to make very large additions to the shipbuilding votes in the next and subsequent years for the purpose of meeting the prospective increase of the German Navy.

It may be well to consider the other main branch of naval expenditure—that of the *personnel*. It appears to be the general impression that the enormous increase of naval votes compared with a few years ago has been mainly, if not wholly, due to new constructions of vessels of war. This is very far from being the case. As compared with the year 1897-8 immediately preceding the war in South Africa, which opened the flood-gates of extravagance and waste, the increased expenditure on new ships has been inconsiderable. It accounts for a very small part of the aggregate increase of the Naval Estimates. The total of the naval votes for 1897-8 was £21,838,000, as compared with £17,545,000 three years earlier in 1894-5, when, as we now know, Mr. Gladstone resigned the Premiership rather than be responsible for a large increase of naval expenditure, and about £11,000,000 the average for many years up to 1884-5. For the present year, 1908-9, the amount voted is £32,519,000, an increase in the ten years of no less than 10½ millions. Of this great total not more than one million can be attributed to the increase of the shipbuilding vote. The expenditure under this head in 1897-8 was £7,166,000. The amount proposed this year is £8,113,000. Deducting the difference, there remains 9½ millions of increase. This, however, should again be reduced by 1½ million, the interest and sinking fund payment in respect of money borrowed during the last ten or twelve years for new naval works in all parts of the world, mostly wasted, and which will be charged to naval votes until the capital sum is repaid. The net increase, therefore, for the votes other than for new constructions, is about eight millions. The following Table will show how this is distributed under wider heads of expenditure:—

	1897-8.	1908-9.	Increase.
No. of men voted	100,000	128,000	28,000
No. of naval reserve, naval pensioners, and volunteers	33,000	50,600	17,600
Votes for wages, food and clothing	£6,180,000	£9,415,000	£3,235,000
Repair of ships...	947,000	2,502,000	1,555,000
Coals for the fleet	525,000	1,720,000	1,195,000
Sea stores ...	500,000	914,000	414,000
New works and maintenance ...	648,000	1,042,000	394,000
Ineffective service pensions, staff pay	2,039,000	2,203,000	164,000
Other naval expenditure: Education, medical, Admiralty Office, dockyard establishment .	3,908,000	4,913,000	1,010,000
			£8,012,600

The question arises upon these figures whether it would not be possible to effect a sensible reduction of expenditure without any loss of real naval power. As regards the number of men, it has long been contended by many naval experts, such as Lord Brassey, and his son, the present able editor of the "Naval Annual," that the standing force of men in active service is excessive, whether in proportion to the ships provided for them, or to the relative number of men in rival navies, and that, on the other hand, the reserves of men who have been trained to service in the Navy are comparatively small and insufficient.

> "We have frequently," said the Editor of the "Naval Annual" in 1906, "protested against the continual increase in the permanent force that has been going on for many years. We have pointed out that to maintain the Navy in peace time at what is practically a war footing, in order to give useful practice at sea to the permanent force of men was to impose too great a burden on the resources of the country. . . . . On this ground we urged that increased attention should be devoted to the development of naval reserves. . . The cost of a naval reserve man is one-tenth that of a man in the permanent force.
>
> "For many years the manning requirements of the Navy have been met by additions to the permanent force, and no serious attempt has been made to increase our reserves. Our manning policy compels us to keep a large number of ships in commission in time of peace in order to give the necessary training to the increased *personnel*. It has thrown a heavy burden on the resources of the country, the financial effects of which, in the charge for pensions, are as yet hardly felt."

It would seem to be wise policy, and one which would result in considerable economies without lessening the real strength of the Navy, to adopt the short service system in respect of many classes of men not requiring long and special training, and to pass them into the reserve, where they would be available in time of war. This is what is done more or less in other navies. Germany maintains a standing naval force of only 50,000 men, or considerably less than one-half our own. But she has a reserve of 70,000 men, who have been trained in the naval service for four or five years. France also, with a standing force of 56,000 men, has a large reserve of men who have passed through the service. In the British Navy the reserve of men who have passed through the service is small. It consists only of 8,000 pen-

sioners, all of whom have passed the prime of life, and 13,000 non-pensioners. The naval reserve consists of men in the merchant service, or of fishermen who have not passed through active service in the fleet. If the increased numbers of men in the last ten years, or a large proportion of them, could be passed into the reserve, a great reduction would be affected not only in the votes for wages and victuals, but in other votes for the maintenance and repair of ships, without any real loss of power in the event of war.

The *personnel* must be considered in relation to the number of ships for which they are required in the event of war. It will be seen that considerably less than one-half of the total number voted would be sufficient to man all the vessels which constitute the real fighting force of the Navy. This consists at the present time of forty-eight battleships (excluding those of the "Admiral" class), thirty-four armoured cruisers, 140 torpedo destroyers, and forty submarines. Of these, forty battleships, thirty-three armoured cruisers, and 127 torpedo destroyers are in commission, either on active service, or in reserve with nucleus crews. When fully manned they find employment for about 60,000 officers and men. It may be doubted whether in the event of war we could send more of such vessels to sea, for a certain number of them must always be in port undergoing repairs. Of other vessels in the Navy, there are twenty-one protected cruisers of the first class, of from 8,000 to 14,000 tons, forty-two of the second class of from 3,600 to 5,000 tons, sixteen of the third class of 3,000 tons and under, and eight scouts; total, eighty-seven. Of these, one of the first class, fourteen of the second, and eleven of the third are in commission on foreign stations, and eleven first class, seventeen of the second, and four of the third are in commission at home, most of them in reserve with nucleus crews. It may be doubted whether any of these can be counted as fighting ships adding to the real force of the Navy in time of war. In respect of the larger protected cruisers, such as the "Powerful" and "Terrible," of 14,000 tons, and of the "Blake" class, and even of the "Diadem" class of 9,000 to 11,000 tons, it is improbable that any Board of Admiralty in the future will send them to sea in the event of war. With crews of from 600 to 800 men, and with little or no protection against shell fire, the risk of life would be too great. The Admiralty four years ago, in their well-known memorandum, condemned the so-called protected and unprotected cruisers as useless for war purposes. They would, it was said, be a cause of anxiety to the Admiralty in time of war, as they could neither fight nor run away from the modern armoured cruisers. This argument will be greatly strengthened by the contemplated construction by Germany of twelve fast armoured cruisers of the "Invincible" type. The strongest condemnation of these large protected cruisers is that not a single vessel of this type is on the stocks either in this or any other country. Many millions have been wasted on the construction of those which exist.

Some of the smaller vessels of this type supply the work of scouts to the fleets of battleships. Others show the flag, and maintain what is called the police of the sea on foreign stations, but they are useless for war purposes, and would have to seek refuge in harbor in time of war. It would seem that many of the larger vessels of this type are only maintained in commission for the purpose of finding employment at sea for the redundant number of men. In spite of this the number of men in barracks on shore is far larger than is consistent with good training and discipline. Of the 68,000 men not employed in fighting ships at sea, as above enumerated, or told off for those in reserve, 4,800 are cadets and boys in training ships; 6,200 are employed in yachts, surveying vessels, and small coastguard craft; 3,000 pensioners are in various services on shore, and 3,500 are in the coastguard. Deducting these, there remain nearly 50,000 to be accounted for. Of these about 8,000 appear to be employed on protected and unprotected cruisers on foreign stations, and about 13,000 on similar vessels in commission at home or in reserve, told off for vessels in the home ports with nucleus crews. This leaves about 30,000 in barracks, naval and marine, exclusive of those told off for vessels in reserve with nucleus crews.

There must be a very large expenditure in maintaining and repairing these non-fighting ships, and in providing coal for them, apart from the service of showing the flag on foreign stations. It is thus in the direction of non-fighting ships and their crews, and of redundant men in barracks on shore, that there appear to be great opportunities for reduction of unnecessary expenditure, without any loss of real strength of the Navy. On the other hand, there are prospective increases of naval expenditure which will be unavoidable. During the last three years there have been great savings to the votes, resulting from the reduction of excessive stocks of stores. The Estimates for 1907-8 were reduced in this way to the extent of £1,200,000. Those of the present year have been less by £700,000. But this reduction of stores will come to an end next year, and the Estimates will consequently be increased by £700,000. Again, there are the new docks at Rosyth, estimated to cost £3,500,000, to be spread over eight years, involving an annual expenditure of £400,000, which will, it is feared, entail a large increase to the Works Vote. It is not too much to expect that these increases, and any others that may be forced upon the Government by alarmists in respect of new constructions, shall be met by economies in the other directions I have referred to. In any case, a searching enquiry should be made as to the stupendous increase in the expenditure on repairs, on sea stores, and on coals, with the object of determining how much is expended on ships which do not add to the strength of the Navy.

The present seems to be a fitting time for such enquiry. On the assumption, so persistently put forward by panic-mongers, that Germany has ultimate hostile intentions, and seriously means an attempt to rival us at sea, it must be admitted that some years will elapse before her schemes can be developed. Her naval shipbuilding programme will not be completed till 1920. The Kiel Canal, which is an indispensable part of her naval strategy, and without which the big ships will lose half their value, will not be deepened and widened till 1917. It is true that by 1912 or 1913 she will have completed a considerable number of big ships of the new type, double the number of any other naval Power than ourselves. But, as I have shown, our relative position will then be absolutely secure, without any addition to our present rate of shipbuilding. In the meantime will it not be well for us to husband our resources in other respects? Is it necessary to maintain in commission or in reserve not only every fighting ship that can possibly be sent to sea, but a vast number of other ships which never will be sent to sea in the event of war?

It is clear that a grave error was committed by the present Government when it came into power nearly three years ago, in not at once reducing its naval and military expenditure to a peace footing. Had this been done it is improbable that Germany would have propounded its recent naval programme. The opportunity was lost and what we are now reduced to hope for is that there will be no further increase. I can imagine nothing more contrary to the pledges of the Liberal Party, or more fatal to its cause, than an increase of the aggregate expenditure on preparations for war.

EVERSLEY.

Communications.

THE DUAL POLICY IN INDIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A recent leading article in THE NATION on the revolutions in Turkey and Persia contained the following sentence: "We shall be poor students of history if we fail to foresee, short-sighted statesmen if we neglect to forestall, the influence of these events upon Egypt and India."

It is not possible, I suppose, for anyone to dispute that observation; but the number is still small of those who realise that the uprising of the Islamic world portends a crisis which may prove to be the ultimate test of British imperial rule.

There is no difference of opinion as to the fact of an awakening in India. Lord Morley has been proclaiming it at intervals for more than two years. Lord Minto is, in this respect, in agreement with the patriots of Bengal and Poona. And on all hands the admission is made that the old methods of administration are obsolete—that reforms, long since overdue, must be granted on a generous scale. Nothing could well be more significant than the absence at this moment, even at Simla or in the House of Lords, of any authoritative voice demanding mere repression, although only the other day we were face to face with a terrorist conspiracy. But, these things being granted, the question remains whether we have not so far misread the signs of the time, mistaken the temper of the Indian peoples, and miscalculated alike the nature and the extent of a movement the existence of which we have at last come to recognise. Have not the Government of India been guilty of a grave mistake in failing to discriminate between the several manifestations of the nationalist spirit, in treating the preachers of the new political faith as the allies of Terrorism? A few days after the discovery of the Bengal bomb conspiracy, the "Pioneer," most respectable of official newspapers, provoked a cry of rage throughout the country by affirming that the gradation between the smooth Indian member of Council and the thrower of bombs was unbroken. I submit that the peril of the present situation is due, in the main, to the practical acceptance by the Government of that outrageous theory.

Let me illustrate. The law is coming down heavily (though with inhuman slowness) upon the unhappy dupes of the Nihilist gospel. It will, of course, continue to do so, and the Viceroy is right in saying that in this matter the Government has the support of the whole country. But when the Government asks for a similar support in its campaign against certain forms of speech and writing, it finds itself in conflict with almost the entire mass of Indian opinion and sentiment. It is the misfortune of the present Liberal Government that it has become responsible for a more sustained and systematic campaign of repression than any undertaken by its predecessors. After two years of incessant activity in the courts on a minor scale, magistrates and judges are now imposing the severest sentences possible under the Penal Code. I cite a few examples from the newspapers of the past few weeks:—

Bombay.—B. G. Tilak, for two articles in the Marathi paper "Kesari"—six years' transportation and a fine of Rs.1,000 (£66).

Editor of the Marathi weekly "Vihari," for an article embodying a translation of a poem by Mazzini—two years' hard labor and a fine of Rs. 1,000.

Editor of "Hind Swarajya," a Gujerati weekly—three years' hard labor.

S. M. Paranjpe, editor of "Kal," a Marathi weekly—nineteen months' hard labour.

Tinnevelly.—Chidambaram Pillai and Subramania Siva, for making inflammatory speeches during a labor dispute—the former transportation for life, the latter for ten years.

Aligarh.—Hoti Lal Varma, for sending a seditious telegram to a Calcutta newspaper—seven years' transportation.

Fazl Hasan, for an article in an Urdu monthly criticising British educational policy in Egypt—two years' hard labor and a fine of Rs. 500.

Would any one in England, I wonder, question the assertion that such sentences are equally barbarous and futile? I know that much nonsense is talked, both in England and in India, about the right of free speech and a free Press, and I am ready to admit that few among us really believe in carrying out the principle of freedom to the end. Any Government must, I conceive, draw the line somewhere; and a despotic Government, such as the Government of India, will insist upon drawing it a good deal closer than English Liberals commonly think necessary. For my part, I do not see how the Government could permit the unfettered publication of certain vernacular papers which have recently been circulated in Bengal. Further than this: I am not sure that, in certain circumstances, it might not be right and wise to find some means of checkmating the subtle preacher of revolution—say, Bal Gangadhar Tilak—if good reason were shown for concluding that his writing was malignant in motive and dangerous to the public peace. But, assuming the necessity of taking action, there must be no ambiguity about the procedure; the letter of the law must be meticulously observed. In short, the methods lately adopted in the case of Mr. Tilak would have to be altogether barred. The accused should be treated as a political offender, and allowed bail; he should be tried by his peers; every advantage that the law afforded him should be conceded; and, as Lord Morley would say, the Government should not be afraid of an appeal.

Mr. Tilak was certainly not dealt with in this fashion. He was refused bail, although there was no imaginable reason for refusing it. He was tried, not at Poona, but at the Bombay High Court, and in consequence deprived at once of a jury composed of his peers, and the right of appeal. The men who condemned him were ignorant of the language in which the offending articles were written, and the official who translated them was not offered for cross-examination. The two offences were tried as one, although the first was obviously less serious than the second; but they were punished as two, and as of equal turpitude. Finally, the Government law officer who conducted the prosecution was empowered to decide that Mr. Tilak had no ground of appeal to the Privy Council.

Well, is the Government satisfied with the result? After the trial the city of Bombay was, for six days, in a state of siege, and an unknown number of people, certainly not less than twenty, were shot dead by the police and military. And, from one end of India to the other, the Government has been reprobated for carrying through an act of injustice, and scoffed at for being afraid to give the law a clear course in the trial of a powerful popular leader. It is not true, as has been frequently asserted, that moderate Indian opinion approves the Tilak prosecution; and no one who knows the Indian Press will be inclined to minimise the fact that no paper has spoken out more strongly than the "Indian Spectator," whose editor, Mr. B. M. Malabari, has been for thirty years a supporter of the British Government, and the confidant of successive Viceroys.

The facts will not allow us to think that the conviction of Mr. Tilak and many lesser representatives of Indian Nationalism is making our task of governing the people any easier. The public temper is such that the smallest incident—a local labor dispute, a district officer's little blunder, an unpopular judgment in the courts—may be enough to excite a disturbance, and that, to all intents and purposes, there is now little to choose between the state of feeling in Bengal, the North-West, or Madras. The Government knows this; but the "Times" and the Anglo-Indian papers continue to repeat that the whole trouble is the work of a handful of unscrupulous agitators with no real backing among the people. We may prefer to accept that view; but, if so, we shall be making straight for the abyss.

What, then, is to be done? All Liberals look with earnest sympathy upon Lord Morley, engaged in his "search with many sighs" for a way out of what he has called, not inaccurately, the most baffling problem ever presented to statesmanship. But to some of us there is tragic irony in the spectacle of the foremost representative of philosophic Liberalism attempting—with the help of that facile and confident departmentalist, Sir Herbert Risley—to find the greatest common measure between the Simla Secretariat and a vast movement of popular forces. Surely the Writing on the Wall, of which a foolish person discourses in the current "Blackwood," is not veiled in any unknown tongue. The whole East is awake, and we shall be worse than crazy if we try to persuade ourselves that a movement which we greet as inevitable and infinitely promising in Turkey or Persia must be condemned as futile, or factitious, or wicked when it is manifested among a people habituated for a hundred years to our institutions, and for fifty years encouraged to share our intellectual heritage. Self-government in India has got to come, and the business of England during the next ten years is to prove to the world that this is what we have been meaning all along. The alternative is not to be contemplated without horror. Confronted by a hostile India, in the presence of an awakened China, a renascent Islam, a triumphant Japan—where should we be?—Yours, &c.,

Sept. 1st, 1908. S. K. Ratcliffe.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It does not seem as if any of the suggestions made to regulate motor traffic would have much success in fact, for the nuisance is various, and requires several medicines. The dust nuisance can be cured completely only by improving the road surface and entirely prohibiting motor cars in narrow unimproved lanes. This is mainly a question of finance.

The killing and maiming of pedestrians and cyclists, and the driving of other traffic off the roads, cannot be wholly cured by any speed limit, unless that limit were, say, five miles an hour or less. The most wickedly dangerous driving I have seen has been at speeds much less than twenty miles an hour, or even ten. Only this morning I saw a motor car come out of a side street and try to cross the most crowded street here, leaving all the main traffic to look out for itself. An accident would hardly have been averted except that a policeman was standing at the corner and stopped the car. Yet it was not going over eight miles an hour.

No speed limit can be enforced generally. It is impossible to line the streets and lanes with police armed with stop watches. The remedies lie on other lines. A motor driver and motor owner must be held responsible for the results of their acts. They are not so now. It seems to be assumed in law that unless the speed can be *proved* to be over the legal limit, or deliberately dangerous (almost impossible to prove), the motor driver may kill, maim, injure other vehicles, terrorise the roads, and be held irresponsible. The criminal law cannot touch him, nor can the civil.

This is probably due principally to the presumption that it is every one's interest to avoid collisions, and that if one occur it must be pure accident. This is a fairly correct presumption about pedestrians, cyclists, and horse-driven vehicles. If a cyclist runs into even a pedestrian, he is likely not to escape himself without a bad fall, horses do their best to avoid collisions, and a collision may frighten the horse, and so result in damage to the offending driver. Horses, again, are easily thrown down or hurt, and they cannot turn sharp corners at speed. Until the advent of the motor car, therefore, this presumption was generally true of all traffic. But with the motor car it is quite different. It can run over a pedestrian or cyclist and sustain no damage at all; it can scare horses, graze them, knock them down, upset light vehicles, and be hardly at all the worse. It is the brass pot among the earthen pots. It is almost invulnerable to other traffic, and the driver knows it. Therefore, he assumes possession of the whole road, and says, "Let the others get out of my way; if not, worse luck to them." As, therefore, every other form of traffic for its own sake goes carefully, and gets out of the way of motor cars, while the motor drivers have no fear, it follows that in every accident between a motor car and a pedestrian, cyclist, horseman, or horse-driven vehicle, the presumption is that it is caused by the motor driver's careless driving. Instead of the onus of proof lying on the prosecution, it should lie on the defence. The fact that an accident has occurred should carry in law, as it does in fact, the presumption that the motor driver has driven carelessly, unless disproved by evidence.

The above considerations apply both to criminal and civil cases, but there are further considerations on the civil side. Consider a motor car driven by a chauffeur with the owner in the car. Whatever accident befall the chauffeur, the owner is responsible under the Workmen's Compensation Act. If the chauffeur be injured, he must be compensated, if the chauffeur be killed his dependants must be supported. But the car may cause any quantity of damage, personal and material, to the public, and the law is apparently powerless. In France very heavy damages are given as compensation to those who suffer from motor cars, even where "dangerous" driving is not proved. I have not seen any such cases reported in the English papers.

Make a chauffeur responsible criminally for his actions, make the owner responsible civilly for the damage caused by his chauffeur and the car, and we should see very different driving to what we now suffer from. Some such adaptation of the law to the facts is the only possible solution, if motor cars are to be allowed at all. And no one wants prohibition if it can be helped.—Yours, &c.,

H. F. H.

August 29th, 1908.

THE NEW DAILY PRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—THE NATION writer who has just finished the series of able and original articles on "The Harmsworth Brand" owes it to those who conduct as well as those who work on the daily newspaper Press of Great Britain to state in a few plain and practical propositions how the defects he sees in it—or thinks he sees in it—are to be remedied, and also how his scheme of reforms is to be carried out. Because his general indictment, *i.e.*, against the "Daily Mail," applies as directly to the good old "Daily Telegraph," to the halfpenny daily papers, morning and evening, published in London and the provinces, and to some (though not all) of the other penny daily papers, as it does to the newspaper specially singled out.

The material of THE NATION articles is not arranged systematically. To take the matter to an issue, however, it is logically justifiable to disentangle the terms of the general indictment, to rule out all the publications except the "Daily Mail"—as your writer does on pages 637, 701, 734 and 769—and take the case as it stands, thus:—

> That the directors of the "Daily Mail," in order to make their newspaper pay, give the public what they want.

I suggest that the discussion of this statement can only lead to confusion of thought, unless account is taken of a distinction which the writer of your articles has not noticed, namely, between:

> (1) The news services, commercial, sporting, &c., of a daily paper; and
>
> (2) The leader-writing and purely editorial matter, book notices, literary articles, &c.

I. That is a distinction which is made in most of the big newspaper organisations of to-day, and whether or not it has to be deplored, the fact itself remains, and, brazenly or otherwise, contradicts your writer's view that good journalism and good literature have something in common. "Good" journalism, if it is concerned only with news, &c., is not literature in any sense.

Arguing, then, from the simple to the complex, for the sake of clearness, and leaving out at first the question of purely editorial matter—I suggest that almost all (though not all) the directors of daily newspapers in Great Britain are making their papers pay by catering for the popular demand; that their "general appeal is, in a word, to the uneducated, by the half or quarter educated," NATION, page 701 (I don't even shrink from your writer's sarcasm); that "the appeal" is "to the multitude on the plane which brings in the greatest number of adherents," page 701 (I exclude the more purple passages, because I am only trying to disentangle the thread of the indictment).

The proof of this argument is to be found in the columns of the halfpenny press from day to day—which show that newspapers, like laws, change—and it need not be set forth in detail here. Your writer claims (page 599) that the Harmsworths are not original, but only imitative. Elsewhere (on page 734) he wishes to give the "Daily Mail" credit for initiating an era of sensationalism which other journals have copied. But a visit to the British Museum and a glance at the files of the halfpenny newspapers for, at any rate, ten years before the "Daily Mail" began, will convince your contributor that sensational news, both home and foreign, and notably that from Chicago and Paris, was treated therein in a manner the looseness of which was never surpassed by the "Daily Mail," even during its most spacious days, and that the directors of the "Daily Mail" did not originate sensational journalism, though, it may be added, they did set going the most efficient news-gathering organisation that had ever been known. I am not, however, concerned to defend the "Daily Mail" or deal

with the situation, existing in present or past times, more than to call attention to essential features of it which your writer, by applying one set of criticisms to both the "news" question and the "purely editorial and literary" question, has failed to draw out.

II. Returning to the main argument, and now including the leader-writing, &c., I suggest that your writer has not made out his case. It is not sufficient to refer to his differences with the "Daily Mail" on questions of public policy and to claim that modifications of view are caused by the "purely commercial aim" of the directorate. For all newspapers, like politicians, in that respect, though more so, are continually making changes in the statement of their opinions. The point is: Do the "Daily Mail" "leaders"—do the "leaders" of the daily Press in general—advocate private interests as against public interests? No evidence on this issue was adduced in your articles.

Your contributor gibes at the "Daily Mail" for wanting, as readers, all men and women—Liberals, Democrats, and Tories—as if it were not—as far as news goes—one of the "virtues" of the "Daily Mail" that it shows less bias in arranging space for the headlines of the leading political speech of each of the three parties than most of its morning contemporaries. Did not the "Daily Mail" publish on its leader page articles by independent and expert writers on *both* sides of Tariff Reform, the new Labor movement and Socialism at the times when they were burning questions? How many of the daily newspapers of which your writer approves met the "Daily Mail" in the honorable rivalry of giving the cases "for" and "against" those three leading issues of recent years?

In conclusion—whether or not the cause is to be found in the Education Act of 1870, as some say, or deeper down in the mysteries of herd instinct and social psychology in general, as others think—there is no denying the fact that the public of 1908 has developed an extraordinary craving to be amused, entertained, and to be taken out of itself; and it seems to find its "Daily Mail" or other halfpenny paper as necessary a stimulant of its daily life as tea. Does THE NATION wish to deprive it of its tipple? If so, is it also to be bereft of its theatres, its music-halls, its popular fiction, its football matches, its horse-races—and even its Winston Churchill rhetoric?—Yours, &c.,

P. J. REID.

Middlesbrough, August 31st, 1908.

CONCERNING THE "IMITATION OF WHITMAN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While I am not concerned to combat the personal application of your criticism of my "Great Companions" in last week's NATION, I beg to protest against the well-worn device of describing every attempt to write in what is called "free-rhythm" as an imitation of Whitman. Everybody knows that Whitman wrote in this manner, but that he did not invent it: and the method of classification is therefore somewhat vicious.

What Walt Whitman did for us was to rediscover the prophetic value of the unconventional rhythmical movements in poetry. To make use of his discovery is surely not, of necessity, a mere imitation. No one who has any sense of literary and spiritual values can mistake, for example, a page of "Towards Democracy" for a page of "Leaves of Grass," and this not because they are of unequal value, but because they are essentially distinct in content and style.

The question I wish to raise afresh is simply this: Is it not possible to find in that unconventional form of rhythmical utterance the proper vehicle for modern prophecy, the natural continuation of the ancient prophetic tradition? I believe it is.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

Letchworth, August 29th, 1908.

IDEAS OF HEAVEN AND HAPPINESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After the delightful little scene written with such artistic skill by Mr. John Higgins on this subject in your last issue, it seems like bathos to recur to the subject in a matter-of-fact spirit. But perhaps the following little anecdote may have interest as throwing light on the mind of the uneducated man. A country laborer asked for his idea on Heaven answered: "A bar parlor, with plenty to drink, a good fire, and a fiddle agoin'."

On the subject opened by your other correspondent, "What is Happiness?" William Blake's lines are a comment:—

> "Pity would be no more,
> If we did not make somebody poor,
> And Mercy no more could be
> If all were as happy as we.
> And mutual fear brings Peace,
> Till the selfish loves increase,
> Then cruelty knits a snare
> And spreads his baits with care."

Hear also Anatole France:—

> "Le mal est necessaire. S'il n'existait pas, le bien n'existerait pas non plus. Le mal est l'unique raison d'être du bien. Que serait le courage loin du péril, et la pitié sans la douleur? Que deviendraint le dévouement et la sacrifice au milieu du bonheur universel? Peut-on concevoir la vertu sans le vice, l'amour sans le haine, la beauté sans la laideur. C'est grâce au mal et à la souffrance que la terre peut être habitée et que la vie vaut la peine d'être récue. . . . A chaque vice qu'on detruit correspondait une vertu qui périt avec lui."—"Le Jardin d'Epicure."

Happily, there is small risk of the virtues dying out on this hypothesis, and one wonders what new virtue will arise as a pendant to the motorist vice.—Yours, &c.,

W. J. B.

August 29th, 1908.

A GREEN HEAVEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In "Songs from a Twilight Nook," by Winifred Sutcliffe (Percy Lund, Humphries & Co.), is a poem entitled "Hereafter," which expresses the feelings of some of your correspondents on this subject. As the slender volume probably shares the fate of most collections of minor poetry, I venture to quote the first two and the last of eight verses:—

> "Not streets of gold for weary, earthworn feet,
> But grassy ways, made fair with flow'r and fern.
> And leafy boughs, to make a cool retreat,
> Where tired steps may turn;
> And sunshine, and the sighs of many a breeze,
> And glimpses of far hills between the trees.
>
> Dear God, no crystal sea, but cool, green waves,
> That croon a love song to a greener land,
> A summer sea, whose shining ripple laves
> A stretch of silver sand;
> And 'mid the meadow-grasses let there be
> Tangles of tiny streams that seek the sea.
>
> * * *
>
> [And] in a world of dear familiar ways
> With those we love to hear and help the strain,
> Our thankful hearts would sing Thee songs of praise
> Freed from their Sorrow's stain.
> So hear our pray'r, dear God, and let there be
> Green paths for gold, cool waves for crystal sea."

—Yours, &c.,

J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.

Nottingham, Sept. 1st, 1908.

"APROPOS DE BOTTES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—My writing must have been in fault. "Boots Stephenson," as he was called—the last wearer of Hessians—lived till 1858, just fifty years ago.—Yours, &c.,

G. W. E. R.

August 29th, 1908.

"THE DARK SIDE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am extremely glad to see your article calling attention to the problem of the feeble-minded, and the report of the Royal Commission just issued. The remedy proposed in the article, however, viz., better conditions of life, seems to be, by itself, quite inadequate. You say:

"Eliminate alcoholism and congestion from the body of society, and the feeble-minded and mentally degenerate might become as rare as the once familiar figure of the leper." This opinion would appear to be contradicted by the great weight of the evidence summarised in pp. 179-185, Vol. VIII., of the Report. It is almost certain that a merely stunted mental growth due to want of food or bad surroundings, is *not* inherited; while most cases of "feeble-mindedness" will still be liable to have feeble-minded children—however much the conditions of life are improved. Of the children admitted to the "special schools," only a very small percentage are cured by better feeding and healthy conditions; the great majority, though capable of more or less training, remain permanently incurable. Alcoholism is probably more often a result than a cause of this defect.

The only real remedy would seem to be in getting these unfortunate individuals into homes, where they can be kept out of mischief, and their lives made happy; where under supervision they can be made partly self-supporting, and where, the most essential point of all, they have no opportunity of having children (see pp. 120, 121, Vol. VIII. of the Report). A few such homes exist, but many more are wanted.—Yours, &c.,

LAWRENCE RICHARDSON.

Stoneham, Beech Grove Road,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,
August 30th, 1908.

THE DATE OF GEORGE FOX'S DEATH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I trust it is not pedantic to point out, *à propos* of your reviewer's remark (on page 779) about Fox dying in 1690, that, *as we now reckon*, the year was 1691. Previous to 1752 the year began on March 25th—the order in which we invariably mention the four seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter—is reminiscent of this. Hence at the time in question, the year 1690 went on till March 24th, and the statement that Fox died in "eleventh month," 1690, is not infrequently rendered as *November* of that year, whereas "eleventh month" was then January, and the year was (as we count) 1691. It is always possible to get a year wrong unless we know that the necessary correction has been made in the case of dates from January 1st to March 24th (both inclusive) in years before 1752.—Yours, &c.,

A. NEAVE BRAYSHAW.

Rockport Villa, Auboro Street, Scarborough,
September 3rd, 1908.

THE MAINTENANCE OF "DREADNOUGHTS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It would be useful to know, in connection with Lord Eversley's estimate for naval construction, what the cost of maintenance—for instance, the coal bill—of these additional big ships would be.—Yours, &c.,

G.

August 26th, 1908.

OFFICIALISM IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Under the administration of the present Home Secretary the Lieutenant Governors of Jersey and Guernsey are inaugurating a new era.

The Lieutenant Governors of these islands are taken from the Major-Generals' list, and the islands themselves, as everyone knows, are in the Home District and in the Home Command.

The position the Lieutenant Governor has recently taken up is that of a pseudo-viceroy. The National Anthem is played for him on every conceivable occasion, and ladies are expected to rise when he enters a room—and this at private as well as public functions.

The Lieutenant Governor has no official or paid "A. D. C.," but provides himself with one from the militia, and madame has several ladies in waiting.

The assumption of this position led to the incident reported in the "Times" of August 19th, when a captain and a subaltern of the regiment in garrison were sent to return the visit paid to the Lieutenant Governor by the commander of a French training ship and the Consular Agent.

It may be said that these matters do not concern us on this side. That is not so, inasmuch as we pay the piper, and under the new *régime* the expense for providing offices for the Lieutenant Governor and staff has been quintupled. A small house at £50 per annum has given place to a large house at £178, and it is the "War Office" that pays.

I am informed that no change has been made (officially) in the "powers, attributes, or position of the Lieutenant Governors." Who, then, is responsible for this waste of public money, and who will be held responsible for the further expenditure in the upkeep of the position of a viceroy (in a Home District!) if such a position is to be recognised?—Yours, &c.,

TAXPAYER.

London, August 24th, 1908.

Erratum.—We wish in fairness to correct an error in the description of the Harmsworth publications. The reference to "an Emperor of France" "dragged to the block" does not appear in the "History of the World" itself, but in the "Little Book about a Big Bock," which was issued by Messrs. Harmsworth to describe the contents of the larger book. It is fair to say that the "History of the World" itself, although inferior to other publications of the kind, is free of some of the absurdities attributed to it by its publishers.

Poetry.

THE OLD SCHOOL.

HERE where the white owl sweeps and cries,
And far hills fade as if in flight,
And evening trembles into night,
And roads like wavy ribbons rise,

And hills encircle, fold in fold—
Her pensive, purple towers loom;
And from a depth of melting gloom
Leap out her hundred slabs of gold.

Upon the air soft voices go—
Faint echoes of a lovelier day
When life was ours, and life was May,
When the first shrinking violets blow.

And all the sadness of the years,
And all the pains of old desire
Revive, and, like a smouldering fire,
Burn deeper for the rain of tears.

Yet are the dead not wholly gone;
They bore her name by land and sea,
Their higher parts were hers, and she,
When all is done, reclaims her own.

So as her festal windows glow,
Within their castellated frame,
Each light becomes the ardent flame
Of some young soul of long ago.

THOMAS BURKE.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

WITH the beginning of September the stream of new books begins to set in strongly. It is true that the old division of the year into a spring and an autumn publishing season is no longer observed, and that books make their appearance all the year round. But August remains the slackest month, and, outside fiction, few books of importance are then published. It is difficult as yet to gauge the prospects of the coming season, but it is safe to say that Mr. Swinburne's critical work, "The Age of Shakespeare"—which we were able to announce in these columns on June 20th last—will be one of the chief books of the autumn. Biography and autobiography will be strongly represented, among the more notable books being Mr. Aylmer Maude's "Life of Tolstoy," Mr. Lang's life of "Bluidy Mackenzie," Lord Ilchester's "Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland," Mr. Austin Brereton's "Life of Henry Irving," Miss Alice Shield's "Henry Stuart, Cardinal of York," Dr. Robertson Nicoll's biography of Ian Maclaren and volumes of reminiscences by Dr. Francis Galton, Lady Randolph Churchill, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Joseph Bennett, Mr. Comyns Carr, and Mr. T. W. Russell.

* * *

ANOTHER welcome feature of the coming season is an indication that the essay is again becoming popular. At any rate there are quite a number of volumes of essays upon the publishers' lists. Dr. William Osler, who carries on the tradition which connects the healing faculty with letters, has in the Press "An Alabama Student, and Other Biographical Essays." It is mainly concerned with some aspects of the lives of doctors in the United States, but it has also a literary interest, since among the subjects are Sir Thomas Browne, Locke as a physician, Keats, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The book will be issued by the Oxford University Press.

* * *

"SIX MASTERS OF DISILLUSION," is the title of a series of essays in criticism by Mr. Algar Thorald, which Messrs. Constable have in preparation. According to Mr. Thorald the poetry of doubt, which dominated the third quarter of the nineteenth century was succeeded by the prose of disillusion, and in the coming book he sets himself the task of appreciating and interpreting six of the chief exponents of that attitude. His six masters of disillusion are Schopenhauer, Heine, Nietzsche, Fontenelle, Anatole France, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. This is an interesting list, though we should hardly call Fontenelle a chief exponent of anything, and we miss such names as Montaigne, Leopardi, Senancour, and, above all, Renan.

* * *

Two other volumes of essays to be published early in the season are "All Things Considered," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton—a very good title, by the way—and "Russian Essays," by Mr. Maurice Baring. Mr. Chesterton's book is based upon articles contributed to the "Illustrated London News," while Mr. Baring's consists of short papers describing journeys in Russia, and conversations with Russians of all classes, written, we may say, with much distinction. The Russian stage, modern Russian literature, and the problem of Anti-Semitism in Russia are also touched upon. Both books will be published by Messrs. Methuen.

* * *

SEVERAL new series will be started this autumn. Mr. John Murray's "Wisdom of the East" series was so successful that he is following it up with a collection of books called "The Romance of the East," which will deal with Oriental romance. The first to appear will be "Tales Within Tales," being a translation of the Fables of Filpai, by Sir Arthur Wollaston. Others from the Sanscrit, Chinese, Japanese, and Arabic will appear in due course. In the same way Messrs. Constable's "Religions Ancient and Modern" have had so large a sale that the publishers have decided to issue a set of similar primers called "Philosophies Ancient and Modern." Among the first volumes will be "Early Greek Philosophy," by Mr. A. W. Benn; "Stoicism," by Professor St. George Stock; "Plato," by Professor A. E. Taylor; and "Scholasticism," by Father Rickaby, S.J. In English literature Messrs. Bell will begin their "Queen's Treasures Series," a collection of stories which delighted the young readers of the last generation, and have still preserved some of their fascination. The opening volume will be Mrs. Gaskell's "Cousin Phillis," with an introduction by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, and illustrations in color by Miss M. V. Wheelhouse.

* * *

MR. FISHER UNWIN has in the press the third volume of the English translation of M. Jusserand's "Literary History of the English people." This section of M. Jusserand's great work deals with the Elizabethan drama, a subject on which it is specially interesting to have the views of so accomplished and learned a French critic. He deals first with the condition of the English drama at the dawn of the Renaissance, and with the predecessors of Shakespeare, including Marlowe. He then passes to the personal and literary biography of Shakespeare and a full study of his work in all its bearings. This is followed by an examination of the chief works produced by Shakespeare's famous contemporaries and successors, and the volume ends with an account of the literature of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. No foreign writer since Taine has studied our literature to better purpose than has M. Jusserand, and in brilliant exposition, combined with profound and exact scholarship, he has few rivals even among English students.

* * *

MR. BARRY O'BRIEN has just completed an examination of the Irish administrative system which, under the title "Dublin Castle and the Irish People," will be published shortly by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. Mr. O'Brien describes the relations of Dublin Castle with the various Boards and Departments of Irish administration, discusses how far the Castle dominates, or does not dominate, official activities, and points out the way its influence extends over the whole Irish people. Such a work is likely to be of great value, since but little is known in this country of the machinery of Irish government. Mr. O'Brien unites the scholar's and the politician's knowledge of Irish history, and of the problems of Irish administration. His mastery of the political aspects of the question was specially shown in his biography of Parnell.

* * *

MR. R. S. CRAIG has written a book called "The Making of Carlyle," which Mr. Eveleigh Nash has almost ready for publication. Mr. Craig has tried to re-establish the lost atmosphere in which Carlyle and those about him moved, and to view their actions as they appeared to themselves. An impartial account of Carlyle would be a valuable contribution to letters, but it is doubtful whether such a work is even now possible. Froude's volumes and the letters of the two Carlyles will always be indispensable in forming a picture of Carlyle's personality. None the less, every attempt to tell the truth about Carlyle deserves to be encouraged, were it only because the task is so difficult, and we may hope that Mr. Craig will resist the temptation to take sides which has beset every biographer, from Froude onwards.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Life and Letters of George Bancroft." By M. A. de Wolfe Howe. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2 vols. 16s. net.)

"The Empress Josephine: Napoleon's Enchantress." By Philip W. Sergeant. (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"The Naturalisation of the Supernatural." By Frank Podmore. (Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Confessions of a Beachcomber: Scenes and Incidents in the Career of an Unprofessional Beachcomber in Tropical Queensland." By E. J. Banfield. (Unwin. 15s. net.)

"The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche." By Henry L. Mencken. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Voluntaryist Creed." The Herbert Spencer Lecture delivered at Oxford, June, 1906. By Auberon Herbert. (Oxford University Press. 2s. net.)

"Co-Operation at Home and Abroad." By C. R. Fay. (King. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Moral Instruction and Training in Schools: Report of an International Inquiry." Edited by M. E. Sadler. (Longmans. 2 vols. 5s. net each.)

"Further Experiences of an Irish R.M." By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Longmans. 6s.)

"Hill Rise." By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen. 6s.)

"La Vie à Paris, 1907." Par Jules Claretie. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

"Cologne." Les Villes d'Art Célèbres. Par Louis Réau. (Paris: Renouard. 5 fr.)

Reviews.

THE REAL OSSIAN.*

FINGAL, Ossian, and the rest of MacPherson's shadowy heroes are but names to us now. However, it is of interest to know that while Dr. Johnson was finding material for robustious insult in the non-appearance of originals, "Erse" manuscripts were actually in existence. These manuscripts were neither in the Highlands nor in Ireland, they were amongst the Gael of the dispersal. In 1626 an Irish soldier serving in the Netherlands, got certain scribes then in the Irish College in Louvain, in Belgium, to copy out for him the two great sections of the Fenian saga, "Agallamh na Senórach," the Colloquay of the Ancients, and "Duanaire Finn," the Poem Book of Finn. The manuscripts were in Louvain until the outbreak of the French Revolution, when they were sent to the Franciscan House in Rome. When the Italian troops entered the capital the Irish manuscripts were transferred to the Franciscans in Dublin. "The clash of arms sounds within and around them, from the dedication to the Irish captain on the first page to the mention of the English garrison of Lier on the last." "Duanaire Finn," or the Poem Book of Finn, has now been placed beyond the risk of war. It has been ably edited by Eoin MacNeill, and the first half of the compilation is before us as the latest publication of the Irish Texts Society.

We would not be greatly astray in taking Duanaire Finn as the canon of MacPherson's apocrypha. MacPherson based his compositions on fragments attributed to Oisin (Ossian). These oral traditions, current in the Highlands, were derived from literary compositions. Eoin MacNeill tells us that he has found whole pieces of text retained almost verbatim in present-day folk-lore. "This fact, with others that I have observed, convinces me that much of what passes for simple folk-lore has come to the people from literary sources. Judging from Campbell's *Leabhar na Féinne*, I should say that the bulk of the Fenian sagas reached Scotland in this way." Duanaire Finn represents the Fenian saga as it was known to the Gaelic literati in the seventeenth century. Its compilation shows the homogeneity of the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland. It was compiled for a representative of a family who were as notable in one country as in the other, for one of the MacDonnells of Antrim and the Isles.

The nebulousness of MacPherson's composition is in no way related to these bardic originals. The form of Irish heroic poetry forced on the narrator of Fenian deeds a conciseness that often becomes a literary fault. Eoin MacNeill remarks that the ancient quatrain of seven-syllabled lines was not an ideal form for heroic narrative. "The Irish metres required each line to give nearly complete sense. In the couplet this approach to completion of sense had to be nearer. In the quatrain it had to be perfect." The economy of metre often cuts into the substance of the poem; this is noticeable in the narrative "The Abduction of Eargna," where essential motives are merely hinted at. Perhaps the charm of Ossianic poetry is best felt in those marginal pieces that are free of the rules of heroic poetry, such as this little episode, which is an authentic bit out of the primitive world:—

> "Three heroes, we went to the chase on the top of Sliabh-Cua: we started a brown stag from the pearly fresh brown oak wood. His like I never saw on the heath of Sliabh Cua, his size and the number of his antlers: a lank stag eating the young grass.
>
> "We loosed our hounds at him, we came to pierce his hide, and the stag was not stayed till he reached grassy Sliabh Mis.
>
> "I was there, and tall Oisin and Caoilte of good counsel: there were not of the Fian, as good as we, three heroes."

These free pieces are only occasional. The poems in Duanaire Finn are mainly narrative and dramatic. "The Abduction of Eargna" is the best of the narrative poems, with its inevitable tragedy, its rapid incident, and its dramatic suggestiveness. "The Bathing of Oisin's Head," "The Crane Bag," "The Headless Phantoms," are typical of the Celtic imagination. The poems we will read again and again are the two dramatic pieces, "The Sleep Song for Diarmaid," and "Goll's Parting with his Wife." Both these poems recall the darker side of Fionn's character, his vindictiveness, his ruthlessness. The story of Grainne and Diarmaid will be remembered as the most dramatic episode of the saga. In a late development Fionn, as captain of the militia of Ireland, is put on equal terms with the high King. The King's daughter, Grainne, is offered to Fionn as a bride; she drugs the ale at the feast and elopes with Fionn's follower, darling young Diarmaid O'Duilhne. Fionn pursues the pair, and only on the wilds and waste places have they a while of security. Grainne sings over her sleeping lover, and her song is out of the very heart of the wild. There is no patronage of Nature in her song, for the doe, the hen-thrush, the brooding duck, are Grainne's veritable mates in affection and solicitude. She lulls Diarmaid to sleep for a while, though she knows that danger threatens; the wild things around the lovers cannot sleep:—

> "Sleep a little, a little little, for thou need'st not fear the least, lad to whom I have given love, son of Duibhne, Diarmaid. . . .
>
> "Sleep a little, a blessing on thee, above the water of the spring of Trenghart, little lamb of the land above the lake, from the womb of the country of strong torrents. . . . O fold of valour of the world west from Greece, over whom I stay watching, my heart will well nigh burst if I see thee not at any time. . . . The parting of us twain is the parting of children of one home, the parting of body with soul, hero of bright Loch Garman. . . . The stag eastward sleepeth not, ceaseth not from bellowing, though he be in the groves of the blackbirds it is not in his mind to sleep. The hornless doe sleepeth not, bellowing for her spotted calf; she runs over the tops of the bushes, she does not sleep in her lair. The lively linnet sleepeth not in the tops of the fair curved trees; it is a noisy time there, even the thrush does not sleep. The duck of numerous brood sleepeth not, she is well prepared for good swimming, she maketh neither rest nor slumber there, in her lair she does not sleep. To-night the grouse sleepeth not, upon the stormy heaths of the height; sweet is the sound of her clear cry: between the streamlets she does not sleep"

In contrast to this fluttering song is Goll MacMorna's tragic farewell. The House of Morna had been concerned in the death of Fionn's father, Cumhal, and Goll had supplanted Fionn's house in the command of the Fiana of Ireland. Peace had been made between the House of Baoisgne and the House of Morna, but those who crossed Fionn, sooner or later, knew his relentlessness. Goll and his wife have been cut off on a narrow crag, for thirty days they are without food, and Fionn's battalions are around them. Goll bids farewell to his noble wife.

> "Woman, take away my tunic, rise up and go from me, prepare to depart, dear one of rosy cheeks, the morn before my slaying."
>
> "O Goll, what way shall I take? Alas for those whose friends are few! Rare is the woman that has grace when she is left without head, without lord."
>
> "Seek the camp of Fionn of the Fiana, in its place on the westward side; wed there, gentle one of the rosy lips some good man worthy of thee."
>
> "What man there shall I wed, my great Goll that was kind to me? Where might I find west or east thy equal for a bed-fellow. . . . Seven years of bravery agone, thou broughtest me, husband, to thy couch. From that night until to-night, thou has not shown me a harsh mind, from this night out I will not be light-minded, I will belong to no man on the surface of the earth."

Who was Fionn, son of Cumhal, descendant of Baoisgne, whose name and lineaments have come down through dynasties, conquests, and civilisations? The saga that takes its name from him is, according to Eoin MacNeill, unique, inasmuch as it is the hero-lore of a subject people. In the Ulidian epic, the Táin Bó Cualnge, we get a sight of a kingless people who come to the hosting of Maeve. They had the competence of professional soldiers; they had cleared the camp before the others got to the resting-place; they had lit their fires before the others cleared their camp; they had their food cooked before the others lit their fires. They were the Galeoin of Leinster, and were brought to the foray by one of Maeve's allies; they themselves were without a king. The crude policy of Meave would have destroyed these dangerous servitors. She was persuaded from doing this, but the political status of the Galeoin was

* "Duanaire Finn, the Book of the Lays of Fionn," Part I., Irish Text, with translation into English. Edited by Eoin MacNeill, co-vice-President of the Gaelic League, Member of the Royal Irish Academy. David Nutt. 10s. 6d.

so low that Maeve could break up the levy and distribute them through the troops. It was amongst these people that the Fenian saga, according to Eoin MacNeill's consistent theory, took shape. The military competence of the Galeoin was the mark of their subjection. They were *Aithechtuatha*, or vassal people, and one of the demands on the vassals was compulsory military service. The free races need not serve during seed-time nor harvest, while the vassal races might be called out for any length of time. The *Aithechtuatha* met the demand of the over-king by the creation of a militia (Féine), who lived by hunting and the spoils of war. Fionn was the hero of a subject people in Leinster. The story of the conflict of his clan with the Clanna Morna became widely known amongst the non-dynastic races of Ireland. In the tenth century the saga was taken up by the dynastic people. It came to them without any literary prestige; it was, therefore, capable of extensive development.

The Ulidian epic and the Fenian saga grew up amongst people whose names are known only to the student of history. They were adopted by a third people, the dynastic race of Scots or Milesians. But whatever the names of the people who created or adopted them, the sagas are essentially Irish. Both reproduce a type of character that is still the national ideal. The dominant characteristic of this type can best be described by the Irish word *flaitheamhlachd*. There is no English equivalent for this word, still retained even in the English speech of the Irish peasantry. It has reference to an exuberant and overflowing personality. In the sagas the heroes are always *flaitheamhlachd*, and they have the powerful social instincts of the modern Irish; they have a delight in praise, a dread of public opinion, a love of striking deeds. They are emulous; they delight in good manners, in music, in poetry, and oratory; they are without speculative thought. Cuchulain and his peers of the Ulidian epic are aristocrats; Fionn comes close to the peasant type. Side by side with his recognition of chivalry, courtesy, bravery, there is a scepticism, a silence, an unforgiving memory. These heroic poems, written out for an exiled soldier of the seventeenth century, recall, over and over again, the faces and forms of old peasant men by their fireside or upon the roadway. "I am Oisin; though ancient I have trysted with gentle women. Greyness is nearest to brownness, bentness is nearest to erectness."

THE HOPE FOR INDIA.*

This week has marked the fiftieth anniversary of England's direct government of India, and the appearance of a book like this at such a moment must be mentioned with mixed feelings. For fifty years we have been conducting in India the greatest experiment in Imperialism that history has seen. We have prided ourselves on our success, and no one disputes certain advantages that we have brought the country—peace, western education for a few, a common language for the educated of all the various races, and a standard of justice higher than India knew before. To that extent we may regard the half century with some satisfaction. We have done something, and can be grateful to the devoted servants who have carried out the work. But when we regard the present situation our satisfaction begins to give way, and in this book of Mr. Gokhale's the present situation is discussed with a singular accuracy of knowledge and reasonableness of judgment which only add to the uncomfortable sense that now is not the time merely for self-congratulation or the joy of anniversaries.

Mr. Gokhale is one of the few Indians whose name is known among us outside the small circle of politicians and retired officials who take a special interest in the vast populations of India and our government of them. In spite of the almost impenetrable indifference of the English people to the Indian Empire, his public addresses for the cause of Indian reform attracted some attention three years ago, and during the subsequent period of unrest he has become prominent as the leader of the party of reform, distinguished from the extremists. In his own country there is no one more widely respected, though the Government's treatment of his friend, Lajpat Rai, and his fellow-townsman and old opponent, Mr. Tilak, may have raised them to greater popularity for the time. A disciple of Mr. Justice Ranade, the great Indian reformer of Bombay, he has devoted himself entirely since his University days to the service of his people, first as teacher in a college at Poona, and then in the wider spheres of politics and social reform. A Mahratta Brahman by birth, he has all the qualities of that courageous and keenly intellectual race, and added to these a more uncommon quality which we can only call "sweetness and light." It is a combination of which India in perilous times has especial need.

As founder of the Poona Society called "Servants of India," he is free from the politician's danger of standing aloof from the common people and losing touch with those whom he desires to serve. The Society is a training place for missionaries of freedom, and the freedom they proclaim would deliver, not only from political oppression, but from that old servitude to superstition and degrading custom which mankind so often lays upon itself. One would say that the interest nearest his heart is not merely the cause of the poor—all Indians are poor—nor even the cause of the ignorant, for most must be ignorant when the Government still spends little more than £1 per thousand of the population on primary schools. It is rather the cause of those unnoticed millions who lie too low for caste, but live in degraded misery and eat dead things, being regarded as almost an offence to the light of day. It is to social reform that both he and Lajpat Rai would naturally have turned if India had been wholesomely governed and some account taken of her will. But the urgency of political change has turned them aside, and it is as the Moderate leader of the National Congress and one of the few elected members of the Viceroy's Council that Mr. Gokhale is now most conspicuous.

So the speeches included in this volume are mainly political. They treat of the great subjects that have occupied the Indian Government during the last eight or ten years, and of the chief causes of complaint between the Government and the Indian peoples. Together they form as good a history as could be found of a very critical time. The seven Budget speeches with which the book opens are in themselves a commentary on the transition from the latter part of Lord Curzon's domination to the present year, when Lord Minto and Lord Morley are reaping the crop of perils that Lord Curzon sowed. We do not mean that Lord Curzon's administration was the sole cause of the new movement in India. There are many other causes, far deeper and more enduring. But it was his scornful disregard of Indian sentiment and representations that united all the growing elements of unrest into one power of opposition.

Mr. Gokhale is known as the leader of the Moderate party, but no one likes to be called a Moderate, and in his case moderation has nothing to do with half-heartedness. He is a Moderate only compared to those extremists who would proclaim a boycott in India, not merely against British goods, but against British government, law-courts, language, official posts, education, manners, and everything that is British. That is the party of despair—the party which believes that India can receive no aid from her rulers, but only hindrance on the path of progress, and that all demands for reforms would be vain, even if they were complied with. To isolate the Indian people from all British influence, and either to embarrass the Government or to let it go its own way unheeded, are the methods chosen by extremists, until the day comes when, by one means or another, the connection between the two countries shall cease. That counsel of despair is a new thing as a power in India. It has gained its strength and popularity from the refusal of reforms, the suppression, the growing misery of the people, and from injustice. Probably it still commands only a small section in numbers, but the numbers are growing under the common attraction of extremes

His speeches shows in what sense Mr. Gokhale and the other leaders of the Moderate party, like Lala Lajpat Rai, differ from those counsellors of despair. They have

* "Speeches by the Honble. Mr. G. K. Gokhale, C.I.E." London: Luzac & Co. Madras: Natesan & Co. 4s.

not abandoned hope of reform, even in conjunction with the British rule. Certainly, they have little or no hope from Anglo-Indians; but they still believe that if only the English people could be induced to see things as they are, uncolored by official tradition and prejudice, such a change would be accomplished as would allow both countries to work together for the true advancement of India. They admit the advantages that British rule has brought, but they are quite aware of the evils which now attend it. Till a few years ago most Englishmen believed that we had at all events raised the general prosperity of India; but, speaking at the National Liberal Club in 1905, Mr. Gokhale said:—

> "I firmly believe, and I say this after a careful study of about twenty years, that the economic results of the British rule in India have been absolutely disastrous. That the mass of the people in India are at present sunk in frightful poverty is now admitted by all, including the most inveterate official optimist."

He tests the poverty by various official statistics, such as the estimate of the average annual income in India at £2 per head, contrasted with £42 per head in England. And not only does this poverty continue after a century of our rule, but the condition of the people is steadily declining, whether judged by trade, agriculture, or death-rate.

Far worse than the economic wrong is the moral evil our bureaucratic system has brought:—

> "Of these moral evils," he says, "none is so great as this continuous dwarfing or stunting of our race that is taking place under your rule. Our rigorous exclusion from all power and all positions of trust and responsibility, on a scale never before attempted in the history of humanity, involving as it does an enforced disuse of our national abilities—is leading to a steady deterioration of our race, and this, I venture to think, is a cruel, an iniquitous, wrong you are inflicting on us."

He points to the exclusion of Indians from nearly all the higher offices, to the exclusion of the whole vast population from any real control over the Government which spends their money, and the prohibition of arms among our own fellow-subjects while we turn to the Japanese for an alliance to defend their country.

Such a policy of exclusion and distrust is, as Mr. Gokhale said in his Budget speech to the Viceroy's Council last March, naturally galling to proud and sensitive spirits. "Sooner or later, mere order is bound to appear irksome to those who zealously cultivate the belief that there is no chance of better days for their country as long as existing arrangements continue." That feeling of uneasy dissatisfaction is not merely spreading; it is growing more acute as each year brings further disappointments and further attempts at repression. We have lately seen evidences of it only too plainly, even among highly educated men. The situation is full of peril for both races. But Mr. Gokhale is among those who think it is not too late for remedial reforms that would display a certain courage and generosity. He still retains a confidence in the good sense and justice of the English people, if only their ignorance of India could be broken down. Three years ago, when the younger and less hopeful party was beginning to make itself felt, though it had not reached anything like its present strength, he was chosen President of the National Congress at Benares, as the best man to hold the divergent elements together. In his presidential address he said:—

> "For better, for worse, our destinies are now linked with those of England, and the Congress freely recognises that whatever advance we seek must be within the Empire itself. . . . 'It is liberty alone,' said Mr. Gladstone in words of profound wisdom, 'that fits men for liberty.' While, therefore, we are prepared to allow that an advance towards our goal may be only by reasonably cautious steps, what we emphatically insist on is that the resources of the country should be primarily devoted to the work of qualifying the people by means of education and in other ways for such advance. Even the most bigoted champion of the existing system of administration will not pretend that this is in any degree the case at present."

The lines of the remedial reforms that Mr. Gokhale suggests are well known and quite definite. They are found in these speeches, set forth without passion and without rhetoric, but with the charm of reasonableness, supported by wide and careful knowledge, and with an intensity of conviction that in itself produces the best kind of eloquence.

A GREAT SCHOOLMISTRESS.*

Whether the movement for Women's Suffrage is, or is not, the effect of the movement for women's education, it is well, at any rate, that the movement for education came first. One of the pioneers and foremost leaders in this movement was Miss Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham. The history of her life's work was written by herself in the "History of the Ladies' College," which she compiled in 1900. This was what she would have termed the biography of her "husband." But though to her the work was everything, her old pupils, and that wider public whom she influenced through them, felt that even greater than the work was the creative personality which lay behind, and these will turn with strong interest to the story of the inward life which Miss Raikes has told so well in this volume.

Miss Beale herself passed through the mill of the old-fashioned education for girls: she learned history by devouring dates, and by way of literature repeated week by week the lamentations of King Hezekiah, doggerel verses on the solar system, and Cowper's "Mother's Picture." The girls were required to talk French with each other, a "tongue which we could indeed talk, but in which conversation was impossible." She was "finished" at a school in Paris which was brought to an untimely end by the Revolution of 1848, when a mob surrounded the house demanding garden tools as firearms. But her real awakening came with the foundation of Queen's College, Harley Street. Entering as one of the earliest students, she not only had her mind opened to the meaning and scope of higher education, but learnt from Frederic Denison Maurice the dignity of the teacher's vocation.

In 1858, at the age of twenty-seven, she was appointed Principal of the Cheltenham Ladies' College, which had been founded as a proprietary school five years previously to be a sister institution to the College for Boys. For nearly fifty years till her death Cheltenham was, if not the sphere, at any rate the centre, of her work. Nowadays schools are founded ready-made. A great and fine "plant," opening ceremonies, royal patronage, appear necessities from the beginning. But fifty years ago was the day of small beginnings and slow growth, and the Ladies' College at Cheltenham was twenty years old before it had a building of its own. Still, spite of all difficulties—and these were neither slight nor few, both from within and without—the College grew. Over and above its own beautiful building, which has received constant additions, it established its own boarding-houses, its kindergarten, its training college for secondary teachers, its hostel at Oxford, and its settlement in Shoreditch. The launching of these successive ventures, their expansion and the widening circle of their usefulness, is the story of Miss Beale's public life; these institutions themselves are her memorial. No wonder that a woman with her power of mind, her enterprise and business capacity, resented Bishop Fraser's quoting with approbation the Periclean verdict on woman. "She hath done what she could" was one of her favorite texts, and she herself had a talent for doing. She had a talent also for seeing what was needed. At a time when most educational faddists thought the best way to reform education was to foist first one new subject and then another into the curriculum, she turned her attention to the teachers, and showed her wisdom by providing better training for secondary work, working out better methods of teaching, and stirring up teachers to put more knowledge, more skill, more enthusiasm and affection, into their work.

These things belong to the outward life. Miss Raikes has been happy in giving us the inwardness of Miss Beale's life, for which, fortunately, ample materials were at hand. She shows us Miss Beale as her pupils, "her children," as she called them, knew her. There is the time of overwork and physical strain, when she was "tested and sifted till all human longings and cravings, even those the most lawful, were laid low." There is the time of her spiritual darkness, when faith and hope were overcast; when her pupils turned to her in the struggle with their own spectral doubts, and found that she was herself even as they; and when it was the great trust of "her children" which restored her to clear vision and surer strength. "Like Hagar, I could

---

* "Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham." By Elizabeth Raikes. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

die in the wilderness, but I could not see my child die." There is, too, a glimpse, all too scanty, of the way she would treat her erring child and win it to confession, and this confession to newness of life.

One would gladly have known more of her as a ruler. "We govern by little things," she said to the Schools Inquiry Commission, and it is a pity Miss Raikes has thought the "little things" too trivial for a permanent record. It is precisely in detail that the womanly genius excels.

One feature stands out in attractive contrast to the biographies of some of our greatest head masters. Her relations with her assistant mistresses were always of the pleasantest. She gave them advice and help, and she insisted on thoroughness of work; it was not uncommonly said that they were overworked, but she gave them also freedom to realise themselves, and, once assured of their loyalty and efficiency, she gave them her trust.

There is much in the book about Miss Beale's religious opinions. But far more important than her opinions was her religious motive. It was the dominating force of her mind and her life-work. Religion to her meant something more than a succession of agreeable and æsthetically beautiful thoughts: she had nothing in common with emotionalism, "letting it off in steam," as she called it. Religion to her was authority. It involved all the details and difficulties of daily discipline and daily obedience. To this her diary bears eloquent testimony. It has no purple passages; it is a daily record of self-examination, and stern in its laconic verdicts.

> *January* 31. Inattentive. Spoke unkindly without cause. Irritable.
>
> *February* 11. I grieve for the stupid lesson I gave Division III., because not well prepared.
>
> *February* 16. More than one hour wasted in idle thoughts, 5-6 a.m., and yet I have work for others that I ought to have thought of, and lessons. . . . Not much matter or order in lessons. Tired and discontented with self. Neglect of books. More trust and energy wanted.
>
> *February* 26. I have idled away precious time, neglected individual work. Because my own will is weak, I could not strengthen another.

There is hardly a reference in this book to the emancipation of women, and no mention whatever of women's rights. But Miss Beale dwelt much on duties, and what she postulated for her sex was scope for effort. For the rest, she trusted to the justice which comes in due time to those who deserve. For women, like men, can get whatever they show themselves fit for.

FILTHY LUCRE.*

In "The Magnate" Mr. Elson has made a plucky attempt to patch up the regrettable, long-standing dispute betwixt God and Mammon. His moral—the pleasures of the virtuous life led on the income of a millionaire—is one that will command the sympathies of that vast body of our countrymen who like to receive the genial, cheery nod of a "big man." "Whether we be poor or prosperous, let us respect the magnate's prosperity that transcends infinitely our own powers for good or evil. Let us not exclude him from our sympathies, or from our society. If he has got hold of the golden key for which the rest of us are struggling, let us conclude that his virtue is so much the greater." Such is the very human argument of a trading community whose morality is based on the conviction that individual wealth and national health are one and indivisible. Is not to-day's plutocrat to-morrow's peer? There's a nobility doth shape the rich man's means, as the poet remarks. And our sense of domestic virtue is subtly ministered to throughout the four hundred pages of "The Magnate," from the first page, where John Holden, the honest, manly, commonplace, persevering millionaire, begins to woo the exquisite and penniless Janet, to the last, where he throws into her lap the finest diamond in the world, "The Star of Africa," "a river of imprisoned sunlight," and she, his wife wooed in vain by him for a whole year, begs him at length to make her "his own lass."

The musings of the reviewer would prove ill-timed if they were to dull the reader's appetite for our author's entrancing bill of fare. Whether taken *con amore* or tasted critically, "The Magnate's" sumptuous descriptions of the life *de luxe* led by Janet on the Riviera might move an anchorite. The plot is simple. To escape the hateful and jarring servitude of her place as "mother's help" in a mean and vulgar Manchester household, the beautiful Janet Nicholson consents to marry her plain and commonplace suitor, John Holden, with the proviso that she is to be his wife only in name. Janet, indeed, lays down the terms with a business-like precision that should appeal to millionaires: "You are never to remind me that our relation is incomplete in word or tone or gesture. I will promise you that—that I will not disgrace you in any way." The bargain is struck, and the gates of Aladdin's palace swing open before our ravished senses. All that the indecent power of money can command, all that the gross vulgarity which a society of *noureaux riches* delights in, is displayed before us by our author with an enthusiasm that is staggering. The bare description of Janet's *trousseau*, her frocks, her furs, her laces, her fans, her camisoles, her sunshades, her shawls, her opera cloaks, her gloves, her veils, her gorgeous *toilettes de bal*, breakfast gowns, elaborate tea-gowns, dressing-gowns, stockings, hats, &c., &c., fills five pages. And, more bewildered than Janet, we pass with her into her magnificent apartments at the Imperial Hotel, Torrento, where the Magnate, after a hundred franc lunch, is awaiting "the gentleman from Fougereau's, with a few rings and things." And here we judge that our readers will like to see for themselves what brings into Janet's throat the "gurgling cry of pleasure":—

> "I only want good stuff," John Holden had said emphatically to Fougereau: "not a lot, but pick 'em. I know I can trust you."
>
> Fougereau is the first jeweller in the world: the implication that he had anything in his store that was not the very best of its kind was almost an insult. Yet Fougereau only bowed gravely to John Holden. Perhaps it was the careless compliment that wiped out the unintentional sting; or was it the magic words which Holden added: "I'll give you *carte blanche* as to cost"?
>
> She gave a little low cry of pleasure, and she held out fluttering white hands. . . . But everything would probably have turned out all right if it had not been for the jeweller-man. He was a man of taste; he had heard that gurgling child's cry of pleasure in Janet's throat; he had arrived immediately at the conclusion that, although Mr. Holden had spent not merely a fortune, but many fortunes, on madame'e jewel-case, he ought to consider himself amply repaid because it had produced that indescribable sound. The jeweller-man, it will be seen, was French. He prided himself on the delicacy of his perceptions. He saw through his eyelids that when Jant's fluttering hands passed over the open tray, and her eyes went to her husband, there was embarrassment in their liquid depths. Those confounded perceptions of his told him that he was *de trop*. He effaced himself instantly.
>
> "Monsieur permits me to retire?"
>
> Holden could not well refuse. The man had done his part. . . .
>
> "Don't you like 'em?" he said, with a clumsy assumption of gruffness.
>
> "You know I do," she replied, her eyes thrilling him. "They're . . . . they're splendid."
>
> "Well, you'd better look at 'em, then. You haven't seen 'em yet."
>
> There was a heart-shaped diamond, surrounded by cut rubies; a marquise ring of sapphires and diamonds, Kashmir sapphires of that pure corn-flower blue that cannot be matched even in the depths of heaven: a black pearl of brilliant lustre, with a single white diamond . . .
>
> She pulled out the second tray. It contained watches, brooches, hair ornaments, tortoiseshell combs set with brilliants and pearls.
>
> She investigated further. The next tray almost took her breath away.
>
> There was an exquisite necklace of rubies and diamonds, the rubies being like drops of blood in a lacework of platinum and brilliants; they were Burmah rubies of the true colour; a rope of pearls long enough to reach the knees; they were round, and of perfect colour and sheen. She lifted them up. . .
>
> Her husband watched her. It must have been a pretty sight enough—her dark head bending over her baubles like a lovely child with a box of toys, her rapt face glowing, her white fingers touching them one by one. He had filled his cup with splendid munificence, and we must not blame him if he quaffed it somewhat recklessly. It was a heady drink.
>
> "Oh!" she cried. . . "Oh!" . . . . and again "Oh-h-h!"
>
> She had found the crown. It was a superb ornament of pearls in conjunction with diamonds, made as only a Frenchman can make such things—magnificent without heaviness, graceful without declining into mere prettiness. Then she pulled out the fourth tray, and found *The Necklace* reposing in solitary grandeur on its bed of satin. To that she paid the greatest of tributes—silence.

* "The Magnate." By Robert Elson. Heinemann. 6s.

> She glanced at her husband for a moment, and then, very reverently, she took hold of it at each end, and lifted it out. She had never seen anything at all like it in her life before.

But Janet is not to be bought by the "many fortunes spent on madame's jewel-case." When John Holden touches her neck clumsily while he is trying to fasten her necklace, Janet rushes, panic-stricken, to the door. She thinks that he has, of design, broken his promise. The scene is shockingly overdone, of course, as is the plutocrat's contrite humility, chivalry, and exquisite forbearance in the many scenes where Janet, out of perversity, flirts abominably with the men of pleasure, Corbishley, Captain Ambrose, Tommy Wentworth, who are in her smart, motoring, bridge-playing set. What interests us in the picture of their atrociously vulgar Riviera life, described with such loving appreciation, is that both Janet and John Holden, while intent on getting their money's worth in social luxury, as long-headed business people should do, are sound and unsophisticated as mill-hands in all that pertains to their domestic virtue. This is, in a sense, a good sign, as it illustrates the old saying about the generation that corrupts society by its lavish display, not itself being corrupted; but one asks oneself whether this deification of the money-power is not more offensive to good taste when buttressed by domestic virtue. We have in "The Magnate" innumerable little scenes all designed to impress on us that money is king everywhere, except in the nuptial chamber. Thus we are shown Janet receiving Rothschild with awe, and wondering whether "he could be so little, so plain, so quiet, and yet the bearer of that great historic name." And was she herself "the spiritless drudge who, so short a time ago, had been at the beck and call of a vulgar shrew in the dreary suburbs of Manchester"? And, of course, character's the thing that one can coin into money, as your plain business man knows. If you are rolling in money, *then* you can even afford not to look up to it!

> Philippa began to laugh again: then she became grave. . . . "Why, you'll be entertaining royalty, next year, at home, my dear. I'd give my ears to be in your shoes."
>
> The audacity of the suggestion rather frightened Janet. "Royalty?" she said.
>
> "The King thinks the world of John. Didn't you know? 'The only man who never wants anything for himself,' he said of him. It went all over London."
>
> It was a wonderful revelation to Janet, that pithy careless verdict of the best judge of character in Europe. It was not merely that her husband was honoured by the respect of a king, but that *the* king had said just that one thing of him.

After this testimony from Royalty the reviewer's appreciation of plain, honest John Bull Holden would be superfluous to the modern Briton. The Chief, as John Holden is styled, is superb when he bribes the engine-driver of his Paris-Riviera special with 6,000 francs to gain an extra half an hour on the run, so that he may spend it with Mrs. Holden. And he is simply the super-Briton when Captain Ambrose prepares a trap for the innocent Janet, and bribes her chauffeur to break down late at night in a mountain village. The reader must be left to sample these delights. Perfect propriety is maintained, and everything mentioned in the book is "the best that money can buy."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The King and the Constitution" is the title of the opening article in "The Contemporary Review" for September. The writer, who signs himself "A Loyal Subject," criticises the part which the King is commonly assumed to have played in recent foreign negotiations. The view taken is that the tension between this country and Germany is partly due to the sudden announcement of the Reval visit, without any pains having been taken to allay German anxiety. "On the contrary," the writer goes on, "much was done which had the effect of intensifying it. The central source of the alarm of the Germans springs from their belief that King Edward, of whose supernatural ability in political manœuvres they have fully persuaded themselves, is his own Foreign Minister, pursuing, with relentless persistence, a personal policy, aiming at the isolation and ultimately at the destruction of Germany. The one great check upon this fantastic theory is the assertion of the Constitutional doctrine that his Majesty neither has, nor can have, nor desires to have, any foreign policy excepting that for which the English Cabinet and the Foreign Minister are responsible." This is the line of argument which we ourselves have taken in discussing the question, and we believe it to be one which, in view of current misconceptions, needs to be insisted upon. Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes an appreciation of Count Tolstoy. A determination to place before the reader a series of exact statements, an effort to represent the truth in a formal exposition of particulars, this, says Mr. Gosse, is the central feature of Tolstoy's work as a novelist and the reason why he must be ranked great among the greatest. "His method, when sentiment does not intervene to disturb it, is impeccable. He deals, by the aid of his superb resources of description, with the relation of causes, the linked succession of facts, and the inevitability of events. He explains the laws of humanity to us by history, and history by manners." A want of impartiality is, in Mr. Gosse's view, Tolstoy's great drawback. "In his earlier nihilistic days, in his later pietistic ones, he has deliberately shut himself off from the very highest achievement by his didactic habit of mind. As long as he patiently observes, there is no one above him, and perhaps no one equal to him. But from the opening chapter of 'The Cossacks' to the final book of 'Resurrection,' he has never been able to resist a temptation to illogical satire. . . . He set out to observe mankind impartially, and yet he has not been able to resist the ethical caprice which has led him into a thousand flagrant contradictions and illogical conclusions. Nor is there anything very new in any of his theories, except the extravagance with which they are formulated. He goes back to 1750 and the 'Discours sur l'inégalité.'" This is a very commonplace and superficial view of a great man's intellectual and spiritual life. Similar criticisms have been made on Ruskin, but after all is it not Ruskin the prophet, and not Ruskin the art critic, who will be remembered? "The Turkish Revolution" is discussed by Mr. Edwin Pears—an unrivalled authority, with great balance of mind. Mr. Pears thinks that the most serious danger ahead of the Young Turks arises from the probability of conflict between the Committee and the Army. "So long as the Committee is in accord with the Army it can govern. But will the Army remain content to be under a chief who is the nominee of a civil and self-appointed Committee? If a few years pass under the Constitutional *régime* the Army may learn to recognise that Parliament is its real master. The Committee may dissolve itself, or be forgotten, as having merged its powers in Constitutional authority. But if, before such a lesson is learned, the Army is discontented, the troops may declare for the Sultan against their official chief, and then will come the chance of reaction." Mr. A. D. Webster, in "Our Timber Supplies," urges that the State should acquire suitable waste lands and plant them with timber at the rate of 40,000 acres annually, for a period of twenty-five years. Other articles are "The Transmission of Acquired Characters" by Professor Marcus Hartog, "The Political Relations of Hungary and Austria," by Count Jos. Mailáth, "Chamber Drama" by Mr. G. V. Williams, "Re-union and Intercommunion" by the Archbishop of Melbourne, "The Belgian Parliament and the Congo" by Mr. E. D. Morel, and "Sick Nursing in the Territorial Army" by Miss Elizabeth Haldane.

* * *

The Turkish question forms the subject of no fewer than four articles in "The Fortnightly Review." "Viator" has the highest praise for the Young Turks, and is very sanguine of their future developments. The movement is, in his view, thoroughly national and patriotic. "The new men desire to keep every inch of territory at present under Ottoman control; and if we think European interference will be easier than in the past we are mistaken." Mr. Angus Hamilton describes the Midhat Pasha Constitution of 1876, and shows how the present reforming policy compares with that of thirty years ago. "Modernism in Islam" is the title of a brilliant article by Mr. H. N. Brailsford, in which he shows that the Mohammedan world is very much in the same position relative to the Koran as Catholicism is relative to the Bible and the Church. Captain von Herbert's article on "Kamil Pasha and the Succession in Turkey" was written some months ago, but the conclusions then reached have been fully borne out by

THE INTERNATIONAL

A Review of the World's Progress.

September No. Price 1/- net.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

THE FUTURE OF MARRIAGE. By DR. RODOLPHE BRODA.

THE INFANT MORTALITY CAMPAIGN IN GREAT BRITAIN. By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.

THE PROBLEM OF DIVORCE IN FRANCE. By PAUL MARGUERITE.

THE STORM-CENTRE OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT. By TERESA BILLINGTON-GRIEG.

THE MACEDONIAN QUESTION. By G. F. ABBOTT.

THE WAR AGAINST TRUSTS IN AMERICA. By ARTHUR BEAVES (New York).

THE MAORI AS LAND REFORMER. By SIR ROBERT STOUT, K.C., M.G. (New Zealand).

THE EMANCIPATION OF MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN. By G. DESORMEAUX.

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING OF INDIA. By INDICUS.

On Sale at all Booksellers.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON.

BY DESERT WAYS TO BAGHDAD.

By LOUISA JEBB (Mrs. Wilkins). With a Map and 64 Illustrations from photographs. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BEACHCOMBER.

Scenes and Incidents in the Career of an Unprofessional Beachcomber in Tropical Queensland. By E J. BANFIELD. With a Map and 48 Illustrations. 15s. net.

CULTS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF INDIA.

By JOHN CAMPBELL OMAN, D.Lit., Author of "The Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India," &c. Profusely Illustrated. 14s. net.

AUGUSTUS.

The Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire (B.C. 63—A.D. 14). By E. S. SHUCKBURGH. Cheap Edition. Illustrated. Cloth, 2s. 6d. Uniform with Lord Morley's "Life of Richard Cobden."

CHATS ON OLD LACE AND NEEDLEWORK.

A Practical Guide for Collectors.

By Mrs. LOWES. With a Coloured Frontispiece and about 70 other Illustrations. Cloth, 5s. net.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON.

THE CASE FOR FREE TRADE

is being pithily put from day to day in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

by

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.,

under the title

100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE.

EVERY DAY ONE POINT.

All who wish to have ready to hand an apt reply for the Tariff Reformer should watch this series in

"THE DAILY NEWS"

daily.

BOOKS WANTED, 25s. Each Offered.—Brewer's Henry VIII., 2 vols., 1884. Burke's Armoury and Extinct Peerage, 1883. Borrow's Wild Wales, 3 vols., 1862. Eliot's Scenes of Clerical Life, 1st edition, 2 vols., 1858. Jerrold's Men of Character, 3 vols., 1838. Alice in Wonderland, 1865 or 1866. Stevenson's Edinburgh, 1879. Desperate Remedies, 3 vols., 1871. Churchill's Poems, 3 vols., 1844. Symond's Italian Literature, 2 vols., 1881. Swinburne's Atalanta, white cloth, 1865. Lorna Doone, 3 vols., 1869. James's Painters and their Work, 3 vols. Gardiner's History of England, 2 vols., 1863. Jackson's Old Paris, 2 vols., 1878. Freer's Last Decade, 2 vols., 1863. 100,000 books for sale and wanted. Please state wants.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKLETS ON DIET By the Author of "Plainer Fare and Less of It."
SEVENTH THOUSAND.

"PLAIN DINNERS: a Help to a Uric-Acid-Free Diet." Post-free. 7d.

"There is much sound wisdom and real helpfulness in the pages of this little pamphlet."—*Dundee Courier.*

"SALINE STIMULATION: with Remarks on a Common Ill." Post-free, 7d,

A "new application of old and familiar facts." From the Author,

ALICE BRAITHWAITE, 45, West End Avenue, Harrogate.

Now on Sale, 6d. net. The September BOOK MONTHLY.

Contents.

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR. Topics and Talk in the Literary World, with really good Illustrations.
THE "SEVENPENNY" What It Has Done Since It Came Into Being.
LIFE AND LETTERS. According to the Experience of David Christie Murray.
A LONDON LETTER. Which Tells all about the Summer Heroine in Fiction.
OXFORD IN PRINT. Some Annals of the Great University Press.
LIGHT AND LEADING. New Fact and Current Opinion Gathered from the Book World.
THE GENERAL READER. Snap-Shot Reviews of the Best and Best-Selling Books.
NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY. Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.
BOOKS OF THE MONTH. A Classified Catalogue of the Noteworthy Books, New Editions, and Reprints of August.
THE PERIODICALS. Contents of this Month's Reviews and Magazines.

Publishers: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

events. Mr. Archibald Hurd argues that the Colonies should relieve the British taxpayer by voting grants in aid of the Navy—a position impregnable to argument but hardly likely to be adopted in the near future. Two critical articles are a fine appreciation of "Mark Rutherford," by Miss Frances Lowe, and "Tolstoy and the Tolstoyans," by Mr. Francis Gribble. Mr. Gribble attempts to enact the part of *advocatus diaboli* without much success. There is a clever short story called "The Gift," by Miss May Sinclair.

* * *

In "The Nineteenth Century" Mr. Edward Dicey examines the effect of the Turkish Revolution upon Egyptian Nationalism, and reaches the conclusion that the case for some form of Parliamentary self-government for Egypt is strengthened by events in Turkey. "I cannot conceal my conviction," he says, "that Kamil Pasha created a state of feeling in Egypt more akin to patriotism than had been known there before, and that this feeling can be best described as one of general unrest. I cannot doubt that, whether reasonably or unreasonably, English rule is viewed with disfavor by the great majority of the Egyptian public, and that if we are to reconcile Egypt to our dominion we must adopt other measures than those which commended themselves to the British Agency under the late Administration." Sir Godfred Lagden discusses "Our Protectorates and Asiatic Immigration," urging that "our obligations to British Indians, with whose problems we warmly sympathise, should not be satisfied at the expense of the natives of Africa" Mr. Beckles Willson publishes some fresh letters of General Wolfe, those to his parents being particularly interesting. "Aerial Navigation" is treated by Professor Simon Newcomb, "Woman and the Suffrage" by Miss Eva Gore-Booth, and Mr. Bram Stoker fears that necessity may soon arise for a censorship of fiction.

* * *

"Birds and Their Nests and Eggs," by Mr. George H. Vos (Routledge, 1s.), is described by the author as the second part of a description of the rambles of two friends in search of birds' nests near London, the first part having been published last year. The observations made on these rambles are described in a style which, if a little too childish to please all adult readers, should commend itself to more youthful students of bird life and lore. Beginning with an account of how, one January, a pair of robins made the mistake of regarding that month as the proper one for nesting, the author narrates a series of excursions, lasting till early June, and accompanies the text with some excellent photographs of his own taking. The appendices consist of a brief but useful list of eggs, described and illustrated, and of a synopsis and alphabetical index of the birds mentioned.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, Aug. 28.		Price Friday Morning, Sept. 4.
Consols 2½ per cent.	86½	...	85 11/16
German 3 per cent.	83½	...	84
Japan 4 per cent. 1899	82⅝	...	83⅞
Union Pacific	164½	...	168½
Canadian-Pacific...	178	...	177½
Rand Mines	6 3/32	...	6⅞
Peruvian Pref.	10¼	...	10⅝

This has been a very interesting week on the Stock Exchange, chiefly on account of the upward spurt in the Foreign market, led by Peruvians and Japanese. Peruvian Ordinary has risen 20 per cent. in a few weeks, owing partly to the better outlook for nitrate, partly to the better relations between the Corporation and the Government, partly to the admission of the Corporation's stocks to the Paris list. Peruvian Ordinary is little better than a speculative counter. The Preference has more solidity, and the Bonds, yielding 6 per cent. at or near about par, look rather attractive. The American market is still in an excited condition. As to Japanese issues, the revival of support is less remarkable than the cause, which deserves a special paragraph.

Japanese Finance.

The great event of the week has been the declaration of policy by the new Katsura Cabinet, which has just decided to effect the most sweeping retrenchment that one can remember in modern financial history. The proposal is to reduce the expenditure by 200 million yen, or 20 millions sterling. If this is carried out it will mean that many of the war taxes can be swept away or diminished, that a real sinking fund can be applied to the reduction of the war debt, and that considerable sums can also be applied to the economic development of Japan. During the last two years the pressure of military and naval men has been strong enough to keep the military and naval estimates at an extravagant height, with the result that the promise of a big sinking fund has been unfulfilled, and that last year's revenue and income only just balanced. But the depression of Japanese bonds and a long-drawn crisis of trade and finance have apparently produced an irresistible counter pressure not only from bankers, merchants, and financiers, but from the whole nation, the Press powerfully assisting. Hence we now get this startling declaration of policy. Forty per cent. of the reduction—*i.e.*, £8,000,000—is to be obtained by diminishing the military and naval outlay. Another sum is to be gained by postponing the International Exhibition at Tokio, which will be a costly affair. Moreover, the Japanese Government perceives that the sanitation and hotel accommodation of the big towns are by no means up to European standard, and that it would be well to give the local authorities time to prepare for an influx of wealthy visitors. Altogether Japan is to be heartily congratulated on this bold stroke of policy. The Government has been rewarded immediately by a strong upward movement of Japanese bonds, which has not been confined to merely Government issues.

The Russian Loan.

Meanwhile the Russian Government is still floundering in financial embarrassments, wasting its money recklessly on an army unmanageably huge, and on perfectly useless military railways. An appalling deficit is again certain, and the French banks are preparing to float another big loan, probably in October. No one thinks that the recent 5 per cent. internal loan of 200,000,000 roubles will satisfy the Government's needs. The finance minister, M. Kokovstoff, is never tired of enlarging on the need for economy, but, in view of his Budget proposals, his speeches are worthless. The Russian Budget for 1908 was larger than ever. Ordinary expenditure stands at £231,225,106, and extraordinary at £26.915.207; while the revenue estimates from taxation are £238,694,549. The history of the debt appears in the following table:—

Year.	Total debt. Roubles.
1862	1,376,420,117
1872	2,291,918,841
1882	4,356,638,149
1892	4,976,995,271
1902	6,430,651,061
1905	7,081,746,618
1906	7,841,164,509
1907	8,609,577,528

From a recent study of the debt I take the following:—

> "Much of this debt has, it is true, been incurred on account of railways. In 1904 3,189,852,000 roubles had been borrowed for this purpose, and improved communication is undoubtedly one of Russia's great needs. But a large number of the lines do not pay, and therefore are a burden on the country's finances. The government owns about two-thirds of all the railways in Russia, and its system now extends to over 25,300 miles.
>
> "The default of the Russian government would be so appalling that its possibility is scarcely conceivable. But the country's economic future depends entirely on the shape her policy takes. An investor might weigh his individual opinion on these points against the attractive yields of Russian securities."

I am not sure that the yields are attractive, in view of the continuation on an ever increasing scale of deficits and loans. For it must be remembered that the interest on the debt could not be paid except by annual borrowing in France

Lucellum.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST allowed on Deposits repayable on demand.

2 per cent. INTEREST on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it

WILL BE REPLACED.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.

Each packet is dated with the year of issue.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.

All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

BOOKSELLERS.

A Beautiful Large Emerald Type

10/6 OXFORD TEACHER'S BIBLE for 5/11 POST FREE.

Latest Illustrated Edition. Size 7 x 5-in.

To which are appended Notes analytical, critical, chronological, historical, and geographical, a glossary of antiquities; an abstract of modern discoveries; a dictionary of Scripture proper names; a biblical index concordance; a new series of maps; and compendium of Scripture natural history. *Handsome Limp Morocco binding, with overlapping edges, round corners, elastic band.*

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE, 53, Paternoster Row.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

Buy

The Saturday Westminster

Weekly Issue of "The Westminster Gazette."

Because

it contains all F.C.G.'S Cartoons of the Week.
of its unique page of "Problems and Prizes."
of its Book Reviews and Literary Columns.
of the Variety of General Articles and Short Stories.
it is the only Weekly Magazine-Review of the kind.
it costs but a Penny a Week. *By post, 6s. 6d. (Home), and 8s. 8d. (Abroad) per annum.*

It

Never Fails to Please & Satisfy

Offices: Tudor House, Tudor St., London, E.C.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities.
Citizenship Course. Leisure Hour Work.

(For Leisure Hour Work, see the Bootham School exhibit in the Franco-British Exhibition, Education Building, Section J.)

Special terms for boys under 14 and under 13.

For copies of Prospectus and full particulars with regard to Scholarships, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.

Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields: gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Next Term, Sept. 18th. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON).

The MICHAELMAS TERM BEGINS on OCTOBER 1st, 1908. The College prepares Students for the London Degrees in Science and Arts.

Twelve Entrance Scholarships, from £50 to £60 a year, and several Bursaries of not more than £30, tenable for three years, will be offered for Competition in June, 1909.

For further particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.
Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors.
Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

WEST HEATH SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD.

On high ground close to the Heath.
A day school for Boys and Girls (about 100 pupils).

Principal: **Mrs. Ennis Richmond.**
Headmaster: **Mr. F. V. Bindon (M.A. Cantab.).**
Succeeding Mr. & Mrs. Rice, now taking up work at Bedales School, Hants.

Good Buildings. Playground. Large Grass Playing Fields.

A Boarding house will be opened in September in connection with the above under the immediate management of **Mrs. Richmond** and her son, **Mr. Kenneth Richmond,** as house master.

Michaelmas Term will begin September 22nd.

HIGHEST QUALITY
TURKISH TOWELS
AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES, LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR
CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.
By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."
—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."
—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

TOURS.

£6 6s. LUCERNE TOUR.

Nine days. Short Sea Route. No extras for Conductor or Gratuities.

HENRY S. LUNN, M.D.

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. 25, Cannon Street, E.C.
4, Charing Cross, S.W. 84, Piccadilly, W.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors, Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.

67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

PROSPECT HOUSE BOARDING ESTAB., 33, Central Par., facing Sea, Central for Amusements. South Aspect. Tel. 575 Manageres.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.

BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

HILLS MARINE VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing sea. 10/- per day

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LANCASTER.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

STONEWELL RESTAURANT. T. M. Hey, Proprietor.

MARKET HALL RESTAURANT. Prop. J. E. Dowthwaite.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture.

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic. &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647.

HOTEL CAFE CONTINENTAL, 207, Lord St., French and English Confectioners, Dinners, Teas and Suppers. Parties Catered for.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS

FROM

GREENING & CO'S LIST.

ROYAL LOVERS AND MISTRESSES.

The Romance of Crowned and Uncrowned Kings and Queens of Europe. By DR. A. S. RAPPOPORT (Author of "The Curse of the Romanoffs," &c.). Illustrated, demy octavo, cloth. (In active preparation.) **16/- net.**

A DAINTY EDITION OF DEAN SWIFT'S WORKS.

Bound in neat Cloth binding and printed on good deckle edge paper. **2/- net.** per vol.

Vol. 1. **THE TALE OF A TUB**
Vol. 2. **POLITE CONVERSATION**
Vol. 3. **THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS AND DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS**
Vol. 4. ***MISCELLANEA**
Vol. 5. **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS** (Lilliput and Brobdingnag).
Vol. 6. **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS** (Laputa and among the Houyhnhnms.

* This volume contains many of Swift's choicest essays, including "A Meditation upon a Broomstick," "Essay on Conversation," etc.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART:

From its origin to the accession of the House of Hanover.

By SAMUEL COWAN.

Author of "Mary Queen of Scots," &c.

Bound in whole red buckram. Two vols., demy 8vo. With 48 illustrations and photogravure frontispieces of Mary Queen of Scots and Annabella Drummond. Price **42/-** net.

FROM ST. IVES TO LAND'S END.

By A. G. FOLLIOTT-STOKES.

Vividly describes the beautiful but little known Coast and Moorland stretching from St. Ives to Land's End. Many of the excellent pictures by Mr. J. C. DOUGLAS represent views which have not hitherto been photographed and add much to the value of the work. It is a handy little volume for the pocket, containing a map of the ground covered, and will be found of the greatest interest to tourists and visitors to West Cornwall. It is strongly bound in cloth, and the price is **1/-** net.

CATHOLIC CHURCH MUSIC.

By RICHARD R. TERRY.

(Organist and Director of the Choir at Westminster Cathedral).

Demy 8vo, cloth, **5s.** net.

EDUCATION, PERSONALITY, & CRIME.

By ALBERT WILSON, M.D.

With about 100 illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.** net.

The Author makes a new departure in suggesting that degeneracy forms as distinct a class as insanity. As a scientific basis he gives a full analysis of the brain of a degenerate who was a murderer. There are many micro-photographs to prove his case. If later observers support this view it will form quite a novel feature not only in pathology, but also in sociology and in the medico-legal aspect of crime.

BUBBLES IN BIRD LAND.

Written by HAROLD SIMPSON.

Drawings By G. E. SHEPHARD.

This is one of the cleverest and funniest books for Children ever produced. It contains 30 full-page coloured illustrations. **3s. 6d.** net.

POPULAR FICTION.

If you want a really thrilling tale of love and war, ask at your library for

6/- SEMIRAMIS. 6/-

By EDWARD PEPLE, part author of "Richard the Brazen."

OTHER GOOD NOVELS ARE

WORKERS IN DARKNESS	- HARRIS BURLAND 6s.
BEAU BROCADE	- BARONESS ORCZY 6s.
THE CARDINAL AND LADY SUSAN	LUCAS CLEEVE 6s.
A BACHELOR'S LOVE STORY	- ANTHONY GRIMM 6s.
ROLLIN STONE	- ERNEST SUFFLING 6s.
THE MEETING OF THE WAYS	- J. D. BAXTER 6s.
A SUBURBAN SCANDAL	- GURNER GILLMAN 6s.
THE AVA MINING SYNDICATE	- CECIL LOWIS 6s.
MRS. FITZMAURICE ON LEAVE	GABRIELLE FITZMAURICE 3s. 6d.
THE PRODIGAL CITY	- TRISTAM COUTTS 6s.
BRENDAVALE	- E. BLACK. 6s.
GOD IN SAN DAM	- F. BLOUNT MOTT 6s.
HEATHER O' THE RIVERS	W. HAROLD THOMSON 6s.
ROSE CAMPIONS PLATONIC	- ADAM LILBURN 6s.
THE MYSTERIOUS ABDUCTION	G. S. GOODMAN 6s.

GREENING'S SHILLING NET NOVELS

Were the first in the field, and still remain the best on the market.

JUST ADDED:

THE TANGLED SKEIN

By BARONESS ORCZY. Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

PORTALONE

By RANGER GULL. Author of "The Serf," "The Hypocrite," &c.,

AND

THE DUPE

By GERALD BISS. Author of "The White Rose Mystery."

OTHER VOLUMES IN THE SERIES ARE:

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL	BARONESS ORCZY.
I WILL REPAY	BARONESS ORCZY.
A SON OF THE PEOPLE	BARONESS ORCZY.
THE DEGRADATION OF GEOFFREY ALWITH	MORLEY ROBERTS.
SEEN AND UNSEEN	E. KATHARINE BATES.
FROM THE BOOK BEAUTIFUL	GUY THORNE.
OSCAR WILDE	R. H. SHERARD.

To their "LOTUS LIBRARY" Messrs. Greening have just added **A MUMMY'S ROMANCE,** by THEOPHILE GAUTIER, translated by G. F. MONKSHOOD, price **1/6** net cloth, **2/-** net leather, to be had at all booksellers'.

JUST ADDED TO GREENING'S USEFUL HANDBOOKS:—

HOW TO INSURE PAYMENT OF DEBT ... By a LAWYER.	**GOLF** ... By Sir HENRY SETON KARR and others.
VILLA GARDENS ... By W. S. ROGERS.	**THE HOME BEAUTIFUL** ... A Practical Guide to Home.

IF YOU WANT A REAL GOOD LAUGH READ

THE VICTIM AND THE VOTARY

A really funny yarn by WILLIAM CAINE. Price One Shilling net. Illustrated wrapper.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

GREENING & CO. Ltd., 91, St., Martin's Lane, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 24.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Diary of the Week ...	819
Politics and Affairs:—	
The Catholic Church and Modern Life	822
The Policy of National Insurance	823
The Message of Liberalism to the East	824
The Crisis in the Cotton Trade	826
Life and Letters:—	
The Teaching of Tolstoy ...	827
Fifty Years of Evolution ...	828
The Passing of the Horse ...	829
Little Living Creatures ...	830
Present-Day Problems:—	
A New Force in Agriculture	831
The Drama:—	
Mr. Barrie's Failure. By H. W. M.	832
Communications:—	
The South American Naval Armaments. By One Who Knows	833
Letters to the Editor:—	
"A South American Ruler." By the Consul for Venezuela	834
Taine's Letters. By Frederic Harrison	835
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By John W. Graham, Active Resister. Sir Jas. B. Smith, and H. Reynolds Brown, M.D.	835
Women Municipal Voters. By J. Smith	836
England and Germany. By A. Clutton Brock	837
Miss Beale and Women's Suffrage. By Mrs. C. D. Rackham	837
Poetry:—	
Starlight on the Hill. By W. K. Fleming...	837
The World of Books ...	838
Books to be Read	838
Reviews:—	
The Child of the Temple ...	839
English Oarsmanship ...	840
David Christie Murray ...	841
Three Novels	842
Books in Brief:—	
The Story of the Guides ...	844
James II. and His Wives ...	844
Leaf and Tendril	844
A Short History of the English Bar	846
The Week in the City ...	846

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The Eucharistic Congress was opened in Westminster Cathedral on Wednesday by a reception of Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, the Papal Legate, an ecclesiastic of much learning and distinction who has been close to the succession to the Papal chair. Cardinal Vannutelli has been careful to disavow any "political intent" for his mission, or "any idea of dispute or argument with Protestants," and has declared that all the discussions in the Congress will be on purely religious topics. The opening ceremony in the great Byzantine structure at Westminster was imposing. The chief figure was the Legate, who walked in full canonicals to the High Altar, rich with many colored marbles, beneath a white silk canopy, accompanied by his suite in pontifical uniform, and a long file of great Roman ecclesiastics. The Cardinal delivered a special Papal Benediction, and in his Address paid a tactful compliment to a country which a famous Pope found to be inhabited "by angels rather than Angles," and offered his respects to the King and to the British authorities. On Thursday morning a full Pontifical Mass was finely sung, the Archbishop of Paris being the celebrant.

* * *

Meanwhile, a somewhat bitter controversy has arisen with regard to to-morrow's procession round the precincts of the Cathedral in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. It appears that technically this procession violates the twenty-sixth section of the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. This section declares that "if any Roman Catholic ecclesiastic shall exercise any of the rites or ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, or wear the habits of his Order, save within the usual places of worship of the Roman Catholic religion, or in private houses, such ecclesiastic or other person shall forfeit for every such offence the sum of £50." This prohibition was revived in the proclamation by Queen Victoria in 1852, when the anti-Catholic movement was rife. It does not seem to be clear that the procession itself is a violation of the law. The Catholics deny that it involves the actual exercise of any of their rites and ceremonies. But it is admitted that ecclesiastics wearing their habits might be prosecuted under it if the Attorney-General chose to set the law in motion, and the Protestant Alliance have already served an injunction on Archbishop Bourne.

* * *

It is certain, however, that the Government will not act, and their abstention is, we think, justified. Considerations of tact and feeling should have led the organisers of the Congress to dispense with a procession through the streets of a non-Catholic country. But it is too late to invoke old penal laws on religious grounds, and there appear to be many cases in which the wearing of Roman Catholic vestments in the streets has been condoned, notably in the annual Corpus Christi processions. We criticise elsewhere the general position and attitude of the Roman Catholic Church to modern life, but we hope that no Protestant or freethinker will discredit himself and the traditions of his country by offering any insult to the procession. The discussions in the Congress have been on matters of faith associated with the doctrine and ceremony of the Mass, though Monsignor Moyes declared that the presence of a Legate in England after so many hundred years of banishment, and the fact that the country contained as many Catholics as in pre-Reformation days, made an *annus mirabilis* for Catholicism. The aged Lord Llandaff strongly denounced the Royal Declaration repudiating the Mass and the invocation and adoration of the Virgin as idolatrous. He declared this singling out of a specific religious doctrine for condemnation to be outrageous and a relic of barbarism, and pressed for its abolition. We doubt whether the time for advocating this change was wisely chosen. It suggests that the Congress had a political as well as a religious object.

* * *

The crisis of unemployment in Glasgow has given rise to the first anti-Royalist demonstration which has taken place in Great Britain for many years. The occasion was the visit of Prince Arthur of Connaught to the great municipal buildings at Glasgow in connection with a review of the Boys' Brigade. A crowd of 8,000 or 10,000 unemployed workmen gathered before the buildings, hooted the Prince when he entered them, and on his departure after luncheon. Some shouts of "Down with Monarchy" were raised as he drove away to the review ground in the company of the Lord Provost, but the demonstration was chiefly directed against the idea of expensive feasting by Town Councillors while so many workmen were starving. Another rough demonstration took place at the gates of the Cathedral, and proposals were made to conduct midnight raids on the richer quarters of the city and suburbs, but these came to nothing. To-morrow there is to be a parade of the unemployed round the city. But the state of feeling has been greatly softened by the sympathetic words and action of the Town Council, which is one of the most progressive in Great Britain. An interview between the represen-

tatives of the unemployed, at which their case was moderately stated, led to a display of strong emotion by the Lord Provost, who promised that Glasgow should sustain its character for generous conduct. The men at once responded to this note, and the danger of violence has probably passed.

* * *

Meanwhile, the situation in the shipbuilding trade and the general building industry shows some signs of amelioration. The Cotton Operatives have balloted on the question of a reduction of five per cent. in their wages. Ninety-two per cent. of the Operative Spinners voted against accepting the reduction, and ninety per cent. of the Cardroom Operatives. On this the joint unions asked for a fresh conference with the employers. This took place on Thursday, and brought the parties a little nearer a settlement. The masters proposed to postpone the five per cent. reduction to the beginning of the New Year. To this the workers replied by offering to accept reduction from January 1st, 1909, if the state of trade warranted it. The masters refused further concession, and the conference broke up without a definite issue. But neither party desires a conflict, and the door remains open for an adjustment. Unemployment seems to be spreading in Manchester, Birmingham, and other large centres. Finally, Mr. Churchill has succeeded in arranging provisional terms of agreement for the engineering trade on the North-East coast.

* * *

Mr. Shackleton, perhaps the ablest member of the Parliamentary Labor Party, delivered the Presidential Address to the Trade Union Congress on Monday. He approved the Old Age Pensions Act, while asking for the removal of the exception of aged paupers and for the reduction of the general age limit to sixty. He believed workmen wanted the Licensing Bill, thought that no amendments weakening its operation should be accepted, and was willing to fight the issue of Lords against Commons upon it. His chief remedies for unemployment were the reduction of the hours of labor and an effort to stop "systematic overtime," together with the re-introduction of Mr. P. W. Wilson's Bill of this year. He thought that the time was ripe for a new International Labor Conference, and asked the Government to call one—an excellent suggestion, which we hope the Prime Minister will adopt. He denounced Mr. Blatchford's and Mr. Hyndman's war scare, and, quoting John Bright, demanded the substitution of arbitration for war.

* * *

The most sensational incident of the meetings of the Congress has been the practically unanimous denunciation of the Salvation Army for the wages and conditions of work which apply at its Hanbury Street Joinery works. A strongly hostile resolution was withdrawn, but the industrial methods of the Army found no friends. The statement that the men at these works only receive from one-fourth to one-fifth of the trade union rates, and that three-quarters of this meagre wage is given in "truck," seems to us to require an answer.—On Thursday Mr. Shackleton made the highly important announcement that Mr. Gladstone has decided, after communication with the Parliamentary Committee, to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the entire problem of compulsory State insurance. The Commission will be set up this autumn.

* * *

England and Russia have taken a very important step in Persia. On Tuesday they presented an identical Note to the Shah telling him that the only way to put an end to the anarchy which was ruinous to Persia and dangerous to foreign residents was to carry out his pledge to hold new elections and to convoke a new Parliament. They suggested the middle of November as the date for the re-assembling of the Megliss, two months later than the date fixed by the Shah in the proclamation of last June, which he has shown no signs of carrying out. He will be unable to resist this peremptory advice of the two Powers, which will be of the highest benefit to the Constitutional movement. The initiative on this occasion has, of course, come from England, and Sir Edward Grey is heartily to be congratulated. He has perhaps waited too long, but he has finally, in the most unmistakeable fashion, cleared away the mists of suspicion which were damaging British prestige, and proved to Persia and the Asiatic world in general that in entering into the Anglo-Russian agreement England had no intention of abandoning her *rôle* as a great Liberal influence.

* * *

The meeting between Senator Tittoni and Baron von Aehrenthal at Salzburg (our Rome correspondent writes) is arousing much interest, for it is more important than the former meetings at Semmering and at Desio, which occurred last year, between the same two Ministers of Foreign Affairs. It is no secret that the two statesmen discussed at some length the relations between England and Germany, and the best means to ameliorate them. Austria and Italy have every interest in remaining on good terms with the British Empire, while friendship with England is for Italy a vital question, considering her position in the Mediterranean. This is independent of any question of sentiment, which has also a considerable weight, as good-will to England is so rooted in the Italian people that an anti-British policy would be absolutely impossible. This is the reason why Senator Tittoni has declared in the Italian Chamber, and has now repeated to Baron von Aehrenthal, that the adhesion of Italy to the Triple Alliance is conditional on her not being set in conflict with England. It appears that this clause existed in the original treaty, concluded in May, 1882, and has successively been maintained at each renewal of the alliance. With regard to the situation in Turkey, I believe that Austria and Italy pledged themselves to adhere to the agreements already existing between them, especially with regard to Albania, by which each country pledged itself against any territorial aggrandisement. Another of the important questions touched in the interview of Salzburg was that of Morocco. Here, as at the time of the Algeciras Conference, Italy sides more with England and France than with Germany and Austria.

* * *

The dispute between British Indians and the Transvaal Government has been embittered by sentences of six weeks' and three months' imprisonment passed on Indians who have re-entered the country as residents before the war, or as being qualified by the educational tests. These men included three sergeants who had served in the last Zulu "campaign" in Natal. The British Government have pledged themselves to secure this right of re-entry, but we see no prospect of their doing it. The final exclusion of Indian immigration is clearly intended by both white races in the Transvaal.

* * *

The Committee of Union and Progress has announced its election plans. Where it can, that is, in European Turkey and the larger towns of Asia Minor, it is putting up its own candidates, most of whom are

Moslems, though not all; the candidates for Salonika and Smyrna, for instance, are Jews. Its attitude towards the nominees of the nationalities will depend upon their platforms, but it has closed the Young Turkish ranks by absorbing Prince Sabah-ed-Din's organisation. Prince Sabah-ed-Din stood for decentralisation, and as such was one of the hopes of the Bulgarians. He has apparently modified his views, and the Bulgarians will have to go further to meet the Committee. They have already dropped some extreme demands and the negotiations with the Committee now look more hopeful. Unfortunately, unlike the Turks, they cannot agree among themselves, and Panitza, the dissident Sandansky's lieutenant, has just crowned his murder of Sarafof with the murder of three delegates of the Bulgarian Internal organisation, a dastardly outrage which has not made the situation easier.

* * *

An unpleasant situation has been averted at Newcastle. The local Labor Party met in conference and decided to run a Labor candidate, Mr. J. J. Stephenson, of Barrow. This action involved a distinct breach of the relation of comity between Labor and Liberalism which was established at the General Election. The Liberals ran only one candidate, and there can be no doubt that a division of votes and a tacit arrangement subsisted between Mr. Cairns, the late member, and Mr. Hudson, the present representative of Labor. A similar situation prevailed at Norwich and in many other constituencies. The Labor Party at Newcastle proposed—we imagine with small chance of success—to claim the entire representation of Newcastle for the Labor Party. For immediate purposes this would have implied an almost certain victory for the Protectionist candidate, Mr. Renwick. The special effect of such a reverse would have been felt in the coming debates on the Licensing Bill, of which Mr. Shackleton, the President of the Trade Union Congress, expressly approved. Happily the statesmanship of the Labor Party has been firmly exerted to stop a complete break up of the *entente* between Labor and Liberalism, with its inevitable consequence in the return to power of Protection and anti-Labor Conservatism. A conference of the Executive of the Labor Representation Committee met at Nottingham, both Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Hudson attending it. It was then unanimously decided to withdraw Mr. Stephenson's candidature, and to this course he assented. The local Labor Party have not yet accepted this decision, but headquarters will, of course, take steps to make it effective.

* * *

From Monday to Thursday the hills of Alsace-Lorraine echoed with the tramp of armies. The Kaisermanœuvres this year have taken place on the scene of the early fights of the war of 1870 and have in some measure reproduced their scheme. Seventy thousand men were engaged, including not only Prussian, but Bavarian, Saxon, and Würtemberg contingents. The general idea was that a Blue army, based upon Strassburg, was repelling the invasion of a Red army, based upon Metz. The Blue army gained the advantage, its cavalry doing wonderful and impossible things, including the capture of a battery of artillery. The troops were severely tried and well stood the strain of prolonged marching on heavy ground. But the most important purpose served has been to test the new field-kitchens with which every battalion was supplied, and motor transport. Both armies had to depend for supplies upon motor communication, and, as a great variety of types was employed, valuable information was probably obtained.

On Monday the French engaged and routed with heavy loss a large Moorish harka at Bu-Denib. The French reports speak of this as fighting in Southern Algeria and treat the Moorish movement as a fanatical invasion. The frontier, however, between Morocco and Algeria is not delimited along its whole length. The latest atlases put Bu-Denib well upon the Morocco side, and the French military maps down to 1885 did the like, nor do the latest include it in Algeria. The point of view of the Moorish tribesmen is that they are the victims of a French attempt to occupy the Morocco hinterland. The Algerian railway and the advance of the French are being pushed straight towards the Tafilet, the greatest and richest oasis of the Sahara, which explains why there was a strong contingent of Tafilet tribesmen in the harka. The Franco-Spanish Note has taken a long time drafting because it was difficult to persuade Spain to look at the situation through French glasses, but the two Powers are now said to be in agreement. It is pretty certain that Germany will not make its recognition of Mulai Hafid dependent upon the Sultan paying the costs of the Shawia adventure.

* * *

Tolstoy's eightieth birthday was quietly celebrated on Thursday. The Russian Press generally revolted against the Holy Synod's prohibition, and even the "Novoe Vremya" published a friendly and congratulatory article. But the local Governors appear to have put down all attempts at festivity. The aged "pan-Evangelist," as Anatole France happily calls Tolstoy, has received thousands of letters and telegrams, which testify to an affectionate devotion felt for no literary man since Voltaire, to whose position as an arbiter of thought and feeling about men and institutions Tolstoy has largely succeeded.

* * *

Mr. Wells's vision of the future of aeroplanes is coming nearer realisation. On Wednesday, Mr. Orville Wright stayed nearly an hour—57 minutes 31 seconds—in the air after making more than fifty circles of the parade ground of Fort Myer, attaining a height of 150 feet. Mr. Wright said he descended because he was tired and not because the machinery failed. In the evening, at the same place, he flew 62 minutes 15 seconds, again running easily and without an accident. On the third experiment he carried a second aeronaut, and the aeroplane ran at once more steadily and more slowly. The machine dipped up and down and flew at all kinds of varying heights. Mr. Wright estimated the speed of his aeroplane at 36 miles an hour.

* * *

Here is a further account of deaths caused during the week by the running of motor cars. On Tuesday a child of five was knocked down and killed by a motor car at Leeds, and another child of seven, playing on the road in a village near Worcester, ran in front of a motor car and met his death. On Monday night Mr. Coxon, described as a well-known North-country contractor, was found lying on the high road by the side of his motor cycle, terribly injured. His cycle had collided with a motor car which had run away. He died on the following day. On Monday evening a Nonconformist minister was overtaken by a motor train, near Goraghwood, in Ireland, and killed. The driver of the motor stated that the dead man paid no attention to his whistle. On Monday a motor car driver, who was held to be responsible for an accident causing the death of two persons and serious injury to another, and who was stated to have made no attempt to avoid it, was found guilty of "culpable negligence," fined £10—£5 a-piece for each death—and had his licence suspended for a year.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MODERN LIFE.

The holding of so important a Catholic gathering as the Eucharistic Congress in London is a fact of significance, though it may be doubtful whether this significance is to be looked for in the direction in which its organisers, or public opinion in general, suppose. It does not indicate, and will not bring about, a Romeward movement in this country. Never, we believe, since the Reformation was such a movement more impossible: the hopes entertained of the "conversion" of England, the idea that the nation is in any way gravitating towards Catholicism, Roman or Anglican—these things are dreams. The welcome which will be given to the members of the Congress, and the freedom with which its programme will be carried out, are due to the courtesy with which distinguished visitors are received by our people; to a certain indifference—for the nation at large Catholicism has long ceased to be a danger, or even a practical question; to curiosity—the crowd loves a pageant, and this particular pageant is sure to be well done. Whether under these circumstances a procession of the Host through the streets is a proper proceeding is a matter upon which considerable difference of opinion exists even among Catholics. Among a believing population such a procession is natural and impressive. But to parade an intimate religious symbol before a nondescript crowd, at the risk of insult and with the certainty of hostile comment, seems to many, apart from the question of legality, an aberration of taste and of discretion.

As applied to this gathering the name of Congress is misleading. The assembly is in no sense deliberative or designed to promote discussion. Even before the restrictions placed on such meetings by the Encyclical *Pascendi*, deliberation and free discussion were foreign to the genius of Roman Catholicism; and their absence at once places the Congress in a different category to that under which the recent Pan-Anglican Conference or the periodical Synods of the Free Churches fall. It is not necessary to question Cardinal Vannutelli's sincerity in emphasising its religious character. The Mass is the centre of Catholic worship and of the religious life of Catholics; the Congress is, at least on one side, a testimony to the belief in its mysterious efficacy, a public and private *auto da fè*. We may be thankful that some of the accessories by which such Acts of Faith were formerly accompanied are obsolete. The age is milder; faith itself burns with a less intense glow. Average English opinion regards the present celebration with the respect due to all sincere conviction, and with the special interest which the antiquity and wide diffusion of Catholicism inspire in those most remote from its standpoint. The protests which have made themselves heard, and those, perhaps the most significant, which have remained unspoken, are not directed against the Congress as a religious act, but as a demonstration, against the publicity given to it, and the advertisement of what, to the nation at large, is an alien creed.

Its religious aspect, however, is not exhaustive: so far from excluding, it implies and even accentuates its character as a demonstration, the effect of which, it is hoped, will be felt in England, and even more abroad. It would be unreasonable to complain that the assembly should possess this character. This is a free country. Within the law the Catholic Church is as much at liberty as any other to demonstrate; it is for the observer to explain the nature of the demonstration and to estimate its worth. As things stand, it is notorious that such a Congress would be impossible in the leading Catholic countries—in France or Italy. It would be the signal for a fierce outburst of anti-clericalism. The attempt to hold it would be put down by the civil authorities in the interests of public order. In Paris—in Rome itself—no public religious procession could take place without rioting and bloodshed; the streets through which it passed must be lined with bayonets and protected by cannon. How and why is this? Among non-Christian populations it is otherwise. The Sacred Carpet is escorted by enthusiastic crowds through Cairo; Buddhist monks go up with flowers and incense from the city to the protecting shrine. Among ourselves, little as we are given to external observances of the sort, the processions of the Salvation Army rouse little or no ill-will; to-morrow's ceremony will be witnessed by thousands of Protestants with decorum: it is only among Catholics that it could not safely take place. The reason assigned by the Pope is man's hatred of religion. Were it adequate, it would but throw the question farther back. Why does the Church of Rome inspire such hatred? Why, alone among religions, does it provoke such antagonism and inspire such distrust?

The fact is due not so much, we believe, to any distinctive features of Catholicism as a religion as to its embodiment in a polity. It comes into conflict with society not as a spiritual but as a secular power, as a social, or rather anti-social, force. That Christianity in the medieval world should have assumed the form of a highly organised society, governed by a powerful hierarchy, possessing its own jurisdiction, temporal as well as ecclesiastical, and recognising none but its own laws—this was natural and inevitable. That it involved a deterioration of the religious idea is beyond question; it is equally beyond question that this deterioration was a safeguard against evils worse than itself. Law is the first need of society; the sacrifice of individual freedom is the price paid by infant communities for survival; their members must learn at all costs to act in common and to obey. But at a later stage this insistence on corporate as opposed to individual life becomes mischievous. Men do not remain always minors; the time comes when they must think and act for themselves. They do so, indeed, at their peril; but in the long run the experiment is justified; character is formed by the undertaking of responsibilities and the incurring of risks. Catholicism has failed to recognise this; to see that the swathing bands of infancy are an incumbrance to the grown man. And when their retention is demanded by a sacerdotal caste bent at all costs on the preservation of its privileges and authority, the force of class interest and of real or assumed fanaticism is added to the natural conservatism of the human mind. Of

these tendencies Catholicism is the embodiment; hence the opposition that it encounters from all that is living in thought and action. "L'Eglise ne marche pas dans le sens de la vie, et la vie la repousse." It would be difficult to name a single step in advance taken by mankind, a single measure of reform or progress which it has not met with hostility. It fought against the union of Italy, the House of Savoy, the German Empire, the Republic in France. Pius X. acclaims the liberty which makes such assemblies as the Eucharistic Congress possible in England. It should be remembered that this liberty is denounced by the formal and authoritative teaching of the Holy See. The Syllabus of 1884 condemns the proposition: "Laudabiliter in quibusdam Catholici nominis regionibus lege cautum est ut hominibus illuc immigrantibus liceat publicum proprii cujusque cultus exercitium habere."

The same spirit runs through the Roman system as a whole. The internal discipline of the Church, it may be thought, does not concern outsiders. If those concerned find it intolerable, the remedy is in their own hands. Catholicism bulks too large in the world to make special pleading of this sort valid. The anti-modernist crusade inaugurated by the present Pontiff and rigorously carried on in England is matter of public concern. Men are not going back to this prison-house; they are escaping from it. Catholicism, though a survival on a vast scale, is a survival; its disappearance or transformation is a matter of time, the Reformation was the turning point. The evolution of religion pursued its way; nothing could arrest or deflect it. But "the other disciple outran Peter": the Churches of the Reformation took over the birthright which Rome definitely, and once for all declined. Since then, the jetsam of the tide, she has remained unmoved in the movement of humanity; the stream of life has flowed in other channels and into other seas. The progressive elements in the system—and there are such—are not those that appear on the surface. This, imposing as it is, is the mask of dissolution; it has the name of being alive, but is dead.

THE POLICY OF NATIONAL INSURANCE.

It was natural that Mr. Shackleton, in addressing the Trade Union Congress, should give prominence to the question of the unemployed. But it was disappointing that he should have little better to recommend as a remedy than the diminution of overtime and the revival of the impossible Bill of the Labor Party. It is a striking evidence of the inherent difficulties of this problem that the representatives of the class which suffers have no remedy, no offer, which will hold water. Other social evils arise from the greed, the selfishness, the short-sightedness of men, or from the operation of social and economic tendencies which can be measured and controlled. The difficulty in reforming them lies not so much in finding the right remedy, as in overcoming forces which resist its application. It is otherwise with unemployment. Of the cyclical fluctuations of modern industry no one has yet diagnosed the true cause, still less has anyone pointed out the right method of cure. For two or three years we have been tolerably free from the trouble. Now even before autumn has set in it is upon us again. On every side the trade figures show heavy falls. The North-East coast has been the scene of acute suffering through the summer, and at Glasgow misery has found a rude and half-articulate voice. The problem, we all know, is a complex one, in which faults of character play their part along with defects of industrial organisation. But in the face of the figures no one can say that the eight per cent. of trade unionists who are out of work to-day are out by their own fault. They are sufferers from the defects in our industrial and commercial organisation—that same organisation which, for the favored few, has piled up wealth beyond the dreams of our forefathers, and has brought plenty, comfort, and even luxury, to a large and ever-growing class. All the greater is the moral obligation on those who have reaped the benefits of the system to deal with the suffering which is its darker side.

Unemployment is only one of the evils of the workman's life, though it is probably that of which he goes most constantly in dread. While the skilled operative has now secured what may be called a fair-weather wage—a wage which carries him on well enough as long as health and strength last and employment is regular—he is still liable to strokes of fortune which rapidly depress him below the level of healthy livelihood and independent citizenship. Accidents, sickness, the approach of old age, no less than the ever present chance of losing his "job," beset his career. He has done much to provide against these contingencies by mutual insurance, but even for the skilled worker there are certain points on which voluntary insurance breaks down, and for the agricultural labourer and the unskilled workman generally this method is no solution. Year by year it becomes more clearly recognised as an obligation on the community as a whole to insure the laborious poor against the chances of pauperism. A beginning was made by Mr. Chamberlain when the principle of compensation for all accidents was recognised, however inadequately that principle may have been embodied in the first Act in which it found expression. A second and even more important step was taken this year when the Government first admitted the right of maintenance in old age as something distinct from the pauper's dole. Here again the principle has been very imperfectly embodied in law, and the next step must be to remove the obvious limitations and inconsistencies which at present deprive the Pension system of a great part of its value. For with all these limitations we have in the system of Old Age Pensions as established this year a basis on which it is, we believe, possible to erect a comprehensive scheme of social reform, the effect of which will be to achieve that insurance of the worker against pauperism of which we have spoken.

The natural course of development is, in the first place, that from the age of seventy upwards the pension system should be extended so as to include the very poor. The next step is to deal with the earlier phase

of old age in which sickness shades off into permanent invalidity, not, we would suggest, on the German plan of contributions from individual workmen and employers, but on the principle of the full responsibility of the State. That is to say, instead of beginning by lowering the age limit at which pensions should be universal, we would take a lower limit, say the age of sixty, and say that for all persons between sixty and seventy a medical certificate of permanent inability to earn more than one-third of the normal wage of their calling should qualify for inclusion in the pension list. We do not say that this addition to the cost of the pension scheme could be made at a stroke, but we say that it is an intelligible ideal towards which to work, and that it would go far towards solving the problem of security for the worker so far as that depends on old age and the feebleness that comes with advancing years.

The problem of old age and invalidity being dealt with on these lines, the question of sickness would next arise. Here, we think, two points should be distinguished. So far as the provision of medical care and hospital accommodation is concerned, we believe it would be very generally admitted that voluntaryism has proved insufficient, and that it is in the interest of the public as much as in that of the individual sufferer that more systematic provision should be made out of public funds. So far as the maintenance of such persons and their families is concerned, the case is somewhat different, and we think that the individual workman should be called on to co-operate by insurance against this contingency. We touch here on the problem of national insurance and the German State Socialism which has so much interested Mr. Lloyd George. We are glad to read Mr. Shackleton's announcement that the Government have decided to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole question of compulsory insurance by the State. This seems to us a proper and promising way of advance. It is clear that the conditions of State action in this matter differ radically in England and Germany. In England we are confronted at once with the great development of mutual insurance in the Friendly Societies and Trade Unions, and no national scheme of insurance would be desirable which would interfere with the work of these organisations, nor would it be politically possible unless it should secure their co-operation and support. Those who have an insurance scheme in contemplation must begin by frankly taking these societies into their counsels, and considering in concert with them what part, if any, the State can usefully take in supplementing their work.

The same considerations apply as forcibly to any attempt to deal with unemployment by the method of national insurance. Such a plan might have its advantages in relation to the skilled workman. In fact, it is probable that the immediate line of advance in dealing with unemployment depends on distinguishing between the methods applicable to the skilled and the unskilled respectively. The skilled workman can and already does do something towards insuring himself against loss of work. Unfortunately, as the tragic experience of some of the great unions is showing, he cannot with all his efforts do enough. Neither can the State conceivably undertake the duty of finding for him occupation in his own highly specialised employment. What it might do, we think, is to supplement the efforts of trade unions and friendly societies and so render them adequate to meet such prolonged periods of depression as certain trades are now encountering. At the same time we fully recognise great difficulties demanding a fuller discussion than we have space to give on the present occasion. We only remark for the moment that if anything is to be done in this direction, it must be by keeping in close touch with the invaluable work of existing voluntary organisations. The case of the unskilled laborer is widely different. On the one hand, he is less able to insure himself; on the other, it is far easier to provide work suited to his powers. To meet his case an extension of the existing Act allowing wages to be paid out of public money is the immediate requirement. The Act of 1905 has so far justified its existence as to admit of this extension. The problem is one in which, for want of a satisfactory theoretical solution, we have to grope our way by means of experiment. But experiment we must have, even at the cost of failures and losses. Experiment is better than blank nescience or cold indifference.

THE MESSAGE OF LIBERALISM TO THE EAST.

When Great Britain and Russia addressed this week their excellent joint Note to the Shah, we may be sure that they were thinking only of the Persian situation. They are really alarmed at the anarchy to which the reactionary *coup d'état* has led; they are impressed, it may be, by the relative vigour which the popular party has displayed at Tabriz; they sincerely believe that nothing can restore order so surely as a return to Parliamentary rule, and, finally, they are doubtless anxious to remove all ground for the too just reproaches for which Colonel Liakhoff's support of the Shah's purge had given an occasion. The bearing of this intervention upon Persian affairs is not, however, its most significant aspect. Even Governments cannot think in water-tight compartments, or vary their policy because of a little more or less in latitude and longitude. A certain sense of sympathy and solidarity links Stamboul to Teheran and Cairo to Delhi. A common industrial system is unifying Europe more surely than any dream of peace and federation. A common history of despotism and decay, a common dread of conquest, a common hope of emancipation and progress—all these things are making no less surely for the unity of the East. To the Young Turks and the Egyptian Nationalists even the distant Buddhist Japanese is in some new sense a brother. He had suffered with them under the secular contempt of West for East; he has broken, as they hope to break, the ban which doomed all Orientals to stagnation and an eventual conquest. But this link is specially close between Mohammedan peoples. One cannot take up an Egyptian newspaper without being struck by the fact that it has lately acquired a correspondent in Calcutta, who keeps it informed of the new ferment in India, and side by side with his letter the chances are that there

will be an article on the latest phase of the Persian situation. The Anglo-Russian Note, one may safely predict, will interest no people more keenly than the Egyptians. They will draw the moral with an irritating absence of subtlety. If a Parliament is good for Persia, why not for Egypt? If the least advanced, the least virile, the least Westernised of the more cultured peoples of the East, can work the machinery of a Constitution, why should Egypt be unripe—Egypt, which was the first of Eastern lands to imitate the West, Egypt, which has mixed intimately for three generations with Europeans, and enjoyed for a quarter of a century the advantage of British nursing?

At the door of the Prophet's tomb in Medina a sentence was spoken last week amid the applause of pashas and pilgrims, which even the "Times" felt to be significant. "Allah," declared the orator, "would not permit the railway to reach the Holy Cities before the Sultan had granted a Constitution." It was a clever conceit, the sort of sentence which men repeat to each other in the shady booths of lazy Eastern bazaars for many a month afterwards. We wonder whether the "Times" realised that the Ali Kamel who uttered it is the younger brother of the late Mustapha Kamel, the founder of the Egyptian Nationalist Party? It requires little imagination to foresee how such a theme will be embroidered in Nationalist articles and orations. Turks and Persians have won Parliaments. But that is only half the miracle. Great Britain smiles on their achievements and powerfully helps to consolidate them. But it declines to grant a Parliament to Egypt. We may think this mental process elementary. That is precisely why it will appeal to the masses of Cairo. A politician in London may invent half a dozen reasons which, in his opinion, render the parallel inapplicable. He may say that the gross oppression in Turkey and Persia made an argument for heroic experiments, which is wanting in Egypt, where the material lot of the people has been well and honestly cared for. He may add, and with truth, that the Egyptians are less manly than the Turks, less intellectual than the Persians. He may argue that our occupation has begun a certain slow evolution, which cannot be interrupted simply because something irrelevant has happened in Monastir or Tabriz. But in the end it is the large and simple ideas which matter in history. A broad generalisation doomed Asia to perpetual despotism. A broad generalisation will as surely alter the entire status of the Oriental in his own thoughts first, and a little later in ours. The emancipation of the West Indian slaves ended by liberating the whole negro race. The first Reform Bill set going a process which can end only in adult suffrage. It will not be otherwise in the East. Even China has come this week into line with the native despotisms in process of transformation. It is incredible that a bureaucratic Egypt and India should survive for many years beside a free Turkey, a Parliamentary Persia, a Constitutional China.

The real obstacle to the emancipation of Egypt is not any defect in the character or intellect of the Egyptians, though we readily admit that they develop no leaders comparable to Mr. Gokhale, and no mass instinct for moderation and dignity such as the Young Turks have displayed. The same thing could be said of several free peoples in Europe. The real obstacle is the hold which European finance has obtained in the country. It is a repetition of the Transvaal situation, with a significant difference. The Uitlanders in Mr. Kruger's Republic owned most of the wealth and directed all the commerce of the Transvaal, but they also formed a large proportion, some said a majority, of the male population. In Egypt, on the other hand, though capital and trade are mainly European, the Europeans numbered in the census of 1897 only 113,000 persons in a population of 9,733,000. The Capitalists of the Rand were content to ask for a franchise which would include the Uitlanders, because they believed (erroneously, as it has turned out) that they could control the legislature by their weight of numbers. But the foreign capitalists in Egypt are under no such illusions. They know that even if a scheme could be devised which would admit them, without surrendering their nationality, to a share in controlling Egyptian legislation, their votes would be utterly swamped by the native poll. They rarely become permanent residents, rarely settle as families with roots in the land, never blend with the native population, rarely acquire more than a sort of kitchen-Arabic, and do not affect an Egyptian patriotism. But they none the less resist any measure of self-government, because they believe that their financial interests are more carefully and efficiently supervised by a foreign bureaucracy, than they would be by a native Parliament. In some degree they are wise. It is not probable that a native Parliament would sanction such concessions of landed estates as Sir Ernest Cassel obtained, or tolerate the exploitation of native children for fifteen hours a day in ginning-mills owned by Europeans. Of all the forms in which money gains an ascendancy over men, this resistance to a Parliamentary *régime* by a colony of foreign financiers is perhaps one of the least defensible. No one who has followed the more recent phases of the Egyptian controversy will, we think, dispute this diagnosis. It will not be forgotten that Lord Cromer proposed the creation of a legislative council elected by the foreign colony in Egypt, as an alternative to the dreams of the Nationalists.

Yet the Egyptians show no tendency to antagonise foreign financial interests. Their movement has no economic basis. They are an agricultural people, and they hardly seem to realise the power of the business element in the two great cities. They are struggling mainly for a sentiment, for the recognition of their nationality. They rarely talk of finance, and indeed the Copts are the only native Egyptians who understand it. Like the Boers, the Moslem Egyptians stand aloof from the restless and mysterious life of the Stock Exchange. Apart from the vague desire to seem to be their own masters, they have two definite objects. The first is to control education, which in our hands has been completely de-nationalised. The second is to secure for natives a larger proportion of official posts. In this programme there is nothing which need menace the interests of foreign finance. Moreover, the

foreign colony is adequately protected. The Capitulations too often shield even its criminals from justice; the Mixed Courts safeguard its interests in civil suits. Nor have even the extremer Nationalists refused to compromise. They are quite prepared to accept the continuance of our financial control. Given these limits, it is hard to see what injury a Parliament could inflict, even if it were ill-disposed, upon European finance.

It is clear that our Government will not oppose a mere negative to Egyptian claims. As Sir Edward Grey feels his feet, he undoubtedly becomes more and more sensible of the part which Liberalism has to play in foreign policy. The present intention is to offer provincial councils, with limited powers. The objection to that course is that the Egyptians are not interested in provincial councils. The grant of these bodies will no more satisfy them than County Councils satisfied the Irish Home Rulers. A stage has been reached at which the English bureaucracy, having done much for Egypt, has ceased to extend the range of its power for good. It does not teach, nor will the Egyptians learn. It can doubtless continue to do its valuable and important, but external, work in irrigation and finance, and in lightening the economic burden of the peasantry. But neither in ten nor in twenty years of the present *régime* are the Egyptians likely to grow riper for self-government. More angry, more violent, more intent on the bare thought of asserting themselves, they certainly will grow. But fruitful thinking demands leisure from agitation, as sagacity in action demands responsibility. To refuse a Parliament much longer must injure the Egyptians, as surely as it will mar our own reputation for consistent liberalism in the East.

THE CRISIS IN THE COTTON TRADE.

A TRADE depression, such as we are now encountering, with its dismally familiar phenomena of falling prices, glutted markets, slack employment, is certain to produce a crop of conflicts between capital and labor. Though the highly-organised condition of the Lancashire cotton industry, with its representative machinery for adjusting the relations of employer and employed, reduces friction to a minimum, it cannot bridge those deeper antagonisms of interest and policy which are liable to show themselves at turns of the industrial tide. From the end of last century up to a few months ago the cotton trade has experienced a tolerably continuous era of profitable expansion, enormous profits have been earned, and a series of advances of wages, accompanied by full employment, has raised the economic condition of the workers to a higher level than they ever reached before.

During the period of general commercial success cotton stood out conspicuous. Attracted by the prospect of high dividends, capital streamed in, new companies sprang up, a multitude of new mills were hastily equipped and began to operate, with the inevitable result. The new supply of producing power was not adjusted to any reasonable estimates of the future probability of markets, and, when the check in general trade carried with it a falling demand for yarn and for manufactured cotton goods, the slump of prices brought matters quickly to a head. Low prices and reduced sales have, of course, cut down the margin of profits, and it is probably the case that a number of highly-capitalised businesses are moving towards an unremunerative level. Now, though the wage arrangements in the cotton trade are not formally based on the acceptance of any sliding-scale, by which wages should automatically rise and fall either with selling prices or with profits, it is evident that wages must have some relation to the profitable condition of the trade. The wage-earners cannot expect to get as much in bad times as in good. This is not denied, we take it, by the men. But when the employers insist that the present state of the trade involves and justifies an immediate reduction of piece wages, the men demur. They urge several points. In the first place, though current business may be largely done upon an unprofitable basis, the large reserves accumulated during a period of bounding prosperity enable high dividends to continue to be paid. So long as this accumulation from good times lasts, labor not unreasonably claims that it should be applied in maintaining wages as well as in maintaining interest. Such a doctrine is, of course, alien to the capitalist standpoint, but this only serves to illustrate the conflict of interest between capital and labor. That the maintenance of the current standard of wages is the first charge upon the available resources of a business is the underlying economic principle of trade unionism. In a word, it is contended that the temporary fall in the margin of profits does not require or justify a reduction of piece-wages. To the employers' general contention that, since the workers shared the gain of a period of prosperity, they must expect to share the losses of a period of adversity, they reply that they have already suffered loss by working short time. It is reckoned, we believe, that the recent adoption of short time in the spinning and carding rooms engaged upon American cotton has meant a reduction of not less than £30,000 a week in wages.

Though it cannot doubtless be maintained that piece wages can be indefinitely retained at their highest level, irrespective of selling prices or of the margin of profit, especially in a trade exposed to foreign competition, there is much to be said not merely from the standpoint of the immediate monetary interests of the operatives, but from the wider economic standpoint, in resisting as long as possible the demand for wage-reductions. If reduced wages enable cotton-mills to keep in full working, which would otherwise close or work short time, the further congestion of the market, the falling prices and profits, and the demand for further wage-reduction, are inevitable. Whether the glut is attributable to a fall-off of demand or a redundancy of supply. the only direct remedy is a check upon production, and since the organisation of the cotton industry enables this to be achieved by a system of short time instead of by wholesale unemployment, it is surely best to utilise this method, rather than to endeavour to maintain a larger volume of output by cutting down the labor cost of production. For though, no doubt in theory, a fall in cost of production, enabling a living profit to be earned at lower selling prices, should stimulate consumption,

and so maintain a larger volume of employment, it is seldom found to operate thus in the midst of a general trade depression. For the interests of labor the application of the policy that wages must follow prices has proved most disastrous, and we look with considerable trepidation to the effect of a series of reductions in other trades, such as Lord James authorised a few days ago in the mining industry. Wherever it is possible, the substitution of short time for reductions of wages is preferable, not merely in the interests of the workers immediately concerned, but as a means of checking a precipitate fall of prices, and of enabling demand to catch up supply, and so to re-establish a firmer state of markets. Though a trade union may not be wise to carry its habit of resisting wage-reductions to extremities which involve a prolonged strike, with its attendant waste and misery, the clinging of the workers to each rise of wages and of standard of comfort that they have been able to obtain is upon the whole a sound and a socially serviceable instinct. For if the workers easily permitted wages to be cut down whenever trade was bad and prices low, trade would become worse and wages lower, because the reduction of the purchasing power of the wage-earners, who form the vast majority of the nation, would be followed by a further decline of consumption of commodities. Prices would then fall still lower, and a further demand for wage reduction would be enforced, establishing a circular movement as "vicious" in its concrete effects on trade as in the logic it involves.

The cotton operatives, then, in our judgment, are right to press forward short-time as an alternative to lower wages. It seems no doubt absurd and even wicked that expensive machinery and skilled labor should be kept half idle at a time when there are still millions of people without a decent shirt to their backs. But to attempt to work fully this machinery of production when markets are already filled with unsaleable goods, and when the unshirted have no means of buying shirts, is a still worse absurdity. Of two absurdities it is best to choose the lesser. While, therefore, it may become impossible, as the operatives themselves recognise, to resist the demand for a reduction of wage, if the softening of the market still continues, it is their duty, and is we think the public interest, to place every peaceful obstacle in the way of the application of so hazardous an expedient.

Life and Letters.

THE TEACHING OF TOLSTOY.

There is no great cause for wondering at the action of the Holy Synod in anathematising the celebration of Tolstoy's eightieth birthday. The organisers of the religion of pity cast out the most merciful man of the eighteenth century; it is only a little more surprising that Russian orthodoxy should reject the great Christian of the twentieth. "You are right, St. Sulpice," ran an epigram of Paris a few hours after Voltaire's old bones had been hurried out of the city in the dark: "Why bury him? You can refuse a tomb, but not an altar." Since Voltaire, no great figure of literature has dominated his time so completely as Tolstoy, or has led its thought farther away from the paths to which its authorised instructors would confine it. No one can say that religion is not the end and aim of all his teaching. Few will deny that he is essentially Christian. Yet he has expressly joined to his condemnation of modern politics, society, art, and science, a repudiation of the customary teaching of the Eastern and Western Churches as repugnant to the plain doctrine of Christ. Rationalist and anti-mystic, this Grand Heretic of our times has contrived to set against him the whole hierarchy of Scribes and Pharisees on which our faith and culture rest. Probably if he had desired to found a new church, or a new political society, Tolstoy could have set up the most imposing organisation of his day. But he has chosen to criticise the institutions that exist, and to point to their conductors a more excellent way. Thus, from Yásnaya Polyána, as from Ferney, has proceeded a voice of unequalled penetration and power, expounding, denouncing, satirising, preaching, covering the entire range of modern religion, philosophy, government, industry, letters, and artistic production. And thus this great critic, being also the most gifted art worker of his day, writing the best modern novels, the best short stories, the best essay on the theory of art, the best descriptions of war, the best political and social reflections, having an almost equal faculty for affecting men's reasons and touching their emotions, and being all the while passionately in earnest about them, and zealous for the welfare of their souls and bodies, while he possesses a style so simple and unaffected that wayfaring men, though fools, cannot miss his meaning, has come to be the supremely representative person of his age. It is doubtful whether the Russian Revolution would have occurred if Tolstoy had not lived. His death may powerfully affect the issue between the people of Russia and their rulers.

Yet there is probably no kind of influence which Tolstoy would less care to own than that of a leader or inspirer of revolutions. Political forms have never concerned him overmuch, nor does he believe in any change in them in which violence is the main factor. His interest, like that of all religious teachers, is with the affections and wills of mankind. Thus his indictment both of orthodox theology and of orthodox science rests mainly on their common neglect of the true end of existence, the attainment of that state of common goodwill and affection in which alone the happiness of the individual and of the community consists. He has judged all institutions by the simple test: Do they make men love each other more or less? Do they unite them, or do they thrust them asunder? It is in this search for unity in modern life, and for the simplicity of habit which alone can make it possible, that Tolstoy reaches out after the most vital desire of our age. It is the aim, more or less conscious, of the best literature of the last century, of Wordsworth, Hugo, Ruskin, Dickens, Arnold. But none of these writers have given it such religious expression, or have brought to its pursuit so rich a personal experience, so profound and comprehensive a study of contemporary thought, and so impressive a judgment and gift of generalisation. What has not Tolstoy been, what has he not read? His personal life, in its earlier phases, may seem, like the life of many a saint, a rude preparation for the prophetic eagerness and concentration of its later years. Somehow out of the wild, quarrelsome boy, soldier, adventurer, gambler, sportsman, man about town, fashionable novelist and country gentleman, grew the author of "Resurrection" and "What is Religion?"* And from the incessant student, who in a single tract epitomises the whole theory of æsthetics in classical and modern literature, was evolved the perfectly trained artist, who in fifty volumes has hardly written a line too much. It is when we remember that this exuberant force of artistry has been freely given, literally as well as spiritually, to mankind for its soul's good, that we feel of him, as we feel of Ruskin, that he indemnifies the world for the countless meannesses of the literary life.

Tolstoy is, indeed, no "literary man." His judgment of the literary class, even of its greatest exemplars, like Dante and Shakespeare, has always been severe. Hating ornament, æstheticism, poetry, the complications and delicacies of art, and being himself, *par ex-*

* For further and very interesting light on Tolstoy's personality and early life read Mr. Aylmer Maude's "The Life of Tolstoy: First Fifty Years." Published on Thursday by Messrs. Constable (10s. 6d. net).

cellence, poet, artist, and decorator of life, his later theories have forced him to condemn much of his own work, which did not seem to him to stand his stern appeal to the common feeling and understanding of the people. And yet it is hard to say that he is essentially wrong. Who can wish to see the idea of "literature for literature's sake" work such havoc with the art of writing as the same notion has worked in modern painting? To Tolstoy the limitation of the appeal of literature to small, fastidious circles has seemed to carry with it a final degradation of its purpose and method. He would like to see literature at the service of all—simple, clear, didactic, like the parables or the old-folk stories. To him, sensitive as he is to form, and studious of proportion in artistic work, to write without moral intention seems as bad as to write without feeling. It is this conception that informs all his work, his earlier as well as his later. And it is the quality which gives it its peculiar power of awaking emotion. Through him the man of our times, in spite of all his social divisions, of the materialism with which his whole life seems bound up, begins to feel the desire to be at one with his kind; through him the unworldly message and personality of Jesus revive again, bringing trouble to the intellect but peace to the heart. Thus his writings are, and must be, a ferment in society. They make men discontented with themselves, eager, as in the early Christian days, to solve the contradiction between their ideals and their physical impulses, their supposed social necessities and the longing to tear them asunder and find new motives and sanctions for living. Here arises the ground of Tolstoy's quarrel with science and with the Churches. Both, he thinks, give an unpractical answer to the question: What is life and what should we live for? Science contents itself with observing the laws which fulfil themselves unconsciously in a man's body, and are most remote from his needs; the Churches point him to an existence "immortal, innocent, and idle," far from the life of labor and suffering of which alone he has any idea. Thus Tolstoy brings us to common sense, to practical action here and now, as the door through which man, losing himself, is to find himself, and forgetting his craving for individual happiness, may enter a continuing society equipped for Eternal Life.

It is this new birth of the soul, this capital event in the life of man, with which all Tolstoy's literary conceptions are concerned. Levin and Nehludoff aspire to it; Anna misses it as she falls under the wheels of the railway train; Ivan Ilyitch catches a glimpse of it in his last hour of mortal pain and fear; simple souls, like the servant in "Master and Man," are never far from it and the kingdom of which it is the door; even in the brothel Maslova has not lost the key to it. All Tolstoy's innumerable pictures of modern existence, all his denunciations of war, luxury, over-eating, of kings, governments, politicians, judges, officials, decadent artists and literary men, his harsh classification and cold derision of our philosophies and *belles lettres*, his tender parables, his unsparing self-confessions, are part of his plea for a new manhood, treading underfoot the fears and claims of its animal nature, living for affection and for brotherliness. No wonder that he stirs the world, that he makes it think that religion can become alive again. And no wonder that it finds in this fearless and loveable man at once the most disturbing and the most consoling of its teachers.

FIFTY YEARS OF EVOLUTION.

The most significant character in Mr. Francis Darwin's presidential address to the British Association last week lay in its illustration of a treatment of evolutionary doctrine which is nothing less than a reversal of that employed by its earlier exponents. When Charles Darwin, by the publication of his "Origin of Species," provided the rising scientists of his age with a clear general conception of organic evolution, driven home by a vast array of inductive evidence, its first effect was to fortify the philosophy of mechanical determinism by which Herbert Spencer and others were laboring to explain the universe through an extension of physical formulae. Research into origins naturally impels towards attempts to explain the later in terms of the earlier, the higher in terms of the lower. To explain man, as animal, by linking him historically with lower animals, to build a more or less continuous bridge along which the lowest organic forms were seen passing towards higher and more complex forms, to resolve the nature of these organic forms and their modes of advance into mechanical operations of matter and energy moving along lines of least resistance, to summarise the entire process from the orderly movements of the stars to the most delicate adjustments of human conduct in terms of molecular economy, all this was an intellectual necessity of the age. It was the endeavour of a scientific instrument, made for purely materialistic purposes, for mechanical measurements, to take account of phenomena where psychical differences came in. The higher the order of organic life to which such treatment was applied, the more futile, or, at least, inadequate, it proved to be. The crowning futility was reached by Herbert Spencer's attempt to build a theory of ethical progress upon a play of feelings, which, in the last resort, are the puppets of physical forces moving by mechanical necessity.

Our leading scientific men to-day have mostly abandoned this attempt to use Darwinism, or any other evolutionary doctrine, as a philosophy of nature or of life. For the most part they admit that science must confine herself to quantitative analysis, using for her tools assumptions and hypotheses which are only applicable for such purposes, and the absolute validity of which lies outside her consideration. They confess that while she can describe the processes of inorganic and organic phenomena, she cannot explain them as a completely intelligible system. This recognition of the necessary limits of physical explanation is, no doubt, largely responsible for the growing tendency, particularly among biologists, to reverse the entire method and to apply concepts and formulae derived from the study of higher phenomena to the study of the lower. Thus Mr. Francis Darwin, in his fascinating survey of a large department of organic science, brings to his assistance, for interpreting the actions of plants and lowest animal forms, such terms as "habit" and "memory," taken directly from psychology. When he imputes to plants or worms changes of structure and behaviour which he is driven to explain in such psychical terms, it is not particularly important to decide whether this use implies some sort of consciousness in them, or whether he is forcing an extension of the meaning of "habit" and "memory," or is using the language of "mere metaphor." The point is that he finds it convenient, and even necessary, to work downwards instead of upwards by the application of analogies which involve psychical or quasi-psychical interpretations of phenomena commonly classed as physical, instead of following the older method.

Readers of his paper will generally agree that he justifies this method. It is difficult to deny something akin to memory to the stentor. "If a fine jet of water is directed against the disc of the creature, it contracts 'like a flash' into its tube. In about half a minute it expands again, and the cilia resume their activity. Now we cause the current to act again on the disc. This time the stentor does not contract, which proves that the animal has been in some way changed by the first stimulus." Here is a capacity for learning and for adjusting future conduct to what is learnt. The physical structure of the creature has been altered by its first experience, so it "reacts" differently against the second. It is hard to deny that here is "physical memory," or to refuse to recognise that our conscious memory also implies a similar physical apparatus of change. Or, again, take the force of habit in plant life. "If a sleeping plant is placed in a dark room after it has gone to sleep at night, it will be found next day in the light position, and will again assume the nocturnal position as evening comes on. We have, in fact, what seems to be a habit built by the alternative of day and night." Such conduct, less "reasonable," less economical, than

that of the Stentor, nevertheless involves a curious capacity for acquiring habit, by association of stimuli, which is, after all, nothing else than the physical equivalent for the association of ideas in human memory. That a whole rising school of botanists and biologists should have selected the term "race memory" as most suitable to describe the *modus operandi* of specific development is exceedingly instructive.

Mr. Darwin's main theme was, indeed, nothing else than an exposition of the utility of this application. When an organism is subjected to an outer stimulus there occurs, not only an immediate reaction on its part, but, in many, probably all, cases, some morphological change which registers the stimulus and its first reaction. This register forms a latent memory in the sense of a capacity of regulating future action by past experience. Whether the effects of such stimuli through memory and habit are confined to the individual organism, or can also be transmitted to offspring is a question into which it is impossible for us to enter, though it involves very important consequences in the theory of organic progress. Spectators who have watched the heated controversy that has waged so long round Weismann's doctrine of "the continuity of the germ-plasm," with its implication of the non-inheritance of acquired characters, are relieved to recognise distinct signs of compromise. The preposterous claims of absolute immutability and immobility made for the germ-plasm by its earlier prophets have been so greatly modified as to give reasonable hopes for a restatement of the relations between the soma and the germ-plasm which shall enable each new generation to reap at least some of the fruit of ancestral experience. If Mr. Darwin's interesting speculation of an elaborate system of nervous telegraphy, communicating every physical excitation from one part of the organism to all other parts, including the germ-plasm, should be verified, we seem well upon the way to a consistent view of something more than the mere mechanics of organic development in the individual and the species. For the practice of summoning the concepts of the higher sciences to help in interpreting the lower, based, as it is, upon the underlying and supreme hypothesis of the unity of nature, will certainly be carried further, with the result of a continually closer co-ordination of spiritual with mechanical interpretation. It is *primâ facie* unlikely that the logical requirement of continuity will allow Mr. Darwin, or any other scientist, to insist upon the purely physical character of the "memories" and "habits" he imputes to plants. Indeed, Mr. Darwin is absolutely open-minded upon this, as upon so many other matters. "It is," he admits, "impossible to know whether or not plants are conscious; but it is consistent with the doctrine of continuity that in all living things there is something psychic, and, if we accept this point of view, we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves."

Hardly less significant as a recognition of the inadequacy of the older evolutionary method is the frank avowal by Dr. Haldane of the failure of the physico-chemical explanation of life to exorcise "the spectre of vitalism." Physics and chemistry between them have failed to cope with physiological phenomena, because their methods are mechanical, and there is something in all life, even the lowest, which baffles mechanical analysis. Though Dr. Haldane does not throw much light upon the new intellectual organon that is required, he incidentally discloses the nature of the most fundamental defect in the evolutionary doctrine regarded as an "explanation." The whole apparatus of stimulation and reaction, memory and habit, natural selection, transmission by heredity, which evolutionary science sets up, consists of instruments for manipulating, economising, and converting into growth and progress a flow of what used to be termed "vital energy." It is not merely the question, for ignoring which Charles Darwin has been so often criticised, how the "variations" which are the condition and material for natural selection are brought about, but the further question of conceiving the creative or productive flow of energy which pulses through the whole organic (and inorganic) process. One does not explain the part played by the Nile in the economy of Egypt by the most accurate account of the construction and working of water-gates, dams, canals, and other irrigation works, if one neglects to explain the rise and flow of the Nile itself. It is the dim perception that physiology has been trying to do something like this that underlies the demands of the "vitalists." But it is a criticism applicable not to physiology alone, but to the whole trend of evolution in the hands of science. When Lamarck's conception of organic changes, as wrought by the pressure of a fund of desire or will enabling animals to adapt their structure to the satisfaction of their needs, collapsed before the rise of Darwinism, nothing was put in its place. Darwinism did not substitute any new conception of a fund of evolutionary progress, it merely sought to explain better than Lamarck how such a fund would be utilised by Nature. The *anima* in animate Nature is still commonly ignored. This remained possible, nay, almost inevitable, so long as a purely mechanical conception of causation was applied, for such conception only admits the registration of results and not the direct realisation of efficient causes. It is a significant advance in scientific method to recognise, so clearly as do Mr. Darwin and Dr. Haldane, that the mechanical treatment requires to be fortified by a more truly "vital" method, and by hypotheses which transcend the realm of chemistry and physics. Though it may not be possible for a biologist, as such, to "put salt upon the tail of the vital principle," the growing tendency of these scientific thinkers to employ concepts derived from the higher processes of conscious life to give meaning to the current of evolution marks a distinct advance towards a natural philosophy, in which the course of development from simpler to more complex, nay, from "dead" to living matter, and from "mere" life to consciousness in its highest degree, shall be envisaged as a continuous transformation of a flow of universal energy, the dual character of which, physical and psychical, shall constitute the final working hypothesis of science.

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

It was at a Berkshire fair last Saturday, and the merry-go-rounds whirled full blast. There they went, those gallant steeds, black, white, or brown to choice; all with four legs and fearless eyes and crimson nostrils; all made to pitch up and down like a boat in a head wind, irresistible to any child of mettle, while steam urged their wild career to an orchestral setting of "Bonnie Dundee," the tune to which real soldiers do their Military Ride. But that night the saddles were all empty, and in the place of honor at the very summit of the fair was seen another show. It was a merry-go-round, to be sure, but instead of childhood's horses, a series of motor cars in little went plunging over hill and dale as at a Manx competition, and the village crowd, eager to taste the joys of riches at a penny, stood in long rows awaiting their turn. Lamps blazed, the motors flew, and a steam orchestra blared out the Hallelujah Chorus.

In that dim village scene was symbolised the completion of an era, the close of a long stage in man's rough journey upon creation's road. It was the passing of the horse that was signified, the death and burial of man's antediluvian friend. There he still stood, beautiful as of old, decorated with mane and tail, his coat glossy, his neck clothed with thunder; patient, too, a creature of regular—nay, of cast-iron—habits, always ready to tread the daily round; a better Conservative than the squire himself, esteeming the doing of a thing once to be quite a sufficient reason for doing it again, whether it were shying at a white post or stopping at the public's door; always with one eye turned to his distant stall like the needle to the pole; true as a lark to the kindred points of stable and home; an imprisoned spirit, an Ariel with hoofs for hands and feet, an angel to whom only the Greeks gave wings, a messenger harnessed to the chariot of the sun, and equally serviceable in a hansom. There he stood, brave as of old, and wistfully

enduring; but no one considered him now, for his day was done.

His day is done, and Mr. Basil Tozer has written his obituary notice. It is called "The Horse in History" (Methuen), and displays something of the confusion and mournful repetition of a lamentation. We should suppose Mr. Tozer to be more at home in the paddock than the lecture room; at all events, for the sake of his pocket we hope so, and when he tells us that the Bug flows into the Caspian, or speaks of "Virgil's famous Georgics," or says Bucephalus ought properly to be spelt Bucephalos, we should prefer to ask him the odds. But what a spacious and fascinating theme he has chosen an epitaph! He might have extended it beyond the limits of historic man, for we vaguely remember how a course of Huxley's lectures on the horse was suddenly checked by the discovery of remote remains of horses in Mexico no bigger than foxes; and we more clearly remember the discovery of the fossilised missing link between a horse and a bear, though the unlearned mind would expect more links than one—as many missing links as between a gentleman and a road hog. But long before the verbal record of man begins, the anthropoid conceived the notion of moving from place to place by clinging to a horse's back and using his own prehensile tail as a girth to keep him steady. His seat was further assisted by the hairiness of horses in days when they were the natural companions of furry mammoths, and even Herodotus mentions horses north of the Danube with coats five fingers long, so that they must have been shaggier than bears, and both easy and comfortable to ride by grip. So early did the servitude of the horse begin, nor, indeed, can we suppose that so generous and defenceless a creature would, apart from man's protection, have survived the winged and plashing dragons which at that time enjoyed the earth's productive surface.

By the date of Job the horse was commonly used as an engine of war, and has been so used ever since, though it is doubtful how far he really enjoys the battle, or says among the trumpets, "Ha, ha." Mr. Thomas Hardy had better reason on his side when he proposed that at the point of danger in an engagement the horses, as innocent beings, should be left behind, or conducted out of harm's way. The ancient Egyptians were condemned for trusting too much to cavalry, and we know from Miriam that the horse and his rider were thrown into the Red Sea with the rest of Pharaoh's host. But in Homeric times riding was no longer fashionable, and in war the horses were used only for chariots. Horse racing with chariots was also popular on off-days in the siege of Troy, and the betting ran to biggish stakes—a cooking pot, a tripod, a horse and cart, or a girl; the last three being counted as about equal in value. Some riders still rode by voice and knee without bit or bridle; some used a halter only. But the Greeks had already forced the bit between the horse's lips, though we do not hear that they kept the lips sore, as is now the habit in parts of the Near East, so as to increase the control. Horse-cloths were early employed for comfort, as the horse began to lose his fur, and Alexander used one; but the Athenians of the Parthenon rode bareback, and saddle and stirrups, we believe, did not appear till after the Christian era. Horsemen mounted by leaping on with a pole, or making the horse crouch like an elephant, or standing upon a slave's back. We gather, too, from one of Mr. Tozer's pictures, that riders mounted like sailors, indifferently on the starboard side of the horse or on the port—a rare though useful accomplishment now. In Greece the horse was always the evidence of riches, and their quickest drain; and, in spite of motors, the tradition of his respectability still lingers in our remoter counties, where, if you even walk in riding breeches, you will see all the peasants touch their hats to you. Nor can we deny to the ancients a personal affection for their horses, when we remember the knightly kindliness of Xenophon in his treatise on riding, or how Caligula caused his horse to be elected consul, and the Emperor Verus fed his upon almonds and raisins.

Color always played much part in the destiny of this curious animal. The Greeks preferred a bright chestnut (not a dun, as Mr. Tozer thinks), but their expression of color was a little vague, being almost limited to bright and dark, so that they would call a man, or even a woman, the same color as a horse. Black is a natural color for highwaymen and the thundercloud of chargers, and why the Scots Dragoon Guards choose the dappled grey of Dobbin we do not know. Piebald was much affected in ancient times for its distinction, and, we suppose, because piebald horses are difficult to steal. That reason made them popular in the Boer War whenever patriotic auxiliaries were in the neighbourhood. The circus maintains an old tradition, for the horses of William the Conqueror's cavalry were brilliantly particolored, those that were not Prussian blue all over frequently having the near legs yellow and the off legs crimson, as may be seen on the Bayeux tapestry to this day. White was the choice of heroes who wished to be conspicuous on the field, like Castor and Pollux, who could die only on alternate days. But in modern warfare that heroic desire is fading away, and in South Africa there was a large demand for Condy's Fluid, which turns a white horse to khaki. The present writer once rode a horse that had to be kept with his off-side always towards the enemy, because the Fluid had run short and the near side was left as white as a sepulchre.

It is grievous to think that all this is over now. We cannot lament that the Calvary of the cab horse (as Mr. Cunninghame Graham has called it) should end, and hoofs no longer beat the rhyme to wheels. But with the horse there passes away a peculiar race of man— a centaur breed, such as no motor can beget. Cabmen, 'busmen, stable-boys, grooms, coachmen, whips, jockeys, trainers, and the Horse Guards Blue—all will follow their long-nosed friend into the abysm of time. We regret them all, but the horse himself we most regret. He was so stoical, so Tory, so refined and good to eat. What will a starving siege do without him now? What will the makers of Chevril do, and the cats, and the poor? When he is gone, who shall tell of horses that champed the golden corn, of the snow-white steeds the Dioscuri rode, of bright Æthon, horse of Pallas, that bedewed the earth with big tears at his young master's funeral, of the Cid's horse Cid, of Richard's Roan Barbary, of Warwick's Black Saladin, of Mary's Black Agnes, of Turpin's Black Bess, of Rinaldo's Bajardo, of the Bayard's Carmen, of the happy white horse that carried Joan, the flower of chivalry, of sad Rosinante that bore chivalry's bones, of Napoleon's Marengo, of Wellington's Copenhagen, of the nursery rocking-horse, and the Wooden Horse of Troy? The whole dear race will soon be gone—gone with Flying Childers, the fastest horse that ever lived, and with Eclipse, the greatest of sires, at whose birth the sun and moon were troubled in their courses—gone with Gladiateur, and Blue Gown, and Blair Athol and Hermit, and Ormonde, and Persimmon and Flying Fox—gone with the winners of yester year. In a touch of irresistible pathos, Mr. Tozer tells us the demand for oats has fallen by more than twenty per cent., and there were 12,000 fewer horses in the kingdom last year than the year before.

The age of mechanism and peace is before us. Already we foresee the day when the last living soldier will take the field upon the last living horse, while nursemaids and grooms are sighing and sobbing around. We foresee the day when tagging writers will say, "extinct as the horse," instead of "extinct as the ——" Oh, we know what the creatures say now, and we will not couple our last farewell to our Arab steed with the similitude of a waddling, wingless bird! Already we foresee the day when the white horse that Death rides in the Revelation alone will survive, and if at last we behold him, he will be something of a curiosity.

LITTLE LIVING CREATURES.

The Ancient Mariner cried out as he told of the water-snakes:—

> "O happy living things! no tongue
> Their beauty might declare."

"Happy living things" always seems to be the exact

phrase to describe the little creatures, "les bestioles," as the French call them, the little animated particles of light and color, of sound and motion in which the joy of living is so perfectly expressed. A bluebottle is, no doubt, a "bestiole," or a mosquito. A thousand and one other undesirable things may lay claim to the name, but the kindly diminutive seems better kept for such creatures as the lizard, the cicada, the firefly, the glow-worm, the butterfly, the dragon-fly, and the ladybird.

These all seem to belong to a pagan, pantheist Nature, a world self-sufficient, self-existent, eternal, to be the momentary flashing into consciousness of its unconscious delight in itself. They are the joyous, untiring worshippers of the sun, the true and only Divinity of Paganism in all its forms, and of all Pagan men and things.

> "For summer is the sovereign good
> Of all the creatures of the wood."

"Le bon Dieu—c'est le soleil," exclaims a fat Frenchman in the train. Who does not know in travelling south the delight of hearing the first cicada, the note of a world becoming more living and sufficing, a world that as one moves southward seems always more *natura* rather than *creatura*, *φύσις* rather than *κτίσις*? In the true south the whole plain is filled with their voices, it becomes alive with their song, one multitudinous strident hymn to Pan and to Apollo. The league-long leaps of one of these astonishing creatures are each a *salto mortale*, a leap "out of France into Spain" of folk-tales and nursery rhymes. In them all the vitality and activity of Nature, the soul of the summer and the south, is made audible and visible.

The lizard is another pagan. It is again a sign of the South to see this happy little being flicker over the hot stones for the first time. Dante with his keen eyes must have often watched him, and so amid the countless images of the Divine Comedy, he makes mention of—

> "il ramorro, sotto la gran fersa
> Ne' di canicular cangiando siepe
> Folgore par, se la via attraversa."
> (Inf. xxv. 79-81.)

"He seems a flash of lightning" in his fiery swiftness. In temples like Paestum and Segeste, by waveless seas and under violet skies, amid dark groves of cypresses, in nooks and crannies of the marble porticoes and courts, the lizard must long ago have found him a house. It is good to think on a November London day of his swift flicker over the broad white temple steps. The king of the little living creatures is, no doubt, the dragonfly. He is a creature of the air, not like the cicada or the lizard, of the earth. His flight expresses the very ecstasy of motion—he darts as a swallow darts. It has again and again fallen to the lot of the writer of these lines to be taken captive, like the Ancient Mariner, by the beauty of these "happy living things." In the wonderful year 1893 from February to October, day succeeded day of pure, white sunshine. All through that gorgeous summer he took a five-mile walk, two or three times a week, in a remote North-country district. For about three miles the road skirted a park wall. One day in mid July he found this wall alive with dragonflies. It was a revel of motion and of color, "blue, glossy green, and velvet black," three miles long.

Again, he remembers as a very little child, standing one bright autumn morning amid tall asparagus ferns, which were dotted all over with scarlet ladybirds. "Ladybird" is, of course, "our Lady's bird." It is a touching evidence of the faith of the Middle Ages that the simple people found even for these creatures Christian names. In Germany the ladybird is the "Maricukäfer," the "Mary-fly." In France it is the "bête du bon Dieu," the "bestiole," the "little living creature" of "the good Jesus," the kind God.

About the glow-worm there is a quaint charm. The most poetic light, more than moonlight, starlight, firelight, candlelight, is surely the light of glow-worms. It seems to belong to the far North, to the "high latitudes" of Jean Paul's country parson. One thinks of the tiny lamps of the glow-worms lighted up the livelong summer night in Swedish pine woods, and by the roadside, and in faëry meadows of far Northern lands. The writer again remembers one hot July evening, when the air was heavy with a coming storm, strolling out of his country cottage, and finding the long grass of the roadside, still uncut, lit up here and there by the strange, soft shining of clusters and constellations of these elfin lamps. In Germany the glowworm is called "Johanniswürmchen," "St. John's little worm," and in spite of its Christian seeming the name suggests that the grass was lit up with glow-worms as with candles, when the great fires of the old sun-worship were kindled all over Europe on Midsummer night.

The butterfly is called "God's flame" by the spiritually-minded people who speak Celtic tongues. To our duller minds this flying flower may seem only to express a sensuous delight in the moment, the joy of life in the sunshine. The dispute between Christianity and Paganism is at the bottom of many questions, and it remains the great intellectual interest of the world. There is a quaint medieval poem called "The Dispute Between the Lady Venus and the Virgin Mary." The "little living creatures" might seem to belong wholly to the pagan world of the ancient gods, but by innumerable voices of popular language and tradition Christianity has laid claim even to these. Once more, the writer remembers as a child going into the garden one sunny Michaelmas Day, and seeing a great clump of Michaelmas daisies covered with a swarm of fluttering red admiral butterflies, "in a wonderful order"—"*miro ordine*," as the Collect says. To this day he never thinks of Michaelmas without a mental picture of a flowering mass of purple autumn daisies, and above their golden hearts a flutter of "wings full of eyes," like those of the seraphim. As that fair sight is blended with all the associations of the day, he finds a hint of a possible reconciliation of the two great sides of the human mind.

Present-Day Problems.

A NEW FORCE IN AGRICULTURE.

Few men in these islands, as his address to the British Association last week proved once more, speak with a higher authority on rural economics than Sir Horace Plunkett. In politics he has never been a conspicuous success. He has pleased no party in Ireland. But in agriculture he has been a pioneer in a large and serious movement, whose influence is only just beginning to be felt. He has studied farmers' questions at first hand, with an alert and inquiring mind, and under a wide variety of conditions, for the past five-and-twenty years; and in Ireland, as the working head of the Department of Agriculture and as the prime worker in the campaign for the better organisation of the farmer's business, he has turned theory into practice with much success. The pamphlet which he has just published on "The New Development in Agricultural Co-operation" would deserve attention, therefore, on the sole ground that it is his work. It deserves it still more as a memorandum of admirable vigour and lucidity. But, above all things, it should be read and pondered because of its subject-matter, because it deals with one of the fundamentals of national existence. The case for agricultural co-operation has yet to be made plain to the English and Scottish consciousness. Twenty years of propaganda have familiarised Irishmen with its principles and their application. But in England and Scotland, where the rural mind is, perhaps, less malleable and where the associative instinct is certainly weaker, the movement has made comparatively little headway, and its necessity, if country life is to be rehabilitated, if small holders are to rise above the mean, struggling isolation of the old days into the ordered unity and the economic independence of a better time, is not yet perceived. We are busying our-

selves about the superstructure before we have made sure of the foundations.

The revolution wrought in manufactures by machinery and the factory system is no greater, but is infinitely better understood, than the revolution which in the last half-century has overtaken agriculture. Competition is no longer local but world-wide. To eat in one hemisphere what has been grown in another is an occurrence so familiar as to have lost all significance. Vast tracts of virgin soil have been opened up in the uttermost parts of the earth, and their products, thanks to incredible improvements in preservation and carriage, are brought to our swollen and hungry towns at regular intervals, in fresh condition, and of fairly uniform quality. On the Continent the new conditions have been met by a free and intelligent use of co-operation. The farmers have banded themselves together for the purchase of all the raw materials of their industry at the lowest cost and of the best quality. They are thus enabled to produce more abundantly and more cheaply. They have combined for the improvement of all classes of live stock and for the manufacture or curing of nearly all agricultural products. They have organised themselves for the purpose of ensuring their animals at the lowest rates and of creating, by mutual support, the credit required to bring in a large and constant flow of capital. Above all, co-operation, besides increasing the volume and lowering the cost of production, has made it possible for them to control the whole process of modern marketing—to collect, for instance, in bulk, to regularise and standardise their consignments, and to forward them at a minimum cost of transit and distribution. The Danes, by these methods and no others, have formed themselves into a national, pliant, and cohesive trust that covers every side of the farming industry. In Great Britain—though less so in Ireland than in either England or Scotland—the average farmer still sticks to the ancient ways, mostly remains an isolated unit, still prefers to pay the highest prices for his seeds, manures, and machinery, and still persuades himself that he is better off as an unattached individual, without capital or credit, at the mercy of the railways and the middlemen, than as a member of a powerful co-operative organisation.

But it is not only in its financial aspects, as a means of adding to the agriculturist's revenue and increasing its stability, that co-operation has justified itself. Farming is more than an industry: it is a life, and the social qualities of confidence and helpfulness fostered by co-operation, the thorough business training it affords, and its varied and often unexpected results in enlarging the farmer's horizon, providing him with new interests, penetrating his social life and reorganising the scheme of rural existence upon brighter, more wholesome, and more democratic lines, altogether outweigh, from the standpoint of national well-being, its benefits to agriculture as a business. This has been especially noticeable in Ireland, where nearly 1,000 agricultural co-operative societies, comprising all but 100,000 members, with an annual turnover of some £2,000,000, are in existence. Their material value has been very great: but greater still has been their effect in strengthening character, in conquering the farmer's distrust of himself and his neighbours, and in mitigating the fury of social, sectarian, and political strife. In England and Scotland the movement is of later birth and considerably less advanced, but in both countries Agricultural Organisation Societies are slowly carrying the gospel of rural salvation, and in England the Government has subsidised the work in connection with the Small Holdings Act. The stubborn individualism of the Scottish and English character, a system of rural education that has to do with everything but rural interests, the hostility of the trading interests, who dread the appearance of co-operative stores in the villages, and cannot see that whatever increases the farmer's power of production must also increase his power of consumption, and the fact that we are still governed by an industrial, city-bred legislature, are all tremendous obstacles. But they are obstacles which are steadily yielding, and which must in the end give way before the gathering concentration of interest upon the problem of rural life.

The "new development" to which Sir Horace Plunkett's pamphlet is devoted is the unification for certain common purposes of the co-operative movements in England, Scotland, and Ireland. While maintaining complete internal independence, the three Organisation Societies are henceforward to be associated "for mutual consultation in matters relating to organisation and united action in matters relating to trade." Three objects, it is hoped, will be secured thereby. First, the organisation of farmers will be brought to a higher level of business efficiency by the exchange of experiences between the three Organisation Societies—an exchange in which Ireland will play the unwonted rôle of a predominant partner. Secondly, the co-operative agricultural trade will be developed by joint action between the organised farmers of the three countries. That is to say, in the purchase of supplies, the organised farmers of each country will obtain the best terms prevailing in any, and will be put on an equality of advantage in the marketing of produce and the interchange of such commodities as seeds, forage, and, possibly, live stock. Thirdly, regarding the agricultural interest as a whole, the new machinery which is to be established for the above purposes will be used, as opportunity presents itself, for advancing and protecting the interests of the agricultural classes in relation to government. These are ambitious objects, but it is not premature to strive for them, and their attainment would transform the possibilities of British agriculture and of British rural life. The farmers of the three countries have a common fiscal and transit system and a common market. The home demand far exceeds the capacity of the home supply. As against the foreign importer their interests, therefore, are at one, and without the spread of the principle of co-operation till it embraces every village and can be worked throughout the entire kingdom from a single centre and on uniform and harmonious lines, those interests cannot be safeguarded.

The Drama.

MR. BARRIE'S FAILURE.

I DO not counsel an intelligent playgoer, with a reasonably cheerful view of the future of the English theatre, to see Mr. Barrie's new play, "What Every Woman Knows," after reading what the dramatic critics have to say about it. If he does, I am afraid he will come to a conclusion equally unfavourable to the piece and to the gentlemen who describe it. If "What Every Woman Knows" is good or interesting drama, as, with the exception of Mr. Baughan, most of these writers find it to be, we must set aside all that we have learned about the modern stage during the last half century, and try to revive the atmosphere and the attitude to life and literature that permitted us, or our fathers, to enjoy, let us say, the Robertsonian comedies. Mr. Barrie's play is not, indeed, as good as these works; for example, it is less human and much less witty than "Caste." But it is in the same vein of sentimental trifling; it is thoughtless and superficial, and is concerned, like them, with prettiness, with small jokes, with a kind of character-drawing that suits the insignificant and accustomed tricks of the experienced actor, while it makes no serious demand on his intellect or imagination. One is grieved to say and to think this of Mr. Barrie, who has a talent for fable, and can carry us with him on pleasant voyages through the quaintly illumined land of children's fancies. But it is necessary to say it, because if the author of "Peter Pan" and "The Admirable Crichton" can write such a play as "What Every Woman Knows," and can be applauded for writing it, it is clear that we in London are without a standard of dramatic production, that the laws of literary criticism are not applied to the theatre, and that the more promising of our writers for the stage can "break back" to sheer

futility, and yet be free of the castigation they deserve. One feels that nothing ranks with us; we have the same vocabulary of vapid sweetness for Mr. Hall Caine as for Mr. Bernard Shaw; and the welter of the British drama goes on, undirected by a conscience or an aim.

If, therefore, I say that "What Every Woman Knows" is a worthless play, and that it would be described as worthless in every centre of European criticism but London, I am answered by the public, and the people who interpret for the public, that it is a brilliantly successful one. And why? Mainly, I imagine, because just as the leading character in the piece is supposed to enrich his speeches with certain gems of fancy called "Shandisms" (mercifully unrevealed to us), so "What Every Woman Knows" is believed to sparkle with "Barrieisms." One of them, I am afraid, is a bit of ancient tinsel which was a political joke twenty years ago when Mr. Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill. Another of them, which is the capital suggestion of the comedy, a piece of ore mined from the main reef of Mr. Barrie's fancy, is the discovery that what "every woman" really knows is that she was made, not from Adam's rib, but from his "funny bone." On this exquisite situation the curtain actually descends, to the unmixed delight of the audience, which was hardly less stirred by the decision of one of Mr. Barrie's Scottish characters to take his whisky not hot but "neat." When I further specify that Mr. John Shand, blazoned forth for us as a shining new member of Parliament and candidate for the Ministry, is advertised as bringing in a Bill to enable women to grow whiskers (he is a champion of the suffrage movement), my readers can imagine what kind of illuminating power, what measure of verbal dexterity, the author of "Peter Pan" has brought to a play which in form at least is a political comedy.

Now, this feebleness and maladroitness of Mr. Barrie do not arise from a bad choice of subject. The idea of a personality of the type of John Shand, whose career and character (so far as he has any character) form the play, is an interesting one. What is going to happen to a raw, half-trained Scottish lad, who has got into Parliament on the strength of his glibness and selfishness, backed by the hints of a clever, self-effacing woman who loves him? Well, nothing of any consequence happens to him. I suppose Mr. Barrie means to suggest some kind of personal force when, in the first Act, he shows Shand as a young railway porter "burgling" his well-to-do neighbour's house at night so that he may "cram" by stealth the books he is too poor to buy. But no force is developed. Shand proves to have a coarse appetite for success, which he coarsely gratifies. He has no ideas, no opinions, only an animal zest for pursuing what he calls "ma career." Then does Mr. Barrie, who may be held to have slightly caricatured, in Shand's loutish figure, the poor Scottish scholar and politician, mean, boldly and truthfully to describe the career of an egotist without principle or fine feeling, like the "hero" of "Bel Ami," or of "Les Affaires sont les Affaires"? No, he has no such purpose. Shand is so weak that he tumbles headlong into the net that a stupid, uninteresting woman half-unconsciously spreads for him. But perhaps Mr. Barrie means to illustrate the eternal tragedy of deep love abused and slighted. This, again, can hardly be the case, for the note of "What Every Woman Knows" is that of farcical comedy, and Shand's flirtation with Lady Sybil Lazenby is a mere card-castle, which a breath blows down. So empty is his life, so boorish is his character, that if any serious thought shapes itself from the sight of the odd gestures of Mr. Barrie's stage puppets, it is that no woman of Maggie's character would have stood him for six months, and that a girl of spirit would have turned him out of doors on the discovery that he was perfectly willing to mount to an under-secretaryship on her shoulders, and to traffic with her brains so long as her part in his speech-making was concealed or unguessed by his chief or his audiences. Maggie herself, indeed, approaches to a fine and durable conception of womanhood. But she is given no room to develop; and the grotesque arrangement under which she binds herself to Shand, degrades her, while it fits her into the make-believe household to which she belongs. She is something more than a theatrical property, and thus far she somewhat redeems the play. But the other characters are mere sawdust and wires. The Wylie family are "property" Scotchmen, with "property" accents and "property" jokes about whisky, and thrift, and best chairs in best parlors, and all the rest of it.

If, therefore, a London audience is pleased with such a play, if it applauds meritless work from an author who has taught it to expect from him the none too common gifts of fancy and grace and sweetness of temperament, it is because unreality is so woven into the texture of our national thought that the most serious problems can be raised on the stage, trifled with, garnished with old jests and raddled situations, and yet no shock is experienced, no sense of dissatisfaction expressed. For example, it is suggested that John Shand is an Independent Member of Parliament; certainly he comes from the people, and their trust in him is indicated in a vigorous election scene, with plenty of pantomimic cheering and enthusiasm. Here is good, fairly fresh material for almost any kind of play except the type of fitful, farcical comedy which Mr. Barrie has actually chosen. There lies the essential trouble of modern England. Instead of playing *on* ideas and movements, our writers play *with* them. Everything goes in to the great amusement-mill—thought, love, passion, despair, folly, cruelty—and comes out ground into flavorless dust. The nation seems incapable of seriousness, its artists, for the most part, averse from taking trouble to make it think or feel, or even laugh at itself, sure that they can realise ample wealth and notoriety and favor without attempting so arduous and thankless an enterprise. But the country suffers from this faithlessness, and so does the stage. What is the use of wasting competent and ambitious artists like Mr. du Maurier, Mr. Gwenn, Miss Trevelyan, and Miss Lillah McCarthy on the kind of part that Mr. Barrie's pretty or featureless inventions provide? I see none; and now and then it seemed to me that these ladies and gentlemen were of the same opinion.

H. W. M.

Communications.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN NAVAL ARMAMENTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—More than a year ago the Government of Brazil placed orders in England for the construction of three extremely powerful ships of an improved "Dreadnought" type. The construction of two of them is far advanced. But even these will not be ready for commission till 1911.

Besides these battleships orders have been placed for a number of lighter craft, and there is a permanent commission of Brazilian naval officers in England, superintending the execution of all these orders.

There was lately an attempt made to cause a scare on the subject of the Brazilian "Dreadnoughts." The scaremongers started more than one theory. The most alarming story was that the big ships were really being built for Germany, and that when they were ready they would be suddenly sold to the Kaiser, and thus upset all our arrangements for building a due proportion of battleships to meet the German Leviathans. A still wilder story was that they were meant for Japan, which can build its battleships much more cheaply at home, and has no money to waste on costly orders to British yards. The German story was only second in absurdity to the Japanese rumour. For Germany is building homogeneous squadrons on lines of her own, and her Admiralty would not spoil its well-considered plans by scheming to build abroad ships that are not of the same type as those laid down in her dockyards, and are designed to carry guns of calibres not represented in her Navy.

Now there is an attempt to work up another scare. The Congress of Argentina has voted eleven millions for a pro-

gramme of armaments, which includes the construction of three "Dreadnoughts." And at once we have alarming explanations provided for us by newspapers of such divergent views on other matters as, for instance, the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Chronicle." The vote is described as "Argentina's reply to Brazil." We are told that the two Republics are quarrelling over Uruguay, and going to pit their new ships against each other. One would think that "Dreadnoughts" could be built as quickly as aeroplanes. Whatever questions are at issue between Brazil and Argentina will be settled long before the first of the three Brazilian battleships hoists her flag. If it were really a race for armaments for an impending war, Argentina would be left so hopelessly behind by starting more than a year after Brazil that the "reply" would be a foolish waste of money.

But then the authors of the earlier scare take up the running. They point to the danger of some foreign Power, probably their favorite bogey Germany, buying now, not three, but six, "Dreadnoughts." History will repeat itself, they say. Just as after the settlement of the Andes boundary dispute between Argentina and Chili the two Powers agreed to a mutual reduction of armaments, and Chili sold two battleships to England, and Argentina handed over the two armoured cruisers built by Ansaldo to Japan, so Brazil will patch up the dispute with Argentina, and the six "Dreadnoughts" will be in the market.

It is forgotten that both Argentina and Chili lost money over the sale of their ships, and Brazil and Argentina are not likely to indulge in speculative "Dreadnought" building for the sake of Germany or any other Power, with the prospect of loss, and the certainty that there will be no gain worth talking of. The theory is all the more absurd considering that both Brazil and Argentina have their own scares about the German fleet. The sale of the ships, after the settlement of the Andes question, by our King's arbitration, was really forced on by Chili. The chiefs of the Chilian Navy were anxious to keep the two battleships, that now figure in our own Navy List as the "Belleisle" and "Superb." But they were outvoted by the stronger party in the Republic that held that railways and internal development were a better investment at the time than battleships. Admiral Simpson and his colleagues gave way on the understanding that the naval programme was only deferred for a few years, and mutual disarmament for a period of time, that has now elapsed, was made part of the treaty It is because the disarmament clause is no longer operative that Argentina has brought forward her programme of naval construction. Chili would have taken the same course a year ago only for the heavy losses caused by the Valparaiso earthquake.

The writer of this letter has been in touch with more than one of the South American Admiralties ,and has discussed questions of naval policy with officers of more than one South American navy. Without betraying any confidences, it may be stated that these naval armaments are neither part of a wild scheme for having "Dreadnoughts" to sell to Germany or any other foreign Power, nor are they a sign of impending hostilities between the Republics. On the contrary, there is an idea of mutual help and protection behind the naval programme, in which Brazil has taken the lead, Argentina has followed, and Chili and Peru will come into line before long. These are the four Republics that really count in South America. They are all committed to a policy of order within their borders, and peaceful settlement by arbitration of any disputes with each other. They realise that on these lines there is a prosperous future before them, and that disorder or war with their neighbours can only delay developments that mean steadily increasing prosperity.

But they also realise that the independence of a modern State with a long seaboard must be protected by the possession of a navy of an up-to-date type. They have no fear of either England or France, but there is an uneasy feeling about Germany as a new naval and colonising Power, and, though little is ever said on the subject, there is a lurking jealousy of the United States—a fear not so much of aggression as of patronising protection with dictation as its consequence. There was a curious indication of this in the case of Brazil. At one time it was proposed to include in the programme the building of a number of powerful submarines of the "Lake" type. The idea was afterwards abandoned, but while it was under consideration provisional arrangements were made with an English shipyard for the building of these American boats on this side of the Atlantic. "No South American orders will go to United States yards," said a prominent member of the Naval Commission.

None of the Republics can afford to build a huge battle fleet, but each of the four can build, as a beginning, a homogeneous squadron of the most powerful ships that naval designers and constructors can provide. The possession of these ships will be an assertion that each Republic means to police its own seas and coasts without foreign interference, and in case of aggression against any of them the local battle squadron may expect help from the sister Republics. The armaments of Brazil and Argentina, to be followed by corresponding steps on the part of Chili and Peru, are a sign that South America is no longer to be a continent of quarrelsome little States. For years there has been a process of internal consolidation going on in the four leading Republics. There is now a real feeling of solidarity between them. They are not arming against each other, but in the interests of each and all.

We shall not see the coming of the "United States of South America," but a tacit or a formal League of the South American Republics is a possibility of the near future.—Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

September 8th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

"A SOUTH AMERICAN RULER."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article under this heading has greatly surprised me, as it is so inconsistent with the high standard of fairness which your paper generally follows. In this instance you are both aggressive and unjust to General Castro and the Venezuelan Government. You do not only repeat the unfounded accusations which the Yellow Press of New York has brought forth against them, but go even beyond their unscrupulous assertions. You affirm that "he" (General Castro) "has laid every conceivable form of industrial enterprise under contribution for his own and his favourites' benefit," which I take as meaning that he appropriates the public revenues for himself and his favourites. The bitterest enemies of General Castro have never attacked his honor with such an unworthy insinuation, because his honesty has been so clearly demonstrated that it is generally recognised. Will the writer of this article give one instance, with any shadow of truth, of General Castro having appropriated any public money? As to the old assertions you mention, every one of them having been completely answered, I wish only to remind you that the Mixed Committee appointed to examine the claims against Venezuela, which amounted to £6,197,730, assessed them in £773,786, thus completely justifying General Castro for having refused to pay them without being legally adjudicated. The attempt to compel the Venezuelan Government to pay these claims without being properly assessed proved the absence of any commendable principle on the part of the aggressors, and caused the establishment, by the last Hague Conference, of the principle that force must not be used by States to collect contractual debts from other States until a Court of Arbitration may have found for the creditor, assessed the amount of the debt, and prescribed the time and manner of payment.

Now, as to the question with Holland, I am pleased to send you the following translation of the official communication of the Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs, giving the reasons of his Government's action in this case:—

"Foreign Office, Caracas, July 20th, 1908.

"MOST EXCELLENT SIR,—The supreme Magistrate of the Republic, surprised by the terms of a letter addressed by the Most Excellent Sir M. J. H. de Reús to the Commercial Association 'Hou en Trouw,' dated at Caracas on the 9th of April of the present year, and published in the 'Fijdsscrift der Verenniging Hoú en Trouw,' No. 5 of Amsterdam, on May ultimo, under the motto 'Informatie-

bureau,' has been under the necessity of declaring M. de Reús unfit to continue serving as the friendly medium in the relations which the Venezuelan Government cultivates with that of Your Excellency, and, consequently, he has instructed me to send to M. de Reús his passport in order that he may leave the country.

"This measure, imposed by the pressing duty of safeguarding the national decorum, only affects the person of M. de Reús in his relations with the Government of Venezuela, and it does not alter in the least manner the good intelligence that happily exists between the two countries, and which Venezuela wishes to maintain in the highest degree of cordiality, cultivating it with any other medium who may know how to appreciate this good will, and may use the appropriate means, as a messenger of friendship and harmony, for the attainment of the aspirations of the two countries.

"I have the honor to present to Your Excellency the testimony of my highest consideration.

"(Signed), J. de J. Paul,
"Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"To the Most Excellent Sir the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Kingdom of the Netherlands.
"The Hague."

I beg leave to offer to your consideration the following facts, published by an impartial judge, hoping they may change your opinion about General Castro and the Venezuelan Government:—(1) For seven years Venezuela has acted in all her activities with surprising energy and rapidity. (2) Public order, strongly established by President Castro's energy and conciliation, vanishes for ever all danger of revolution. (3) The construction of public works advances wonderfully in the interior of the country. (4) All the attention of the Government is chiefly concentrated on the construction of railways, ports, and buildings for public instruction. (5) The extension of the means of communication for transporting to the coast the products of the interior has been considerably developed. (6) The exports and imports increase year after year. (7) The international exchange is *above par*. (8) Venezuela appears to-day amongst the South American nations of importance and worthy of all consideration.

Any unbiassed man must admit to-day that General Castro is a ruler of liberal and progressive aims, an honest administrator, and a faithful guardian of the national honor. He may have enemies, as he is not amenable to speculators, who flout the laws and authorities of the country, and are the financiers of revolutions; but his fellow-countrymen, who know him well and appreciate his patriotism, courage, and abilities, are devoted to him, and so the greedy schemers cannot get rid of him.—Yours, &c.,

A. Aldana,
Consul of Venezuela.

Cardiff, September 9th, 1908.

[We are sorry if we have been unjust to President Castro. He has certainly done well for Venezuela. But the points of view of a Venezuelan and a non-Venezuelan, like those of the man in the motor car and the man outside, are somewhat different.—Ed., Nation.]

TAINE'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—You excellent article on "The Despair of an Intellectual" might equally be headed "An Intellectual's Blunders." In the thirty-ninth year of the Third Republic it is amusing to find M. Taine writing, in May, 1871, "the Republic can be but a provisionary matter" (p. 54). On p. 56 I chanced to see my own name in a paragraph which is a tissue of errors. Mr. Stuart Mill, he says, "rather approved of our red Republicans"—"his *niece* has just been defending the Commune." Miss Helen Taylor was Mill's stepdaughter, not his niece, and her article on "Paris and France" in the "Fortnightly Review" (Vol. IX., p. 451) was certainly no defence of the Commune. "The most notable Communist *here*, Mr. Frederic Harrison," writes Taine from Oxford, June 1st, 1871, "sums up their principles by the sentence, 'Let capital be employed for the noblest objects.'" Now, in that year I was not in Oxford at all, and had no connection with Oxford, having ceased to be a Fellow, was married, and lived in London, working at the Bar

It will surprise people to hear that I am, or was, a Communist. I did write in May, 1871, an article in the "Fortnightly Review," Vol. IX., p. 557, on "The Revolution of the Commune." I opened it thus: "We deplore its blunders and abhor its crimes. Like every revolution, it has both. So far as it seeks a political solution of a social question, so far it is doomed to ultimate failure. It has a strong Communistic side; and *Communism is incompatible with human nature.*" In the end I said the faith of the insurgents was "that capital and its holders must adapt themselves to nobler uses." I said the movement was a "tremendous yet wild veto on the absolute reign of capital."

But perhaps some of these absurdities are due to the translator, who talks of "the *historicity* of Taine's conceptions," who makes Taine speak of Henry Reeve as "his publisher," and calls the famous firm in Paternoster Row "Messrs. Longways" (*sic*).—Yours, &c.,

Frederic Harrison.

The Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,
September 7th, 1908.

THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I add one to your correspondents' proposals. In addition to trenches across roads, imprisonment of motorists, and confiscation of cars of transgressors, I suggest:—

1. An annual Imperial tax, averaging £50 a year, graded, and greatly cheapened to professional motor users, such as medical men.
2. Power to the local authority responsible for the roads to erect toll bars at intervals of about five miles, and charge half-a-crown at each; the money to go to repair the roads, and save local rates.

Where high speed constitutes the fun of the thing, mere attempts to check it will never entirely succeed. The present, or as "Cassandra" truly prophesies, an increased, number of motors going at ten or a dozen miles an hour, or less, is an intolerable evil. If each motor makes dust for a little over four hundred yards, then four motors a mile will choke all the road all the time. Their number must be kept down. Where the rich are concerned, a small tax and low tolls are useless as deterrents. The tax proposed will not repay the public for the injury done them; and toll-bars are costly to maintain.—Yours, &c.,

John W. Graham.

Dalton Hall, Manchester,

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The attitude and suggestions of some of your correspondents are somewhat puzzling to a mere outsider. For instance, the idea of unlimited speed upon an "open road." What is meant by an open road? The other day my boy and self were out cycling; there was but one house in a distance of over two miles. About twenty-five yards in front of us were two ladies, also cycling. A motor, going at, I am certain, over thirty miles an hour, passed us and the ladies, not slowing down in the least, and keeping the centre of a narrow country road. When I say that this was just previous to the recent rains, and upon an exceptionally dusty surface, I scarcely need add that we were nearly blinded, choked, and poisoned, as also must have been the ladies ahead, but — this was "an open road."

Another day I was riding in a district even more thinly peopled than the other, when rounding a bend I came into view of a motor descending a hill just in front of me at full speed. I had barely time to draw my horse close to the hedge when the thing rushed past, nearly touching me—a close shave—but, of course, it was "an open road."

Then I was both puzzled and amused at a report in a daily paper of an address delivered by Prince Francis of Teck at the dinner of the R.A.C., when the speaker commended the Chief Constable of Norfolk for his action in giving the members of the Norfolk Constabulary permission to "*politely request* the owners of automobiles to drive with consideration to other users of the road." This, I think, is very funny. Our roads are rendered unsafe, unhealthy, un-

usable by a few, and all that can be done for the many is to "politely request" the few to be considerate.—Yours, &c.,

ACTIVE RESISTER.

September 8th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—'Tis certainly amusing, but for the tragedy of it all, to read the multifarious appeals and suggestions appearing in your columns for proper regulation and control of the speed of motor cars. How, in the name of goodness, people with half an eye, as the saying is, did not see, when a blundering Unionist Government allowed anything faster than the pace of a good trotting (not racing) horse on public roads that incalculable trouble, discomfort, and danger would be the inevitable result, passes my comprehension. It is a law of nature, and we would never progress without it, that if a thing is to be done, the one who does it *quickest* "gets on top"; and, apart from the crazy fascination of the thing, we all know that "*time* is money." Given these two incentives, who can wonder, beginning, as it did, with the highest in the land, M.P.s, railway directors (who complain at the same time of railway income going down), and various other misguided "buddies" and bodies who career about on these devilish inventions, that our Government, and now the whole public, know not what is to be done?

It is impossible now, I fancy, ever to get back to what I held from the first were the only two ways to deal with this question of the "Lost Liberty of the Road." My first would have been as the Turks have done—not permit a single motor car running on ordinary roads to be made or to be brought into the country, or, alternatively, make it criminal for anyone to be found in possession of an engine-propelled vehicle for public roads capable of being driven at greater speed than ten miles an hour.

Are people aware that the safest place against accident to life or limb is in a railway train? Statistics have proved this fact up to the hilt—safer by far than going about outside of trains. The thing stands to reason—you are being taken care of by certificated, competent officials "all along the line." Take your conveyance "off the rails" and run it at railway speed on public roads, and the case is exactly reversed, both in danger to those inside as well as those not upon the vehicle. Anything may happen on a public road, and no two accidents are exactly alike, or owing to the same cause. It is an undoubted fact that very many of the motors which fly about in their abominable dust-raising, mud-splashing, "get-out-of-the road" fashion are in the hands of, and being steered by, irresponsible (sometimes drunken) donkeys, who selfishly think only of their own pleasure and convenience and a "fig" for those who seek not to, or cannot, use the roads otherwise than for what they were made and intended since the days of Adam. Many of our very judges and nearly all of our women folks seem to be the craziest over this motor mania. When will they be awakened to the risks they are running?—Yours, &c.,

JAS. B. SMITH, Kt.

Clifford Park, Stirling,
September 8th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last issue you give what you are pleased to call "The latest list of the worst outrages by motors." Yet, so far as your description goes, there is no evidence whatever that any one of these sad tragedies was caused by any carelessness on the part of the driver; that there was in it any element which might fairly be described as outrageous; or that it might not equally well have been caused by slowly moving horsed traffic.

I have with my own eyes seen a young lady fall from a bicycle, run over by a dog-cart—which was not being driven fast—and killed on the spot. Had the dog-cart been a motor, this would, I suppose, have been a "motor outrage." As it was, a sensible coroner's jury realised that it was only a deplorable accident.

A few weeks ago I was called out to attend to a farm laborer who had been run over and badly mangled by his own cart. He died within a couple of hours. His horses had taken fright and bolted at the barking of a dog. What a treat for anti-motorists had the dog been a motor!

That the motor nuisance is a serious one, however, few people would, I fancy, attempt to deny. It seems to consist chiefly in—

1. Dust.
2. Noise.
3. Danger to other road-users.
4. Frightening of other road-users.

Of these (4) is, I think, a constantly diminishing inconvenience. Fewer people on hearing or seeing a motor spring into the ditch or fall off their bicycles than did so a year or two ago. Fewer horses become restive. Certainly I now cause much less alarm among horses with a motor car than I did with a bicycle when first I owned one in the year 1880.

3. As to actual danger, there is no doubt that the motor takes its toll of human life. So does the horse. An element of danger always will exist with either. With careful motor drivers, I believe it to be very small. Personally, I have seen very numerous accidents, fatal and otherwise, from horses, but as yet not one from a motor. Culpably careless drivers, however, do undoubtedly exist. Fining them is of little use. As a rule, they already fine themselves—often as much as £50 a year or more in their tyre bills by excessive speed round corners. What is wanted to keep them in check is conviction *only* for driving to the common danger, education of the police and magistrates as to what constitutes dangerous driving, and then imprisonment or temporary confiscation of the car on conviction.

2. The noise nuisance is now practically entirely caused by exhaust whistles or by motor cycles with open exhausts. Of these the former might be prohibited at night and the latter entirely.

1. Dust. A motor car at even a very reasonable pace will raise the dust, if there is any dust to raise. Dustless roads are the only possible remedy. Some recent experiments seem to indicate that dustless roads may perhaps be produced that will not be more expensive in the long run than ordinary macadam. On the other hand, if they become general, perhaps the farmer will complain that he is robbed of the "March dust," which, according to the old proverb, is "worth a guinea a peck" to him.

And, lastly, may I be allowed to say one word to some of your correspondents, who seem to think that the motor is exclusively the plaything of the wealthy?

In this town there are at present six motor cars. Of these two are owned by doctors, one by a solicitor, who has numerous professional engagements some ten miles off in a town practically inaccessible by rail, and one by an auctioneer and property agent, who uses it exclusively for business purposes. Motoring as an amusement will probably fall out of fashion, like bicycling. For business purposes its use is rapidly increasing, and it is well to remember that the business or professional man's car is the servant not only of the man who uses it, but of the whole community.—Yours, &c.,

H. REYNOLDS BROWN, M.D.

Fairlie, Maldon, Essex,
September 8th, 1908.

[Our correspondent makes a very good case for the motorist, but he begs the question when he says that there is no evidence in any one of the cases of death and injury which were specified last week that they could not have been caused by some slowly moving form of traffic. What of the drunken conductor? In other cases fright—one of the causes of danger from motors which he specifies—appears to have been the cause of accident. We did not allege specific blame on the part of the driver of each motor. That would clearly be unfair.—ED., NATION.]

WOMEN MUNICIPAL VOTERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have noticed that opponents to Women's Suffrage always deduce from the results of municipal elections, one of two reasons for denying women the Parliamentary vote. Either they should be denied it because they have not used the vote they already possess in municipal elections, or they must be denied it because they have, "by

large majorities, voted for the Tory and Moderate candidates" in municipal elections.

Your correspondent of the 22nd inst. uses the latter, putting aside the fact that the ballot at elections is secret, and that there is, therefore, no means of telling in what way a certain section of the community have voted. These two arguments are utterly worthless. If certain women are too self-centred and too careless of the welfare of their town to use their municipal vote, they are not likely to record their opinions in a Parliamentary election, and the fact that they possess the right to do so will not affect the affairs of the nation in the slightest. If the second argument is true, then it shows that women as a whole realise the importance of a vote, and the franchise must not be denied them on the score of disinterestedness in political affairs.

In conclusion, I trust your correspondent will forgive me if I point out that, whereas he promised to say a few words on "Votes for Women" in connection with the result of the Haggerston by-election, he has, in reality, done nothing of the sort.

Instead of telling us why the Suffragettes are not justified in claiming the defeat of the Government nominee as due to their efforts, he contents himself with asking one question and telling us how Mrs. Pankhurst failed to answer a second which was put to her by an elector in his hearing.—Yours, &c.,

J. Smith.

17, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.,
August 28th, 1908.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—There is no doubt that both in England and in Germany there is a general fear of war between the two countries. Such a war might arise merely out of the prevalence of this fear, or it might come because Germany has designs that cannot be accomplished peacefully. The enemies of Germany say that she has such designs, that she wants our Empire and our trade. We may assume, with the friends of Germany, that the Germans are not fools; and therefore we may ask whether she would get our Empire and our trade if she beat us. She is supposed to want our Empire so that she may fill it with Germans. Therefore her chief wants must be Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Now, even supposing she gained a complete victory over us, she could not conquer Canada. She would have to fight the United States for it, and she would have to fight them in Canada. But could she conquer the other Colonies? Would she have any chance of conquering them? We might sign them away to her under pressure of famine, but they would certainly resist desperately. I do not pretend to know how many troops Germany would need to conquer them, but the South African war proves that she would need at least a million. Now, assuming that she had transported a million troops over all those thousand miles of sea, what would happen in Europe while they were fighting the British Colonies in a long and wasteful guerilla war? Would France be so grateful for the destruction of her friend and her best customer that she would forget all about Alsace and Lorraine? And would the rest of Europe be so eager for German predominance as to sit still while the predominance was secured? The German Navy will certainly be much enfeebled with its contest with ours. The French Navy would be fresh and uninjured; and the sea for thousands of miles, for months, if not years, would be covered with German transports. If France declared war, the transports would be cleared from the sea, and a million German troops would be cut off from home in huge countries where the inhabitants would do their best to kill them all; and meanwhile French armies will be marching on Berlin. If the German Government has ever thought of conquering the British Empire, it must also have considered these obvious facts. And, unless it consists of fools or madmen, it cannot, therefore, harbour this design of conquest. But would Germany profit by destroying our trade? The war would cost her a large sum of money; and as the result of it she would lose the custom of one of her best customers, to whom at present she exports about £35,000,000 of goods every year. This would be a very substantial loss for a very shadowy chance of profit. And there is also the chance, too, that Germany would be beaten.

But the question still remains—Why does Germany go on increasing her fleet? Partly, of course, because she is afraid of a war with us, produced by irrational fears and animosities on both sides; but partly also because any country with a large and growing mercantile marine must have a large fleet, if her mercantile marine is to have any security when other countries are engaged in naval war. Every naval war proves that the combatants will not respect neutral rights except through fear. The Germans need a fleet, not so large as ours, but so large that, if we were at war with some other Power, we should not dare to do what we choose with German merchant ships for fear of having to fight the German fleet as well as that of the other Power.

Of course, the Germans are not innocent of blame in this matter. There are people in Germany, as here, who would like a war so as to read about it in the evening papers. There are others who think that a war is inevitable, and, therefore, would like to have done with it as soon as possible. The first kind cannot be appeased with argument. The second can. The aim of all who desire peace should be to prove that war is not inevitable, because neither country has aims that cannot be peacefully accomplished. Peace is not secure, but the best way to secure it is to get rid of irrational fears.—Yours, &c., A. Clutton Brock.

Farncombe, Godalming.
September 7th, 1908.

MISS BEALE AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your interesting review of the recently published "Life of Dorothea Beale" there is one statement which might perhaps create some misunderstanding. Your reviewer states that there is in the book "no mention whatever of women's rights." The expression "women's rights" has happily fallen into disuse, but I should like to draw attention to the striking statements in the book as to Miss Beale's views on women's suffrage. She wrote to an old pupil: "Remember the real thing to aim at is the Suffrage. Without the vote you may cut off one evil to find it coming up again in a worse form, and often, but for the personal discipline, might as well be knocking your head against a stone wall."

Mrs. Raikes tells us that "once when a petition was put forward against the Suffrage for women, Miss Beale, who declined to sign it, said that one reason urged upon her for doing so, seemed so poor, namely, that the vote would impair the influence of women with men. . . . As time went on, this question of the vote for women seemed more and more important to Miss Beale. She became a Vice-President of the Central Society for Women's Suffrage, besides being a regular subscriber."—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) C. D. Rackham.

4, Grange Terrace, Cambridge,
September 7th, 1908.

Poetry.

STARLIGHT ON THE HILL.

From the world's petulant babble newly fled—
The faithless wail, th' unmeaning festival—
We climb where high the heavenly splendours call
Unto a wide land not inhabited:
There, where the unutterable things are said,
And from our feet the dizzy hollows fall
Like altar-stairs, with Aaron and with Paul
We stand betwixt the living and the dead.

Well-nigh persuaded that earth's night grows old
And the long vigil nears its final ward—
Sing to us, chorus of the prophet-souled,
Sing that our absent Sun shall be restored,
And even the meanest of his kind behold,
As in a glass, the glory of the Lord.

W. K. Fleming.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE want of some sort of a manual from which the beginner in fiction might learn the technique of his art forms the subject of an interesting article by Mr. A. Dunn in the current number of "The Westminster Review." The painter, the architect, or the musician, he observes, have their schools and conservatoires in abundance. "In the following of these arts and others, there exists a definite and assured method; the tyro starts on a firm basis and pursues his object, helped by a system which is precise and complete, and which, as the result of many generations of experience, has been proved to be right. . . . Not so with the student of fiction. Here one complains that the right road to travel has never been mapped out at all. True, books of instruction have been written, but these books, it cannot be denied, fall wholly short of their purpose. That they are, for the most part, verbose and long-winded matters little; what does matter is that they concern themselves almost entirely with what is to be achieved, and hardly ever with the manner of its achievement. The construction of the story, for instance, is rarely mentioned. That supreme difficulty which faces the novelist always, is discussed, when discussed at all, only in the vaguest and most uncertain fashion. There is no scheme of technique—as in the sister arts; no definite plan on which to work; hardly a hint anywhere to set the beginner fairly and squarely on his legs."

* * *

NONE of the three books mentioned in Mr. Dunn's article—Stevenson's "Essays in the Art of Writing," G. H. Lewes's "Principles of Success in Literature," and Sir Walter Besant's "Art of Fiction"—furnish the sort of guide he requires. Stevenson's book tells us much about the technical elements of style, but is certainly not intended as a handbook for the young novelist; Lewes wrote upon literature in general, and not upon fiction in particular; while Besant attempted to do too much in small compass, and discussed the value of literature and its future prospects, instead of confining himself to his subject. That the novelist's craft may be taught, just as the painter's or the musician's is taught, can hardly be denied, and it is equally certain that the general level of achievement in the art would be raised by the process. Flaubert taught it to Maupassant, and at the present moment several of the American Universities have courses in story-writing. Artistic worth is, of course, essential to the only kind of success which counts heavily; but we cannot help feeling that the mass of English fiction would not be so bad as it is if we had more books of the type of Mr. Hamilton's "Materials and Methods of Fiction"—a work introduced by Professor Brander Matthews, and recently published by the Baker & Taylor Company of New York. It discusses such subjects as the purpose of fiction, plot, characters, setting, the point of view in narrative, emphasis in narrative, and the factor of style, illustrations being drawn in each case from the writings of masters of the art. Apart from their value to intending novelists, books like Mr. Hamilton's may be of real service to literature, for if the patrons of circulating libraries could be induced to read them, they would soon become intolerant of the slipshod fiction with which we are deluged.

* * *

A MORE fitting editor for the "Selected Poems of William Barnes" than Mr. Thomas Hardy would be impossible to find, and the news that he has written an introduction and glossarial notes for the volume shortly to appear in the "Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry" will be welcomed by all lovers of English dialect verse. Barnes, the Dorsetshire Burns, the Wessex Theocritus—he has been given both titles—is one of the truest of English pastoral poets, and perhaps the only dialect poet who is now widely read. Unlike most poets who confined themselves to dialect, he was a great reader, and mastered most of the European tongues, as well as Hebrew, Hindustani, and Persian. Traces of the influence upon his verse of writers so far apart as Petrarch and the Persian poet, Sádi, have been noticed by several critics. Mr. Hardy has already pointed out that he did not even take all Dorsetshire for his province. He confined himself almost entirely to "the secluded vale of Blackmore, whose margin formed the horizon of his boyhood."

* * *

THE past season has been remarkable for the number of translations of French memoirs then issued, and a glance at the publishers' lists shows that they also form a large proportion of the books to be issued during the autumn. We have already given some particulars of one of the most interesting of these announcements, the "Memoirs of Mademoiselle George," which Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish under the title "A Favourite of Napoleon." Another class of book which seems to be growing in favor is the biography of persons famous—or infamous—in French history. Two books of special promise which fall under this heading are also announced by Mr. Nash. "Rousseau and the Women He Loved," by Mr. Francis Gribble, treats of Rousseau's relations with Madame de Warens, Mlle. Suzanne Serre, Madame Dupin, and Madame d'Houdetot. By means of fresh material unearthed at the Archives of Savoy, Geneva, and Venice, Mr. Gribble is able to check, and in some cases correct, the account given of these episodes in the "Confessions." Rousseau has formed the theme of a crowd of books, but if the coming work proves to be "the most complete biography of Rousseau that has yet been published in any language," it is sure of a welcome.

* * *

THE other book is called "The Wife of Lafayette," and has been written by Mrs. MacDermot Crawford. Few women of the Revolution had better claims upon our admiration or possessed a more attractive personality than Madame de Lafayette. The granddaughter on her father's side of the Duc de Noailles, and on her mother's of the famous Chancellor d'Aguesseau, she encouraged her husband's Republican tendencies in the face of his and her own relatives. Her love for him, said Fox, was "seldom equalled, never excelled," and she never wavered in her adherence to the cause of freedom. During the Terror her mother, sister, and grandmother perished by the guillotine, and it was only the constant efforts of her friends and the repeated appeals of the American Ambassador that saved her from a like fate. The memoirs dealing with the later years of the French monarchy introduce us to so many women whose fame rests on their talent for extravagance and intrigue that we are apt to forget the existence of others of finer character.

* * *

WE much regret to observe an announcement in the current number of the "Albany Review" that its appearance, at all events in its present form and at its present price, is to cease. Both "The Albany" and its predecessor, the "Independent Review," have shown qualities of insight and freshness of ideas and interests which, in the not too exhilarating condition of English critical thought, promised well for their influence and standing. We are sorry that their very capable conductors have felt unable to continue their work.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Life of Tolstoy: First Fifty Years." By Aylmer Maude. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Chaucer and His England." By G. G. Coulton. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Phillips Brooks." By A. V. G. Allen. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

"By Desert Ways to Baghdad." By Louisa Jebb. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"All Things Considered." By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen. 5s.)

"Sir Christopher Wren." By Lena Milman. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Home Life in Italy." By Lina Duff Gordon. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Life of Beethoven." By Alice M. Deihl. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Mirage." By E. Temple Thurston. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The Tramping Methodist." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Bell. 6s.)

"Le Sentiment de la Nature." Par M. Epuy. (Paris: Rudeval. 3fr. 50.)

"Après le Naturalisme, vers la doctrine littéraire nouvelle." Par G. Sauvebois. (Paris: L'Abbaye. 3fr. 50.)

"Les Cloches." Par L. Brethous-Lafargue. (Paris: Ollendroff. 3fr. 50.)

"Theodor Mommsen." Von L. M. Hartmann. (Gotha: Perthes. M.4.)

Reviews.

THE CHILD OF THE TEMPLE.*

Did the child, Louis XVII., pathetically famed throughout the world as the little Dauphin, die in June, 1795, a prisoner in the Tower of the Temple? If so, what were the circumstances, and what was the manner of his death? Was he, upon the hint or order of the Comité de Sûreté Générale, slowly got rid of by ill-usage and neglect? Was he murdered by Simon the cobbler, Robespierre instigating and arranging the crime? Or, finally, did certain friends of the poor innocent contrive his escape from the dungeon? These questions compose a problem that has mightily intrigued three generations of inquirers. We are ourselves of the opinion that the matter has been settled (as has also been settled, for all reasonable seekers, the mystery of the Iron Mask), but that it is not one to dogmatise upon.

Dogmatism is assuredly not the note of the patient and very intelligent investigation of Miss Welch, in which, with unflagging interest, we have step by step accompanied her. Miss Welch's conclusions are not ours, nor are they those of the Cambridge Modern History, but they continue to be held by many enthusiastic students of the case. We do not undervalue them.

Many enthusiastic students, we said. Yes, indeed: one wall of a modest library would scarce accommodate the wise and foolish works to which this puzzle has given rise. Hear Miss Welch:—

> "On the subject of this mystery more than a thousand books and pamphlets have been published, and to the solving of it scores of historians have given years of research. There have been and are still monthly magazines published on the question, and it may be said without any danger of contradiction that there are to-day alive many serious students who would give half their possessions to secure in exchange a definite proof of what happened to King Louis XVII."

From this digression we return to the points at issue. We ourselves are as sure as circumstantial evidence can make us that the child died in the Temple—died or was murdered there. Not a whit less tenacious is Miss Welch's belief that he escaped, though she adds, with a charming candour, that she has no idea what became of him afterwards. That a child some ten years of age did at the date indicated perish in the Temple, and that the body was immediately afterwards seen and examined and reported on by doctors, are facts not in dispute. But the official announcement of this death was never universally accepted. A suspicion almost at once arose that the child who had died or been done to death in the Temple was not, in truth, the King of France. Such a suspicion would, of course, give inspiration and a sheet anchor to adventurers. If the little Monarch had indeed been spirited out of his dungeon (and a substitute had died there in his place), where might he not be? Surely he would come sooner or later to claim his father's throne.

Accordingly, when Napoleon lies bound in his Atlantic isle, and the Bourbons have once more fastened upon France, there springs up a small host of deceivers, each of whom proclaims himself the long-lost Dauphin, and demands to be hoisted forthwith to the throne of his lamented father. And what a procession of them it is! History knows none other so grotesque. Forty of them, when the tale is told—forty of them exhibiting the blessed scars that spoke of Simon's sabots: they jostled one another in the capitals of Europe.

Here for an instant we pause to observe that in certain likenesses, and even identifications, which were loudly from time to time asserted, there was nothing so extraordinary. Strange, on the contrary, would it have been, when we recall the prowess of Louis the Well-Beloved in his Parc-aux-Cerfs, had not the celebrated Bourbon nose, during many years, flaunted itself considerably in France. Have not Claimants been "identified" since then? Is Orton forgotten?

But these forty pretenders to the Crown of France after the second Restoration—the artful squad of them extending from Paris to St. Pancras, London, and from London to a wigwam of Iroquois in America! What do we make of these dissemblers? Has any one of them a snip of evidence to produce? Is there one ghost among them that would obligingly ascend from the shades and submit himself for fifteen minutes in the witness-box to Sir Edward Carson or Mr. Rufus Isaacs? It is curious (or not) that sundry of the leading claimants were now and again in trouble with the police; it is not curious at all that most of them had originally escaped (like Falstaff) in a buck-basket, for of this story we know the source. Shall we take Hervegault to friend, who began in a tailor's shop at Saint Lô? Shall we risk anything on Mathurin Bruneau, the laborer's son, who had a difficulty in signing his royal name? Shall we put a trifle on Augustus Meves, Esquire, "of 35, University Street, St. Pancras, a gentleman of musical tastes in business on the London Stock Exchange," who "died suddenly in a cab" before it had completely occurred to him that he was King of France? Shall we plunge in the interests of Eleazar Williams, that soft-headed Chief of the Iroquois Indians, who had not a notion that he was Louis XVII. until the young Prince de Joinville (taking an unpardonable rise out of him) told him so "on a boat going from Buffalo to Green Bay"? Shall we play up on ex-Baron de Richemont, whose beginnings, known to nobody, are as mystic as a pyramid's? Shall we make a throw at last for the handsome and polished Naundorff, who had the misfortune to be detained on a charge of circulating false coin ("the sole indication," said someone, "of his august origin"), and whose grandson passes in France to-day under the humorous style of "Jean III."? Or, on the whole, are we here entangled and floundering in the dream of a midsummer night?

Miss Welch, it is unnecessary to say, stands by none of these beguilers. She discusses the case of Naundorff, as she is justified in doing; for Naundorff does seem to have given qualms to Louis XVIII., though we never could know why. He was "identified," it is true, by ancient Nurse Rambaud; but Madame de Rambaud, had she been nurse to the ten tribes, would readily afterwards have identified the lost one.

Miss Welch holds by the romantic tradition of the Dauphin's escape. It was a widespread tradition, and has persisted. Napoleon's Josephine (Napoleon, of course, being not yet upon the scene) has her part in it; and the Empress Eugénie is reported to have said that it was a belief in the Bonaparte family that the sympathetic creole had helped Barras to set the boy free. But for no story of escape is there any tittle of proof. One chance of freedom the Dauphin had, by the plot (before Marie Antoinette's execution) that failed through the cowardice of Lepitre. There seems after that to have been very little hope of the release of the child by stratagem. And tradition has played us such scurvy and foolish tricks. It was a tradition that Oliver Cromwell was the Man in the Iron Mask. It was another tradition that Molière was the Man. It was a tradition that Monmouth was never beheaded on Tower Hill. It is to this day a tradition in the West of Ireland that Mr. Parnell is lying hid among the Seven Bens of Connemara, awaiting heaven knows what call from Westminster or Erin. Tradition, like Habbakuk, is "capable de tout."

If the Little Dauphin escaped from the Temple, what became of him? No one has been able to tell us that.

But let us now see what excellent reasons the men of the Revolution had for ridding themselves of the pretty boy of whom the populace of Paris had made a little idol. To hale him to Tinville's bloody bar, and thence to the guillotine, they did not dare. None the less was it imperative to the safety of the new Republic that this child should, by some privy means, be disposed of, inasmuch as while he lived there was still a King in France. Says Miss Welch:—

> "This child, indeed, had become the bogey of all true Republicans. . . . Did one of their number show lessened enthusiasm for the cause—it must be because he was conspiring to put Louis XVII. on the throne. Louis XVII., a constant possibility, an unceasing danger, hung always over the Republic. Hardly a day passed that there was not heard some new and alarming rumour about the King whom Paris had dethroned but could not get rid of."

We, on our part, feel quite assured that Paris could, and did, get rid of him. Taken by force from his half-fainting mother on the night of July 3rd, 1793, he was given over to

---

* "The Little Dauphin." By Catharine Welch. With Sixteen Illustrations. Methuen. 6s.

the mercies of Marat's friend, Simon, the elderly cobbler of the lank black hair and sooty skin, a butcher's son from the provinces. Mr. Moreton Macdonald explicitly states that Simon "received from the Comité de Sûreté Générale the assurance that the boy's death would be welcome to them." Of the manner in which Simon acted on this hint we are not ignorant. The radiant little boy was quickly reduced to a state approaching imbecility. By the way, if Royalists were planning his escape, in the interests of their own party, it is reasonable to suppose they would know something of his condition. Of what use to them, for any purpose of State, would have been a King whom Simon's brutality had rendered "almost witless"?

Simon resigned his charge in January, 1794. According to Mr. Moreton Macdonald (and he represents in this connection a long line of learned and careful historians), "active maltreatment now gave place to absolute neglect—neglect even of the barest necessities of cleanliness and decency" It is certain that the boy whom the Thermidorians found later "in a pestiferous cell" of the Temple was in the condition of a tortured animal, covered with sores, vermin, and the marks of blows and kicks, and half idiotic. To this there could be but one end, and it could not be long delayed. "The nursing of the dying child was neglected and every consideration denied. . . On the 10th of June the long sufferings were mercifully ended; the Dauphin passed away."

This is the view most widely accepted of the tragedy of the little Dauphin. It is sane and reasonable throughout. History not improperly says: "If you insist on it that the child escaped, you must bring me proof other than traditions of the country-side."

There is, however, another and a newer theory, as yet but little studied in this country or in France. In the space that remains to us we can but give a glance at it, logical and profoundly interesting as we have found it. In December of last year M. Joseph Turquan, an indefatigable student of the period of the Revolution, published a pamphlet entitled "Du Nouveau sur Louis XVII: Solution du Problème" (Paris: Emile-Paul). In this he builds a likely argument on the discovery in 1801, within the Temple precincts, of the skeleton of a well-grown child. This, says M. Turquan, is the skeleton of the Dauphin, murdered by Simon (at Robespierre's instigation) on the night that he and his wife quitted the Temple. In the instant of the assassination a child, procured from some Paris hospital, is smuggled in a basket into the Temple. This is a sickly little creature, who can be easily provided for in the manner in which baby farmers provide for undesired infants. It is this child who dies in the Temple in 1795, and whose death is officially given out as that of "the son of Capet," Louis XVII. We wish that we had space to detail M. Turquan's reasons, which are ingenious in the extreme, but at two francs his pamphlet will not be dear to any reader whom this drama of the Temple concerns.

If the child escaped, is it not wonderful that the contrivers of the escape (for unaided he could never have got out) left not a single line by which posterity might be satisfied? On the other side, we have striven to show what substantial reasons the Republic had for secretly destroying him—by Simon's rough hand or by the not less murderous process of ill-usage and neglect. By whatever paths we seek to trace the Little Dauphin's fate, wherever a signpost is found, it bears the same legend: *Death.*

ENGLISH OARSMANSHIP.*

When one takes up a new work on rowing, one wonders if there can be anything new to say about it. It is like reading the life of a man whose deeds or thoughts have been chronicled and criticised many times before. Yet as each new life which is published varies from its predecessors owing to the collection of fresh material or the suggestion of some new point of view, so each study of the principles and history of oarsmanship adds something to what has already been written. It is true that rowing as a science moves less with the times than most other sports. In the matter of method the oarsman is proudly conservative—the oarsman, at any rate, who represents orthodoxy (and heterodoxy in the rowing world is a plant of recent and as yet of diminutive growth)—and points, as with the pride of ancestry, to the principles of sixty years ago, boasting them, in the main, the principles of to-day. It might have been thought that an improvement in implements, in boats and rowlocks and oars, in this age of mechanical advance, would have revolutionised method. But the science of boat-building has stood still for more than half a century ,and no sufficient change has been made in oars or rowlocks to alter style or add appreciably to pace. One mechanical device alone—the sliding seat (invented in the seventies of last century)—has affected oarsmanship as a science, and this only to the extent of adding a new principle, the drive with the legs, to principles already existing. But, though rowing is so immutable in character, and though Mr. Lehmann is essentially a champion of orthodoxy, there is in "The Complete Oarsman" much that is fresh and nothing that, technically at any rate, is not interesting.

A book on oarsmanship is necessarily in part a history, in part a scientific treatise. Rowing can trace its origin to mythological times, and boatracing was probably the earliest sport that man indulged in. But how they rowed in a Greek trireme hardly matters to us to-day, and all the very early references to oarsmanship are too vague to be enlightening. Even when we come to comparatively modern times, to the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge, for instance, a trophy which has been competed for annually for nearly two hundred years, or, later still, to the early days of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, which was instituted less than a century ago, the contemporary records are meagre in the extreme. It is, perhaps, a matter of regret that in those unenlightened times, when the halfpenny newspaper was unknown, men entered on sport in so simple a spirit, and in oarsmanship, at any rate, were content to row and not write about it. We could spare some of the effusions of modern strokes if we could obtain in their place some inkling of the views of those early heroes of the oar. In Mr. Lehmann's book there is nothing new either in his account of the origin of rowing or in his historical sketch of boatracing; but the old facts are well arranged and set down clearly and concisely. This part of the work is, at best, an excellent summary. What, then, one is tempted to ask, will the writer of some *magnum opus* on oarsmanship a hundred years hence find in these pages that is of more than ephemeral value or that has not already been recorded elsewhere?

It is from this standpoint, perhaps, that the book should be considered, and we shall attempt to take this larger view of it, dealing first with its use as a historical, afterwards as a theoretical treatise. To the future inquirer into the history of rowing, it should be interesting, firstly, for the accounts given by the author of certain famous races which he witnessed himself, and in most of which he was either coach of one of the crews or closely connected with its practice; secondly, for the entirely original matter contained in a chapter by Mr. W. H. Eyre on the training of crews in the early days of the Thames Rowing Club. Mr. Lehmann's experience in rowing matters covers a period of over thirty years, during the whole of which time he has been in close touch with Oxford and Cambridge and Leander crews. His accounts, not only of many famous races, but of the form and training of many famous crews, are, therefore, as permanently valuable as they are interesting. Mr. Eyre's chapter on the habits and doings of himself and his contemporaries in the days of their youth is the most entertaining in the book. It is the reproduction of a letter from Mr. Eyre to Mr. Lehmann, and is written, just as Mr. Eyre might speak, in a racy and colloquial style which is eloquently expressive. This story of a "Thames" training for Henley of forty years ago is a revelation to most of us to-day.

The keenness which induced the City clerk of that time to endure the rigours of such a training, to practise in the early hours of the morning before his work and again after it at dusk, to run countless miles at a still earlier or later hour in order to reduce his weight beyond all reason, and so forth, is, we sadly feel, a thing of the past in these days of golf and a more luxurious ideal. And we wonder if to the reader of a hundred years hence, if there be one, it will seem as Spartan as to us to-day.

The rest of the book is chiefly an exposition of the orthodox theory of oarsmanship. This is clearly and ex-

* "The Complete Oarsman." By R. C. Lehmann. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

haustively treated, and these chapters should prove of great practical value to the man who is learning to row. They may also be of greater interest to the future inquirer into aquatic history than most of us at present imagine. There is no doubt that if Leander had not decisively beaten the Belgians at the recent Olympic Regatta a new and entirely revolutionary school of oarsmanship would have arisen in England. As it is, one prominent club has avowedly adopted the Belgian method, which, with all its good points, is essentially a short-stroke method, and there are some at least who consider that rowing, in the matter of style, is at a parting of the ways, and that before long new principles must be introduced. This, with Mr. Lehmann, we are disinclined to believe; but it is, at any rate, conceivable, some would say probable, that Mr. Lehmann's book may be the last to uphold unhesitatingly the method which has been referred to as orthodox—the method, that is to say, which was undisputed to within the last few years, and of which the veteran Leander crew at the Olympic Regatta were such admirable exponents. The future of style in rowing is a thing about which it would be unsafe to prophecy. The old school think that the style of the great Oxford crews of the nineties has been entirely vindicated by the recent defeat of the Belgians, but there is no doubt that this foreign eight did surprisingly well. In the two previous years it had won "the Grand" at Henley, and this year, if it had not been for certain champions of an elder generation who took infinite pains to get themselves fit and successfully vindicated the supremacy of this country, no combination of Oxford and Cambridge or any other English clubs would have stood much chance against the foreigners. In an interesting chapter on foreign styles, in which the principles laid down by foreign coaches are quoted, Mr. Lehmann tries to show that these principles vary little from our own. In actual fact, however, there is a cardinal difference between all foreign and English rowing. The foreigner swings short, the Englishman long. This long swing is natural to a science of oarsmanship that existed before the sliding seat was invented. In countries other than England scientific rowing only had its beginning after the sliding seat had come into general use, and in these countries slide has been invariably substituted for swing, not added to, as in England. It has still to be definitely proved, and we hope it may be, that the foreigners are wrong. In the meanwhile, English rowing is in a bad way, for there is a distinct tendency to shorten swing without emulation of the other good points which these Belgian crews undoubtedly possessed. This tendency, it is to be hoped, will be checked by the recent Leander victory.

A review of Mr. Lehmann's book would hardly be complete without reference to two other chapters—one on sculling by that best of amateur scullers, Mr. F. S. Kelly, the other by Mr. R. B. Etherington-Smith on the physiological aspect of training. Mr. Kelly's chapter is admirably clear and accurate, and Mr. Etherington-Smith is in a unique position to deal capably, as he does, with his subject, for he is not only an experienced medical man, but one of the most prominent oarsmen in the country. It may be seen, therefore, that Mr. Lehmann's book is a complete and thorough study of oarsmanship At the moment it is the last word on its subject, and it is likely to remain so for some time to come, unless the advocates of Belgian style pure and simple meet with more success than seems at present probable.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.*

This handsome volume, entitled "Recollections," calls for candid treatment. Sent forth by a publisher after the death of its author, David Christie Murray, it has been received with rather exaggerated appreciation. Our daily newspapers are always quick to seize upon good stories as the basis of their reviews. In these cases reviewing there is none. Columns of quickly prepared and cheap "copy" leave the publisher little to sell when two or three newspapers have done their worst or their best with the various anecdotes in the volume. In the case of Murray's "Recollections," however, the grievance of the publisher has been small. Was it his sense of humor or a moral twist in his nature that led Murray to sell so many of these anecdotes twice over for book publication—once to Chatto & Windus, who published them in 1893 under the title of "The Making of a Novelist," and once to John Long, who gives them to the world as "Recollections," a dozen years later? Take an execution scene, which Mr. Murray described three times in all. Here are examples of two of these descriptions:—

Making of a Novelist, 1893.

"The hapless chaplain read the service. The bell boomed. Hughes came to the foot of the gallows, and I counted mechanically nineteen black steps, fresh tarred and sticky. 'I can't get up,' said the murderer. A genial warder clapped him on the shoulder . . . 'You'll get up right enough,' said the warder. He got up and they hanged him."

Recollections, 1908.

"The prison chaplain . . . walked in front of the prisoner reciting the 'Prayer for the Dead.' The poor condemned wretch . . . had nineteen creaking beech steps, newly tarred, to walk in reaching the scaffold. He turned to the warder and muttered, 'I can't get up,' but the latter slapped him on the back with the utmost *bonhomie* and said, 'You'll get up all right.' He did get up and they hanged him."

One might multiply examples of this kind indefinitely. Scenes describing his life as a private soldier, as a newspaper reporter, and in other capacities, as told in one volume, recall the other. Assuredly it was Murray's sense of humor, his knowledge of how little the reviewers read, that led him to perpetrate this rude jest, which he did not live to see to a finish.

With one story, indeed, in "Recollections," the joke is more pronounced. Murray relates that he was in the House of Commons when Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, got up to speak. "We want the fullest possible note of this," the chief of the staff whispered; he could not follow the speech, so full was it of literary reference and classic allusion, and he was in great distress of mind when, happily, in the corridor he met Jack O'Hanlon, "one of the veterans of the Gallery, and reported the best classic in all Westminster." O'Hanlon had all the classic allusions, but knew nothing of the quotations from English literature—the references to Father Prout, Dickens, Pope, and Smollett. Murray provided these last, and the two journalists exchanged notes. O'Hanlon's report was swamped by other news, and Murray came out triumphantly with the best report of Lowe's speech. What are we to make of "Recollections," which gives this story to the extent of two or three pages as one of the author's own experiences, when we know that it did not occur in the House of Commons at all? The speech was made in a provincial town and the experience befell one Fenton and Mr. William Senior, now editor of the "Field," who himself told the story to Christie Murray, and kindly give the writer permission to record the circumstances here.

Apart from the stories, many of which are obviously quite inaccurate, as, for example, his account of Lord Beaconsfield's first appearance in the House of Lords, the "Recollections" have less literary merit than "The Making of a Novelist." Neither book is as good considered autobiographically as a novel by Murray entitled "Despair's Last Journey." This is the autobiography of a man who, oppressed by complications which include divorce proceedings and drink, betakes himself to the Californian wastes in the hope that in the midst of solitude he may conquer all his weaknesses. The novel is not a good one, but it is clearly autobiographical. It is best in its earlier story of the career of a young journalist, afterwards to become a successful dramatist. Many of the facts set forth here are also identical with those contained in the "Recollections." In "Despair's Last Journey" Dawson of Birmingham reappears as Ralston, and the father is admirably shadowed forth in both books.

Certainly troubles came thick and fast upon Murray in his last years. But Goethe's Duchess of Weimar, who asked that there should be one law for men and another for poets, touched the core of the matter, and it is because of the poet in him that one is disposed to cast a cloak of the widest charity over Christie Murray, with his handsome lion's head and mane of very fine white hair. Yet he was not a great novelist, and perhaps achieved his best successes in the all too ephemeral field of journal-

* "Recollections." By David Christie Murray. John Long. 10s. 6d. net.

ism. His articles in the "Referee" were excellent. Nearly all his novels were "pot-boilers," lacking real distinction, slipshod, with a dash of genius, but invariably missing their mark. Nevertheless, these "Recollections" record the generous recognition of several contemporaries. There is an autograph letter from Robert Louis Stevenson, addressing him as a "brother artist." There is another from Mr. J. M. Barrie, and, above all, there is one reproduced in facsimile in the handwriting of Mr. George Meredith, always generous in his recognition of his contemporaries. One novel, indeed, of Mr. Murray's was fully entitled to hearty appreciation, and deserved a better fate than is its to-day. "Aunt Rachel" narrowly escaped a place side by side with "Cranford" and "Silas Marner" among the fiction-classics of the Victorian era. Strange that Christie Murray, of all men, should have written the most beautiful story of constancy known to us in modern fiction. Strange, also, that that pretty story should be out of print, instead of being sold in illustrated editions to multitudes of people who read worse books. Here, and here alone, Mr. Murray was ill-used by fortune; in other directions he had little to complain of. His own temperament was his greatest enemy. He was a successful playwright for many years, of the type now represented by Mr. Hall Caine—a type that has no connection with literature, but makes money in abundance.

THREE NOVELS.*

In her preface to Madame Rossetti's admirable translation of Giovanni Cena's novel, Mrs. Humphry Ward puts the reader, we fancy, on a wrong scent. After saying, truthfully, that "the north of Italy has become a great industrial country . . . and the Italian working class is deeply stirred by new and revolutionary ideas, expressing themselves in what seems to other nations tyrannical and extreme forms—general strikes, agrarian leagues, dislocation of the railway service, and the like"—she states that in "The Forewarners" "we have at last a voice from this unknown world—a voice of singular sincerity, expressing an intimate and first-hand knowledge. . . . The record is full of melancholy, full of the crude thinking and passionate feeling of the intelligent workman who is supported by none of the old faiths." But to us the novel seems the work of a middle-class man, whose refined literary intelligence is separated by the deep barrier of caste from the suffering and misery of the industrial classes it is striving to depict. Otherwise we cannot account for the extreme vagueness of outline and the strange absence of exact detail in his picture.

The hero, Stanga, a young Turin proof-reader, is supposed to be the son of a poor brickmaker of Gassino, a hamlet in the valley of the Po, and after his father's death he, a boy, is admitted to an orphanage, and, later, apprenticed to a printer. Of his experiences between the impressionable period of fourteen and twenty-four nothing is vouchsafed us. On page 6 we are introduced to Stanga's attic in a huge block of Turin flats, and the action, so far as there is any, is confined to desultory scenes between the young compositor and his friends—Crastino, the poet, Dr. Eva Lavriana, a lady doctor, Quilio, an artist, the Biondina, a dressmaker, and the Salamander, an unfortunate. None of these people have any but the most shadowy personalities, and rhetorical musings take the place of psychological analysis. Crastino's sister is seduced by some unknown man, and dies in childbirth at the Maternity Hospital. We naturally expect that some chain of action will be linked to this tragedy, but it merely serves the author as a peg for a string of philosophical abstractions—on fate, humanity, the oppressed, and sociological determinism. Crastino himself, a few months afterwards, dies of heart disease, and we are told in a funeral oration that the poet "was a nightingale born to enjoy the freedom of earth and sky. The monstrous mechanism of our society broke his will and killed him. He personified liberty, beauty, the happiness which sings in your hearts, O brothers of him, he was love." Mina commits suicide with a charcoal brazier, and the hero, Stanga, after resolving to throw himself before the wheels of the King's motor car, and by his suicide call attention to the miseries of the poor, is drowned in an inundation of the Po.

The book is really noteworthy, not for the reasons Mrs. Humphry Ward adduces, but because it gives evidence of the revolt of educated Italian society against the crushed and pitiable condition of the proletariat. The Italian Socialistic party is made up chiefly of middle-class intellectuals, and Signor Cena would seem to bear much the same relation to the workers that Mr. Edward Carpenter bears to the English industrial masses.

"Mr. Saffery's Disciple" would have made an admirable short story, and, as it is, Mrs. Truscott's delicately satirical touch carries the reader with only a trace of boredom from the first page of her story to the last. Too much time, however, is wasted in the leisurely character-drawing of the priggish schoolmaster, Mr. Saffery, and the humble-minded youth, Robert Potter, and we are conscious that the tale has been beaten transparently thin by the time that we reach the central psychological situation. The humble Robert falls in love with and engages himself to a designing and artful shop-girl, Sara Wade, a young lady who has several strings to her bow. We rather like Mr. Menelik, the carpenter's, view of the engagement, "Carry me out and bury me straight—if that ain't a good 'un! Little Bob and that stuck-up piece!" However, Mr. Saffery, true to his High Thoughts and his High Aims, takes a more heroic line. He decides to save Robert in spite of himself, or, in the carpenter's vulgar words, "to go in for the lady himself and cut young Bob out." Inspired by Browning's poem, "A Light Woman," Mr. Saffery resolves to prove to the "stuck-up piece" "an eagle's the game her pride prefers," and in doing this falls desperately in love himself with the shop-girl. Sara, however, avenges Robert by eloping unexpectedly with an old lover who turns up in the nick of time, and the schoolmaster is left to face the agony of his frustrated passion, the only genuine feeling he has ever known, free from the ethics of the copybook and the cant of the "Higher Purpose."

It is not often we receive from America a novel so penetrating in its psychological analysis as "The Bond," a close study of the complex changes of feeling between a husband and wife. Basil and Teresa Ransome, themselves artists, belong to an "artistic set" in New York, a society of leisured, dilettante, cosmopolitan people, with European culture and that shade of refined Bohemianism which goes naturally with an epicurean philosophy, and a studio and flat kept up on four thousand dollars a year. Basil is painting the portrait of Mrs. Perry, an attractive *femme incomprise*, with a void in her life that she is trying feverishly to fill, and while determining not to be entangled by her and secretly worried by her emotional demands, he is reticent about her to his wife, and so arouses in her a vague but blind instinct of jealousy. Basil's philosophy is that a man's peccadilloes ought not to count to his wife, so long as he does not fall in love with another woman, and he desires, theoretically, that Teresa shall have her friends among men, just as he has his friends among women—and it is just this attitude of his that calls forth in Teresa what she calls her "idiocy," her emotional crises and fits of pointless jealousy. For though Teresa has always prized her own bachelor independence before marriage, she "is painfully aware now that she could not do without Basil," that she needs him more and more, and, in fact, she requires that all his thought and interest shall be given to her. She dreads change, and knowing that Basil is "always wanting something new, always being interested in new people," she fears vaguely for the future. When a child is born to Teresa, two years after marriage, a subtle change of mood comes over both husband and wife. Basil, who has had to work harder at pot-boilers and portrait-painting to get money for his household expenses, and has been profoundly bored by Mrs. Perry while decorating her house, grows more and more eager for his wife's society and for the domestic atmosphere, but Teresa, "after her year of the baby," has a

* "The Forewarners." By Giovanni Cena. Translated by Olivia Agresti Rossetti. Smith, Elder. 6s.
"Mr. Saffery's Disciple." By L. Parry Truscott. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.
"The Bond." By Neith Boyce. Duckworth. 6s.

The Athenaeum says:—

"In Mr. Unwin's valuable series, 'The Story of the Nations,' 'The Roman Empire,' by H. Stuart Jones, will take its place as one of the best."

THE ROMAN EMPIRE,

B.C. 29—A.D. 476.

By H. STUART JONES, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. 5s. A New Volume in "The Story of the Nations."

BY DESERT WAYS TO BAGHDAD.

BY LOUISA JEBB (MRS. WILKINS). WITH A MAP AND 64 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS. PRICE 10s. 6d. NET. A ROMANTIC RECORD OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN ASIA MINOR.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BEACH-COMBER.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF AN UNPROFESSIONAL BEACHCOMBER IN TROPICAL QUEENSLAND. BY E. J. BANFIELD. WITH A MAP AND 48 ILLUSTRATIONS. 15s. NET.

CULTS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF INDIA.

BEING A REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION OF "INDIAN LIFE, RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL." BY J. CAMPBELL OMAN, D.LIT. PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. 14s. NET.

CONCERNING LAFCADIO HEARN.

BY G. M. GOULD, M.D. WITH 5 ILLUSTRATIONS. 8s. 6d. NET. AN APPRECIATION OF HEARN'S PERSONALITY AND WORK, CONTAINING SEVERAL HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

THE HISTORY OF CO-OPERATION.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. POPULAR EDITION IN ONE VOLUME. LARGE CROWN 8vo, 7s. 6d. NET.

AUGUSTUS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE FOUNDER OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE (B.C. 63—A.D. 14). BY E. S. SHUCKBURGH. ILLUSTRATED. POPULAR EDITION. CLOTH, 2s. 6d. NET.

"First Cousin to Sam Weller."

PATSY

By H. de VERE STACPOOLE,

Author of "The Blue Lagoon," &c. 6s.

"Mr. de Vere Stacpoole has, to use a cricketing phrase, far more strokes than the author of 'Charles O'Malley.' He has the reckless Irish fun, the Irish devilment and vivacity, but with it a poet's taste for beauty and freshness alike in human character and natural scenery. Lever could not have drawn the Irish children of this book. As much could not be said of Patsy Rooney, who is decidedly of the same family as Mickey Free, and if possessed of any English relations is probably first cousin to Sam Weller."—*Country Life.*

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON.

A CHARMING ALLEGORY WITH THE DEEPEST RELIGIOUS MORAL.

PSYCHE

By Louis Couperus. Translated from the Dutch by the Rev. B. S. Berrington, B.A. With Twelve full-page Illustrations by Dion Clayton Calthrop. Imperial 16mo. 3s. 6d.

The name Louis Couperus is already familiar in English literary circles, but Mr. Alston Rivers is sanguine that the translation of "Psyche" will much enhance the Dutch writer's reputation. It is a book which may, perhaps, be best described as an allegory, permeated with the deepest religious moral, and full of poetic imagery.

G. K. CHESTERTON:

A Criticism.

By an Anonymous Author. 5s.

"There is plenty of shrewdness, common sense, and careful analysis in the volume. The author eschews all that nonsensical prattle which is to be found in most books about living celebrities. He is a hero-worshipper, but he is not afraid to criticise his hero. . . . . It is a clear, clever, and an accurate work; it is eulogistic, but it is not servile, an excellent handbook to the student about to begin the Chestertonian 'opera omnia."—*Daily News.*

HEATHER

By John Trevena, Author of "Furze the Cruel." "A Pixy in Petticoats," &c. 6s.

"Mr. Trevena has genius. It hardly matters where he sets his characters—whether in huts on the moor, in village hovels, in the sanatorium, or in the vicarage, he makes them alive to us. They are many, but we remember them all, and shall remember them long. We are not more likely to forget them than we are persons whom we have really met in life."—*Daily Mail.*

LONDON: ALSTON RIVERS, LIMITED, 21-22, BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN, E.C.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S

NEW NOVEL.

DIANA MALLORY.

WILL BE READY AT ALL BOOKSELLERS' AND LIBRARIES **On THURSDAY NEXT,** Crown 8vo. **6s.**

New Novel by AGNES & EGERTON CASTLE.

NOW READY. **WROTH.** Crown 8vo. 6s.

By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE,

Evening Standard:—"'Wroth' is a novel with a fine zest. It strikes a good note and it is so engrossing. A cleverer bit of plot-making has not come our way in recent fiction."

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.,

Author of "Deeds that Won the Empire," &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Daily Telegraph:—"A book to be cordially recommended both to those who enjoy a good love story and to those who enjoy adventure."

RE-ISSUE OF THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY

Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN and SIDNEY LEE.

IN TWENTY-TWO VOLUMES.

Cloth, gilt top, 15s. net each; or half-morocco, marbled edges, 21s. net each

VOLUMES I.-VII. (ABBADIE-GLOUCESTER) NOW READY.

Spectator.—"We cordially hope that the success of this new venture will be all that its merits entitle it to. The work is really indispensable to the student, and every public library, not to speak of private purchasers, should be supplied with a copy."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

desire for gaiety, a craving for seeing new people, a "quite new delight" in going out and in social amusements. She forms a friendship, quite harmless, with a Southerner, Fairfax, who is charming and amusing, and interested in her, but Basil resents it, and at last confesses to a torturing jealousy. Teresa is pleased by this, she becomes gayer and lighter, while soothing Basil, but the couple begin to drift apart, they go out more than ever, and spend less and less time together. And after her second baby is born, and its death and the strain of Teresa's illness on both her and her husband, the break comes—when the woman discovers that he has had a *liaison* with Mrs. Perry, despite his light denial. Teresa feels that she must get away by herself, to some quiet place where she can grow strong and get rest and peace, and she starts for Italy.

The second part of the story, in which Teresa turns the tables on her husband, and which recounts their final reconciliation, is very true to nature. The old confidence, the old joy and trust are gone, and Crayven, the Englishman, comes as an anodyne in Teresa's life. Basil's infidelity has injured something deep in her soul, and, in turn, she has become hard and indifferent about hurting him. Basil must be made to pay for the wound he has inflicted, and intercourse with Crayven gives Teresa a new outlook, different ideas and feelings. The description of the subtle way in which she proceeds to cure herself, and of her final astonished discovery that she cannot love Crayven or anybody else, that she is bound to Basil by ties she can never break, and that "her will, her imagination, her power of loving, her whole self," are in her husband's hands, is very striking. So many and delicate are the shades of the emotional history of both the husband and wife that it would be futile to try and indicate, in this hasty summary, Miss Neith Boyce's sensitive and unerring touch.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

It is not often that thirty-four men in a battalion wear the star "For Valour." But in the Guides they have done it as Colonel Younghusband's book, "The Story of the Guides" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net) shows, and anyone who knows the record of that glorious regiment can only wonder how one or thirty-four of them ever came to be selected as specially braver than the rest. In our long history of devoted courage there are few regiments indeed that can rival in fame this corps of Indians, scraped together originally by young Harry Lumsden under the orders of Sir Henry Lawrence. It was at Peshawur, before the Mutiny was thought of, and while the Sikhs were still called masters of the Punjab. That strange old town, so full of war unrecorded ages before Alexander brought his Macedonians there, right away down to the Zakka Khel expedition of seven months ago, stands on its plain between two mountainous sides of a long triangle, with the Khyber at the apex. It is the very centre of fighting stocks that none in Asia can surpass, whatever Gurkhas and Japanese may do in rivalry. So to the service of Lumsden and his successors have come Afridis and Pathans, Turcomans, Afghans from Kabul, Persians, Sikhs, and Hindus from the Punjab. Moslem, Sikh, or idolater—it did not matter; all the brave were welcome there. Splendid British names have been connected with these Indian fighters, in supreme or subordinate command—Lumsden himself, Hardinge, Hodson of the Horse, Daly, who led them to Delhi, Neville Chamberlain, Dighton Probyn, Walter Hamilton, Roberts, Sam Browne, Peebles, and the Battyes, of whom four brothers in the Guides have been killed in action. Of their exploits one hardly knows which to choose, from the early siege of Mooltan down to the relief of Chitral, on which Colonel Younghusband speaks with the authority of a leader, or, again, to the Malakand and the fight at Landáki. That was a great march to the terrible Ridge at Delhi—twenty-seven miles a day and a fight on the day of arrival, in which every single officer was killed or wounded. Four times over during that summer outside Delhi the officers suffered that fate, and out of 600 men less than half returned to the North. But, for a drama of courage, we think there is no such scene as that defence of the Residency at Kabul when the Cavignari Mission was annihilated, and, with Walter Hamilton and every British officer lost, the seventy Guides held the position till the very last man of them was killed at his place. No wonder their quarters at Mardan are a scene of which Indians and British are alike proud.

Such are the records that Colonel Younghusband tells, and, as we know, he speaks with almost unequalled authority. On such themes it is difficult to avoid what we may call Mr. Fitchett's strain—the strain of big drum, blood, and trumpet. It is always difficult to describe war as it really is, and not as high-souled schoolboys like to dream of it. Colonel Younghusband sometimes puts things with a finer flourish than a model writer like Cæsar would have used. But then, though he was an eye-witness in part of his story, Colonel Younghusband is not telling his own exploits, as Cæsar was, and it would be almost impossible even for a schoolboy to imagine finer scenes of straightforward heroism than those which he describes. For "Rough and Ready" was the motto the Guides earned at Delhi and like to remember.

* * *

The romantic charm that surrounds so many of the Stuarts is but little evident in James II., and in choosing a title for his book, "James II. and His Wives" (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net), Mr. Allan Fea seems to have thought that his readers would be more interested in the social history of the period than in the personality of the last of the Stuart Kings. But Mr. Fea rightly holds that, with all his faults, James was not so despicable as he has been generally held. Evelyn credited him with "infinite industry, sedulity, gravity, and great understanding and experience of affairs." In his retirement at Saint Germain he rose to a certain dignity, and, had he been less obstinate in his efforts to force Catholicism upon the nation, it is probable that James would never have become a by-word for blind and stupid arrogance. Buckingham defined the characters of Charles and James in the epigram that Charles "could see things if he would; James would see things if he could." The particular things James could not see were that England was Protestant, and was determined to hold by the sovereignty of Parliament. His first wife, Anne Hyde, is described by Burnet as having "great knowledge and a lively sense of things." She was certainly cleverer than James, who, it would seem, had at first no intention of marrying her. The favor she showed to Henry Sidney, though possibly innocent enough, lost her the power she had over her husband, "although," says Mr. Fea, "he always stood more or less in awe of her." Mary of Modena, James' second wife, was much too good for him. She was handsome, vivacious, and good-natured, and knew how to bear adverse fortune bravely. There is much in Mr. Fea's pages about James' mistresses, one of whom, the Countess of Dorchester, declared that it was impossible to discover the qualities for which they were chosen. "We are none of us handsome, and if we have wit, he certainly has not enough to find it out." Mr. Fea disclaims responsibility for any attempt to whitewash James II., and he is in no way blind to the weak sides of the King's character. At the same time, he writes with the sympathy proper to a biographer, and his book is a very readable and lively account of James II. and his circle, both in England and in later years on the Continent.

* * *

A volume from Mr. John Burroughs is always welcome, and sure to be read by those who know the old American naturalist. His chief function for the last twenty years has been to correct the exuberances of the new school represented by Long, Roberts, and Seton, named by Burroughs, with rough incisiveness, "nature fakers." His counter philosophy is well represented in "Leaf and Tendril" (Constable, 4s. 6d. net). Perhaps it swings out as far beyond the facts in one direction as theirs does in the other, but exaggerated error demands exaggerated correction. You may watch for a thousand years, he says, and not see the things that these "nature fakers" see every time they take a walk. You will not see, for instance, "the old teaching their young this or that." But if we turn some fifty pages we find this strong saying considerably modified. He says:

BOOKSELLERS.

A Beautiful Large Emerald Type
10/6 OXFORD TEACHER'S BIBLE for 5/11 POST FREE.
Latest Illustrated Edition. Size 7 x 5-in.
To which are appended Notes analytical, critical, chronological, historical, and geographical, a glossary of antiquities; an abstract of modern discoveries; a dictionary of Scripture proper names; a biblical index concordance; a new series of maps; and compendium of Scripture natural history. *Handsome Limp Morocco binding, with overlapping edges, round corners, elastic band.*
THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE, 53, Paternoster Row.

Buy **The Saturday Westminster**
Weekly Issue of "The Westminster Gazette."

Because
it contains all F.C.G.'S Cartoons of the Week.
of its unique page of "Problems and Prizes."
of its Book Reviews and Literary Columns.
of the Variety of General Articles and Short Stories.
it is the only Weekly Magazine-Review of the kind.
it costs but a Penny a Week. *By post, 6s. 6d. (Home), and 8s. 8d. (Abroad) per annum.*

It **Never Fails to Please & Satisfy**
Offices: Tudor House, Tudor St., London, E.C.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy
SUGGESTIONS FOR
CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.
By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.
"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.
"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.
"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION
Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

The pipe that clears today of
past regrets and future fears
Omar Khayyam (modernised).

is a pipe filled with

Player's Navy Mixture

A Tobacco of Matchless Charm.

Sold in Two Strengths:
MILD, 5d. per oz.
MEDIUM, 4½d. per oz.

John Player & Sons, Nottingham, will forward Testing Samples post free to applicants mentioning this paper.

C442

The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Limited

Liver troubles
SHOULD NEVER BE NEGLECTED.

The principal duty of the Liver is to extract the bile from the blood, and carry it direct to the digestive organs. Therefore, if the Liver is disordered, it cannot perform its duties properly, and the result is, the blood becomes overloaded with bile, which causes Lassitude, Debility, Irritability, and may develop Dropsy.

MERIT'S (FAVRINE) *Liverets*
STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY REGULATE

will speedily and permanently cure all liver troubles, because they thoroughly cleanse the Liver of all impurities, and stimulate it to easily perform its functions in a natural healthy manner MERIT'S LIVERETS are prepared from purely vegetable ingredients only, as prescribed by a prominent physician, and have no debilitating effect upon the health. Price 1/1½ of all Chemists and Stores.
If unable to obtain, will be sent post free by
MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.
CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. So beware of spurious imitations.

HIGHEST QUALITY
TURKISH TOWELS
AND SIMILAR GOODS.
SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES, LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

"A trait alike common to man and beast is imitativeness. . . . We are more or less copyists all our lives. Among the animals the young do what they see their parents do. This, I am convinced, is all there is of parental instruction among them; the young unconsciously follow the example of their elders." It seems to be enough to support all the stories in "The School of the Woods" itself, Mr. Burroughs' bugbear. In another chapter Mr. Burroughs runs a tilt against the Darwinian theories of sexual selection and protective color. It is a rain of unconsidered blows, the defence to any one of which is easy enough to find. Its effect is merely to make the theory lean rather more heavily on the creative than on the selective power of environment. Both these supports, of course, were perceivel by Darwin. The question of animal instinct *versus* intelligence is one of "perennial interest" to this youth of eighty summers, and those who think they have quite made up their minds on the subject can do no better than read what he has to say in the present volume.

* * *

"Voluntary societies whose origin nowhere distinctly appears" was the description applied by Lord Mansfield to the Inns of Court, in giving judgment in the case of Rex *v* Gray's Inn. Even to-day there is no very definite evidence of how these familiar institutions came into existence. But in "A Short History of the English Bar" (Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. net) Mr. Bernard W. Kelly supplies some useful clues, and traces concisely the development of our national judicial system from the time when legal advocates were supplied from the clergy, as the only educated class in the country. The article of Magna Charta, "that common pleas should no longer follow the King's Court, but be held in some certain place," was the means of forming legal practitioners into one aggregate body. The Courts being at Westminster, these practitioners settled near that locality; and from this settlement or centralisation sprang the Inns of Court and Chancery. Of existing Inns the oldest is Clifford's Inn, dating back to 1345; but this, together with Furnival's and Barnard's Inns and New Inn, soon lost its prestige and came to be regarded as a preparatory school to the four great Inns of Court, comprised in "The Temple," Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. The history, mode of education, functions, and feasts connected with the Inns of Court, as well as the habits and recreations of their occupants, are well described in this little manual. It abounds in quaint and entertaining anecdote. As late as Henry VIII.'s time "the students were forbidden to shoot the rabbits," which were plentiful on the Lincoln's Inn estate! Apropos of the energetic volunteer movement in the Inns, associated with very recent times, we learn that "the gentlemen of the Inns of Court raised an armed company" against the expected Spanish Armada. It was of the lawyer volunteers at the time of the French Revolution that a wag said that "when the word 'charge' was given, every member of the Corps produced a note-book and forthwith wrote down six-and-eightpence!" Mr. Kelly has mastered not merely his subject but the art of presenting it in attractive form.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, Sept. 4.	Price Friday Morning, Sept. 11.
Consols 2½ per cent.	85 11/16 ...	85 15/16
German 3 per cent.	84 ...	84
Japan 4 per cent. 1899	83 7/8 ...	84 1/8
Union Pacific	168½ ...	171½
Canadian-Pacific...	177½ ...	179¼
Peruvian Corp. Ord.	10 5/8 ...	11 5/8

The labor disturbances and the increasing demand upon public authorities for employment made one look with special anxiety at the Board of Trade Returns for August, which made their appearance on Tuesday. Very little comfort could be extracted from them; indeed, they are about the worst, so far. However, it must be remembered that the greater part of the fall in values is due to the fall in prices. The shrinkage in the volume of trade has not been very great; and the working classes are getting their food about 5 per cent. lower than last year. The best hope of an early recovery lies in the harvest, which may be good enough to lower still further the price of bread and oatmeal, so that the poor will be able to buy more of other things.

The Kaffir Revival.

The buoyancy of the Kaffir and Mining markets during the last account is only part of the speculative revival. Accumulations of capital for investment, bad trade, and cheap money have combined to divert enterprising people from the hazards of business proper to the hazards of the Stock Markets How much of the stimulus is a purely artificial one (applied by the mining houses) it is impossible to say; but no doubt the public have been coming in, and in some cases some good bargains might have been had a few weeks ago. On the last account alone the gains were very substantial, as the following table shows:—

Share.	Making-up price Aug. 24.	Sept. 8.	Rise.
Anglo-French ...	1 1-2 ...	1 11-16 ...	3-16
Consol. Gold Fields...	4 1-4 ...	4 7-8 ...	5-8
Crown Reef	6 9-16 ...	8 1-2 ...	1 15-16
East Rand	4 7-16 ...	4 19-32* ...	5-32
Modderfontein ...	9 1-2 ...	10 1-4 ...	3-4
Randfontein	1 5-8 ...	1 13-16 ...	3-16
Rand Mines	6 9-16 ...	7 7-16 ...	7-8
Wolhuter	2 5-8 ...	3 9-16 ...	15-16
De Beers Def....	12 3-16 ...	13 ...	15-16
Premier Def.	7 13-16 ...	9 1-8 ...	1 5-16
Tanganyika	3 1-2 ...	3 3-4 ...	1-4
Brakpan	1 15-16 ...	2 3-8 ...	7-16
Village Deep ...	2 ...	2 1-2 ...	1-2

* Ex 4s. 6d. dividend.

Even Chartered shares rose 2s. 3d., from 15s. 6d. to 17s. 9d. Whether these rises can last is another question. A little squeeze of dear money would soon alter affairs. But the last account was very favorable to operators for a rise in almost all classes of securities.

The American Bull Campaign.

"The present bull campaign, led by the Harriman-Frick-Rockefeller coterie, is one of the most adroit and masterly that has ever been undertaken," remarked a Wall Street broker a fortnight ago to a representative of the New York "Journal of Commerce. "These gentlemen and their immediate following took all offerings of stock at very low figures, and, of course, have experienced no difficulty in carrying them, owing to the abundant supply of money at abnormally low rates. If, for instance, they had attempted to sell Union Pacific at 125, there would have been no takers. Their programme has been to simply mark up the prices of their goods from time to time, and whenever there is a reaction of two or three points from the top, the public and traders show a disposition to nibble. Last week it was difficult to coax anyone to buy Union Pacific around 157. If it should decline now to 159, there would be a grab for it. This will happen, in a like manner, as long as the marking up process continues. In the end the public will have the great bulk of the stocks. As yet, however, they are in strong hands." I have seldom seen a better account than this of the way in which successful manipulators with millions behind them contrive to squeeze profits out of small investors and speculators. It seems to me that, considering the state of trade and the political uncertainty, the values of most American Railway stocks are now dangerously high.

Lucellum.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

CAPITAL - £8,000,000, in 100,000 Shares of £80 each.
Paid-up Capital, £2,000,000. Reserve Fund, £1,600,000.

Directors.

Hon. SIR ERIC BARRINGTON, K.C.B.	WILLIAM E. HUBBARD, Esq.
JOHN ANNAN BRYCE, Esq., M.P.	SIR THOMAS JACKSON, BART.
JOHN JAMES CATER, Esq.	WM. McKEWAN, Esq. (Honorary Director).
ERNEST H. CUNARD, Esq.	
Right Hon. VISCOUNT GOSCHEN.	OSWALD CECIL MAGNIAC, Esq.
C. SEYMOUR GRENFELL, Esq.	WILLIAM G. RATHBONE, Esq.
CHARLES JOHN HEGAN, Esq.	CHARLES J. CATER SCOTT, Esq.

Auditors.

HENRY GRANT, Esq. THOMAS HORWOOD, Esq.
Hon. STUART PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE.

Head Office Manager—HERMAN RICHARD WYATT.
Deputy Head Office Manager—FREDERICK JAMES BARTHORPE.
Country Manager—WILLIAM GEORGE GRIBBLE.
Chief Inspector—FRANK WILLIAM HOWETT.
Chief Accountant—THEOPHILUS JAMES CARPENTER.
Secretary—EDGAR FRANCIS ROBINSON.

Head Office: 21, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.
Foreign Exchange Office—80, Cornhill, E.C.

266 Branches in London and Country.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS are opened on the usual terms. Facilities are given Customers at any Branch for the transfer of money to or from any other Branch.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—Sums of £10 and upwards are received on deposit at interest, subject to notice of withdrawal, or by special agreement, in accordance with the usual custom.

PURCHASE AND SALE of Stocks and Shares effected.

DIVIDENDS, ANNUITIES, &c., received.

THE AGENCY OF FOREIGN AND COUNTRY BANKS is undertaken, and every description of Banking business transacted.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

CURRENCY DRAFTS, CIRCULAR NOTES and LETTERS OF CREDIT are issued, and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS made to all parts of the World.

APPROVED FOREIGN DRAFTS are purchased and Collections undertaken.

DOCUMENTARY CREDITS are established, and every facility given for the handling of Documents to or from Abroad.

The Officers of the Bank are bound to secrecy.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposits repayable on demand.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED).

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it

WILL BE REPLACED.

TANGYE OIL ENGINE

AUTOMATIC TUBE IGNITION.

NO LAMP EXCEPT FOR STARTING

TANGYES LTD BIRMINGHAM.

THE
LEADING EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

Try them. They are the finest imported, and can be obtained from all High-class Tobacconists, Stores, &c.

Wholesale depot—20, Cheapside, London, E.C.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

WEST HEATH SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD.

On high ground close to the Heath.
A day school for Boys and Girls (about 100 pupils).

Principal: **Mrs. Ennis Richmond.**
Headmaster: **Mr. F. V. Bindon (M.A. Cantab.).**
Succeeding Mr. & Mrs. Rice, now taking up work at Bedales School, Hants.

Good Buildings. Playground. Large Grass Playing Fields.

A Boarding house will be opened in September in connection with the above under the immediate management of **Mrs. Richmond** and her son, **Mr. Kenneth Richmond,** as house master.

Michaelmas Term will begin September 22nd.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK.

The Autumn Term opens on SEPTEMBER 16th.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

AUTUMN TERM begins September 17th.

APPLY THE HEADMASTER.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.

Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields; gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Next Term, Sept. 18th. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors. Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY.

EVERY FRIDAY, 2d.

PUBLIC OPINION

EDITED BY

PERCY L. PARKER.

¶ "Public Opinion" provides the busy man with a lucid summary of what is happening in the different fields of human activity and focusses within reasonable compass something of that teeming interest which comes from being in touch with many phases of life.

Dr. W. H. FITCHETT says:—

"Most interesting and valuable; a matchless bit of journalistic work."

Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER says:—

"Your selection of current thought is worthy of all praise."

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for ***10s. 10d.***; and to any place abroad for ***13s.*** per annum.

SPECIMEN FREE ON APPLICATION.

31 and 32, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.

Each packet is dated with the year of issue.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.

All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

TOURS.

£6 6s. LUCERNE TOUR.

Nine days. Short Sea Route. No extras for Conductor or Gratuities.

HENRY S. LUNN, M.D.

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. 25, Cannon Street, E.C.
4, Charing Cross, S.W. 84, Piccadilly, W.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors, Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.

67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

PROSPECT HOUSE BOARDING ESTAB., 33, Central Par., facing Sea, Central for Amusements. South Aspect Tel. 575 Manageres.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR - YELVERTON.

THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.

BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

HILLS MARINE VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing sea. 10/- per day

GREAT YELDHAM - ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LANCASTER.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

STONEWELL RESTAURANT. T. M. Hey, Proprietor.

MARKET HALL RESTAURANT. Prop. J. E. Dowthwaite.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture.

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647.

HOTEL CAFE CONTINENTAL, 207, Lord St., French and English Confectioners, Dinners, Teas and Suppers. Parties Catered for.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THE LAWS OF WAR ON LAND (Written and Unwritten).

By THOMAS ERSKINE HOLLAND, K.C.

8vo, 6s. net.

Times.—No living writer is better qualified to treat of this subject. In the rapid transformation of a mass of crude, indefinite, ill-observed customs into something not very far removed from a Code no one has been more active than Prof. Holland; and it adds in no small degree to the value of his manual that he is often commenting upon formulæ which, if their genesis were examined, it would be found that he helped to frame, and no less frequently formulæ of which he failed to prevent the adoption. . . . The value of this manual, a model of condensation, is increased by the appendices which contain documents and information likely to be of use to the soldier and the student. It is rare to find a book with so much compressed information and so total an absence of padding."

A HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

Edited by Sir C. P. LUCAS, K.C.M.G.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

Vol. V. CANADA. Part II. (Historical.)

By HUGH E. EGERTON. With 10 Maps.

Already published.

Part I. (HISTORICAL: NEW FRANCE). By Sir C. P. LUCAS. 6s.

A HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

By CHARLES OMAN.

Vol. III. (Sept. 1809–Dec. 1810): OCANA—CADIZ—BUSSACO—TORRES VEDRAS. With 14 Maps and 5 Photogravures and other Illustrations.

8vo, 14s. net each.

Already published.

Vol. I. 1807-1809, to CORUNNA. Vol. II. 1809, to TALAVERA.

Athenæum.—"Mr. Oman's work is marked with a thoroughness of detail that is unhappily far from common in these days of text-books and popular compendiums. . . . This work is marked by a scholarly eagerness to make use of every available source."

THE IMPERIAL GAZETTEER OF INDIA.

FOURTEEN VOLUMES NOW READY, viz., the Four Volumes of "The Indian Empire," and Ten Volumes of the Alphabetical Gazetteer proper, from Abāzai to Karā.

The Subscription price for the entire work of Twenty-Six Volumes bound in cloth is £5 net, or £6 6s. net with morocco back, to be paid in advance. Each of the Four Volumes of "The Indian Empire" may be purchased separately at 6s. net in cloth, or 7s. 6d. net with morocco back; the Atlas may be purchased separately at 15s. net in cloth or 17s. 6d. net with morocco back; and the remaining Twenty-One Volumes at £4 4s. net in cloth or £5 5s. net with morocco back—payable at the rate of 4s. net (or 5s. net) per volume on the publication of each instalment of the body of the *Gazetteer*.

Pall Mall Gazette.—"A great and triumphant work of reference."

A CALENDAR OF THE COURT MINUTES, &c., OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY, 1635-1639.

By ETHEL BRUCE SAINSBURY. With an introduction and Notes by WILLIAM FOSTER. (Published under the Patronage of His Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council.)

8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

Morning Post.—"Of considerable value to the student. . . . Miss Sainsbury has edited these ancient documents with consummate order and regularity for the benefit of posterity."

INDIVIDUALISM AND AFTER.

The Herbert Spencer Lecture. By BENJAMIN KIDD.

8vo, 1s. net.

Birmingham Post.—"Lucid and thoughtful in expression, weighty with thought, packed full of matter, of supreme importance to every publicist and citizen. . . . Mr. Kidd is pre-eminently a thinker, and he compels thought. For that reason these works of his cannot be too widely read."

THE CHRONICLE OF JOHN OF WORCESTER, 1118-1140.

Crown 4to, 7s. 6d.

Being the continuation of the "Chronicon ex Chronicis" of Florence of Worcester. Edited from a Manuscript in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, by J. R. H. WEAVER.

[*Anecdota Oxoniensia Mediaeval and Modern Series, Part XIII.*

YUSUF AND ZALIKHA.

Crown 4to, 25s.

By FIRDAUSI OF TUS. Edited from the Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, the British Museum, and the Library of the Royal Asiatic Society, and the two Lithographed Texts of Teheran and Lucknow (or Cawnpore), by HERMANN ETHÉ, Fasciculus Primus.

[*Anecdota Oxoniensia Aryan Series, Part VI.*

SKOTLANDS RIMUR.

Icelandic Ballads on the Gowrie Conspiracy.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Edited by W. A. CRAIGIE. With a Collotype Facsimile. On linen rag-paper, cloth back, white stamped paper sides, in style of old Icelandic binding, 5s. net.

ESSAYS ON EVOLUTION, 1889-1907.

By EDWARD BAGNALL POULTON.

8vo, 12s. net.

Athenæum.—"The merit of Prof. Poulton's work in his own field, and the charm and clearness of his writings are well known. . . . Prof. Poulton is known to be an ardent supporter of Darwin's original thesis, and probably no living man is better acquainted with the master's writings, or better able to expose the apparent flaws in the Lamarckian theory of evolution. . . . The book is provided with an excellent analytical Index, upon which much labor must have been bestowed, and in type and general appearance is all that could be desired."

THE VOLUNTARYIST CREED.

8vo, paper covers, 6d. net. Cloth, 2s. net.

Being the Herbert Spencer Lecture delivered at Oxford, June 7th, 1906, and a Plea for Voluntaryism by AUBERON HERBERT.

THE OXFORD THACKERAY.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

The arrangement is chronological as far as possible. The text is as Thackeray finally left it; the most interesting variations from the earlier forms being supplied in foot-notes or in appendices. Copyright matter is included.

The illustrations exceed 1,750, gathered from various sources, some very little known.

The Oxford Thackeray, printed on good ordinary paper, ranges in all respects with the "Fireside," crown 8vo, Edition of Dickens, and the price in cloth is **2s. net** for each volume. There is also a fcap. 8vo edition, printed on India Paper, which matches the "Oxford India Paper Dickens," the price being **2s. 6d. net** for each volume bound in cloth. In both cases the books can be obtained in a variety of leather bindings.

Daily Chronicle (LEWIS MELVILLE).—"It is certain that all lovers of Thackeray will welcome the latest venture, for it is well and plainly bound, clearly printed, and wonderfully cheap; and it is rendered indispensable to all good Titmarshians by the exceedingly interesting and scholarly introductions of Professor Saintsbury. . . . The arrangement . . . is the best conceivable. . . . The greater part of the introductions are critical, and are exceedingly interesting to all, alike to students and to admirers of the master; and if here and there we differ from an opinion, or dissent from a verdict, on the whole there is nothing but praise to be awarded."

SIX VOLS. ALREADY PUBLISHED.

VOL. I. 1829—1841.

The Yellowplush Papers, Major Gahagan, Stubb's Calendar, The Bedford Row Conspiracy, Flore et Zephyr, and other Early Miscellanies, 660 pages. 64 Illustrations.

VOL. II. 1837-1845.

The Paris Sketch Book, and Art Criticisms. 754 pages. 103 Illustrations.

VOL. III. 1839-1841.

Catherine, Cox's Diary, A Shabby Genteel Story, The Second Funeral of Napoleon, and Miscellanies, 1840-41. 580 pages. 24 Illustrations.

VOL. IV. 1841-1843.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond, The Fitz-Boodle Papers, Men's Wives, &c. 528 pages. 17 Illustrations.

VOL. V. 1842-1844.

The Irish Sketch Book, and Contributions to the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. 564 pages. 45 Illustrations.

VOL. VI. 1843-1847.

Barry Lyndon, The Wagstaff Papers, Little Travels and Roadside Sketches, &c. 676 pages. 57 Illustrations.

The next Six Vols., including VANITY FAIR and PENDENNIS, ready immediately.

Prospectuses of the CHEAPEST ILLUSTRATED THACKERAY yet issued post free on application, and of all Booksellers.

London: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

The Nation

VOL. III., No. 25.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1908. [PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK	851
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—	
The Doctrine of Tolerance	854
The Limits of Industrial Arbitration	855
Two Schools of Socialism	856
The History of Religion	858
The Road and the People	859
LIFE AND LETTERS:—	
Can Morals be Taught?	860
Barmecide Feasts	861
Visitors	862
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—	
Is Constitutional Government in Turkey Possible? By Edwin Pears	863
CONTEMPORARIES:—	
President Diaz	865
THE DRAMA:—	
The Sad Case of Dr. Faust. By H. W. M.	866
COMMUNICATIONS:—	
The "Messages" from Frederic Myers. By John W. Graham	867
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—	
A Protest. By J. L. Balbi	868
"The Lost Liberty of the Road." By T. Wilson, Thomas Howard, Alfred Ollivant, and J. Leng Sturrock	868
The Cause of Unemployment. By J. J. Bisgood	870
The Trades Union Congress and Electoral Reform. By John H. Humphreys	870
Catholics and Liberalism. By "A Knight of St. Gregory" and W. P.	871
"Moderate and Extremist in India." By V. Chattopadhyaya	871
Moral Education Congress. By St. G. L. Fox Pitt	872
"The Dilemma of a Liberal Lawyer." By Ignoramus	872
POETRY:—	
Light o' the Moon. By Edward Sydney Tylee	872
THE WORLD OF BOOKS	873
Books to be Read	873
REVIEWS:—	
France and Her People	874
Peru. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham	875
Bishop Stubbs on Medieval Germany	876
Hearn's Candid Friend	877
Three Novels	878
BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
Great Raleigh	880
G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism	880
Victoria the Woman	880
St. Bartholomew the Great	880
The Insect Book	880
Through the Depths of Space	882
By the Roman Wall	882
A Novel Reader's Guide	882
THE WEEK IN THE CITY	882

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

CONTRARY to general expectation, the Government intervened to stop Sunday's procession of the Blessed Sacrament, or to divest it of the religious symbol. Archbishop Bourne made the announcement amid the angry shouts of the Catholics assembled in the Albert Hall. Mr. Asquith's first step was to make a private and verbal statement through the Catholic Lord Ripon, deprecating the procession. The Archbishop declined to act without a public request, and the Prime Minister then telegraphed from Slains Castle declaring the Government's opinion to be that, in the interests of order and good feeling, the ceremonial ought not to take place. The Archbishop then replied that purely ecclesiastical elements should be eliminated and that the Cardinals and other dignitaries would walk, not in their vestments, but in Court dress. This promise was verbally kept. The Host was not carried in procession, but the elevation took place, in sight of an immense crowd, from the balcony of Westminster Cathedral. The obscure streets through which the procession, consisting of a great body of priests, passed were thronged. The crowd was quiet, and the immense gathering of Catholics before the Cathedral bared their heads in silence when the monstrance containing the Host was held up to them by the Legate, to the sound of bugles. The ceremony, therefore, rather gained in picturesqueness from the Government's action. This is strongly resented by English and Irish Catholics, but the Vatican appears to take it philosophically. It is, we suspect, generally popular, and its object was clearly protective. But we are unable to reconcile it with our ordinary spirit and practice of religious toleration.

THE KING has sent a very warmly worded telegram of congratulation to the Sultan, nominally to mark the anniversary of his accession, but really to note his approval of the new Turkish Constitution. The telegram, which was sent direct to the Sultan, properly hopes that under the rule of freedom the Sultan's Empire will have a peaceful and prosperous future. The further suggestion that Abdul Hamid may secure "the veneration of posterity" seems rather more problematical. Meanwhile we feel bound to ask whether the Foreign Office is jointly responsible with the King for this communication.

* * *

BULGARIA has broken off diplomatic relations with Turkey and recalled her agent because the Turkish Foreign Minister refused to invite him to a banquet attended by all the representatives in Constantinople of foreign sovereign States. The Turkish point of view is that Bulgaria is a vassal State, and this is no doubt technically correct. But it is equally beyond doubt that of recent years the Bulgarian Agent has attended similar functions and that the time is particularly ill-chosen to raise such difficult questions, which affect very nearly the pride and the ambitions of the Bulgarian people. Turkey's great problem is to come to an arrangement with the nationalities. Of these at present the most difficult are the Bulgarians, who require very delicate handling. To fling into the political arena wholly unnecessarily the question of the constitutional relation of Bulgaria to Turkey is to commit an error of statecraft.

* * *

THERE ought not now to be much time lost in recognising Mulai Hafid, who has already been proclaimed throughout all Morocco. He has himself formally assumed responsibility for all treaties made with his predecessors, and France and Spain have submitted their conditions to the Powers. These include, in addition to the assumption by the Sultan of all treaty obligations, the acceptance by him of Abdul Aziz's debts, the disavowal of the Holy War, the payment of the Casa Blanca compensation, and the assurance of the security of the ports and roads. So far the terms were to be expected in a Franco-Spanish Note, and Mulai Hafid ought to have no difficulty in adopting them. The trouble will come after he is recognised, for France reserves the right to demand an indemnity for her military outlay. Mulai Hafid is neither morally nor legally bound to pay this, and, of course, cannot afford it. If France presses the demand it will be resisted, and Germany will stand behind Morocco because she is determined not to see Morocco at the mercy of France. The whole trouble will remain open and Morocco persist as the storm-centre of Europe.

* * *

ON Thursday the fifteenth Conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union was opened in the Hall of the Reichstag in Berlin, and Prince von Bülow delivered a carefully prepared and important address. He described himself as a Chancellor, strictly and loyally Constitutional, though not a Parliamentary Minister in the full sense of the word. He maintained that the German Government was entirely on the side of peace, and reminded his audience of Germany's service at last year's Hague Conference in supporting the formation of an

International Prize Court and a permanent Court of Arbitration. He also mentioned that his Government will take part in the Conference of naval Powers that is shortly to assemble in London. His object was evidently, as at the Hague Conference, to prove that Germany should not be regarded as an obstinate barrier in the way of peace, even though she resolutely refuses to accept proposals for the reduction of armaments on which she relies for the protection of her territory and sea-borne commerce. Perhaps the most significant part of a speech which produced a very favorable impression was his defence of the promoters of the Inter-Parliamentary Conference and other lovers of peace from the charge of lack of patriotism. In words that were evidently intended as a rebuke to the Chauvinists of Germany, he added: "Those are patriots who strive to prevent conflicts by combating ignorance, which is always mischievous; rancour, which is so unwholesome; hatred, which is often blind; and ambitions, which are sometimes misguided."

* * *

Mr. Churchill was married on Saturday at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Miss Clementine Hozier. No marriage in which a public man was concerned has excited so much interest or drawn such enormous crowds since the wedding of Lord Rosebery's daughter. Mr. Churchill's personality attracts his countrymen through his spirit of energy and vivacity, his power of work, his abundant, and at times almost classical, eloquence, and a certain frankness and amiability of bearing which give charm to hard political fighting. His personal popularity derives importance from the fact that his work at the Board of Trade assigns him a large share in the task of keeping Liberalism and Labor together.

* * *

His proposal to set up a permanent court of arbitration is a step in this direction. It necessarily retains the voluntary basis of the Conciliation Act, for British trade unions at present reject compulsory arbitration, and it can only be set in motion with the assent of each party to an industrial dispute. The court is to be chosen by the Board of Trade from three panels, the first, from which the Chairmen are drawn, consisting of two eminently impartial men of the character of Lord Courtney or Lord James; the second, of employers of a temperate type; the third, of representative workmen and trade unionists. The numbers of the court may be three or five. In the first case, it would consist of one person taken from the three panels; in the second, of two representatives of capital and two of labor, *plus* the chairman. The second type of court would, we should say, be the more acceptable to workmen. The scheme has been received with great favor and we imagine that leading capitalists and trade unionists have been wisely taken into Mr. Churchill's confidence during its incubation.

* * *

The Joint Committee of Lords and Commons on Lotteries and Indecent Advertisements has made a useful if rather tardy series of recommendations. The evil of newspaper lotteries, thinly disguised as skilled competitions, has now almost run its course, and we should say that more than one great fortune has been built upon it. The Committee are now proposing that it should be made illegal for a conductor of a newspaper or periodical to charge any form of entrance fee, including the purchase and return of coupons, for prize competitions in newspapers. We hope that this will put down the evil, though it clearly does not deal with the advertising of premium bonds, which are very thinly disguised lotteries. The Committee do not think it wise to stop lottery circulars in the post, but propose to bring all circulars or advertisements concerning lotteries under the Lotteries Act. We hope that the Government will rapidly frame and carry a Bill on these lines. It is high time to stop the mad fit of gambling which has disorganised people of all ages and classes, but especially, we suspect, the young, and to which, to its eternal shame, the Press has been the chief tempter.

* * *

Cholera, which during the last two months has been creeping slowly up from the Caucasus, has broken out violently in St. Petersburg, where in the last week there have been more than a thousand cases and over 250 deaths. The authorities had ample warning, but apparently have looked upon the possibility of an epidemic with true Russian heedlessness. The head of the Sanitary Board went to Carlsbad, no proper hospital accommodation was provided, an impure water supply was tolerated, and nothing was done to improve the horribly insanitary dwellings of the poor, although it is notorious that bad water and bad sanitation are the most favorable media for cholera propagation. The epidemic is not yet at its height in St. Petersburg, although it is impossible to say whether that city is likely to suffer as severely as during previous visitations. The disease has undoubtedly come to Russia overland from India *viâ* Persia, but there is little prospect of its spreading beyond Russian territory. Other countries, in particular Germany, are already taking precautions, and are not neglecting the teachings of experience.

* * *

The German Secretary to the Treasury has laid before the Federal Council his plan for putting the German Budget in order, though its details have not yet been made public. If the debt service is to be put on a sound basis, and revenue and expenditure are to be balanced without recourse to loans, then at least £20,000,000 of new taxes will have to be raised. The difficulty is not that Germany is too poor to meet the demand, but that constitutional and political interests are involved. On the one hand the individual States want to keep direct taxation to themselves, and to have their contributions to Imperial funds reduced and fixed; on the other hand the Agrarians want to put the new burdens upon the consumer and the industrialist by means of indirect taxes, while the Liberal parties want direct taxation. The Government scheme, as outlined in the "North German Gazette," is a compromise favoring the Agrarians and meeting the wishes of the States. It includes heavier liquor and tobacco duties, a tax on electricity and gas for lighting purposes, a modification of the State contributions, and an extension of the Imperial death duties. The *bloc* is pretty certain to vote it without very substantial alteration.

* * *

The German Social Democrats have been meeting in Congress at Nuremberg since Monday. A record attendance of delegates was registered, though illness kept Herr von Vollmar, the leader of the South Germans, away, and Herr Bebel could not arrive till late. The various reports were distinctly optimistic. Among other facts it was shown that the Socialist vote at Berlin alone for the Landtag in 1908 was greater than the Socialist vote in all Prussia in 1903. The party Press has 1,061,289 subscribers, a slight increase on the previous year, though the economic depression has reacted seriously on newspapers. The most important debate arose out of the action of the Socialist members of the Baden, Bavarian, and Würtemberg Parliaments in voting their State Budgets. Herr Bebel delivered a strong speech in favor of maintaining the old aloofness,

which was not only a symbolic protest against the existing order of society, but helped to keep the party independent of other parties, and free from the taint of opportunism, so fatal to its revolutionary spirit. At the time of writing the debate has not concluded, and the supporters of the Social Democratic Party can only hope that the question will be settled in such a way as to preserve the power of unity, though, so far, there is no sign of concession on either side.

* * *

We much regret to record the death near Oulton Broad, under melancholy circumstances, of Professor Churton Collins, an honored contributor to The Nation, and a figure of genuine power and significance in our contemporary literary criticism. In a time of much charlatanry, Professor Churton Collins was an unsparing anti-charlatan, and his own learning, while now and then a little wilfully and hardly used, was at the service of good causes and honest views of life and literature. He was one of the two or three most learned of English journalists. His knowledge of seventeenth and eighteenth century literature was both wide and deep, and he was right in insisting on associating the study of literature in our schools and universities with the great classical masters, and dissociating it from mere "gerund-grinding" or even philology. As a reviewer he could write roughly of work which was disfigured by gross faults of style or by inaccuracy or pretence, but he was a just, and at times enthusiastic, appraiser of honest and competent work. At the time of his death he was engaged in a very necessary and timely effort to raise the standard of journalism, and to associate it with definite courses of study.

* * *

Dr. Hagberg Wright has sent to "The Times" an interesting account of his visit to Tolstoy in order to present to him the Address of his English friends. He says that public demonstrations have been mainly suppressed, to the great indignation of the people, though some provincial governors have allowed their Dumas to pass resolutions and send telegrams. He found Tolstoy weak, but his face lit up with a "benign and spiritual look." Of the hundreds of Addresses he has received on his eightieth birthday, the one which pleased him most came from the waiters in a fashionable restaurant in Moscow, which assured him that they were "becoming human beings who have a consciousness of God and are striving towards eternal truth."

* * *

The question has again been raised, our Rome correspondent writes, whether Socialists should interest themselves or not in international policy. Deputy Bissolati, who was for many years editor of the "Avanti," the Socialist leading organ, writes on the subject a most interesting article in the popular paper the "Messaggero." Signor Bissolati, who is one of the best balanced minds which the Italian Socialist Party possesses, says that only revolutionary Socialists or pure anarchists can seriously advocate the neglect of foreign policy. Instead, all Socialists who abandon utopian projects cannot fail to understand that foreign policy has an enormous influence on the economic and social conditions of a country, and should not be disregarded. As a practical example, he points to the present situation in Europe, saying that there is no doubt that German foreign policy represents a constant danger to the peace of many millions of people, a threat to their lives, possessions, work, and tranquillity. The German Government and the Kaiser, according to Deputy Bissolati, are dominated by the idea that they must fight England. He thinks that this conflagration, of which no one can foresee the consequences, can be averted chiefly through a loyal understanding between Austria and Italy, both of which are interested in avoiding a conflict with England. It is, he thinks, almost impossible that Germany will insist on an aggressive policy if both her allies are against her. From all this Signor Bissolati comes to the conclusion that it is an imperious duty for the Socialist Party to use the whole of its influence to help the Austro-Italian understanding.

* * *

A Paris jury has acquitted Grégori who fired two shots at and wounded Major Dreyfus when Zola's remains were being transferred to the Panthéon. The jury may have meant by its verdict that Grégori was the victim of a mad impulse, though he had deliberation enough to make his will and buy a new revolver for the occasion; or that the firing was harmless, though the bullets actually inflicted a slight wound and might have inflicted a worse; or that it regarded the affair, as Grégori said, as a symbolic demonstration against "Dreyfusism," and sympathised with its purpose. If this last be the correct explanation then it is a grave index of a revival of reaction, for which M. Clemenceau must bear some responsibility.

* * *

Charity is profiting from the spite of party journalism. The other day a Manchester paper had to pay £300 to a Manchester hospital for libelling Mr. Churchill; now a London organ of gossip has to pay £315 to the Carnarvon Infirmary for similar treatment of Mr. Lloyd George. It is noticeable that the type of journalism which is most indifferent to public interests should be the most malicious in its treatment of private persons.

* * *

Here is the week's return of motor-car accidents, and significant occurrences in connection with them:— A chauffeur called Levy was charged on Tuesday with the manslaughter of a market porter. A woman, who was also run down, said that the car "flashed upon them" without sound or warning, and going at a great pace. The man had been repeatedly convicted under the loosest of Acts, once for refusing to stop after an accident. He was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, but it appeared that the County Council had no power to withdraw his licence, but only to endorse it with convictions, and that this endorsement did not apply to manslaughter! Last week a boy of thirteen was knocked down by a motor car going at a great speed, and killed. The car, occupied by two men, drove off and left him lying there. The car came round a sharp corner, giving no notice of its approach. It travelled between thirty and forty miles an hour, and another car was driven into the hedge to avoid it. The owner proved to be Lord Newborough, who has expressed deep sympathy with the boy's relatives, and his chauffeur, a Frenchman, has been arrested and charged. A boy of six was killed at Deptford on Sunday by a motor car, which was going slowly, and which he did not see. A motor car, which is said to have been racing another car at between thirty and forty miles an hour, knocked down a man at Kingston and injured him seriously. The defendant declared that he was going only eighteen miles an hour. A young Birmingham metal worker rode on his cycle into a car and sustained grievous injuries. Lord Curzon has been badly cut about the head by a car which swerved and is said to have crashed into his vehicle "with terrific force." A string of cars, one of them occupied by the Duke of Connaught, who has been in more than one accident, frightened a horse in Ireland, and his driver sustained injuries to the knee.

Politics and Affairs.

THE DOCTRINE OF TOLERANCE.

We can quite understand the argument which underlay the Prime Minister's virtual prohibition of the carrying of the Host through some streets of London last Sunday, and we can well believe that his action is widely, if not generally, popular. Nevertheless, in stating that argument, we shall venture to disagree with it. We imagine that Mr. Asquith acted in the main on one consideration, that of public order, and that he took no account of the religious controversy save so far as it promised to disturb the peace of the London streets and to imperil the safety of the processionists. The modern State, even though it is loosely associated with one religious organisation, tends to neutrality in matters of faith, and this is at once the drift of opinion and the special heritage of our own people and their usually tolerant creed and attitude of mind. Mr. Asquith, we assume, thought that there was danger of a riot, which would take the peculiarly gross form of insults paid to a much-cherished religious symbol, and revenged by violence, or even by bloodshed. For this belief there was some ground. We much regret to see that Mr. Hyslop, the Organising Secretary of the Protestant Alliance, threatened disturbance to the procession by means of "twenty arrangements" to "bring the Host to the ground." We are unable to sympathise with a mood which calls itself Christian, and yet can feel either pleasure or a sense of spiritual security in wounding the feelings of other Christians. But we suppose that similar intimations were conveyed to the police and to Ministers—though the Home Secretary does not appear to have been influenced by them—and that they had their effect. Governments do not take risks, if they can avoid them.

Nor can we quite acquit the processionists of a touch of provocativeness. Protestants do not like to be told that Christ has returned to England after an absence of some hundreds of years, accompanied by a Papal Legate; and we should have thought that the carrying of the Host before a mixed body of believers and sceptics, in a country unsympathetic to the ceremony, would have repelled a sensitive Catholic. It would have been wiser to dissociate the Legate's visit from even the suggestion of illegality; it would have been good taste to maintain the private and intimate character of the ceremonies which accompanied it. The century that has passed and that which has begun are chiefly notable in Catholic history as having witnessed the triumph of Ultramontanism, the re-modelling of the Catholic Church into a stiff system of highly conservative polity, bearing the sign-manual of the Vatican Decrees and the Encyclical and Syllabus of 1864. The present Pope has reversed the fitfully liberal foreign policy of his predecessor, as well as its marked French tendencies, and is at war not only with the old Gallican ideas but with the existing government of the great Republic over the water. The dominant Catholicism of to-day is not that which Newman made familiar to many devout thinkers in Great Britain; it is a practice, if not a doctrine, of an older and less agreeable brand. Finally, Mr. Asquith had behind him the fact that an existing law and proclamation made the procession of the Host, attended by priests in vestments, illegal. Therefore, if he had sanctioned and protected the procession, he would have had against him the contention, for all that it was worth, that the Government were helping the professors of an alien creed to break the law. It might have been difficult to defend in Parliament a strong use of the police in such an enterprise. Putting these more or less formidable pleas together, the Government, after an unsuccessful attempt at private negotiation, intervened publicly, and virtually compelled the promoters of the Congress to divest the procession of its special religious significance.

Something like this chain of reasoning, we suppose, was responsible for the Prime Minister's decision. But we may take the decisive fact about his action to be that the Government were subject to much pressure from the militant Protestant societies, that they resisted it for a time, and that finally they yielded to it. We wish that their first thought had also been their second, for we are sure that it was the best. We hear much of the duty of Governments. A primal duty of a Liberal Government is to see fair play, and to be, if necessary, stricter in the application of its general principles of tolerance when the practice of religious ceremonies is in question. Against this plain business of Liberalism many powerful elements are at war. In these days majorities, perfectly secure in the possession of their rights and of their material power, are given to taking fright at minorities or possible rivals, which seem to threaten them either physically or by virtue of their seeming intellectual strength. Thus the Australian is afraid, or pretends to be afraid, of the Japanese; white America fears the advance of the negro; Great Britain alarmed itself about the Boers, and now has a recurring panic about invasion by the German Fleet. It seems to us a real dereliction of duty when Governments feed this kind of panic, instead of using all their influence to stem it and to see that justice is done to its victims. What had English Protestantism to fear from a dozen processions of the Blessed Sacrament? And how does it imagine that its case against the Roman Catholic Church is strengthened when it goes back upon its own position of toleration and uses against Catholicism the intolerance which it insists that both history and the implications of Catholic doctrine fasten upon the Roman Church? The impression made by Protestants who try to stop a procession of the Host by threatening to "bring it to the ground" is that they are frightened of the advance of Catholicism. But if they can devise no better way of combatting it than by threats of force, they will find no friends among thoughtful people, among those who believe that all religions have elements of good in them, and that the essence of the religious appeal must be to the enlightened reason of man. We recall what happened to those who disbelieved in the policy or the justice of the Boer War. They were told that the public expression of their opinions imposed

an unendurable strain on human nature, and that the authorities might therefore consider themselves relieved of the burden of protecting them in the exercise of free speech. That right was partially preserved, no thanks to the Government of the day. Now the prevalence of the same mood of popular excitement and indignation is pleaded, and with success, as a reason for disallowing a religious procession rather than for taking effectual precautions to save it from violence in the streets. We answer that we cannot listen to such arguments in the name of Liberalism, or of that spirit of tolerance which showed its first strong shoots in the Puritan and Quaker movements, and expanded in noble fruitage in the teaching of the early Anglican divines. It is easy to say that there are bounds to the spirit of tolerance; we have never found that human nature was inclined to err in the direction of over-stepping them.

No doubt the position is to some degree compromised by the nominal illegality of the procession. We say "nominal," for who can yield full authority to a law which has been allowed to sink into forgetfulness, which has again and again been broken, which qualifies the right of procession for a single religious profession, and whose reluctant verbiage no modern House of Commons would endorse? It would have been better if the Catholics had yielded when the remembrance of the Act of 1829 and the proclamation of 1852 was revived. But they cannot be very seriously blamed for thinking that the England of 1908 had grown out of the fears that encumbered a tardy Act of civil emancipation nearly eighty years ago. Having allowed them to think so when the procession was announced and organised, the Government were certainly under some obligation to see them through. But we are not concerned for the Catholics. They are likely to gain more from the frustration of the procession than they could have hoped to secure from the peaceful holding of it. What we dislike is the bowing of the Government before a threat of violence to a minority of its subjects, linked with the idea that the prevailing form of religion can suffer by the parade of the symbol of a faith that the nation as a whole has renounced. This is quite against the true genius of our race, which has gone on for centuries in the great business of continually enlarging the boundaries of free thought for the spirit of man, and free action for all his forms of faith.

THE LIMITS OF INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION.

Mr. Churchill has taken a new and serviceable step towards the establishment of industrial peace by his proposal to use the powers given by the Conciliation Act of 1896 to set up a Standing Court of Arbitration. The nature of the proposed change has been somewhat misstated. The Act of 1896, it will be remembered, empowered the Board of Trade to do four things; first, to inquire into the causes and circumstances of trade disputes; secondly, to assist in bringing the parties together with a view to an amicable settlement of their disputes; thirdly, on the application of either of the two parties, to appoint a conciliator or a board of conciliation; lastly, on the application of both parties, to appoint an arbitrator. Though a large and increasing number of disputes has each year been settled under the Act, it has become quite evident that its full utility has been hampered by defects in the machinery for arbitration. The proposal to enlarge this instrument by establishing courts of three or five arbitrators, selected in equal numbers from a panel of employers and workmen, with a chairman, "a person of eminence and impartiality," similarly drawn from a panel of chairmen, has several advantages over the existing system. In the first place, it substitutes a permanent for a casual tribunal; secondly, it provides a number of trained and experienced arbitrators with growing competence for their delicate work; and last, not least, its representative character will command a larger confidence from both parties to disputes than can be expected to attach to a single arbitrator, however carefully selected.

The stress laid by Mr. Churchill in his Memorandum upon this question of confidence in the *personnel* of the Court, will not be regarded as excessive by anyone acquainted with the susceptibilities, both of employers and of workmen, in a trade dispute. Workmen in particular have every reason to scrutinise closely the selection of a single arbitrator in cases where some vital interest of wages, hours, or other trade condition is affected. It is not so much that they fear the appointment of a judge who will either fail to give proper consideration to their statement of the case, or will be influenced by prejudices against trade unionism and the cause of labor. This charge has been very seldom brought against any of the eminent lawyers or business men who have been summoned to act as arbitrators or umpires in great trade disputes. But there is a feeling that such men, moving habitually in the society of masters, are likely to be biassed unconsciously in favor of employers' points of view. Now, this might not matter very much if the issues they were called upon to determine were issues of hard fact, to be reached by the application of accepted canons. But though sometimes the interpretation of a sliding scale or of the terms of some other quite explicit agreement is at stake, more commonly the matter in dispute lies in a region of opposing interests, where no accepted rules of valuation hold. The consideration of a "fair wage," rate of pay for overtime, regulation of apprentices, and other claims, all resting on some slippery computation of what "the trade will bear," allows indefinite play for notions and sympathies, and it is rarely possible to state clearly and convincingly the grounds on which a decision is based. In a word, the judgment in most instances cannot resemble that of an ordinary law court, but is either a judicious compromise, or else registers a conclusion which, in the opinion of the arbitrator, would ultimately have been reached as the result of the struggle which has been avoided. Under such circumstances, the regular presence of one or two employers and workmen in each Court must greatly increase the confidence of both parties, and is likely to lead to a great extension of the use of this mode of settling disputes.

The experiment, indeed, has a growing importance

given to it by the clear recognition that, on the one hand, the day of great conflicts between capital and labor shows no signs of passing, while, on the other, compulsory arbitration is acceptable, in this country at any rate, neither to employers nor to workmen. Though last week's vote at the Trade Union Congress showed a less majority than that of last year against the principle of compulsory intervention of the State in trade disputes, the masses of the people are evidently not prepared for so signal an enlargement of State interference. The theory of such compulsory intervention on behalf of public order and of the general body of consumers, often grievously injured by the sudden stoppage of a trade, is overwhelmingly strong, but its early enforcement in face of the opposition of the several trades is quite impracticable. Moreover, the recent experience of New Zealand and Australia in the working of compulsory arbitration is throwing grave doubts upon its efficacy as an instrument of industrial peace. The report of Mr. Aves to the Board of Trade gives some considerable support to the opinion that compulsory arbitration may prove unable to stand the strain of a period of industrial adversity, in which the workers will be called upon to accept awards of reduced wages. At any rate it is quite clear that the trade unionists in this country are not willing to abandon "the right to strike," which is involved in a real system of compulsory intervention by the State. But though the proposed development of Arbitration Courts carries with it no formal power of compulsion, the greater facility of voluntary agreement it furnishes may be expected to exercise a growing though informal pressure, both on workmen and employers, to have recourse to this mode of peaceful settlement. It may become disreputable to brawl in public when an easy and an equitable alternative presents itself. Thus, though the right to strike and to lock-out remains unimpaired, the desire to use a right so barbarous and so expensive may be weakened. For it is surely true that the sight of means to do good deeds makes good deeds done.

While, however, we consider the Board of Trade is wise in not moving towards any form of compulsory settlement of trade disputes, we would gladly support an increase of its power to institute inquiries. At present this power is crippled seriously by an inability to compel attendance of witnesses and to secure documentary and other evidence material to such process of inquiry. If upon the eve of an impending outbreak of hostilities between capital and labor a representative court, similar to the new Arbitration Court, were empowered to go fully into the facts of the dispute and to publish the result of their inquiry, the moral effect of such procedure, both upon the public mind and on the two contending parties, would be most salutary. A strike or a lock-out, persistently pursued in the teeth of a clear official adjudication on the facts, would carry with it so grave a responsibility that only recklessness or despair would make it possible. We should like to see the new step in public arbitration followed by this acquisition of the right of full compulsory inquiry for which, we think, popular opinion is already ripe.

TWO SCHOOLS OF SOCIALISM.

An identical industrial system has all but succeeded in imposing a common life and a uniform evolution upon the peoples of Western Europe. It is the mill-chimney which everywhere makes the sky, the tenement which makes the home, the struggle of organised classes which more and more tends to dictate the march of history. Even the devices which nations have created to accentuate their individuality end only by setting the same problems to the working-class, and across frontiers their thinkers join hands in the struggle against the tariff and the barracks. September has brought with it the annual congress of the various Socialist parties, and in Germany, France, and Italy, the issue which divides them is essentially the same. It is in one form or another the incessant battle between revolutionary and evolutionary schools. It turns in Germany on the question whether a Socialist Party may consistently aid a middle-class Government in carrying its Budget, in France and Italy on the expediency of general strikes. M. Jaurès in France, and Herr von Vollmar in South Germany both aim at a gradual penetration of society, by means of the wedge of universal suffrage and the phalanx of a slow trade-union action—at its transformation by layer upon layer of partial reforms and single concessions, without violence, and without catastrophes. They see in the parties to the right of them, groups of reasoning men who at no time represent any single or solid interest, but rather fluctuating tendencies of opinion which may be influenced and persuaded. They are ready to compromise and transact with the groups that stand nearest them, to envelop them if possible in an atmosphere of sympathy and conciliation, and to yield them a discriminating support, if thereby the immediate aims of labor may be forwarded. To Herr Bebel and the materialist school the very notions of sympathy and persuasion are suspect. They will see in history no movement of ideas, but only a steadily sharpening conflict of interests. They have no desire to encourage open-minded opportunist groups, ready to act with them on questions of detail. The world for them is either black or white, either bourgeois or proletariat, and the triumph of their cause can come only by the slow desertion of individuals, from one organised host to the other. So far from preferring the tolerant and easy-going politics of South Germany to the crude antagonisms of Prussia, they are ready to argue that Prussia, with its narrow ruling caste of squires and manufacturers, its militarism and its class-franchise, is actually more advanced than kindly Bavaria, where universal suffrage prevails, and Socialist Deputies are welcomed in Ministerial drawing-rooms. It is more advanced, because the class-war is sharper, more conscious, and less merciful.

Such large differences as these cannot be settled by resolutions at a Congress, and it matters very little what the majority at Nuremberg decides. They depend on temperament, and still more on the daily atmosphere

of politics. In Prussia the Marxist doctrine seems reasonable and self-evident, for the middle-class itself acts on the assumption of an inevitable class war, and was, indeed, the first to proclaim it. In Bavaria, as in France and in England, it loses its plausibility because the middle-class is not solid, and manifestly modifies the pursuit and defence of its interests by sympathy for the workmen and a steady regard for the general good. There is no doubt, however, that the Socialist parties in the diets of Baden and Bavaria have defied the principles not only of German but of international Socialism. To refuse to vote the Budget at its third reading has become a sort of sacramental act by which the orthodox Socialist affirms his attitude of unrelenting opposition to capitalism. To vote the Budget is to sanction the whole machinery of armies and police on which rests the system of "wage slavery." It is intelligible that even a moderate Socialist should shrink from this complaisance in a national Parliament, where the Budget includes naval and military and colonial credits. But that difficulty does not arise in Baden and Bavaria. The South German Socialists have two arguments on which they rely. They had succeeded, "in committee," as we should say, in sensibly improving these Budgets in a democratic sense. Were they to repudiate their own work on the third reading? Moreover, had they voted against a relatively friendly government, the result would have been to place a reactionary clerical minority in power. Clearly, without the option of voting the Budget, a Socialist Party must become a mere instrument for wrecking, powerless to secure social reforms, because it is unable to guarantee a relatively enlightened "bourgeois" government against the hostility of a decidedly hostile opposition. The absurdity of the intransigent attitude was well illustrated by the history of the "bloc" in France. While M. Combes was in power, M. Jaurès was the power behind the throne, the inspirer of policies, the orator who made the spirit of the Chamber, the real organiser and leader of the majority. When M. Clemenceau came upon the scene, he was forced in his quest for a stable majority to bid for the support of the Left Centre. For, as he often reminded the Socialists, they were not to be trusted in an emergency, since even M. Jaurès was compelled to obey the decision of the Amsterdam Congress and to vote against any Budget in its final form. Socialism, within these limitations, may wield the personal influence which the talents of its individual leaders confer upon it. It can intervene on occasion to force a reform or wreck a policy. It may in favorable circumstances make or destroy a Government. But it cannot exert the steady pressure to which the weight of the numbers behind it entitles it. In so far as it is a party of protest, it cannot be a party of construction.

In Germany, one suspects, the distant future lies with the revisionists, but their success will be delayed, just so long as Prince Bülow succeeds in maintaining the three-class franchise in Prussia. Up till the last election Socialism had not a single representative in the Prussian Diet, and even now its deputies are reckoned by a single figure. For a party in that position, formidable, intelligent, and numerous outside the House, but wholly impotent within it, there is no possible attitude save that of ceaseless and uncompromising opposition. Until universal suffrage gives it in Prussia the same opportunities and responsibilities as it possesses in South Germany, "revisionism" will seem to it a foolishness. Herr Bebel's mistake is his failure to recognise that circumstances alter cases, and his doctrinaire habit of dictating to Bavarians and Frenchmen a strategy which hard necessity has imposed upon Prussians. The unity of the party will be strained in the interval, but it is probable that pride in its discipline, in its ever-growing numbers, its great financial resources, and its influential press will succeed in keeping it together. In the Reichstag at least there is little or no friction, and there can be no temptation to compromise while Prince Bülow keeps "Radicals" and Conservatives together in an unnatural alliance.

In France, on the other hand, the risk of an internecine struggle is much more serious between the "reformist" and the catastrophic schools. The French extremists have indeed little or nothing in common with the German doctrinaires, save a belief in the class war, and in the coming *dies irae*. The federation of trade unions (C. G. T.), under the leadership of a dictatorial and probably unrepresentative clique, has succeeded in two years in destroying the prestige which the genius of M. Jaurès had won for Parliamentary Socialism. It is continually fomenting angry strikes, which aim not so much at securing better conditions for some trade or trades, as at sowing terror in the heart of the *bourgeoisie*. Nothing concrete is ever won by these demonstrations, but the leaders are satisfied to think that they are awakening the militant spirit of labor, and rehearsing that general strike by which society is one day to be overthrown, as it were, by a puff of wind. The immediate result is that society becomes every day more angry and reactionary. Its patriotism revolts against the extravagant anti-militarism of this clique. Its pocket is affected and its temper tried by such escapades as the sudden turning-out of the lights of Paris. It retorts by acquitting the anti-Dreyfusard broiler, Grégori, by delaying such social reforms as old age pensions, and by forming employers' syndicates, and using the lock-out. The Socialists see themselves cold-shouldered by the Radicals in the Chamber. Every week brings some fresh incident, which turns on a dismissal of a Socialist teacher or a Trade-Unionist postman. The better Radicals hardly dare to associate with a party so suspect, and more selfish Radicals turn with alacrity to the thought of compromising alliances with the Conservative groups. For long M. Jaurès, busy with his continual duel against M. Clemenceau and his protests against the Moroccan adventure, refrained from active polemics against these reckless revolutionists. But at length he has broken silence. In a series of powerful and eloquent articles in "L'Humanité" he is restating the case for a disciplined evolutionary strategy. He has shown how essential are Parliamentary reforms as a complement to Trade-Unionist action, how impossible it is to combine a strategy of provocation with a strategy of constructive effort, how grotesque is the idea of a general strike while the trade-unionists are still

a minority of the working class, and, finally, how necessary it is for French Trade-Unionism to imitate the English method of balloting before strikes, if ever the workers are to have confidence in each other and faith in their leaders. These articles are manifestly a preparation for a conflict which must settle the future of French Socialism for some time to come. The "C.G.T." is, unfortunately, an organisation quite distinct from the Parliamentary party, and its leaders profess to be indifferent to Parliamentary reforms. The party cannot control it, but it is none the less compromised by its tactics in the eyes of the country. In France, as in Germany, evolutionary Socialism can only hope to exert its due influence, after the preliminary trial of a struggle with the cataclysmsic schools. It will be a war of many campaigns; the decisive battle is not yet ranged.

THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

The study of the development of religion, though one of the youngest branches of sociology, is among the most living and progressive. It is but the other day that the data came to hand which made it possible as a systematic inquiry. To our fathers the history of religion meant the development of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, with a wholly outside account of Græco-Roman mythology, and a little knowledge of Hinduism thrown in. But during the last half of the nineteenth century new material became accessible in every quarter. Sanscrit and Pali scholars put the principal texts of the Vedas, of Brahmanism, and of Buddhism at the disposal of the comparative student. Dr. Legge's translations of Confucius and Mencius were included in the sacred books of the East. The mysteries of Taoism were unveiled for the English reader by more than one translator. The text of the Zend Avesta became available for comparison on the one hand with the Vedic mythology, on the other with the development of Judaism. Babylonian cuneiform script and Egyptian hieroglyphs yielded the secret of religions and of ethics which were ancient at the date which Archbishop Ussher assigned to Moses. A mass, a still imperfectly digested mass, of material derived from the study of contemporary savages and barbarians, threw new lights on the early history of religion, and affected the interpretation of much that is to be found among more advanced peoples. It became clear that quite apart from theological controversy here was a field of absorbing interest for the sociological explorer. It became clear that, taking the world over, there operate within human society certain permanent forces building up, with endless variations of detail but yet with many a striking analogy, and perhaps with a certain essential identity of function and meaning, the fabric of local, tribal, national, and world religions. If we bring these forces together into a single conception, and speak of them as the religious spirit, then the object of comparative religion is to trace the evolution of this spirit and discover the variety of forms which it assumes, to ascertain the other social forces by which it is influenced, and to measure its function and value in social life.

All are objects, so to say, of positive science. They can be inquired into without necessarily raising the question of the truth or falsity of any given religion. It is true that to hold to the special revelation of one particular religion, or of a given set of religious truths, is to put that religion in a special place within the field of inquiry. But the Christian who takes the traditional doctrines of revelation in the most literal sense only applies it to his own religion, and, as a rule, only to that religion at, so to say, certain critical points. He has no occasion to deny that all the rest of religious history exhibits an evolution which is of profound interest to the student of society in general and of the religious life and its bearing on law and ethics in particular. But in reality few instructed theologians of the modern school would any longer interpret inspiration upon such hard and fast lines as would remove their own religion—however profound their conviction of its dogmatic truth—from the sphere of comparative investigation. It is in this broadening view of the entire meaning of religious life and truth that the significance of such a gathering as the Congress of the History of Religion is to be seen.

The Congress had its first meeting at Paris in 1900, its second at Basle four years ago, and now, most significant of all, it has just held its third meeting at Oxford. A more liberal strain has long been making its way into the religious thought of that ancient University. Stimulated, perhaps, by the turn given to philosophical idealism by Green and Caird, the Oxford world was ready for a more philosophic interpretation of religious teaching. The foundation of a non-sectarian school of theology at Manchester College secured a basis for disinterested theological research, and the theological faculty itself contains men of the moderation and learning of Dr. Sanday and Hebraists like Canon Driver whose "Old Testament Literature" is a convenient text-book of the results of scholarship in reconstructing Old Testament history. In Professor Tylor, who is Hon. President of the Congress, Oxford has in her midst the founder of English anthropology, and she has more than one original worker to carry on the tradition and apply the results of anthropological research in other fields—to her own special subject, classical literature, as well as to the pastures new of more modern learning. As no other English city preserves so much of the fragrance of the past in the midst of the stir of modern life, so perhaps there is no home better suited for cultivating the true spirit in which the study of development should be approached. The sense of growth in social tradition, of secular process of change in thought and institutions, and of deep underlying identity of human nature and social structure—is hardly to be communicated by books or proved in so many propositions. It is more like an atmosphere of thought which is to be breathed or felt, and nowhere is it more readily felt than at Oxford.

The history of religion will not of itself yield us intrinsic speculative truth on the fundamental problems. Yet it has an educative influence which may help us to understand these problems better. It teaches the most dogmatic among us some sympathy with the gropings of mankind. It emphasises the essential importance of

the meaning and the relative emptiness of the inadequate form in which the meaning is conveyed. It tends to show how near men draw to one another, all unconsciously, perhaps, in proportion as they dig down to the deepest truths, and how shallow and valueless by comparison are the differences of formula that create the contentions and controversies. We may even go one step further, and suggest that the whole history of religion and ethics as revealed, imperfectly enough as yet, to the comparative student is not barren of meaning, but is full of developmental significance. It was Comte who said, "L'homme devient de plus en plus religieux." The statement will be accepted in very different senses by different people, in accordance with their definition of religion. But it has its significance. The history of religion, dispassionately studied in relation to the whole of social life, is an integral part of the development of purpose in human history. The story which is meaningless when we confine it to a string of external evidence, and worthless when we approach human development with biological preconceptions, acquires a wholly new meaning when we regard it as a record of the slow growth of mind in man, when we regard institutions as the practical shape in which social problems are experimentally solved, ideas and doctrines as theoretic solutions of the riddles of life, appropriate each to its own stage of growth. The conception of a great metaphysical school of the mind as gradually "coming to itself," and so entering on its kingdom through all the vicissitudes of history, acquires a new meaning from the sociological study of development, and to this meaning the comparative study of religion has much that is essential to contribute.

THE ROAD AND THE PEOPLE.

Since last we wrote upon the "Lost Liberty of the Road" the question has advanced a stage, and we are glad to hear that the Local Government Board are about to deal with it. It is no longer necessary to arouse public feeling, for feeling is everywhere awake. It is no longer necessary to argue the most obvious points with the dialecticians of motoring, for the public have begun to use their own eyes and ears and noses. The regretted accident to Lord Curzon is not necessary to remind the world that motorists themselves are exposed, like the humble cyclist and pedestrian, to the dangers caused by the recklessness of others. There is no need for a new Charles Lamb to appeal to the Bench of Bishops to sacrifice one of their number in a "smash" for the common good. "Even Sodor and Man" would be superfluous. The experiences of the summer holidays brings the whole question home directly to the vast bulk of the middle-class, who find that quiet has fled the world, and that a tramp on moorland or mountain, shunning all roads, is the only method left of avoiding dust, noise, worry, and danger. Parliament meets in the autumn, when the memories of the summer and its daily list of casualties will still be fresh in the mind, and it will be asked to take some practical step. Already motorists are palpably nervous. On the one hand they issue their own proclamations against "inconsiderate driving," as if that were the exceptional offence of a contemptible minority; on the other they are ready in advance with laudations of Mr. Burns as too good a friend to their sport to do anything rash. In a word, having failed to fight the movement, they propose now to capture it. They will put forward a set of innocuous or unworkable regulations, in return for which they will ask the abolition of the speed limit. They will join in loud denunciations of the "road-hog," get the means for more public expenditure in dust-laying experiments, and then everything will go on as before.

That is, we take it, the programme. How is it to be met? What practical steps are to be taken to recover the use and enjoyment of the roads for the public? A host of correspondents have sent us a multiplicity of suggestions. Unfortunately every new writer has a weakness to point out in the remedy of somebody else. Excessive speed is virtually the sole cause of the entire trouble. There we are all substantially agreed. But how to get the speed checked? We are dealing, as statistics of conviction show, with an exceptionally lawless class—with men rich and powerful enough to snap their fingers at law and magistrates. We are dealing with a machine which, as one terrible incident after another illustrates, provides for callous and unscrupulous drivers the ready means of escape from pursuit. We should like to see a return of the number of motorists now credibly supposed to be at large who have fled leaving their victims to die. The problem of keeping the new machine in order is enormously complicated by the fact that it is the favorite toy of the ruling class, who can employ the best available skill in its defence, and who man the entire administration to which its control is entrusted. Apart from this difficulty, the adequate protection of the public from the motor is a problem as new and as complex as was that of securing safety in railway travelling seventy years ago. The dangers of the railway appeared and were grappled with one by one. Even in quite late years it would seem that some imperfectly understood sources of danger have arisen, and three or four bad derailements have occurred without adequate assignable cause. The safe working of great machines sets a problem of constant and close surveilance to the public authority, and it is only little by little that it is solved. On the whole, in the case of railways so far as the travelling public is concerned the success has been most remarkable. There is no reason why it should be less complete in the case of motors. But the price to be paid is that of continual and close supervision, many experiments probably, many changes in the law, perhaps the erection of a special commission or other authority to frame regulations from time to time.

Take any single proposed regulation and it is easy to pick holes in it. A universal speed limit brought low enough would solve the problem if it could be enforced. But how enforce it? The construction of cars might be so regulated as to enforce the limit, but it is quite possible that the ingenuity of engineers would get round the difficulty. The use of the horn to "clear the course" is an annoyance in itself, and

is an abuse which makes reckless speed possible. But if it were suppressed altogether we should have accidents ascribed to the action of the law. All such points require regulation, but instead of rough and ready rules they need detailed and close supervision. To take a single point. Something would be gained from Mr. Strauss's Bill limiting speed to ten miles an hour in populous places. But, first of all, in order to be effective, it would require a special police staff to enforce it, and, secondly, it leaves the country roads to take care of themselves. Now, country roads differ immensely in suitability for fast traffic. There are straight, open and unfrequented roads across moors where a very high speed is unobjectionable. The great "Routes Nationales" in France, laid down more like railways than roads in long straight stretches, broad and smooth, often avoiding villages and with few scattered houses on their sides, are suitable enough for the fast motor. The majority of our English roads are of a wholly different character, winding about between hedges, dusty, often narrow, and beset with cottages and hamlets round unsuspected corners. On such roads, even though there be no houses about, a speed of twelve or fifteen miles an hour is probably the maximum compatible with the comfort of other users of the road. It is astonishing to see the dust which even a slow-going and considerately driven motor will create.

The problem, then, is one of great complexity. It will probably involve the scheduling of the roads of the country with a view to special regulations—including in some cases the total prohibition of motor traffic—in each case. It will involve methods of inspection and police regulations which have not yet been attempted, and it may necessitate the creation of some central Commission to supervise the whole traffic. Such regulations would probably lead to the making of motor roads as a commercial speculation. Those who want to go at high speed and can afford to pay for it would be fully entitled to do so on roads made for them at their own expense. There must clearly be more differentiation than there is at present. But we would suggest that the time is come for the fuller and more regular discussion of remedies, and for a sustained attempt to focus public opinion, and obtain changes in the law that will really touch the trouble. The Road Union and the Highways Protection League have jointly issued a valuable pamphlet, in which the nature of the difficulty is set forth with moderation, but with unanswerable logic. We would suggest to these bodies that they should unite their forces, and then come forward with a more active and aggressive policy. They should call meetings, and make themselves heard at elections, parliamentary and municipal. Public opinion is behind them. It only wants to be organised and directed.

Life and Letters.

CAN MORALS BE TAUGHT?

Only a few years ago the very notion of an art of education, demanding serious separate study and capable of communication, was scouted alike by teacher and by parent in this country. The prevalent belief, to which the most successful teachers generally gave support, held that teaching was a purely personal grace, a gift or knack which came by nature and could not be acquired. It was, in fact, so incalculable and so incommunicable that it was a needless, or, indeed, a foolish, thing for any parent, about to send his children to a school, to enquire whether the teachers knew "how to teach." He might do well to ascertain what subjects were to be taught, what examinations the school prepared for, what games were played, and, if he were inquisitive, what "honours" the masters had taken at the University. But method of teaching—that was a phrase entirely destitute of meaning. He knew there were such persons as "born teachers," and he might be glad if his boy happened to come under one. But that was quite evidently a question of luck. It would be too much to say that this attitude has disappeared, for there are still plenty of well-to-do and "educated" parents, very solicitous about the food and games and "status" of a school, but prepared to hand over without demur the minds and morals of their children to be mauled by any smart young man fresh from the University, who, for want of any better opening in life, takes to teaching. More intelligent parents, however, are now coming to demand some evidence not merely of natural aptitude but of definite training in teachers, though it would perhaps be fairer to teachers to say that the new recognition and practice of teaching as a fine art have come from them more than from the parents.

But this advance of education towards a trained profession has been hampered by a most imperfect realisation of what the term implies. The training of the intellect and the art of imparting knowledge have been absorbing overmuch attention. This should we do and not leave the other undone! Education still suffers much from a belated psychology of separate faculties directed to separate subjects. Though most modern teachers talk glibly enough of character-building as a task which the school should undertake, it rests in their minds as a sort of mysterious influence, partly a "spirit of the school," partly good personal relations between individual teachers and pupils, but without any organic connection with the intellectual curriculum. There is a pervasive notion, genuine but vague, that "character counts most of all," and an admission that school can and ought to do a good deal for character. But there, if we take our school system as a whole, the matter hangs in an elevated region of amiable commonplaces. We welcome, as a movement of inestimable value, the strong organised endeavor now being made to find the true place of moral education in the school and its relation to the entire round of school activities. Professor Michael E. Sadler, whose industrious survey of facts and opinions bearing on this subject has just been published, presides next week at an International Congress held at the University of London to hear and discuss papers upon Moral Education in Schools read by a number of eminent teachers, men and women, from almost all the civilised countries of the world. Though the initiative in the Congress has come from individuals and private associations, school education has become everywhere so largely a State function that it might have been expected that every Government should interest itself in these deliberations. We regret to learn that while nearly every European State and certain great municipalities, such as Berlin, have sent accredited representatives to take part in the Congress, neither our Education Department nor the Education Committee of the London County Council has seen fit to follow their example. We cannot imagine a more discouraging reflection on the spirit which governs these authorities.

About the utility of international co-operation for such an object no question can arise, for while on matters of politics or industry, such as form the subject of many of these Congresses, wide national divergences of institutions or of interests must be taken into account, these first principles of rational education drive down to the common roots of humanity among all civilised peoples. Even the discussion of differences in the application of principles to the particular conditions of school life in

the various nations must greatly contribute to a clearer apprehension both of the principles themselves and of the methods of applying them. Thoughtful consideration of such issues as the following cannot fail to yield a rich harvest of experience: School and Home; School Organisation; Methods of Training and Teaching; Juvenile Literature; Civics and Patriotism; The Relation of Religious, Intellectual, Æsthetic and Physical to Moral Education; The Education of the Morally Backward; Moral Education in Kindergartens, in Primary and Secondary Schools, in Continuation Schools, and in Training Colleges.

There is, however, one issue of quite pre-eminent importance in educational method which must assert itself in the deliberations of this Congress. Can moral facts be taught to children, as physical facts are taught, so as to dominate their conduct by firm habits? Can a child be taught not to lie as he can be taught not to put his hand in the fire? In both cases there is the action of a natural law, equally regular in its causation, its sanctions, and penalties: it is to this natural law that in both instances the appeal is made. Even those who refuse to divorce morals from some ultimate theistic sanction, conceive the Divine Will as operating by this natural law. "The laws above are sisters of the laws below," as Emerson says. But a moment's reflection suffices to show that, though it may be the business of a teacher to make a lie as repulsive as a burn, the mode of demonstration or conviction must be far less simple, and the result far less certain. This opens up, indeed, a relative though a wider issue of method in moral training. Can ethics be taught at all as a separate subject or group of subjects, in lessons upon work, purity, courtesy, temperance, kindness to animals, hygiene, thrift, &c., or is it better to adopt the more indirect or "penetrative" method by which moral teaching will be got out of literature, history, and the training in accuracy, taste, and industry which art, natural sciences, and mathematics yield? While a fairly general agreement has been reached that morals must not be taught in any merely abstract way, or so as to encourage that gymnastics of casuistry to which many children are so easily addicted, the broader issue still remains open. Each course has its advantages, and, we may add, its perils. The latter, perhaps, in most instances, proceed from a certain strain towards undue "specialisation" which has tended to attach to the term "morals" and even more to "ethics."

The popular resentment of claims of supremacy for "morals" as the guide of conduct is undoubtedly associated with a certain coldness and austerity of character, and the term "ethics" has inherited this reputation with some added burden of depressing priggishness. Enlightened educationalists of to-day are somewhat hampered by these traditional associations of language, and the atmosphere they carry with them. Indeed, while we are entirely sympathetic with Lady Grove's plea in the "Fortnightly Review" for the "permeation of the moral idea into the ordinary every-day school curriculum," we confess to looking forward with some alarm to the operation of a school in which teachers were ever anxious to extract ethical values out of the geography or the arithmetic lesson. All subjects are not directly and equally "palpitating with human interests," and any attempt to make them palpitate may serve to upset their educational equilibrium. Such risks, however, not really serious, will be averted in just proportion as the narrower associations of "morals" and "ethics" yield to the wider import of "humanity" in which the conception of character fuses the physical and the intellectual with the "moral."

For it is this large humanism that is the only educational atmosphere in which the soul of man can grow to its full stature, and no other "atmosphere," religious, military, patriotic, or even moral, in a narrower sense, is to be tolerated in our schools. It is because we believe that this wider conception of moral education already commands the intellectual assent and the sympathy of our best educationalists that we welcome the fresh stimulus the Congress will give to the greatest and finest of the fine arts.

BARMECIDE FEASTS.

When a newspaper the other evening displayed on its broadsheet the solitary announcement, "Burglars feast on Royal Fruit!" what an alluring picture it called up! Others might go splashing about in mud and rain, some of them hungry, all of them cold and wet. But inside that royal dining-room what genial warmth, what caressing light, shed from silvery lustres upon the gleaming surface of immemorial mahogany where, in bowls and salvers and centre-pieces of solid gold, the Royal Fruit was piled with the lavish profusion of Arabia Felix! Apples shone ruddily, their peel, no doubt, emblazoned with the royal arms, as it is emblazoned for the imperial picnics of the Tsar. Grapes flushed purple, weightier than those of Eskron, of which it needed two Israelites to carry off a bunch; oranges were there at a dollar a dozen; melons, fat and soft as a policeman's head. To say that the board groaned would be a novelist's licence, for not a groan was heard, and all was safe and still, as round that opulent board the jolly burglars sat, for once in their lives exactly as happy as kings. "This 'ere's somethink like!" spluttered Bill, his dear, dishonest face deep in a guinea pear. "Chuck us yer jemmy, mate, for them pavin' stones," said Charlie, after trying to crack the Brazil nuts in the hinge of the silver door. "Drive slowly twice round the pawk, and then 'ome," said Bob to the chauffeur of the Blackwall motor-'bus when at last the feast was done.

It was a dream of earthly bliss seldom realised in this work-a-day world. Those too happy burglars had enjoyed in actuality the very thing that the audiences at our theatres seek after but are compelled to enjoy only in a semblance, a figment, a fantastic projection of the brain, a Barmecide feast. Take, for example, the men and women now crowding to behold the drama called "Sins of Society" in a southern theatre where aristocratic foot has never trod. Honourable shopmen with their wives, small manufacturers, publicans, foremen, undertakers, lodging-house keepers, clerks, and the working people—they have all gathered for their feast on royal fruit. They long to be quit of beef, mutton, suet, and household jam; they long to shake themselves free, just for one fleeting night, from the common round, the daily task, which is so far from furnishing all they need to ask. For one night they will lay aside the virtue that so easily besets them and move unabashed among the vice and glamour of the very best society. They will be admitted to the intimacy of titled ladies who lose one fortune at bridge and the next on the racecourse of Paris. They will see the high-born hero in the Guards swear to save a woman's honour (concealed in a cardboard box), take off his best coat to the job, and set to work in his shirt-sleeves. They will learn how auburn duchesses walk the world, how Anglican priests may be human at a crisis, how countesses lead their lovers about a tea-party by the ear, how natural it appears to a lady of title to be received by a millionaire in running drawers and a pink dressing-gown, and how deeply engrained is virtue in an aristocratic villain, seeing he has perpetrated all his villainy for Gwen—all for Lady Gwen.

It is our feast on royal fruit—a Barmecide feast, to be sure, for we dimly know we are not really part of that illustrious society, and at the foot of the titled programme we are sharply brought back to the facts of our humble estate by an advertisement of Bottled Bass, where champagne would have been more in keeping. But even the Bottled Bass is described as "supplied to the Palace of Westminster," and who shall grudge us this short relief from the sphere of our drab relations, this glimpse into fairyland, this brief satisfaction of the moth's desire for the star?

> "What I aspired to be,
> And was not, comforts me,"

sang another poet. And here we have what we aspire to be. We should like to move in that entourage of splendid wickedness and stupendous deeds, to run the safe though deadly risks of morphia and revolvers, to relieve some poor criminal's mind with a gift of ten thousand pounds, to wave the banner of England while

the ship settles into the deep and the battalion stands with presented arms, dressed by the right, and singing "God Save the King!"

In another drama it was an equal joy to be present at a State ball in the Winter Palace and see the Tsar take his seat upon the throne in a staff cap and military greatcoat (alas! our only Imperial properties), while the adventurous heroine whirled in a solo dance before him, having concealed about her person a live bomb the size and shape of an old-fashioned cannon-ball—a thing impossible for Miss Maud Allan to do. There is the life worth living, the kind of existence for which all of us poor drudges crave. Had that bomb but dropped, how different would have been the scene from our even course of secure monotony! Why should we listen to those who call us to dramas of real life? Real life, indeed! Have we not back-parlours of our own? Let us rather remember the reproof of the wise essayist, when, writing of the Artificial Comedy, he said:—

> "We have been spoiled with the exclusive and all-devouring drama of common life. We carry our fireside concerns to the theatre with us. We do not go thither, like our ancestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it. We must live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mournful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the Shades."

Well, we have certainly left the pressure of reality far enough behind us now. Upon our modern stage there is no dull similitude to life, but all is fancy, farce, and comfortable lies. So one was not surprised when a morning paper discovered the other day that "there are only two or three plays at the nineteen theatres open in which the wealthy classes do not monopolise the interest." A list of fourteen theatres followed, in which the characters were sometimes mere kings, princes, or dukes, but as a rule were millionaires. It is quite natural that this should be so. Serious critics, looking round for a reason, might say that it is only in well-to-do classes, free from the cares of food, warmth, or wages, that comedy has a sphere. Men and women, they say, must be well-off for comedy, though we may dip lower down for pathos, humour, or sugared sentiment. But serious critics go too far afield for explanations. The real reason is that our West-End theatres depend on the upper-middle classes, and where the working people and lower-middle classes desire a life of astonishing wickdness and glorified virtue in a setting of titles, the upper-middle classes desire a life of luxury in a setting of gold. Wealth is their glimpse into fairyland, the star which they desire, the vision of something not themselves which makes for comfort, the royal fruit on which they long to feast. Just as soldiers take no interest in Mr. Kipling's soldier tales, and the poor see nothing in Dickens, so the upper-middle classes are discontented with dramas of average income. "It is unwholesome," says George Meredith, in his "Essay on Comedy," "it is unwholesome for men and women to see themselves as they are if they are not better than they should be." The upper-middle classes, being quite aware that they are not richer than they should be, find it unwholesome to see themselves as they are. They, too, yearn for something beyond, some golden glory of a dream. It is the millionaire's life for which they yearn—the just unattainable ideal. They support their preference by appeals to Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has become their apostle. With what vigour he denounces poverty, with what philosophic penetration extols the glory of wealth:—

> "The crying need of the nation," he has said, "is not for better morals, cheaper bread, temperance, liberty, culture, redemption of fallen sisters and erring brothers, nor the grace, love, and fellowship of the Trinity, but simply for enough money."

Enough money! But the millionaire is the only man who really has enough, and beside his claim to honour, how flat and commonplace are morality, liberty, culture, religion, and the other objects only mentioned by Mr. Shaw to be rejected! To adapt a line from "The Silver Box," the millionaire has got what the upper-middle classes want. As the Greeks liked to see gods and heroes on the stage, those being the kind of persons they would wish to be themselves, so modern managers recognise the millionaire as the fittest character for our dramas. Let the dramatist, while he is about it, set his millionaires thick upon the boards, for the millionaire is the vision splendid, the sort of man theatre-goers would choose to be, the royal fruit on which they long to feast, even though, at a play, the feast is rather of a Barmecide description.

VISITORS.

As the people of the city go, they come; and while the pleasure-seekers seek pleasure elsewhere, and multitudes of workers are away, taking a temporary rest, they fill the emptier streets unusually.

Singly, and in pairs, and in homely parties, and straggling droves, they wander through the streets, and gaze and gaze, in a lingering oblivion of wonderment. Their enjoyment is very leisurely. They stroll and stop and loiter on again, with ever-turning head and widening eyes; and they speak strange languages, or curiously. For they are foreigners and country-folk.

They come, for a holiday, to see the City of the Great Unrest; and their methods make them incongruous, because of their slow, deliberate, staring interest. It is as if they could never see enough, and could never see too much of what they see. And while they point and ejaculate and stand admiring, the busy people pass them quickly by, and the turmoil of the traffic surges on, in concentrated streams of straining speed. For they principally frequent the larger thoroughfares, where the city's usual unrest is always evident; and they saunter round and group themselves about the well-known buildings, where the people of the city never stop. Thus they bring notice on themselves.

But, besides the contrast of their meanderings, their clothes and face and manner betray them variously; and their peculiarities and tendencies proclaim the place or country whence they come. For they are noticeably representative.

They act as unrestricted strangers—naturally. Clumsy, slow-stepping men, in rigid clothes, with the color and creases of the open air upon their face, plod ponderously on, or stand stock-still, patiently waiting for an omnibus that never comes; while their women, young and old, in finikin, be-ribboned muslins, or thick, hot cloths, stray from their side to gape at shops, or fidget and worry on the kerb to get advice as to their journeyings. Indifferently-interested gangs, in caps, with badges in their buttonhole, or decked in variegated finery, plank their metallic feet along the streets; and the uncouth men and faded women fling at each other criticisms and jests. And unobtrusive folk, with a revealing, awkward gaiety of dress, or the dazed uncertainty of those not used to speed, troop into eating-shops, or munch food as they go, or sidle into auctions, specially designed for their unknowingness.

Many show only accustomed curiosity. Flat-hatted youths, in coats too big for them, slouch lazily about the busiest streets, as if they liked the hurry and the noise; their empty hands hang limply at their sides, and flopping bows of shoe-lace add to the superfluity of their wrinkled trouser-ends. At the galleries and the well-known places and the palaces, beveiled, quick-eyed women congregate in unescorted groups; each has an inevitable dangling bag; with a strident, drawling curiosity they maks short runs at anybody to enquire; policemen they mob, and even sentries on duty are not safe; such is their anxiety to know. And equally inquisitive pairs of straightfaced men and women stop everywhere, forever asking things.

Though you may tell their nationality by their speech, it is not necessary to hear them talk; for they proclaim themselves. Complacent couples, arm-in-arm, hung round with straps and cameras, seem satisfied to stroll and look at anything; but every now and then they stop to read red-covered books, and gesticulate and gabble angrily. White-faced, white-shoed exotics, dressed daintily, saunter wherever there are trees or space, with a lilt or languor in their high-heeled walk, inspecting idly, from heavy-lidded eyes, the people more

than anything; and their plump or haggard escort wears the little hat, or the light, tight suit, or the generous tie of other lands. Whole families seek the quiet of the parks, straggling and speaking aloud among themselves—mothers, with only a back effort at a waist, or worryingly thin, talk dispassionately of what they see, or, may be, exhort some bare-legged, bare-armed children not to lag; perspiring fathers, with tufted upper chin, or pointed beard, carry their hat and handkerchief, and wave both, as a fan, or to point their strangled sentences; daughters, demurely contradictory in looks, catch and avoid the glances of a passer-by; and tall, knickerbockered sons kick up the gravel as they dawdle on—a little bored. Or, in hot, contented proximity, they sit—five or six of them—upon a seat.

Some are experienced, and some only just reveal their foreignness in an unfamiliar look, or one unusual article of wear. Square-bearded elegants, in elongated boots, escort proud women, with glittering eyes, about the shops, or lounge with them indolently in hired carriages or cabs. Ceremoniously straight-backed, satchelled folk, and pairs and parties, all equally stout and oxen-eyed, trudge methodically from place to place, as if they were cataloguing things; and they look at every place of note thoughtfully through the usual glasses on their nose; and they point, and meditate. Occasionally a resident compatriot acts as guide, with the lofty indulgent air of one who knows. And sallow, untidy men and swarthy, dark-lipped women parade the dusty pavements, leisurely, indifferent to the heat and glare.

Thus, with detached, contrasting groups and individuals, the hurry of the streets and the saunter of the parks are strangely changed; and the places of interest and entertainment seem curiously cosmopolitan. For their itinerary is very much the same; and mostly they are obvious, untravelled, homely folk.

In all they do they show their homeliness and a certain natural unconsciousness. They read aloud the names of streets, regardless of a pronunciation that may raise a smile; they ask their way quite naturally in unintelligible words, or demand information spontaneously from the person nearest them; and they raise their hat, or smile familiarly in thanks. When they are tired they sit down where they are—on the steps of public buildings, or on railings, or on the dirty, paper-strewn plots of public grass; and they see no harm in walking hand-in-hand, nor do they think it wrong to eat things as they walk. They do what they want to do in a manner of their own.

For they only think of what they see. They have come to see the city and the sights; and in their sight-seeing they enjoy themselves without a thought of whether what they do seems strange.

They take no heed of passing curiosity. In shaded solemnity and silent rows they crowd in under the awning of *char-à-bancs*, and pack into decorated brakes; and, as they drive funerally about, they crane and look, following the driver's pointing whip, or the conductor's extended arm, with simultaneously-turned faces. Regardless of the jostle of the streets, they stop to turn the pages of a book, and read and discuss the information volubly; and they spread out maps between themselves, or on a seat, and hold long consultations as to where they are and where they want to be. They feed strangely, without rule, at all times, when they feel inclined; and the careful ones inspect the bill of fare outside before they enter in. They turn about on the tops of crowded omnibuses; they comment on ordinary unnoticed scenes; they admire views.

So, with an indolent loitering, they spend their day in one long, hovering continual look. During the evening they continue seeing things, at crowded entertainments or gay-lighted shows. And then they disappear into strange lodgings and peculiar hotels—to seek a needed rest.

But all this continuous, fatiguing sight of sights does not apparently affect them adversely. Even towards the close of their long day, they remain, for the most part, contented and interested and polite. Though their faces may show the weariness of sight-seeing, the snappy petulance and little bickerings of holiday fatigue are seldom heard; though they are tired, or even harassed or confused, they persevere, with smiles, or eager interest, or stolidly. For they are determined to admire and enjoy; and very nearly all of them succeed.

Letters from Abroad.

IS CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN TURKEY POSSIBLE?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Given a nation of about twenty-four millions, seven of whom are Christians and the rest Moslems; a nation consisting of various and hitherto hostile races, none of which has the tradition of self-government, a nation which has been under an Asiatic despotism of a crude form for centuries, can a constitutional government possibly be more than a temporary phase in its history? Such is the question which, under various forms, has been often asked since the wonderful 24th of July.

In order to give an answer, it is worth while to call attention to several factors in the problem, and first, to those which produced the revolution. The Turkish people during the last half century have had an exceptional education in political matters. Those who knew Turkey in the 'sixties speak with great respect of two great Turkish reformers, Ali and Fuad. They, like their immediate successors, of whom Midhat Pasha was the most conspicuous, were the pioneers of political liberty in Turkey. They were a band of men acquainted with Western civilisation. They realised the definite fact that since 1683 every quarter of a century had seen a diminution of the Turkish Empire, and they were desirous of checking its disintegration. In some respects they were dreamers. They corresponded to the band of philosophic Radicals of whom Grote and Layard formed part. Neither had much democratic sympathy. But their seed fell upon fruitful soil. Their immediate successors gained their greatest triumph when they compelled Abdul Hamid to grant a Constitution in 1876. It was not granted because the Sultan or even any important section of the Turkish people sympathised with liberty, but as a means of checkmating the Powers, who by their representatives were trying to draft reforms for Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina. A Turkish Parliament actually met, showed considerable capacity, and sat some months. In February, 1878, Abdul Hamid in one night packed off all the members from Constantinople, and decreed that the portion of the Constitution relating to a representative chamber should be in abeyance. The principal use of the Parliament had been to popularise the idea of constitutional government.

Abdul Hamid had unconsciously rendered service both in granting the Parliament and in dismissing it The short period during which it sat showed to native and foreigner alike, first, that abuses were rife all through the Empire, and second, that the deputies of the people, though elected under conditions unfavorable to a fair representation, were determined to sweep away these abuses. The government of Abdul Hamid, from the time of destroying his Parliament until last July, was compared with that which the Parliament would have established. The Constitution, of which the Chamber was the most important part, became an ideal, almost a fetish. Give us a Parliament, and all abuses will cease. To create such an ideal was an important service.

An equally valuable one was rendered by Abdul Hamid in another direction. The European visitors whom he saw, including Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, told him that, for the prosperity of his country, he should build roads and railways, and have the people taught to read. To do the first required money, and very little progress has been made. The mollahs supported the proposal to establish schools. Abdul Hamid saw no harm in it. They would, at least, make him more highly

thought of abroad. He established elementary Turkish schools throughout the Empire, which have taught reading and writing, and practically nothing else. But the result was remarkable. There are probaby fifty times more readers of Turkish now than there were thirty years ago. There were times when Abdul Hamid seems to have felt that education was a little dangerous. Some years ago the professors of one of the most important Turkish colleges in the Empire received orders not to teach anything but reading and writing, and the director in consequence vetoed instruction in other subjects. The acquisition of the power of reading was a splendid service to the political education of the upper layers of the Turkish population. For though the Turkish papers were worthless for the purposes of information, yet they kept alive the art of reading, and, when the revolution came and the censors were bundled out of the printing offices, the newspapers immediately increased their circulation, and every week since has seen the birth of new papers.

Abdul Hamid's most important contribution to the political education of his people was a demonstration of the manifest inefficiency of his personal government. He lost territory everywhere. It would perhaps be unfair to hold him responsible for the diminution of the Empire resulting from the Russian War. But Cyprus, Tunis, Egypt, and Crete, ceased to be part of the Empire through his want of statesmanship. Nor did his country share in the material progress of European nations. His policy was his own and not that of his Ministers. It was not merely inefficient, it was supremely foolish. Granting that he wished to secure his own position, his conduct was opposed to the realisation of his wish. It worried everybody, and kept its inefficiency constantly in view. Fancy a Government which abolished a well-organised local post because it facilitated conspiracy, that would not hear of a telephonic service for a like reason, that ostentatiously delivered opened letters, that drove correspondents to send their telegrams a few hours by rail or sea out of Turkish territory, that created so large an army of spies that it had to create another to spy upon the spies, that paid heavy subsidies to foreign newspapers in order to prevent the insertion of articles against the Sultan personally; that allowed an up-to-date fleet to rot in harbour, its sailors unpractised, its boilers rusted for want of attention, because it had brought about the revolution which dethroned Abdul Aziz.

The story of the purchase of the three best ironclads in the navy is a striking example of the folly of the Palace *régime*, and is worthy of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Four Powers, America, Great Britain, France and Italy, demanded compensation for damages done to the property of their subjects during the Armenian massacres. The Sultan denied all liability. The Powers insisted on payment, and the pressure began to be severe. Then a brilliant idea presented itself. The American Chargé d'Affairs was sent for, and at the Sultan's request produced a representative of the shipbuilding firm of Cramp. A new ironclad of the latest pattern was bargained for; and then the secret came out. Cramps were to add to the price the amount claimed by the United States Legation for the damages done to American citizens. The total amount would be paid to the Legation, which would, of course, pay Cramps what was due, and the Legation would not be asked what it had done with the rest. In this way, argued the Palace, the principle of non-liability would be saved, and the Legation would not bother any more about compensation for the destruction of American property. The whole operation was to be kept strictly secret. So it was, for twenty-four hours. Then the British Ambassador, the French, and the Italian, put forward their claims arising out of the massacres. Armstrongs took a contract for an ironclad of the latest model, and the British claims were added in the same way, and paid over to the British Embassy. So also with the French and Italian claims.

The people of Turkey had thus been educated politically by allowing them to see what a Parliament could do, by causing them to form an ideal of what a Parliament *might* do, and by rendering them discontented with the Palace government. These causes combined to produce general discontent, and a people ready for revolution. The knowledge of reading, once the signal was given, acted in producing an ubiquitous explosion.

These are the principal factors which produced the revolution. But having established Constitutional Government, what are the factors to be considered in examining whether it can continue?

There is, first of all, a profound belief among all classes in the efficacy of the Constitution. It will take years before the people can be convinced that its provisions are not a panacea for all the ills of misgovernment. They are likely, of course, to be disappointed in results, but they will attribute failure to persons, and not to the institution. It will take at least another generation to make them forget the thirty years' tyranny. There will be also the strong desire of the thousands who have taken part in the revolution to prevent its work being undone, and the great fear of the reprisals which would follow if a reaction were to succeed.

Most important of all is the new hope which the Constitution has inspired for an improvement in the material interests of the people. Poverty has existed everywhere, poverty of a kind unknown in any European country. Roads and bridges everywhere in ruins; fields uncultivated and long since covered with natural and useless scrub. Yet the poorest peasant recognises that these are ills due to misgovernment. He cannot get his produce to market for want of roads. He therefore does not grow more than suffices for his own wants. He has nothing which he can sell, and knows that in the rare cases of men who have saved a little, they have been liable to have it taken from them by the tithe farmer, backed by an unscrupulous official, who has bought his office. He hopes to see roads repaired, bridges rebuilt, communications opened up to the sea, or to railways. The enterprising men who even a dozen years ago went through Asia Minor buying what they could at absurdly low rates, in the hope of getting it through to a market, will again present themselves. Even already the peasant has been delighted to see that the cruel and absurd restrictions upon travel have been, thanks to the Constitution, abolished. Small local hawkers or merchants can once more travel to sell their Manchester or Sheffield goods, in exchange for such goods as the peasant can produce. When the Constitution is in full swing, he believes that all the evils from which he has been suffering will vanish. A new era of prosperity is what is dreamed of by all sections of the community. This is in itself an important factor, to be considered in asking whether Constitutional Government can continue.

A further factor to be taken into consideration is that the population of the Turkish Empire is an easy one to govern. This is a statement which would, I think, be endorsed by all who are acquainted with Turkey. Every Turk is a soldier, the son of generations of soldiers, and the habit of discipline is inborn. In the various massacres of the last half century the killing was done to order. Sir Philip Currie was firmly convinced that this was the case during all the slaughter of the Armenians. In many places the massacres were commenced and concluded by sound of trumpet, as if by military drill. The Turkish crowd obeyed orders. Nor is the non-Moslem population an unruly one. The Greeks are found mostly on the coast lines of Asia Minor, and are quiet and law respecting. The Armenians have only been driven into revolt by intolerable tyranny; otherwise they were ready even to pay tribute to the Kurds in order to live a quiet life.

One of the gravest factors in the problem results from the incongruous elements which will be represented in the Turkish Parliament: Turkish peasants almost all unable to read, but full of the spiritual pride which makes the ignorant Moslem everywhere feel himself a member of a superior order of beings to all non-Moslems; Greeks, who fear that they and their privileges will be swamped in the great Moslem majority, who have been

taught by centuries of experience to distrust Turkish rule; Kurds little removed from savagery, and accustomed to live by preying on their Christian neighbours; Arabs of Syria, with great natural intelligence, and somewhat better educated than the Turks, whom they hate; Armenians, keen in all business matters, and with an aptitude for acquiring property due partly to race, and still more to their having had, like the Jews, to hold their own surrounded by enemies; Lazes, hardly further removed from savagery than Kurds; Albanians, perhaps the race best adapted to exercise political rights, a race which has usually been tolerant in religious matters. Secure in their mountains they have never been altogether subdued.

Can these incongruous elements be made to combine? Well, one must distinguish: the Kurds will require a strong hand. They are already giving trouble in Dersin and its neighborhood. But even they and the Lazes have been accustomed to feel the power of Government which will be represented in the future, as in the past, by the soldier and the policeman. When Christians are enrolled in the army, the tendency will be to diminish disorders due to differences of race and religion. If the Government should get itself well established, the mass of ordinary subjects will be obedient to it without considering whether it is that of the Sultan actually or of Parliament acting in his name.

Now as to the Parliament itself.

The leaders recognise that the provisions in the Constitution for its election are complex and almost unintelligible. These are to be altered without delay. But, with or without changes, the actual elected chamber will constitute an oligarchy. The officials, the mollahs, in certain places the surviving beys, will really elect the representatives, and if they make as good a choice as they did thirty-two years ago the chamber will do fairly well.

The Constitution cuts off the lower stratum of the population by requiring a property qualification. Only those can vote who pay two Turkish pounds a year for land tax on their own property. The franchise therefore at once becomes greatly restricted. There is no class of landed gentry or of squires in Turkey (unless we except a few beys), but there is a large class of peasant proprietors. If a Turk does not cultivate his land or is not a soldier he manages to become an official. They and the mollah class are the persons in the provinces who have most influence. They will select candidates, and the voters will vote usually as they are advised by these, whom they regard as natural leaders.

Among the Christians matters will be somewhat different. Turkish statistics are far from trustworthy. Out of a total population in Asia Minor of eighteen millions, there are said to be only three and a-quarter millions of Christians. Out of an alleged six millions in Europe, three and a-half are reported as Christians. The Christians, through their respective churches, have always kept certain rights of self-government, and the Committees or Ephories of their churches will assist in choosing representative men for the chamber.

Then comes the most serious question of all: Will the great Moslem majority consent to admit non-Moslems on an equality with themselves? I propose to leave the discussion of this question for a second letter.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN PEARS.

Constantinople, September 14th, 1908.

Contemporaries.

PRESIDENT DIAZ.

MOMMSEN says somewhere that Julius Caesar was at the same time absolute dictator and a democrat of the democrats. So is, *mutatis mutandis*, the reigning president of Mexico. That republic exhibits to the world an interesting example of a despot ruling by universal suffrage. General Diaz is elected to the chief executive office of his country under a constitution by which every male citizen twenty-one years of age (or eighteen if he is married) has an equal vote. At the end of his term of office (now six years, until lately four) he becomes again a private citizen. And yet no one who has lived long in Mexico doubts that, theoretically no more than constitutional president, he is in fact an absolute monarch, whose will is as undisputed and effective as was that of Haroun al Raschid, and that he will always be re-elected until he dies or pleases to retire. More fortunate than Caesar, he has now reigned for twenty-eight years, and no sovereign in Europe has a securer seat.

Sir Porfirio Diaz (for so he may call himself if he chooses, King Edward having conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Bath) completed his seventy-eighth year on the 15th of this month.

Mexico is very unlike Rome, and Caesar played his part on a far greater stage, and yet, in his degree, the Mexican may be compared to the Roman in other respects than as at once dictator and democrat. He is like Caesar in being both a statesman and a general, in being ever practical and never fanciful, in his capacity for placing himself in the main currents of his time, in the deep attachment of his friends, in the amazing rapidity of his journeys, in the singular and happy tenacity of his memory. If Caesar knew the names of all the soldiers of the tenth legion, it is said of Diaz that, should he meet a poor Indian whom he has but once spoken to twenty years before, he addresses him instantly by his Christian name. Like Caesar, he never hesitated in battle to hazard his own person. Like Caesar's, his dictatorship, at first temporary, became gradually permanent. His ambition, like that of the great Roman, has been the regeneration of his deeply-decayed nation. Like Caesar, too, he has been the first to tranquillise his country. And, like Caesar, he came not to begin, but to complete. For Juarez, his predecessor, a man greater morally, and not less steadfast, laid the foundation of the edifice Diaz has built up.

Diaz's task was to make Mexico orderly and solvent. He could only fulfil it as the nominal servant and the actual master of the people. Thus it was necessary that he should be popular. And so Fate willed that the odium of the unpopular measures necessary for Mexico's redemption should be borne by others. Clerical and military privilege had to be abolished, and the Roman Catholic Church disestablished and disendowed, but Juarez did these things while Diaz was a subordinate. His good fortune even served him in spite of himself; for, after the victory of the Liberals, it kept him out of office against his will, while Lerdo mercilessly suppressed every spark of life in the remnants of the clerical party, and passed the very necessary (for revenue had to be raised), but most inquisitorial, harassing and unpopular tax that could be invented, the Stamp Act; while martial law was proclaimed against the "condottieri," many of them his good friends; while the superfluous crowd of military officers, his comrades, an army in itself, was abolished; while roads and bridges and railways and telegraphs were built with money borrowed by any means on any terms. He had predecessors as able and as honest, but less fortunate. The patriots, Hidalgo, Morelos, Juarez, had cleared away the first and worst obstacles to Mexico's progress, and the weaknesses of the immediate successors of Juarez made a background on which Diaz's character shone with redoubled lustre. Other things have contributed to his success. Naturally the first that occurs to one is his powerful personality. He is both feared and beloved. He came into power by the bloodiest of all Mexico's revolutions. His courage, his skill, his luck, his incredible swiftness, and his calm ruthlessness have inspired opponents with sheer terror. His gentleness of manner, his perfect temper, his considerate affection, and his unfailing memory have won and held the devotion of his friends.

Then his rule is wise and beneficent. The country has had peace and prosperity under it, and knows when it is well off. Anarchy has become order, bankruptcy has been turned into solvency and good credit. Life and property, formerly of precarious tenure, have become as safe for the well-behaved as they are in England. Thus, even if there had existed any considerable opposition

in Mexico, it would have been disarmed. But, as has happened, there is none. Before he came into power for the first time, in 1876, with the *prestige* of the most distinguished fighter among the *Liberales*, his opponents, the *Clerigos*, the Catholic Party, had been annihilated with the fall of Maximilian. The country was at peace when he became president for the second time, after an interval of four years, in 1884. He had now a clear field. All his possible rivals, whether of his own party or his opponents', were dead or discredited.

Lastly, although Diaz uses the democratic machinery of government, he is careful not to let it get beyond his control. Once firmly in his seat, he equipped and reorganised the army, placed a trustworthy friend in every higher command, and distributed the regiments so that the soldiers should be distant from their friends and among alien tribes. He has so promoted the extension of railways and telegraphs that he can quickly quell any outbreak of disorder before it has time to spread. And he takes care that every State governor and higher official is his adherent. Thus government is effective and elections run sweetly. Voters do not in Mexico vote directly. Five hundred voters choose a delegate, and he votes. The delegate is almost always amenable to the powers in office, and if he is not it does not matter, for the enumerators are. The Indian voter does not know much about it, and is indeed seldom consulted. But he does know, and under Diaz's wise rule it is well for him that he does know, that no man's property, or liberty, or even life, is safe if he makes trouble for the Government.

In the science of "booming" his country (the article he desires to bring to the notice of an investing world) Diaz has learned from his northern neighbour, and has bettered the lesson. By using and improving upon the method of the subsidised newspaper, by an urbane condescension to the globe-trotter, the special correspondent, male and female, the adventurous tourist, he has gained a thousand *clacqueurs*. He has astutely entered into a tacit agreement with the kodak-carrying scribbler, who will "do" Mexico in six weeks and publish an illustrated volume for the circulating libraries. Diaz is ready to furnish his share of the materials. He has a department for the purpose which will supply selected information ready for the market. The president will graciously add the signed photographs of himself and his wife, their lithographed visiting-cards, and even a note of invitation to lunch at Chapultepec, all to be reproduced in the book by full-page photogravure. Sweet are the uses of advertisement, and even a piece of pasteboard properly published blesses both him that gives and him that takes. Foreign capital accordingly is said to be flowing into Mexico now at the rate of forty millions sterling per annum. Inhabitants, too, are gradually coming to its vast lands, for, as the United States once did (but does no longer), Diaz welcomes everybody of every race and color, Chinaman, Jap, Mormon, Jew. Silver and gold mines, mills, plantations, tramways, railways, and harbours increase. A great wave of American enterprise pours across the Rio Grande. But there is little fear of the "Uitlander" appropriating the country. The Government keeps a firm grip. Already it has the predominating interest in the chief railways, and holds in its own hands the great lines of communication with the United States. English capitalists have re-made the railway across the narrow isthmus of Tehuantepec, and have built the splendid harbours at each end. But Diaz has only given them a lease, so that it is the Mexican Government which owns the quickest means of transport from the Atlantic to the Pacific, ten degrees nearer New York and San Francisco than the Panama canal will be, and with ten years' start of it. His last financial achievement has been the successful conversion of Mexican currency to a gold standard.

This great man has brought his administration, but hardly yet his people, within the comity of nations. Other countries are said to have a submerged tenth, Mexico has only an emerged tenth. The remaining nine fractions are still below the level. And such civilisation as he has brought about is not indigenous—is superficial rather than substantial. As Mexico borrowed her constitution in large measure from the United States, she is also getting from the same source her ideals of progress. She takes those she can assimilate, and they are chiefly such as can be expressed in dollars and cents. Diaz has ruled Mexico wisely and firmly. He has imposed upon her public order and financial solvency. He has greatly extended school education, though it is still far short of being universal. He is bringing Mexico into line with Chicago. But he seems to be not so much civilising the Mexican people as introducing a different kind of barbarism. His country has always been attractive to the adventurer. It is still so, but Diaz has altered the attraction, and now draws largely adventurers of a different class, the company promoter, the exploiter of "concessions," the filibuster of the stock exchange. What his methods have made, and tend to make, may be seen in the streets of his capital any afternoon.

Porfirio Diaz is a hero both in the oldest fashion and the very newest. And, in Mexico at least, he has very nearly attained to his apotheosis in his lifetime.

The Drama.

THE SAD CASE OF DR. FAUST.

If anything could justify an invasion of England by Germany (personally conducted by a band of pro-Rectors) it would be Messrs. Phillips's & Carr's adaptation of "Faust," which is now having a brilliant vogue at His Majesty's Theatre. From Fichte to Bismarck we have suffered much at Germany's hands—but has she deserved this? And yet, in the act of commiserating the countrymen of Goethe, I find myself drawn to sympathise with a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. For it seems to me that Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carr have been under fewer obligations to the German poet than to his American translator, Bayard Taylor. I see that an American critic in the "Forum" gives what appears to be irrefutable proof that the reef from which our authors largely quarried was not the original poem but Taylor's very interesting rendering of it. For example, they have followed Taylor in a mistranslation designed to preserve the rhyme. In Faust's famous soliloquy, Taylor renders "Der Kranich nach der Heimat strebt" by "The crane sails by to other *shores*," by way of furnishing a rhyme to "soars," instead of writing simply "The crane shapes onward to its *home*." The Phillips version, without the compelling influence of rhyme, repeats Taylor's inaccuracy, and announces that "past me sailed the crane to other shores." The wording of the ballads—both of the "König in Thule," and "Meine Ruh' ist hin"—and a comparison of the verse endings and the general verbiage of the two works makes this imitation of an imitation obvious. What is lost is the poetic feeling and the intellectual strength of the American version. What is left is good enough for a crude melodrama, the only form of a great world-poem which the most considered of our actor-managers thinks it wise to place before an audience in the heart of well-to-do London.

It seems necessary to ask why such a travesty of literature, which no one would tolerate in any form of art but the dramatic, readily finds a place on our stage. Our critics do not protest against it; I imagine that after Irving's example they are resigned to it. But how complete the degradation of the theatre when a man of undoubted intelligence like Mr. Tree takes from a drama like "Faust" its poetry, its moral significance, its philosophical adornment, and presents its mysteries, its pictures of Heaven and Hell, of the soul of man and of woman, as a kind of cinematograph show, its pictures linked together by a story of seduction! Within the space which the authors of the version at His Majesty's allow themselves no other treatment is possible. And there is a superficial reason for it. The loves of Faust and Gretchen will always be remembered; their philosophic setting will not. But it is not feasible

thus to cut across a great writer's purpose without spoiling his work. Over-subtle, over-learned, as Goethe's "Faust" may seem to be, its writer meant something more than to re-tell an old legend. And if his larger ends are unrepresented, his poetry is necessarily coarsened. Take Mr. Phillips's treatment of Margaret. She is the "woman soul"; not the mere child of passion that this version declares her to be. Mr. Phillips makes her yield to Faust, in a scene which was not a little distressing to witness, under physical impulse; Goethe's idea was that her surrender followed from the innocent submission of her soul and spirit to this wonderful dazzling young man, who seemed to her to be all beauty and wisdom. Tolstoy repeats the Margaret theme in "Resurrection," and with a similar intention. In the same way the whole conception of the poem is weakened and defaced. The temptation of Faust is a "set to" between the powers of good and evil, the end of which is inevitable. Faust's wisdom teaches him in advance that mere pleasure will never hold him, and though Mephisto depraves his relationship with Margaret, and tricks him into cruelty and cowardice (Nehludoff in "Resurrection" is led precisely the same path), Faust is not a true consenting party, and his recovery to benevolence—his finding of the "right way"—is sure. But none of this spiritual by-play is seen, or can be seen, at His Majesty's Theatre. There is not scope enough, our literary resources are not fine enough, and our play-goers are not interested enough in the problems of life, to encourage such an enterprise. Therefore, while the formal beauties of the poem—such as the glorious songs of the spirits, the majestic opening stanzas, the lyrics, the overpowering prison scene—are sucked out in the translation like the honey from a flower, with them goes the significance of the struggle between Faust and Mephistopheles. No new effect of power is introduced, like Gounod's cathedral music, and what is left is a kind of slow-going pantomine, with golden Mantegna-like angels standing on rocks, against a background of clouds, and gibbering witches taking flying leaps across the stage or crooning over cauldrons, and Mr. Tree, declaiming blank verse with a weary air, and posing, now as a melancholy angel in scales and wings, and now as an Irvingesque jester with Dame Martha as his butt. I have said how much the authors have omitted, or have been obliged to omit. But their additions are not without boldness. Thus, the appearance of the vision of Margaret to Faust on the Brocken is ascribed to a witch's trick on Mephistopheles rather than to Faust's reproachful and awakened conscience. A material difference, in keeping with the commonness of the play in its present dress.

It is this commonness which makes the work of the artists at His Majesty's so difficult. Miss Marie Löhr, for example, makes an almost too ethereal Margaret. Her slender beauty is a little too high-bred, too fine-drawn, for the simple creature whose womanliness is half her charm to Dr. Faust's fastidious soul, clothed though it be in a handsome youth's body. But the more refined Miss Löhr's appearance is, the more distasteful is it to see her Margaret fall before a siege which, save for some faint echo of the famous talk about religion, gives hardly any idea of what so splendid and eloquent and kind a lover must have meant to an untaught girl. And what chance is given Mr. Ainley when the tremendous scene in the prison is closed by a sentimental vision of a kneeling Faust ascending with clasped hands to Heaven in full sight of Margaret herself, sustained by angels? So have I seen her sustained when, as a child, I delighted in Poole's diorama. Goethe, it is true, needs an almost interminable book to describe this long ascent. With Mr. Phillips, moral processes are more summary; he merely requires a couple of pages. As for Mr. Tree's Mephisto, and for his conception and setting of the play, both have their origin in Irving's unfortunate, if now and then imposing, production. But Mr. Tree's face, though powerful, had not Irving's impish, sinister, black-avised look; nor has he Irving's power of suggesting the coarse, practical joker which Mephisto was. Here and there he is interesting, and his by-play vigorous; but his is not the sneering spirit that Goethe drew—the Devil that makes the good shrink away and the bad rejoice. H. W. M.

Communications.

THE "MESSAGES" FROM FREDERIC MYERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is more difficult than might be supposed to prove by modern experiment or observation that man survives the change we call Death. We will leave out for the present physical phenomena, such as spontaneous apparitions and the materialisations of the *séance* room, which convince those whom they do convince by their mere appearance, not by any information, otherwise inaccessible, that they bring. Ghosts may be belittled by sceptics as nothing more than centres of spiritual energy left from the earth-life, or as the fading remnant of a disintegrating personality (whatever these alternatives may really mean), and materialisations may be sniffed at as partly fraud, partly mistaken interpretation of the subliminal self of the medium. Separate articles would be required to evaluate these in barest outline.

But we shall be free from doubt if some actual knowledge, unknown otherwise, is written by the hand or spoken through the voice, of a sensitive psychic or medium, such that it can have come from no other source than the departed who purports to communicate.

The difficulty lies in the condition "unknown otherwise." It is not very hard to find facts which are unknown to the owner of the writing hand or speaking voice. But we have to deal with the wide possibilities opened up by thought transference, or telepathy, now accepted as a fact by all psychical students. This compels one to credit the mind of the medium with any knowledge there may be in any other mind, particularly in the mind of anyone present. This is as good as saying that no one present is competent to verify a statement offered, and even its verification after research in other minds, or in records, is always subject to the suspicion of telepathy. Moreover, we have to guard against the subliminal memory of the scribe or trance speaker. The subliminal self is the self which dreams, which "walks" in sleep, which is awake in the hypnotic trance, which is the vehicle of thought transference, and which is known to keep in memory much that has sunk below the level of consciousness and been forgotten by the ordinary working self. According to the rigid canons of the Society of Psychical Research, nothing that has ever been in print can be counted as evidential, for the medium may have read it and forgotten all about it. Yet, when nearly everything terrene has thus been put out of court, it is still to earth that we must look for the materials of proof, for we are not in a position to verify facts about the hereafter. Within these narrow bounds the best plan has appeared to be for men to leave in charge of a trusty friend some sealed envelope containing words unknown to anyone else, which words, when given through writing or speech after their death, would be capable of verification. But we know so little of the contents of minds in the hereafter, of their earth memories, and their power of choice as to what "comes through," that this plan was always highly speculative. F. W. H. Myers left such an envelope with Sir Oliver Lodge, and after messages had come through Mrs. Verrall purporting to contain its contents, it was solemnly opened and the contents were found to be entirely different.

But three years before this was done, it looks as though Mr. Myers himself had found that for some reason the plan would not be the best, viewed from the other side. He died in January, 1901, "like a schoolboy going joyfully home for the holidays," and two months later writing purporting to come from him to Mrs. Verrall divulged a new plan, which has since been put into practice. It consists of sending rather a puzzling message, making no sense, a sort of riddle, through one medium; and then afterwards sending through another, explanations or completions or keys to the riddle, again unmeaning by themselves, but giving a clear message when the two are put together.

This cuts out the criticism that the medium's mind is the origin of the message; for neither medium has sent anything coherent. Also, as neither understands what their hands have written they cannot send telepathic messages to one another. The origin is therefore to be found in an intelligent mind elsewhere, and the nature of the message is such that that intelligent mind can hardly be other than the mind of the man it purports to be.

These "cross correspondences" between the writing of Mrs. Verrall at Cambridge, and "Mrs. Holland" in India and in various parts of England, give interest to the latest part of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research (Part LV., pp. 404, Maclehose, 5s. net). The subject is expounded by Miss Alice Johnson, one of the officials of the Society, with extraordinary pains and most loving accuracy. It is possible to think Miss Johnson too sceptical and to accuse her of pushing incredulity to the verge of a superstition, and almost ceasing to have proper scientific openness through the very excess of scientific caution; but no one can deny the combination of faithful zeal, acuteness, and ability which her article manifests. Part LIII. of the Proceedings (10s. net) was of about equal length, and consisted of automatic writing and cross correspondences between Mrs. Verrall, who writes the Report, and "Mrs. Forbes" and others. A forthcoming part, we are told, will contain even more striking cases through the same "scribes," along with Miss Verrall and Mrs. Piper.

The impression produced on the reader's mind is, notwithstanding Miss Johnson's occasional doses of cold water, that the lost leaders, Henry Sidgwick, F. W. H. Myers, Edmund Gurney, and Dr. Richard Hodgson, are engaged in a missionary effort from "the other shore," in continuation of their work here, trying to prove by such evidence as compels belief that the spirit of man survives death.

The "cross correspondences" are so complicated and detailed that a brief account is difficult, even of one. Mrs. Verrall's hand wrote on March 2nd-5th, 1906, in Latin, Æneid II. 521, which is in English: "Not with such help will you find what you want; not with such help, nor with those defenders of yours." This is uttered by Hecuba to her aged husband Priam, as he put on his armour in the vain hope of saving Troy from the Greeks. It may be noted that F. W. H. Myers was drenched in Vergil, could repeat whole books in boyhood, and has written the wonderful well-known Essay on the poet who was his constant mental companion and literary master. The hand proceeds, again partly in Latin:—

> "First among his peers, himself not unmindful of his name, with him a brother, related in feeling, though not in blood. Both these will send you word through another. After some days you will easily understand what I say. . . . Pagan and Pope. The Stoic persecutor and the Christian. Gregory, not Basil's friend, ought to be a clue, but you have it not quite right. Pagan and Pope and Reformer, all enemies, as you think. The Cross has a meaning. The Cross-bearer who one day is borne. The standard-bearer is the link. . . . The key (or club) bearer with the lion's skin well described before this in the writings. Some things are to be corrected. Ask your husband; he knows it well. There stand the columns where Calpe has been left. That is the end. No, you have left out something. The columns (broken) by incessant reading."

It occurred to Dr. Verrall (the "husband" to be asked) that "first among his peers" is an accurate technical description of the Pope—whose title appears later, along with "Pagan." The whole follows on from a vain attempt by Priam's arm of flesh to save Troy. What more likely then than that the riddle refers to Raphael's well-known picture in the Vatican of Pope Leo coming forth from Rome, the new Troy, whose Colosseum and aqueducts are seen in the background, to meet Attila, the invading Hun, who is struck with terror by a vision of St. Peter and St. Paul coming down with flaming swords to save the Holy City? The Pope is behaving like a lion, "not unmindful of his name," with Peter his predecessor, "a brother related in feeling but not in blood." Peter is again referred to in connection with the prophesied manner of his death. "The cross bearer who one day is borne." And Pope Leo again is hinted at as "the key bearer with the lion's skin." Dr. Verrall did not tell his wife his interpretation, and she had no light upon it, when on March 7th "Mrs. Holland" wrote in the person and name of F. W. H. Myers, "Ave Roma immortalis" (Hail, immortal Rome). "How could I make it any clearer without giving her the clue?" This gives the needed illumination, fixing the idea on the preservation of Rome from ruin, and disclosing further the writer's policy of an enigma already referred to in the other script. "Mrs. Holland" knows no Latin, so that it would be less easy to use her subliminal faculties for long Latin messages than those of Mrs. Verrall, who was a classical lecturer at Newnham. The two automatists did not communicate directly, but each sent her script to Miss Johnson.

The other allusions in the Verrall-Myers script are almost dreamlike in their sequence. The stoic persecutor and the Christian, and the reformer, are left unexplained by Miss Johnson. To me it appears that they might refer to Marcus Aurelius, who was stoic and persecutor and reformer; and it might be suggested by the general subject of the Empire, Paganism and the Church. Then key bearer (*claviger*) might also mean club bearer, and so Pope Leo suggests Hercules in his lion's skin, and thence we reach the Pillars of Hercules, or Gibraltar (*Calpe* in the script), and "pillars" suggests the final line from Juvenal about columns broken by the force of torrential eloquence. It is like the utterance of a dreaming classic, and this process of speaking to earth may be as imperfectly under a spirit's full control as our dreams are under ours. The allusion to Gregory is puzzling, and admitted to be "not quite right."

Here we have a touching effort of the noblest type, if it is what it purports to be. The pathos of Frederic Myers's long failure to obtain recognition from those whom he fain would serve, is moving indeed. To begin with, two years passed before the two writers of script became conscious of one another's existence, and before the cross-correspondences were discovered at the Society of Psychical Research office. The current "Proceedings" contains eight of them, all elaborately discussed, and full of convincing trifles. I trust Mr. Myers's mind is happier now than it was when he wrote in January, 1904, through Mrs. Holland:—

> "If it were possible for the soul to die back into earth life again, I should die from sheer yearning to reach you to tell you that all that we imagined is not half wonderful enough for the truth—that immortality, instead of being a beautiful dream, is the one, the only, reality—the strong golden thread on which all the illusions of all the lives are strung. If I could only reach you—if I could only tell you—I long for power [to communicate], and all that comes to me is an infinite yearning—an infinite pain. Does any of this reach you, reach anyone, or am I only wailing as the wind wails—wordless and unheeded?"

Among the many events fleeting by on this busy planet in these days, few can be so fruitful and so significant as this cosmic research.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN W. GRAHAM.

Dalton Hall, Victoria Park, Manchester,
Sept. 14th, 1908.

[Our columns are open to discussion of the statements with which Mr. Graham deals.—ED., NATION.]

Letters to the Editor.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Let the following appear in your pages: it is a protest against the scenes we have been witnessing lately:—

"Il 20 Settembre, 1870, per la breccia di Porta Pia penetrava un soffio di libertà in Roma e cadeva per sempre il potere temporale dei Papi. Trentotto anni dopo la civile Inghilterra rendeva omaggio al Rappresentante d'un Dogma ormai logoro!"

Thanking you,—Yours, &c., J. L. BALBI.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.,
September 13th, 1908.

"THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am wholly with you in the war you are waging against the spirit of vulgar motorists.

In aid of this I suggest:—

(1) That all cars should be provided with a speed recording instrument, connected with a reel of strong paper,

drawn along by a drum actuated by clockwork, and the paper ruled with hour lines, as in many recording instruments, so that not only the number of revolutions of one wheel should be recorded between two observations of the index, but the varying speed at which the car had travelled during each quarter of an hour of the current day. Any falsifications of the instrument should be punished by fine for the first offence, and imprisonment or suspended licence for subsequent offences. The cost would not be beyond the means of the rich class who use motors, and surely they could not object to a record of truth.

(2) It cannot be necessary that the centre of gravity of a motor should be so low as it usually is. The entrancing sensation of rushing through the air at headlong speed with loss of all care for the safety of human and other animals, and the delicious feeling of risking one's own life, would be rather enhanced by a higher seat; and if the rider says he travels to see the country, through eyes as big as a tiger's, he would have some little plausibility in his plea. We see new engines on the Great Northern lines, with the cylinder containing furnace and boiler elevated to a much greater height than used to be usual. Yet a locomotive going at high speed round curves with one rail elevated, perhaps not sufficiently elevated, for the highest speed and greatest weight, would seem to be much more in danger of toppling over than a motor. In both machines some of the sustaining wheels are of small diameter. With greater elevation there would be less dust. The motorist's neighbours feel the dust more than he does. But the force that raises the dust is waste force. It cannot be his interest to raise much dust.

(3) I have been told by a very intelligent road-mender employed by our county council that the passage of one motor damages the road more than ten carts. By blowing the dust from between the stones, it leaves these sticking up. The next heavy wheel that passes crushes them into spicula.

(4) Let us avoid exaggeration and tall talk; this always damages a good cause. One of your correspondents calls a road with a sharp curve an open road. I should call the road from Killiecrankie, past Struan to Spaeside, an open road. There you can see at least a mile in front of you. If the rich driver of a car chose to go at the rate of thirty miles an hour there no one need blame him except those who have to pay for the maintenance of the road.

(5) Someone has quoted against us the old proverb of the value of a peck of March dust. A good deal more than a king's ransom of dust is deposited, and not always in the month of March, on many a cottager's roses and dahlias and pansies. Let our aristocratic owners of costly and dangerous toys employ an agent to measure the depth of the dust, and to estimate the probable reduction in the rent that ought to be, and the improbable reduction that will be, made by the landlord.—Yours, &c.,

T. Wilson.

Rivers Lodge, Harpenden, S.O., Herts.,
September 16th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I be allowed to draw the attention of the readers of The Nation and the correspondents who have written in your columns to a quotation from the "Autocar" of the date August 29th last, from a signed article by Owen Jones, as follows?—

"The subject and its cause will then drop until the next silly season comes round, and perhaps by that time more roads may have been rendered dustless, more old fools have passed away, and it will be better realised that highways exist for the purpose of locomotion, not people's parks."

Comment is superfluous; the taste and spirit of these remarks speak for themselves.—Yours, &c.,

Thomas Howard.

Oakroyd, Manningham, Bradford,
September 10th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—(1) I would suggest that a Government meter should be attached to every car; that every car should be compelled to report itself once a week, or at set intervals, at a police station, or at motor stations specially created for the purpose; that the number of miles registered should there be recorded; and that the owners should be taxed according to the distance travelled—that is, in proportion to the nuisance created and the damage done.

I would have any tampering with the meter punished by fine for the first offence, and afterwards by imprisonment.

(2) I would have every car, the driver of which had been convicted of furious driving, carry in front, in a conspicuous place, a badge or flag for three months after the conviction. I would forbid all such flag-carrying cars to travel more than ten miles an hour; and I would have them compelled to report themselves daily at a police or motor station when on the road.

In the event of the owner changing his car before his months of penance had expired, he would of course exchange his flag to the new car.

Any infringement of these regulations I would punish through the *owner*.

It might be expedient to exempt from some of the above regulations cars used for professional or commercial purposes.—Yours, &c.,

Alfred Ollivant.

6, Vicarage Drive, Eastbourne,
September 15th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your readers, whether motorists or non-motorists, must wish you well in your campaign against the inconsiderate driving of automobiles. But since our quarrel is, presumably, with those who abuse the use of motor cars, and not with all who favor a mode of locomotion with which, properly conducted, progressives are more or less bound, with due regard to consistency, to sympathise, is it not rather unworthy of The Nation to compile a weekly "casualty" list, which is calculated to mislead its readers to a very serious extent? I venture to quarrel with you in respect of two items to which you have recently given publicity. "At Dunblane, on September 1st, a servant girl was killed by a car belonging to her master." This brief statement in your issue of Saturday, 5th inst., may be justified by the necessity for condensation. (Remember your commentary upon the Harmsworth brand because, in regard to their serial fiction, they stipulate that these stories "must be sensational, and each instalment should contain a fresh sensation.") In justice, you ought to state the exact circumstances of the Dunblane fatality, since you class it among the "worst outrages by motors" committed during the week. Is it too much to ask you to quote the following paragraph from the "Dundee Advertiser"?—

SERVANT GIRL'S SAD DEATH.
RUN OVER BY A MOTOR.

"About five on Tuesday night a motor car belonging to Mr. Osborne, Glasgow, at present residing at Kippendavie House, Dunblane, knocked down and fatally injured a young domestic named Winifred Lindsay, employed at Kippendavie House. It appears that the car was coming out from the approach to Kippendavie House on to the Perth Road as the deceased and another maid servant were about to enter the approach. They stopped to speak to the driver, but before he could draw up his car he knocked over the unfortunate girl, who seemed to have got in the way. She was found to be unconscious and bruised about the head, and was at once conveyed in the car to a chemist's shop in Dunblane, where she died in half an hour without regaining consciousness. The girl is said to be an orphan. No blame falls on the driver, who ran his car on to the footpath to avoid the accident."

I think it is perfectly evident to any fair-minded person that to call this "an outrage" of the "worst" kind is to create unnecessary prejudice against the unhappy driver, and, indeed, incidentally, against all motorists.

Again, in your issue of August 8th, you wrote that "two men were terribly injured—probably to death—near Aberdeen. . . ." The two men are not yet dead, nor are they going to die prematurely.

Is this method of conducting a legitimate crusade quite worthy of The Nation?—Yours, &c.,

J. Leng Stubbock.

Dundee, September 10th, 1908.

[We cannot think, as we said last week, that the use of the word "outrage" is improper. We turn to Webster's

Dictionary, and find that its primary meaning is declared to be "injurious violence offered to persons or things." This seems to us a good definition of the kind of action which motoring sets up. But it does not imply blame or misconduct in particular cases on the part of the driver of the motor.—Ed., Nation.]

THE CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I am surprised that The Nation should be of opinion that no one has yet diagnosed the true cause of the cyclical fluctuations of modern industry. Some years ago Mr. T. E. Young, a former president of the Institute of Actuaries, dealing with the question of the correct valuation of investments, pointed out that their appreciation and depreciation has followed for many years a cycle of approximately ten years from nadir to zenith and back again, and, curiously enough, this cycle was in direct relation to the seasons of bad and good harvests throughout the world.

Now a little reflection will show that the only increase to the world's wealth in any year is the multiplication of its flocks and herds and the products of its soil. Such wealth as is represented by coal and iron, copper and gold, was there before, and, if not exploited, is there after. But the whole of our transport services, of our milling and weaving, of our mining and metallurgy, can be traced back to exchange for the products of the soil. For instance, the vintage has failed this year in Champagne. The vine growers have nothing to offer us in exchange for the commodities they usually purchase on the sale of their wine to the great houses, and so a large production of manufactured goods will not be required in Champagne, and those who would have made them are unemployed. Or there is a famine in India. The cultivator of the soil, had his harvest been good, might have required Lancashire cotton cloth or Birmingham Buddhas in exchange. As it is, he cannot afford them, and so Lancashire makes less cloth and Birmingham fewer idols. Even in this country the agricultural interests exceeds all others in value of production, and a check to its prosperity reacts on the production of all our manufacturing districts. The automatic reflex action, as it were, causes unemployment.

Six weeks ago the hop-growers of Kent were cheerful with the hope of a record ingathering. Their wives were planning the purchase of all sorts of commodities required about their houses, new furniture, new dresses, and all the rest of it, all of which would have represented employment in the manufacturing districts. To-day they are sadly contemplating the wreckage of the hop gardens, ruined by wind and rain, and the hope of replenishing the household stores has vanished for another year. The employment that might have been given is gone, destroyed by the bad weather, that relentless provider of misery. In the country it produces famine directly, in the towns famine indirectly or unemployment.

I will not weary you with many examples. The effects of the floods on the Yang-tse, or the Ho-hang-ho, are felt as keenly in Lancashire as in China, and a drought in Australia, or a frost in Manitoba, produce the same result in Bradford as in Melbourne, in Hull as in Winnipeg.

You will find that the more closely you examine the sequence of the years of good trade and bad trade, the more irresistibly you are drawn to the conclusion that the good trade years follow good harvest years, and bad trade waits hand in hand on agricultural depression. Of course, I mean agriculture in its widest sense, including the growth of coffee and rubber in Brazil, tea in India and China, silk in Japan, spices in the Maladives, and so forth, as well as corn at home, in the Colonies, the United States, and the rest of the world, and flocks and herds in the Argentine and New Zealand. The nadir of trade is reached when the weather is bad everywhere, the lower figures when it is good somewhere and bad elsewhere, and the zenith as in 1907, when it had been good everywhere, as in 1906.

It would appear, then, that the cause of unemployment is beyond human control. Is there a remedy for the effect? I am glad to see you discussing some system of national insurance to meet the lean years when the agriculturist must dispense with commodities because the soil has yielded him nothing to offer in return. Such a provision should not be difficult if the bad years could be foreseen. There is, I believe, an undoubted connection between the bad years of weather and the condition of the sun. It would be interesting if meteorologists, to whose investigations we all owe so much, would trace back in parallel lines for, say, one hundred years, the years of drought or flood and the state of the sun at the corresponding dates. If Mr. T. E. Young's surmises are correct, it might be possible to foretell with some exactitude what to expect in any one year, and make provision accordingly.

I hesitate to value the yearly increase of the world's wealth, due to the products of the soil. But it cannot be much less than £12,000,000,000. A fall of even ten per cent. in volume means more unemployment than it is pleasant to contemplate.—Yours, &c.,

J. J. Bisgood.

11, King William Street, E.C.,
Sept. 14th, 1908.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS AND ELECTORAL REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I, before the echoes of the Trades Union Congress have died away, direct the attention of your readers to the important modification made in the electoral reform resolution submitted to the Congress by its Parliamentary Committee. This resolution, as originally framed, contained the following paragraph:—

> "The provision for a second ballot where, at the first election, the candidate highest on the list has not secured a majority of the votes polled."

This paragraph was, however, eliminated, and the following addition unanimously substituted:—

> "In view of the complete failure of the second ballots in Austria and Germany to secure the just representation of political forces, in view of their universal condemnation in France, and in view of their abandonment in Belgium, this Congress calls upon the Government to institute an inquiry into methods of proportional representation, preference, or second ballots, so that the most effective means of securing the true representation of the electors may be embodied in the new Reform Bill."

The modification indicates a noteworthy change in the view taken of the second ballot, and if, as Mr. Asquith has promised, the Government intend to submit "a really effective scheme for the reform of our electoral system," it is most desirable that the inquiry asked for by the Congress should be instituted without delay.—Yours, &c.,

John H. Humphreys,
Hon. Sec., The Proportional Representation Society,
107, Algernon Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.,
September 15th, 1908.

CATHOLICS AND LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I regret to find fault with my favorite paper, for from its commencement I have looked forward with eagerness every week to its perusal, and that not only since it has been known under its present title, but when, as "The Speaker," it was one of the few exceptions in the English Press, and stood for justice at the time of the Boer War; but I must protest with all my soul against the leading article headed "The Catholic Church and Modern Life," in your current issue. It is an offence, though I refuse to think it wilful, to every reader of yours who is a Catholic and a Liberal, and those of us who hold the Catholic faith and find it compatible with the Liberal spirit as it is known in England, will not accept that article as possessing any true Liberalism at all. It has all the narrowness and bitterness of the intransigent Left (or Right, I care not which) in French politics, or the bigotry of some Nonconformist Pope.

You ask, "Why does the Church of Rome inspire such hatred?" That is easily answered. She alone among the churches of the West speaks "with authority," like her Founder, and nothing, I suppose, is so displeasing to the average man than to submit to authority, to have his will

thwarted, his passions curbed. We have an instance in this country in Henry VIII., and we see the melancholy results of his unbridled lusts. To us it is a question which shall prevail, order or anarchy. The hostility to all religious control, and the consequences of it that exist in France, testify to the anarchy prevailing there; the multitudinous and jarring sects that have sprung from the Reformation witness it here. In the Catholic Church alone is there discipline and order, combined with vigorous life, and I ask you, is that good or evil fruit for the individual and for the State? You say, "Men are not going back to the prison house, they are escaping from it"; we do not find it so, witness the many eminent names that have been making up the long catalogue of Rome's recruits the last half century. I will refer you to one, because he was of your profession, the late Ferdinand Brunetière, the able editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes"; I hope it may be your felicity one day to follow him and enter the "prison house." Meanwhile, may I hope that you will have a little consideration for your Catholic readers, for I cannot think you wish to drive them out of the Liberal Party. I enclose my card, but beg to subscribe myself, Yours, &c.,

"A Knight of St. Gregory."

Sept. 15th, 1908.

[We plead for fair play for Catholics; further we cannot go.—Ed. Nation.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It seems to me that there is some confusion of ideas on this subject. Licence is not the same thing as liberty. It is not only a question of doing what we like, but of doing what is least hurtful to others. If I like I can walk through the streets without a hat on, because this offends and injures nobody. But if my apparel is in other ways unseemly, I am taken to the police station. My offence is not one against decency, which is a matter of opinion, but an offence against the community, who *think* it indecent. If this were a Catholic country, Protestants would have no right to behave in the streets in any way that Catholics could resent. The Archbishop of Westminster seems to have overlooked this point of view, and to have laid himself open to the charge that the object of the procession last Sunday was to challenge the right of this country to call itself Protestant. By the word Protestant I mean one who "protests" against the legality of the Roman Catholic doctrine, and if this nation wishes to remain Protestant it will be necessary for Englishmen to see straighter and to think clearer than they seem able to do over the present controversy. Where a country enjoys definite civil and religious opinions, there is a corresponding individual responsibility in the exercise of its privileges. The State is not more responsible for the security and welfare of its subjects than its subjects are for the security and welfare of the State.—Yours, &c.,

W. P.

Putney, September 16th, 1908.

"MODERATE AND EXTREMIST IN INDIA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Among the very few level-headed journals in this country there can be no doubt that The Nation takes the highest place, and every Englishman ought to be grateful to it for the courage and candour with which unpleasant aspects of public questions are invariably examined. At present there is no problem of such magnitude as the future of India, regarding which the attitude of The Nation and most of its correspondents has been practically that of the educated Indians themselves. In your issue of the 5th inst. there appears a most lucid and rational communication from the pen of Mr. Ratcliffe, as well as a tribute to the respected Indian leader, Mr. G. K. Gokhale. But there are some phrases, Sir, on which I should like to offer a few remarks.

It seems to me that the distinction that is frequently made between "moderate" and "extremist" is a meaningless one and has no foundation in fact. There is no moderate who is not an extremist and no extremist who is not moderate—if, that is, they are to be judged by their real ultimate aims as regards the reconstruction of Indian polity. Whenever an Indian is found who uses the so-called "moderate" phraseology, you may be sure either that he is anxious to save himself from incarceration under the present reign of terror, or that he wishes to appear to the powers that he, as a reasonable being, who still believes in the efficacy of compromises, and who still has hopes of the fulfilment of British promises. The first may be writ down cowards, the second as the more slowly-moving and credulous Indians. The ultimate distinction is between non-Indian and Indian—between upholders of irresponsible government and advocates of responsible self-government. No man can be said to be convinced at all who is not prepared, if called upon, to maintain his convictions against all the opposing powers of heaven and earth. In this sense every convinced advocate of Indian self-government is an extremist, and the honored leader of the so-called Moderate Party is himself an extremist of an ardent type. Why, then, should Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak alone be called a "preacher of revolution"? Is it because his analysis and bold exposition of the Indian problem have the well-accepted doctrinal bases of political and constitutional liberty, and because, instead of going to the Government on bended knee, he regards it as his proper and legitimate function to educate the people through their vernaculars in the principle of freedom?

Mr. Ratcliffe suggests that it might be wise, in certain circumstances, "to find some means of checkmating the subtle preacher of revolution," and your reviewer of Mr. Gokhale's speeches calls the "extremists" the "party of despair." If all our hopes depended on what the British Government would be graciously pleased to grant, then indeed it may be said that the Indians in increasing numbers are joining the party of despair, and that the subtle preacher of revolution is the most desperate and dangerous of the whole party. But, honestly, do all our hopes depend on the British Government? A huge assumption is made by your reviewer (and perhaps by Mr. Gokhale) when it is stated that Mr. Gokhale "still retains a confidence in the good sense and justice of the English people, *if only* their ignorance of India could be broken down." The italics are mine. If only! But how and when and by whom is that Herculean task to be undertaken and accomplished? The answer is that the solution must ultimately come, not from those who waste their time and energies upon the English people, but from those very persons who are said to form the party of despair. From the depths of their despair arises the only hope of salvation, and the subtle preacher of revolution (as distinguished from the insane bomb-thrower) is, in reality, the man who is solving the problem. The rage and rancour of the inflexible Anglo-Indian is helping greatly towards the solution. And if, Sir, a pro-Liberal may be permitted to pay a tribute to the enemies of Liberalism, I should like to say that much credit is due to Lord Curzon, who did more in seven years than England had done in a hundred. I am looking, of course, at the other side of the lantern, which shines morbidly brighter in the light of Italy of 1870 and America of July 4th, 1776.

The Indians are a truly law-abiding people. They are invariably on the side of "law and order." But are they necessarily criminals if they are not always on the side of the present law and the present order? If they are, then, Sir, I should like to say that among them there are many men, like myself, whose love of England is second to no Englishman's. As for the policy of repression in India, there are some appropriate lines in Mr. Swinburne's passionate volume of "Songs before Sunrise":—

> "Are ye so strong, O Kings, O strong men? Nay,
> Waste all ye will, and gather all ye may,
> Yet one thing is there that ye shall not slay,
> Even thought, that fire nor iron can affright—
>
> The woundless and invisible thought that goes
> Free throughout time as north or south wind blows,
> Far throughout space as east or west sea flows,
> And all dark things before it are made bright."

—Yours, &c.,

V. Chattopadhyaya.

78, Lancaster Road, W.,
September 8th, 1908.

MORAL EDUCATION CONGRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—From the numerous applications which I have received for information as to the meeting of this Congress and the address of its office, I fear that, notwithstanding the many interesting notices which have appeared in the Press, the general public is still much in the dark on the subject. Will you, therefore, allow me through your columns to announce that full information will be gladly furnished at the Congress Office, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.—Yours, &c.,

ST. G. L. FOX PITT,
Hon. Sec. Finance Committee.

Cedar House, Glebe Place, Chelsea, S.W.,
September 14th, 1908.

"THE DILEMMA OF A LIBERAL LAWYER."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I thank "Another . . . Solicitor" for his sympathetic letter, though his mode of reference to Sharpe *v.* Wakefield is unkindly. Solicitors even may differ as to the exact effect of that decision, but it is beyond doubt that the principle now generally supposed to have been thereby decided was not acted upon by the justices, and it was customary to renew all licences except in cases where there had been continued misconduct, and where the magistrates took away a licence for a single conviction, it was restored at Quarter Sessions.

As to "C.," he appears to argue that because he has been smart and made a profit on transactions in brewery shares, therefore the Government ought to punish those who have not been as smart as himself. In effect he says: "I escaped from the sinking ship with my pockets full of other people's gold, and I left the widows and orphans on board to perish. They deserve to perish because they were so slow." In other words, he says: "I bought my shares at £1, sold them at £1 5s., and now they are only worth 10s. Because the present holders of shares did not see danger and sell out, the Government ought to reduce the value of their shares from 10s. to 8d." This is Mr. Balfour's estimate of the effect of the Bill. I could have understood the boasting enthusiasm of "C." had he been suggesting that the Government should make him disgorge his ill-gotten gains to assist those persons on whom he has foisted his shares. "Ignoramus" never owned a brewery share, and his clients are only interested in free houses.

To me it seems a fatal objection to the Bill that it ties up the licensing question for fourteen years. It is impossible to say what conditions will prevail at the end of that time. Further, I decline to be a party to selecting the "victims" and then condemning them to a lingering death to extend over a smaller or greater part of fourteen years. And I make the following suggestions:—

1. Instead of taking 30,000 licences during fourteen years, that 5,000 to 10,000 be taken next year. The money can be borrowed, and gradually repaid out of the compensation fund provided by the trade.

2. That in the selection of redundant licences confidence be placed in the magistrates, and they be permitted to consider the requirements of their district as a whole.

3. That the compensation be upon the basis laid down by the Act of 1904—*i.e.*, the reduction of capital market value—but the compensation authority should have power to reduce the amount of compensation if the owner of the redundant licence also owns other licences in close proximity thereto which would benefit by the taking away of the redundant licence.

4. The monopoly value (better called privileged value) can be secured by the gradual but moderate raising of licence duties. Each Government has power to raise or lower these as they do, *e.g.*, income-tax.

5. The above process, if found beneficial, can be repeated in a few years' time.

6. That a Pure Beer Bill be introduced at once.

Upon these suggestions I invite the criticisms of those Liberals who, like myself, desire to see temperance reform without undue hardship upon any class of the community.—Yours, &c.,

IGNORAMUS.

August 29th, 1908.

Poetry.

LIGHT O' THE MOON.

My dad held a share in the land wi' the Squire:
'Twas the ploughshare he drove for ten shillun and fun;
Right foot in the furrow and left in the mire,
Like a lopsided lammiter, dot and go one.
But I were a sperity lad from the fust:
Too nimble to clump in a clodhopper's shoon.
So I told the old chap he med keep his dry crust,
For I'd arn my own bread by the Light o' the Moon.

Oh! the Light o' the Moon, 'tis the sportsman's delight:
The sun and the star of the merry and free;
When the river is full on a Midsummer night,
And no one abroad but the otters and me!
Down stream in a tremble of silver she shines,
Where the weir is a zinging its thundering old tune,
While through the dim midders I creep to my lines,
And pull the brown trout by the Light o' the Moon.

Or up to the corner of Quarrender Copse
I'm listening, maybe, to the nightingale's note;
When a gert stubble hare from the hedge covert pops,
And fierce as a tiger do vly at my throat!
I be vorced my poor innercent life to defend,
Though in general well known as a bit of a spoon;
And I'm just taking care of a gun, for a friend:
So I shuts un stoän dead, by the Light o' the Moon!

O' Zundays, I dander through Somerford town,
And watch the good people a-goin' to church;
And theer, side o' Passon, walks Poulterer Brown,
As grave as a rook on an ellum tree perch.
In a's wide-skirted coät and a's chimney-pot hat,
And waistcoat so round as a broadcloth balloon;
Who'd ever believe that a deacon like that
Would deal, on the quiet, with Light o' the Moon?

In course, like Sum Paul, I gets nabbed now and then,
A doctorin' a pheasant or settin' a wire:
Then at zame Petty Sessions, in zame little pen
They claps me afore the zame red-vaiced old Squire.
Jim Keeper, he kisses his thumb, and he swears:
"I knows un, your Washup, by night and by noon!
For law and police not a farden he cares:
And the name as he goes by is 'Light o' the Moon'!"

Warm weather, I pays my two quid like a swell,
But in frosties I choses the option—and jail.
Theer's fire and theer's grub at King Ed'ard's Hotel,
And all you do miss is your baccy and ale.
Lying out on damp ma'shes, in hopes of a snipe,
Don't suit my complaint like the trouting in June.
And the screws in my back with onmerciful gripe
Do twist I most cruel, poor Light o' the Moon!

Wull, I've taken my sport while the daylight was young:
Now, 'tis—hie along home in the dimpsies, instead!
When the beer is all drinked, and the songs is all sung,
'Tis time for us gaffers to toddle to bed!
Theer's a nook on the downs that the windhovers know,
Where I shall sleep sound as a lord pratty soon.
But winter or zummer, in shine or in snow,
Let me die in the open, says Light o' the Moon!

EDWARD SYDNEY TYLEE.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

A NEW edition of Professor L. T. Hobhouse's book, "The Labor Movement," is in preparation, and will be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The whole work will be revised, and a fresh chapter added dealing with the progress of the labor movement during the fourteen years that have passed since the book was first published. The book, small as it is, is a standard work, of great merit in respect of its tone, method, and command of its subject.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER is engaged upon a book which will treat of the negro problem in the United States. During his recent visit to America Mr. Archer spent some time in the Southern States, and was greatly impressed by the difficulties of the situation and the need for a thorough and energetic handling of the problem. By the way, we are glad to hear that the services of the *doyen* of our dramatic critics have been secured for the "Fortnightly Review." Mr. Archer will, in future, contribute a dramatic *causerie* to each issue of that magazine.

* * *

THE true story of the circumstances that caused the Wallace collection to come into the possession of the English nation is, we are told, to be related, for the first time, in a book called "Piccadilly to Pall Mall," which will be published by Messrs. Duckworth. The authors, Mr. Ralph Nevill and Mr. Charles E. Jerningham, deal principally with the lighter side of West End life during the past twenty-five years, and a number of lively anecdotes may be looked for concerning some of those who have won fame in politics, society, and on the turf during that period. Several phases of social life, such as clubs, the rise of the modern restaurant, and the changes in London amusements are discussed. We are also promised much curious information concerning the dispersal and acquisition of celebrated pictures and other art treasures. The book is likely to prove a highly entertaining chronicle and criticism.

* * *

EARLY in November Messrs. Methuen will publish Dr. Paget Toynbee's "Dante in English Literature," an exhaustive account of the references to Dante in English from Chaucer to the death of Cary in 1844. During this period of four hundred and seventy years Dr. Toynbee finds nearly six hundred English authors who make mention of Dante or quote his works. Of these more than forty belong to the sixteenth century, about fifty to the seventeenth, and close on one hundred and fifty to the eighteenth. Many of these references seem strangely absurd to the modern reader. One is not surprised to find Lord Chesterfield writing to his son that Dante "was not worth the pains necessary to understand him," or even to see Horace Walpole characterising him as "extravagant, absurd, disgusting, in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam." But Thomas Warton ought to have known better than to speak of Dante's "disgusting fooleries" and "gross improprieties," and we can scarcely forgive Goldsmith for his verdict that the author of the "Divina Commedia" "addressed a barbarous people in a method suited to their apprehensions," and "owes most of his reputation to the obscurity of the times in which he lived." Dr. Toynbee's book will contain brief biographies of each of the writers mentioned, together with notes and a lengthy introduction. It is certain to be an interesting contribution to English literary history.

* * *

FOR the next instalment of Messrs. Dent's "Everyman's Library" which will be issued during the present season, Dr. Robertson Nicoll is preparing "A Gallery of Literary Portraits" by George Gilfillan. To the present generation of readers Gilfillan is almost unknown, though the frequenter of second-hand bookstalls is certain to have come upon some of his works. During the third quarter of the last century he had a high reputation both as a theologian and a critic. He wrote memoirs and notes for a useful series of the British poets in forty-eight volumes issued by an Edinburgh publisher, and his literary articles in three volumes are marked by a wide range of sympathy and a capacity for generous praise united with a certain fixed brilliancy of style. Dr. Nicoll is making a careful selection from Gilfillan's books and contributions to reviews, and the book will also contain an introduction dealing with his influence upon the literature of his time.

* * *

THE authorised biography of President Cleveland is to be written by Dr. John Finley, President of the College of the City of New York. Cleveland's life was not of the first political importance, but it marked a distinct point in the development of the policy of the Democratic Party. Personally, the interest of the book should be considerable. Cleveland had a strong, honest character, with a touch of waywardness in it.

* * *

UNDER the title "Naval Administration and Warfare" Captain A. T. Mahan has collected a number of essays upon naval topics, which will be issued during the present season. Captain Mahan shared in the cruise of the American fleet as far as Magdalena Bay, and in the coming book he gives his impressions and criticisms of the expedition. Other subjects treated are "The Strength of Nelson," "The Principles of Naval Administration, "The United States Naval War College," and "The Russo-Japanese War." The last topic is dealt with in two papers—one written at the beginning of the contest, the other when it had ended.

* * *

THE bitterest enemies of Modernism cannot deny that it has given a great impetus to theological study, especially in the departments of comparative religion and hagiology. The writings of modernists upon these subjects have certainly interested numbers of people who would never dream of opening an ordinary theological treatise. It is therefore highly probable that a book on Messrs. Dent's list, "The Mystical Element of Religion Studied in Saint Catharine of Genoa and her Friends," by Baron Friedrich von Hügel, will appeal to a large circle of readers. The work, which is the result of much historical research and of a lengthy study of the problems involved, aims at presenting, as undeniably lived within and canonised by the Roman Church, a generous, expansive, deeply spiritual Catholicism operative in specifically modern, but none the less decidedly un-Protestant, minds.

* * *

Two biographies of special literary interest appear on Messrs. Constable's autumn list. Mr. Ferris Greenslet's "Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich" is the authorised biography of the poet, and will contain a large number of letters written by Aldrich himself, as well as a selection from those addressed to him by contemporary writers, including Holmes, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Howells, and Mark Twain. The other book is a "Life of John Keats," by Professor Albert E. Hancock. Lord Houghton's "Life and Remains of John Keats," first issued in 1848, can never be superseded, but Professor Hancock aims at interpreting Keats's personality in the light of fresh knowledge of the details of his life.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Dumouriez and the Defence of England against Napoleon." By J. Holland Rose and A. M. Broadley. (Lane. 21s. net.)

"Florentine Sculptors of the Renaissance." By Wilhelm Bode. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Thomas Ken and Izaak Walton." By E. Marston. (Longmans. 6s. net.)

"The Story of My Life." By Ellen Terry. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)

"Evolution in Italian Art." By Grant Allen. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Rousseau and the Women He Loved." By Francis Gribble. (Nash. 15s. net.)

"The Cathedrals of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark." By Francis Bumpus. (Werner Laurie. 16s. net.)

"The Old Time Parson." By P. H. Ditchfield. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Some Threepenny Bits." By G. W. E. Russell. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Maurice Guest." By H. H. Richardson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"By Faith Alone." By René Bazin. (Nash. 6s.)

"A. Daudet. 1840-1897." Par Paul et Victor Margueritte. (Paris: Larousse. 75 cents.)

"Le Rebouton." Par Gustave Toudouze. (Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50.)

"Le Théâtre." Troisième Série. Par Adolphe Brisson. (Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

FRANCE AND HER PEOPLE.*

Mr. George has special qualifications for the task of explaining France to his fellow-countrymen. Although an Englishman, he was born, bred, and educated in France, and has lived there all his life, with the exception of the last five years, which he has spent in England. He should, therefore, have the necessary knowledge with the necessary degree of detachment. With such advantages he might have produced a better book. The field was not so fallow as Mr. George seems to imagine, and it is hardly true that "France has not attracted much attention" in England. If the British public—as one can hardly believe—is really still so ignorant of France as Mr. George maintains, it is not for want of information. The books on France are many, and some of them—for instance, those of Miss Betham-Edwards—are thoroughly well informed. Mr. George is not always well informed. There are some surprising inaccuracies in his book, which shows signs of hasty compilation; and, even within the limits which his special purpose of correcting misconceptions imposes on him, there are equally surprising omissions. But, on the whole, he gives a fairly just and true picture of the French people, even if he does not add much to the information supplied by previous authors.

Most of what we are told about French home and social life is true enough. Mr. George bears faithful witness to the great qualities and influence of the French wife and mother, to the extraordinary power of the family and the home. The chapter on the French woman is one of the best in the book, and that on marriage does justice to the French marriage system, which has not been the failure that it is believed in England to be. The author does not, however, seem to realise that the marriage system has been made successful by conditions which are passing away, and that it cannot, without modification, survive the higher education of women. He does not even mention (perhaps because it came too late) the recent change in the law, which has made marriage, with or without parental consent, far more easy than it was, and has already led to a great increase in the number of marriages and, in particular, of early marriages. The convent-trained *jeune fille*, on whose existence the marriage system depends, is rapidly disappearing, and a more reasonable view of the relations of the sexes in youth is as rapidly spreading. "Lettres à Françoise" is a book to be read in this connection. On the vexed question of the falling birth-rate Mr. George is judicial and reasonable. He recognises the danger of an actual decrease in population, but recognises also the advantages of moderate families. Perhaps there is greater possibility of an improvement than he thinks. Increased facilities for marriage may do something. The worst evil of "irregular unions" is not illegitimacy, but childlessness, and, among the working classes at any rate, a large proportion of such unions have been due to the obstacles placed in the way of marriage. In the other classes a large proportion may be traced to the *jeune fille* system, which makes natural relations between a young man and girls of his own class impossible, and forces him to regard marriage as something to be postponed until the freshness of youth is past.

The chapter on the drama may be praised almost unreservedly; not so Mr. George's remarks on French literature, which are strangely inconsistent with his defence of the frankness of playwrights. It is not true that French novels are almost exclusively concerned with adultery. Would Mr George assert that of the greatest of all—the works of Anatole France? Within recent years French novelists have been more and more occupied with the clergy, religion, the status of women and in particular of the *jeune fille*, education, politics, social life. It is true that most of the best novels are not suited to the "young person," and many are, from any point of view, only fit for persons of more or less mature years. But that is not to say that they are immoral. The French novelist cannot, like the English, deal chiefly with the love affairs of young girls, for the simple reason that the properly brought up *jeune fille* has no love affairs, and the mere notion that she could have any is shocking to the French parent of the old school, who firmly believes that English—and still more American—girls are young persons of easy morality. It is, no doubt, true that the sexual interest is highly developed in France. This is partly a racial characteristic, which appears, it is said on high authority, in the Gallican service books and devotional works of the seventh century. But the natural tendency has been exaggerated by the restrictions on the relations of the sexes in youth, and that exaggeration is fated to disappear.

In his treatment of political and economic questions, Mr. George may usually be safely followed. His favorable view of the French political system as a whole is that of most unprejudiced foreigners who know France, and it will be good for the English public to read his demonstration of the advantages of a Republic, a written constitution, and the group as opposed to the party system. But in these chapters there are some inaccuracies and omissions to be noticed. The account of the position of the President is, in many respects, very misleading. Far from the President being "invariably a deputy or a senator" (page 95), he invariably resigns his seat in Parliament, if he has one, when he is elected to the Presidency, and he can communicate with Parliament only by written messages. The President has not by himself the power of dissolving Parliament. The consent of the Senate is required, and no President has ventured to ask for that consent since the decisive catastrophe of McMahon. Moreover, the power of initiating legislation given to the President by the Constitution is and will remain a dead letter. Why is Mr. George so anxious to prove that the President of the French Republic is not a mere figurehead? The tendency is to make him more and more a figurehead, aloof from party politics, and that tendency is, in the opinion of some close observers, a wise one.

The chapters on Socialism, Trade Unionism and Co-operation, and Trade and Colonies are all useful. But Mr. George should not have omitted all mention of agricultural co-operation, which is far more important than the industrial and distributive co-operation, with which alone he deals. In the remarks on the effect of Protection agriculture is also entirely ignored, although Mr. George rightly says that it is the staple industry of France. The foreign commerce of France is admirably dealt with and the sound commercial position of the country clearly demonstrated. The paragraph on anti-militarism (page 171), in which M. Anatole France, M. Urbain Gohier and M. Hervé are classed together, is singularly absurd. There is little affinity between the anti-militarism of Anatole France and that of M. Hervé. As for M. Gohier, he is now in quite a different camp. Even more absurd is the account of the organisation known as the *Jaunes* (page 189), which is described as "a working-class branch of the Radical Party." In fact, it is a clerical and reactionary organisation, as the very names of its leaders, given by Mr. George, clearly indicate. It has very little influence, and no future. Such mistakes as these show that Mr. George has not followed recent French politics with very close attention.

In his general treatment of the conflict between Church and State Mr. George is accurate enough, and his diagnosis of the causes which have led the great majority of men to abandon the practice of religion is true, so far as it goes. He omits, however, one of the most important causes—namely, the profound hatred of the confessional, based on experience of its practical results. The account of the Separation Law is confused and misleading; that law did not leave the "incumbents" free to "obey or not their spiritual chief." On the contrary, it restricted the use of the churches to priests in communion with the Pope and the bishops. Mr. George's description of the provisions of the law as "somewhat on the same lines as the arrangements made by our Nonconformist bodies" shows that he has not grasped the essential principles of the measure. The bishops were willing to constitute, not associations "somewhat similar to the associations of worship," but those legal associations themselves; they were ready to accept the law without any modification. Although Mr George mentions the decree of the Roman

* "France in the Twentieth Century." By W. L. George. Alston Rivers. 6s. net.

Inquisition (usually known as the Syllabus), he entirely ignores the far more important Encyclical "Pascendi," and quotes, as referring to the former document, a passage from the "Church Times," which obviously refers to the latter.

It is, perhaps, in his treatment of the French educational system that our author allows traditional convictions to overcome his judgment. His view is that of most Englishmen—that the English University and public school systems are almost, if not quite, perfect, and that the aim of other countries should be to assimilate their own systems to them. That is not at all the view of French authorities on education, who, for the most part, consider that the art of teaching is very little understood in England. The French admirers of the English public school are not representative and mostly belong to the class of Anglo-maniacs. The present writer had not, like Mr. George, the advantage of being educated in France, but he is convinced, by personal experience, that the product of the French University is not at all what Mr. George describes it as being in a passage (page 274), which is very inconsistent with other passages in the book. And the present writer can also assure Mr. George, from personal experience, that a "peculiar monastic, thoughtful life" is not an accurate description of life at Oxford or Cambridge. The French educational system is not perfect and some of Mr. George's criticisms are entirely justified. It is true that the boys in the lycées are overworked and that the Internat is still gravely unsatisfactory, though it has much improved during the last few years. But Mr. George does not seem to understand that the French conception of the functions of a school differs profoundly from the English. French parents do not expect a school to form character or to provide education in the fullest sense of the term; they regard that as their own duty. This view is not confined to France. England is the only country in the world where parents think it necessary to transfer to others the whole responsibility of training their own children. It is this fundamental difference in conception that makes boarding schools popular in England and unpopular everywhere else. Mr. George is mistaken if he thinks that the lycées will ever be moved to the country, or that French parents will ever surrender the entire education of their children to a schoolmaster. It is far more likely that the day-school system will become more and more prevalent in England, which retains the boarding-school system chiefly because it is behind most other civilised countries in regard to educational matters.

The concluding chapter is one of the best in the book, for Mr. George is usually happy in his generalisations, and he has grasped the salient points in the French character. That character is a paradox: on the one hand practical to the verge of hardness, and often beyond the verge of avarice; on the other hand generously enthusiastic for ideas and for the cause of humanity at large; on the one hand gay, mocking, sceptical; on the other, profoundly serious. It is this complexity which, as Mr. George rightly observes, makes it so difficult for a foreigner to understand the French people.

PERU.*

It is refreshing to come on a book on any part of South America, written by a man apparently unbiassed by Protestant prejudice, and not nurtured on Prescott.

The latter worthy man had almost a virgin field on which to work his wicked will, and a sky almost as virginal, in which to fly the moral banner of the Stars and Stripes.

Most conscientiously he set to work, and certainly most patriotically, translating Bernal Diaz del Castillo's chronicle almost in its entirety for his "Mexico," and several of the less known writers, such as Cieza de Leon, for his "Peru." It is not to be thought he did so without acknowledgment, for in his notes he often sets down mystic numbers which refer to chapters and to pages, but without letting you perceive that the great body of his text is but translation unabashed. No one complains of him for this, for Robertson and others perhaps translated as much too little as Prescott did too much; but it should be remembered that the reputation which he gained was largely gained by his translations from Bernal Diaz, one of the most enchanting writers of the kind who ever held a pen.

In all his writings the Spaniards were the villains of the piece, the worthy writer having forgotten all that had occurred, and was occurring (in his time) to the Red Indians under his very nose. The Spaniards certainly did well enough for men armed, as they were, with snaphaunce and with mere crossbows and the like. Their intentions certainly were bloody, but tempered now and then with piety. Had they been armed as were the men who blew up the natives in the Matoppo hills, the Belgians on the Congo, or as the allies were armed after the relief of the Legations in Pekin, what splendid work they might have done.

The author of the present book starts with a different thesis, for he observes, "But Spain left much that is good in the character and institutions of the people of Spanish America." It is true that he deplores the evil and the cruelty that stained the conquests, both of Mexico and of Peru, but the thought seems to have struck him that at least the Spaniards left some Indians, whereas the Americans have almost "civilised" all theirs away.

But this view of Spain is certainly not the view modern historians take when they compare her doings with our own, those of the Belgians in the Congo, the French in Africa, and our Teutonic cousins in the Hinterland of Walfisch Bay. It also helps the writer of a work such as the present to have acquired the language of the land of which he treats, and this the author of the book has done, so that a feminine noun never appears joined to a masculine adjective—a mercy for which reviewers should thank Providence.

The little survey of the history of the conquest is adequately done, and might have been improved had there been references occasionally to the originals in which the facts were found. These being absent, some are sure to say that the writer took his facts from Prescott, thinking, apparently, that Prescott was a conqueror of Peru. One is glad to see that in this summary the author writes the truth about the President La Gasca, he who was sent from Spain to put down the Pizarros, and calls him the "cruel and useless President," quoting from a writer whom he does not name, but who, I think, is either Garcilasso Inca or Pedro Cieza de Leon.

Had the Pizarros been successful, bloodthirsty as they were, things had gone better in Peru, for they and theirs, bound to the country by the ties of blood (in every sense) would have been more amenable to Peruvian feeling than were the governors sent up from time to time from Spain, to plunder, make their fortunes, and retire. Besides, as nearly all the Spanish conquerors were obliged perforce to marry native women, a race would have sprung up with different ideals to those held in Spain. It might have been that thus Peru would have been the greatest Liberal Power in the New World.

Still, looking at the book as a whole, the historical account is far inferior to the author's own experiences of that which he has seen. Without the least pretence of literary style, and with a hand more used, perhaps, to the theodolite than to the pen, the book has yet a certain air as of a journal written up day by day, simple but quite convincing in its artlessness.

There is, of course, the inevitable table of exports and of imports, drawn from Consular reports, a thing which in a year or two is obsolete and useless, even misleading, but without which no book on any country is complete.

I fancy (in my mind's eye) the luckless author sitting in a scantily-furnished Peruvian room, his water-bottle hung up in a draught, his feet in slippers, and with a maize husk cigarette between his teeth, toiling laboriously through the leagues of figures in the report, wiping his brow, and shouting to his Cholo servant (when the task is done), "A glass of chicha, Juan, and put a little ice in it, and perhaps—yes, just a little Pisco," and then falling again to write the serious portion of the book. "Non ragionam——" in fact, no thinking man would ever waste a moment on such things, which he can learn for himself at first sight by buying the reports, but would naturally read with

* "Peru." By C. Reginald Enoch, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by Martin Hume. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

avidity those things which nothing but experience and long residence in any country gives the power to write. These he will find in plenty on almost every page, with passages such as the following: " . . . nor is he (the Spanish-American) a votary of the strenuous life. . . . His theory of existence does not require him to be the North American to keep his nose eternally to the grindstone . . . It would be unphilosophical to condemn this attitude altogether. . . "

That is so, and the word "unphilosophical" shows that the author thinks for himself, and, having found the Peruvian a pleasanter man, on the whole, than (let us say) the North American, actually dares to set down what he thinks: a parlous frame of mind, and most unusual in the mining (or civil) engineer who, able at his business, not infrequently takes his opinions upon men and things straight from the newspapers, thinking, apparently, that it is their profession to provide ideas as it is his to build a bridge or follow up a lode, and not reflecting that, whereas he was obliged to study, the journalist is only forced to write.

This paucity of thought, frequently remarked amongst the practical, is due because it is a truism in mechanics and the like to work upon the line of least resistance, whereas in the region of mere thought advance alone is made along the line where the most firm resistance is encountered at each turn.

Thus as one turns the pages of the book, for we reviewers (that is, those of us who read a book at all) skip like adventurous bees from flower to flower, we find the training and up-bringing of the author often at variance with his experience of life.

It is as if a mind active and sympathetic had been imprisoned in a book of logarithms, and by degrees was struggling to be free.

This is at once apparent in his thirteenth chapter, in which he tells about the Indians in the great forests of the headwaters of the Orinoco and the Amazon. In a most curious passage, curious, that is, to students of the human mind, he says: "Bullets, alcohol, small-pox, &c. . . . are rapidly reducing these inhabitants of the Amazonian forests, and it is probably only a question of time before they become extinct."

Here, in his own mind, he evidently deplores their probable extinction. Then he goes on to say " . . . they inhabit, unchequed" (what, then, becomes of the preventive checks of bullets, alcohol, and small-pox? for I presume "unchequed" is a misprint for "unchecked") a vast and valuable territory which some day will count among the land assets of the globe."

It is not stated who was to "check" these Indians from living where they had been born. Clearly the Peruvians are doing their level best, with their bullets, alcohol, &c.; but the onus would seem to lie with Providence, who, in the first place, was so ill-advised as to create the Indians, and then to lose them in the woods.

These newspaper-made opinions only appear when the writer of the book writes consciously. When he sets down what he has seen, as it would seem, unconsciously, his natural kindliness appears. In several instances he dwells upon the patience, the sobriety, laboriousness, and cheerfulness, under oppression, shown by the Indian race, and chronicles instances of kindness shown by them to himself.

Most interesting is his account of the Chilian and Peruvian war, especially when he quotes figures to show that in their battles often a quarter of the whole contending foes were slain. This far exceeds anything that happened, even before Port Arthur, and leaves the military picnic in the Transvaal even more hopelessly ridiculous than it was at first. The introduction from the pen of Martin Hume is in his usual vein, solid and serious, well thought out, and fuller far of facts than is even an ostrich egg of meat. His knowledge of the history of Peru makes it an easy task for him to introduce, in a few well-chosen words, one or two episodes as picturesque as if he had invented them himself, instead of having taken them straight from the pages of the Inca, who now sleeps in the great mosque at Cordoba, in the third chapel on the left-hand side, entering (as he himself relates) from the court of oranges.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

BISHOP STUBBS ON MEDIEVAL GERMANY.*

The reason given by Mr. Hassall for publishing a volume of lectures by the late Bishop Stubbs on "Germany in the Middle Ages," is that "the absence of satisfactory histories of Germany in the English language is as keenly felt now as it was when Bishop Stubbs was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford." This may be so; but if the statement is meant to imply that the present volume is a "satisfactory history of Germany," it is an unfortunate claim. Such as they are, Mr. E. T. Henderson's "History of Germany in the Middle Ages" and his "Short History of Germany" in two large volumes, are more satisfying than these lectures, which even at the time of their delivery can have had little importance. Bishop Stubbs, says Mr. Hassall, "some thirty-five years ago"—apparently the date of their preparation—"had in contemplation the publication of a volume somewhat on the lines of the present one"; and Mr. Hassall is "confident that this volume will be welcomed not only by students in the Universities and in University Colleges, but also by all who are interested in the history of Germany." That Mr. Hassall pronounced his judgment in haste is suggested *primâ facie* by the syntax of the second sentence of his preface, and perusal of the book confirms the surmise. He himself could very well have produced for us a preferable treatise. Mr. Henderson, it is true, is painfully careful to be popular, not to say juvenile, in his reflections on the history he traces; but the Bishop Stubbs of thirty-five years ago is not much more profound. Like Mr. Henderson, he thinks it necessary to make excuses for his undertaking; and they are not good excuses. Such fantastic considerations as "the strange phenomenon of the fertility of the transplanted genius of the race, repaying with interest its debt to the Motherland"; "the fact that in the free English air German literature first became vocal"; and the thesis that "from England Germany received the inquiring and disputing spirit which ended (!) in the Reformation," are calculated to repel rather than attract rational students concerned to study the period 476-1250. And those who might surmount the misgiving set up by such an approach would be apt to succumb before "the fact that it is from English pseudo-philosophy that the modern German pseudo-philosophy has arisen, and that in the writings of English philosophers the religious schools of Germany have sought the antidote to the mental poison thus insinuated." It is safe to say that nobody nowadays wants to have the history of medieval Germany prepared for his deglutition in this pseudo-episcopal fashion: the whole procedure is, in more than one sense of the term, impertinent.

Seeing that the lectures make no pretence to critical investigation, being but a compendium of the chronicles, they could attain importance only in virtue of any sociological light they might throw on the vast field of German feudalism. But of this there is none. Instead, we get some characteristically vacillating and nugatory remarks on those threadbare themes, the "Germanness" and the greatness of Charlemagne. He is first presented to us (p. 21) as "a German of the Germans, in life and in death," whatever that may mean; and he is confidently credited (p. 28) with having pushed the dominion of "the German nation" further than it had ever extended. Knowing our author we are prepared to read soon afterwards (p. 35) that there was no German nation to wield dominion, and that Charles "was not the chosen representative of the German race He was a German conqueror of Germans, *i.e.*, a Frank conqueror of Bavarians and Saxons," As to his character, among other precariously balanced estimates we have from the Bishop this: "Not free from the pride, lust, and cruelty of conquerors, he is yet singularly free from the errors, misfortunes, and crimes into which such passions lead conquerors." On the whole, one prefers the moral method of Gibbon.

On the general problem of the "Holy" Roman Empire Bishop Stubbs sees clearly enough, as did Heeren and others before him, the harm done to Germany by the Imperial relation; and on this subject he speaks with weight

* "Germany in the Middle Ages, 476—1250." By William Stubbs, D.D., formerly Bishop of Oxford and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Edited by Arthur Hassall, M.A. Longmans. 6s. net.

and wisdom. "Never anything but harm," he rightly sums up, "resulted to Germany from the Italian Dominion." But he makes no attempt to show how the harm worked in the body social; and such considerations as "the humiliation of Henry IV., the one great failure of Frederick Barbarossa, the profound, astounding ruin of Frederick II.," merely put a reader off the scent. What is needed is a presentment of the life of the German people as affected by German Imperialism; and for this the British novice had better turn to Hallam, if not to the translation of Menzel. Hallam is here criticised by Bishop Stubbs for his view of the Emperor Henry III.; but the dispute lacks interest because of the sociological vacancy around it. Had the Bishop lived, he might have based upon the sketch of these lectures a history of medieval Germany worth attention: as it is, one is moved to doubt whether he would latterly have thought the sketch worth printing. If he did to the last stand by the views here set forth as to the incomparable moral superiority of the Teutonic stock; the incapacity of English and German Kings to break their plighted word, as did French Kings (also, as it happens, of the sacred stock); the innate faithlessness of the medieval Italians (with all their Teutonic elements) and of the Byzantine Greeks, with all their Christianity—he thereby proved merely his temperamental retention of the early prejudices which most interfered with his judgment as a historian. In these days we have to listen much in England to the lore of those who hate all things German. It is melancholy nonsense enough; but it is not to be usefully counterblasted by uncritical Teutophile writing of the school of Stubbs and Motley. One had thought that was obsolete; and it is not possible to be grateful to Mr. Hassall for this *rechauffé*.

HEARN'S CANDID FRIEND.*

One of the many comforts of antiquity is that we know little about its greatest writers. The author of the Book of Job is not even a name, and of the Greek poets hardly half a dozen facts have survived. If the ancients wrote biography, it was the lives of men of action that they wrote. For a man of wisdom they tried little more than to record the memories of his teaching, and for an author his works were sufficient memorial. At the back of this limitation there lay, perhaps, the classic sense of fitness for material—the same sense that refused to imitate each separate hair in marble, or to represent external scenes by music. Certainly, the events in a writer's life can be told, but they are almost always unimportant, and the history of the soul is far too delicate a substance for the biographer's art in marble tombstones.

Yet there is evidently an attraction in literary biographies, and the resurrection of writers is a frequent occupation, even when there is something of a ghoulish feast about the resurrection, or of a body-snatcher's profit. Dr. Gould is far from being a ghoul or a body-snatcher, but he was a friend, and, were it not for Boswell and Lockhart, we should say that no friend ought ever to be a biographer. If we wanted to retain any heroic idea of a great writer, we should almost as soon have his Life by his valet-de-chambre as by a friend. What Dr. Gould has done for his friend in the way of epitaph cannot be called a service. We quite recognised Lafcadio Hearn's limitations before. We never regarded him as a creative genius of exuberant mind or overwhelming character. We knew only that he was excellent within his dainty and rather precious borders, and we did not care to know much more. He was not big enough for more, and when Dr. Gould describes him as "deprived by nature, by the necessities of his life, and by conscious intention, of religion, morality, scholarship, magnanimity, loyalty, character, benevolence, and other constituents of personal greatness," we can only say that we are sorry to hear it was so bad as all that. But it does not now much matter to the world, and it does not matter at all to the little piece of work that Hearn admirably accomplished.

Beside friendship, which thus finds its natural expression in words that no one but a friend could have used, Dr. Gould has the further disadvantage for the biography of being possessed by a theory that is only partially true. He appears to have made a specialist's study of the power of sight and its influence on the mind. Like most specialists, from shoemakers upward, he thinks there is nothing like his speciality. "Intellect, and especially æsthetics," he says, "are almost wholly the product of vision," and he repeats that sentence in the book as though it were an established law of truth. Naturally, he applies it to Hearn as a remarkable illustration. For Hearn had only one eye, and that is characteristically described by Dr. Gould as "enormously near-sighted." A foot or two away, Hearn could see nothing but a hazy blur of colors, and to this near-sightedness Dr. Gould attributes, not only his delight in color, but nearly everything noticeable in his mind and character. We must apologise for using the word "character," for Dr. Gould tells us that Hearn had none, that he only reflected the moment, and was nothing but a "chromatic voice," "a multi-colored echo." His short-sightedness not only caused his "timid and feline" manner, but so limited his mind that his only originality was color.

Of course, there is truth in all this. A very clear-sighted man is often cynical, seldom very imaginative, and usually has a keener sense of form than color. More than twenty years ago Mr. Andrew Lang had praised the advantages of short sight in lines that Hearn took to himself with pleasure. We quote a few of them as exactly illustrating the argument, and also as a model of comic style:—

> "And with my feeble eyes and dim,
> When *you* see patchy fields and fences,
> For me the mists of Turner swim—
> *My* azure distance soon commences!
> Nay, as I blink about the streets
> Of this befogged and miry city,
> Why, almost every girl one meets
> Seems preternaturally pretty!
> 'Try spectacles,' one's friends intone;
> 'You'll see the world correctly through them.'
> But I have visions of my own
> And not for worlds would I undo them."

There is a kind of truth in it all; eyesight certainly has its effect on the mind and temperament, just as digestion has. But when we remember blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides, it is a little too much to say that intellect is almost entirely the product of vision, or that Hearn's "morbid vision was his distinctive force."

What with this theory and his personal friendship, Dr. Gould is, perhaps, more merciless to his subject than any biographer has been before. The book abounds with passages like the following:—

> "The interior emptiness was pathetically emphasised by the fact of a contentless experience which also worked to deprive his mind of spontaneous originality. He never loved, except in one sorry way, never suffered much, never lived much, for he was a hard worker, and was always seeking the ever-postponed, ever-unsatisfying Paradise, so vainly hunted for, and which none ever finds except in himself. *Ihm fehlt die Liebe*, was said of Heine—how much truer is it of Hearn!"

In passing, we wonder if that mistake of Matthew Arnold's is to be immortal! *Ihm fehlt die Liebe* was never said of Heine. Goethe said it of Platen, Heine's most virulent enemy and best ridiculed butt. The irony that pursues Heine beyond the grave has fastened the phrase on him, and the dulness of mankind seems likely to inscribe it as his epitaph for ever. But it appears to us quite probable that Hearn deserved it as little as Heine himself. One does not become even a "multi-colored echo"—one does not enter into the heart of a people as Hearn did, without a quality that we may call love.

It was a sympathetic affection for her people which gave Hearn the power to describe the fading visions of old Japan as no other foreigner has described them. We admit that, in Dr. Gould's words, it is "rather disconcerting" to find that after fourteen years' residence among the Japanese, Hearn was still unable to speak to his wife and children in their own language or to read it. We can only suppose that his wife must have served as a very useful interpreter of words and, sometimes, of Japanese feeling. But it is to Hearn's own peculiar sensitiveness, to his genius for putting himself in the place of others, that his power of insight and charm of interpretation were due

---

* "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn." By George M. Gould, M.D. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

Indeed, if we were asked in one word to express the secret of Hearn's success where so many have failed, we might well use the word "Liebe" for it, whether he is telling of the holy mountain and country life, or of strange fairy-tales and traditions, or of the blossoms, the singing insects, and the dragon-flies that so well typified Japan in the past, and still hold their place among battleships and similar evidences of progress. "How can a doll live?" asked a dull stranger of a Japanese child. "Why," came the quick answer, "if you love it enough it will live." It was so that Hearn made old Japan live for us in his pages.

THREE NOVELS.*

WHERE women novelists excel is in understanding and delineating the fine shades of personal touch. Woman's mental finesse, necessitated by her *rôle* in social life and the home, finds its own characteristic expression in feminine humor. This is well illustrated by Mrs. Stepney Rawson's amusing novel, in which the men characters are shown as erratic, unseeing forces of the masculine will, to be played up to, disregarded, or out-manœuvred by the women who, living for the social drama around them, take a malicious joy in watching every move in the game. The story centres round the doings of the Luck household, the retired Anglo-Indian Colonel, his hazy wife, Alethea, and their three daughters, Hazel, Violet, and Penelope, who have just settled down in their new home at Yeldham, on the banks of the Thames. The autocratic Colonel, to the outsider's eye, rules his family with a rod of iron, but, in fact, his paternal thunders pass harmlessly over his womenfolks' heads when the latter have once set their minds on gaining their point, little or big. The chronicle of the scandals set going in the neighbourhood by the gossip-mongers, Mrs. De Saulez-Pratt, and Mrs. Partwell, over Hazel's love affair with her impetuous suitor Edmund Fielding, is done with the lightest of hands, as are the pen-sketches of Mr. Crumpton, the rich plebeian, the "mincing" Honorable Julian Vyner, Major Scott, who writes and stage-manages the Yeldham Pageant, Aunt Gribble, the early-Victorian lady, and a dozen other of the Lucks' neighbors. Where, however, the author's feminine finesse shows itself most piquantly is in her analysis of Hazel's secret love feelings: her ruses of flight with averted head, her sudden returns and relentings, followed hard by an irreproachable and icy manner, her anger with herself, and her final surrender—all the innocency of Hazel's feminine manœuvres are done with clairvoyance and a touch of malice. Mrs. Stepney Rawson throws herself, however, with such zest into her chronicle of the opinions of everyone in Yeldham on everybody else, that a slight dizziness may affect the masculine reader before the last page is in sight. In return for being amused and distracted, the latter is forced to bow his head and admit his likeness to a fly which has buzzed and blundered into the intricacies of a spider's web.

A deeper aspect of feminine morals is dealt with in a story of a loveless marriage, "The Burden," which, lacking in the feminine wit displayed in "The Easy-Go-Luckies," is distinguished by its earnest spirituality. As a work of art "The Burden" is indeed only partially convincing. The aristocratic household of Lord Raven, the hero, is a little wanting in actuality, and the character-drawing of the lover, Captain Piers Raven, and of the men generally, is shadowy. The story, nevertheless, holds one's attention. Lord Raven, a frail widower of sixty, has taken to wife Elizabeth, his ward, an unawakened girl of eighteen. The two live on terms of affection, but Elizabeth does not know the meaning of love, and there are no children. When the irresistible cousin, Captain Raven, comes to stay on a visit, the scales fall from Elizabeth's eyes, and though meaning to be true to her vows, "after a moment of madness she awakes to find that she has given Piers Raven what she might never regain." Captain Raven is recalled immediately to South Africa, and Elizabeth soon finds that it is his child that she will bear. The moral problems here treated are complicated. With one school of novel writers Elizabeth's death would have been held to be the only adequate expiation of her fault, and the fact of the unnaturalness of this marriage between a young girl and a man of sixty would have gone for little. The author, however, from the feminine standpoint, reaches the same conclusion that Meredith has worked out in "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," and her thesis that the sin against nature involved in Elizabeth's marriage is of more vital importance to the community than her sin against her husband, is treated with much spiritual insight. There is, in fact, a conflict under discussion in "The Burden," the woman's feeling of having obeyed a law of love, and the conviction that this love is licence. Her point of view is summed up in the speech of Elizabeth: "I never had the love of wife for him. How could I—a girl of eighteen?" and in the description of the tumult in the girl's heart, her mixture of shame and joy, when she discovers that she is bearing a child to the man she really loves. Elizabeth, of course, does not deny her fault. "That I did was wrong, and I ought to have waited to have freed myself, and that I did not was wrong." But this confession carries no weight with the old maid, Miss Georgie Raven, who "seethes with anger and hatred, and a bitter sense of outrage against Elizabeth, whose clean life and cloistered days, devoted motherhood and wholesome occupations, were like straws against the gold weights in the balance. Georgie judged her wholly vile because she had once yielded to the temptation." The complex situation is smoothed out by the sudden death of Lord Raven, by an accident, and by Elizabeth's resolution, after her child's birth, to reveal to the family trustees that her son is illegitimate, and that Captain Raven is the rightful heir. This is the best scene in the book.

In "Hill Rise," Mr. W. B. Maxwell has, we think, given the measure of his artistic gifts. If we exclude from our field of vision talents of the first and second order, we are grateful that he can be counted as a sturdy recruit in the third or fourth rank. He tells an entertaining and animated story in a breezy and vigorous style, and his commentary on life is fundamentally sound and whole hearted. In "Hill Rise" he traces with unflagging skill the fortunes of two families, the great Sir John Vincent's, the local aristocrat, and Mr. Crunden's, a Medford "builder and decorator," who has retired from business with twenty-five thousand pounds. The picture of the Hill Rise residential gentry, with their ever marriageable daughters, and their sons who ride and row, play golf and tennis, loaf and get into debt, but never find work in any career for themselves, is skilfully set off against that of the Medford shopkeepers and city fathers, who have ostracised old Crunden because he votes against burdening the rates with the cost of an unnecessary Town Hall. Fate however has it that when the great Lady Haddenham dies the Hill Rise estate comes into the market, and is secured by Mr. Crunden, eager to avenge the snubbings the residential artistocracy have inflicted on his charming and modest daughter, Lizzie. The story of the "development" of the Hill Rise estate, and of the financial collapse of the great Sir John and the gentry, has almost epic force. Never has the romance in "bricks and mortar" been set forth in such circumstantial detail as by Mr. Maxwell, who, by the exactness of his facts and figures might, to write "Hill Rise," have gone into training as a builder's foreman. Lizzie Crunden is secretly in love with the dashing Jack Vincent, who seizes the psychological moment of his family's disaster, to roll up his shirt sleeves, and is then taken on by Mr. Crunden as a clerk, at thirty-five shillings a week. If, in places, the reader rubs his eyes and wonders why it is that the novel is transformed into a fairy tale, we may answer that the quality of the author's art is romantic, and that the apparent closeness of nature to his descriptions is varied by effective strokes of caricature. This will not, however, trouble the great majority of his readers, who will follow with profitable amusement the ups and downs of the losing battle which old Crunden wages gallantly against fate and the London and Suburban Trust. All comes right in the end, and the Crunden-Vincent feud becomes an alliance when, on the last pages, Jack goes down on his knees, and Lizzie falls into his arms.

*"The Easy-Go-Luckies." By Maud Stepney Rawson. Methuen. 6s.
"The Burden." By Anna Scott-Dawson. Heinemann. 6s.
"Hill Rise." By W. B. Maswell. Methuen. 6s.

JUST PUBLISHED—BOLD TYPE.

FLORENCE WARDEN'S NEW NOVEL:

THE SOCIALISM OF LADY JIM

Now ready. Crown 8vo. 6s

C. FORESTIER-WALKER'S NEW NOEVL:

THE TRAGEDY OF 44.

Now ready. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE MYSTERY OF A MOONLIGHT TRYST.

By IZE DUFFUS HARDY. Cloth 6/s.

A MYSTERIOUS BOHEMIAN.

By ALICE M. DIEHL, Author of "The Garden of Eden."
Now ready. 6s.

THE BOND WOMEN.

By H. MAXWELL, Author of "The Secretary of State," &c.
Standard says: "A bright and interesting novel." 6s.

THE DIAMOND AND THE LADY.

By JAMES BLYTH, Author of "The King's Guerdon," &c.
Academy says: "A racy, exciting detective story." 6s.

THE PERFECT UNION. By "ALIEN." 6s.

"Readers of 'Alien's' former book "His Neighbour's Landmark" will appreciate the quality of her latest work The story of a woman's struggles to acquire the difficult art of self-knowledge may serve not only to widen experience but to enlighten the mind. No one who reads this well thought-out novel will have any manner of doubt."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

THE UNEXPLAINED: True Indian Stories.

By EDITH C. GERRARD. Cloth Gilt. 3/6.

Standard says: "Many Anglo-Indians will welcome this collection of Indian stories. They have a certain wayward charm of their own."

LONDON: DIGBY, LONG & CO., 18, Bouverie Street, E.C.

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo, 6s.

DIANA MALLORY.

BY

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

The Times.—"The heroine is fascinating . . . a beautiful character, high strung, chivalrous, the soul of honour, always ringing true when struck by the blows of fate. . . . The swift deft talk carries the reader into politics of the latest kind, and people who are outside party politics must feel that they are initiated into electoral mysteries and cabinet making after reading some of these vivid pages."

Ready on Thursday next. Crown 8vo, 6s.

ROUND THE FIRE STORIES.

By **A. CONAN DOYLE,**

Author of "The White Company," "Sir Nigel," &c.

MY FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.

And Other Original Recitations.

Being Specially Revised Selections from "T Leaves," "Tantler's Sister, and Other Untruthful Stories," and "More T Leaves."

By EDWARD F. TURNER.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. *Sept.* 26.

NEW SIX-SHILLING FICTION.

WROTH.

By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE,

Guardian:—"This bewitching romance . . . . Few living novelists have a wealth of imagination such as appears in this work, and fewer still know so well how to handle their material."

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.,

Daily Telegraph:—"A book to be cordially recommended both to those who enjoy a good story and to those who enjoy adventure."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Part I. Ready

A Book most Fascinating to look at

And of Rare Scientific Value

THE

WILD BEASTS

OF THE WORLD

By FRANK FINN

100

Large Drawings in Colour

By

Louis Sargent, Charles E. Swan, and Winifred Austin

It is now many years since any extensive series of pictures of animals in colour was presented to the public, and all works so illustrated have been issued at a very high price. Recent developments in colour printing have now made it possible to bring within the reach of everyone the best work of the best artists in colour, and the Publishers believe that the demand for *The Wild Beasts of the World* will justify them in placing it on the market at a popular price.

17 Parts at 1/- net

The descriptions are accurate, thoroughly up-to-date, and written in a vivid and lively style.

This New Natural History draws upon a fund of information revealed by the observant traveller, and by the camera, not available in older works.

LONDON: T. C. & E. C. JACK
16 HENRIETTA ST., W.C., & EDINBURGH

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Mr. Hugh de Selincourt's "Great Ralegh" (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.), is an entertaining biography, written with care and distinction, but, in our view, not quite adequate to its subject. For few even of the great Elizabethans furnish their biographers with a theme at once so rich and so exacting as does Sir Walter Raleigh. Possessing in generous measure the exuberant vitality of his age, he touched life at many points—he was adventurer, courtier, soldier, sailor, politician, poet, coloniser, historian—and in nearly every capacity he showed an audacity and power of mind and temperament that lend themselves readily to vivid coloring. "He was," says Mr. de Sélincourt, "the most romantic figure of the most romantic age in the annals of English history." To present such a figure in clear perspective it is necessary to make much of incident, but Raleigh's latest biographer seems to care little for action, and the Raleigh he gives us is a Raleigh heroic indeed, and attractive, but lacking the substance that goes to make up the true portrait of the man. Not that Mr. de Sélincourt has any want of admiration for Raleigh. He has unbounded enthusiasm for him, and his tendency is to find excuses for Raleigh's pitiful letters to James when under sentence of death at Winchester, and for his counterfeit of illness at Salisbury. "The spirit of life which made him a great man, mastered him, and forced him now to plead for his life like a little man, which he could never be." This is a slight explanation of the tone of the letters. Raleigh's conduct at Salisbury, when he rubbed himself with an ointment so that it might seem he was suffering from grave disease, may have been merely a ruse to gain time to write the "Apology for the Voyage to Guiana," in which he stated his case to the world. But it was terribly undignified and weak, and it is futile to say that "men like Ralegh have different values from ordinary men; in that, perhaps, chiefly lies their greatness." There is some padding in M. de Sélincourt's book, and occasionally—as in the description of Raleigh's death—it descends to sentimentality; but it gives an interesting account of a great Englishman, typical in his defects as well as in his qualities, of the Elizabethan age.

* * *

The anonymous author of "G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism" (Alston Rivers, 5s.), justifies his book on the ground that Mr. Chesterton "is primarily a propagandist, the preacher of a definite message to his own time," and that it is as absurd to postpone discussing him as it would be for Mr. Balfour to "defer replying to a speech by Mr. Asquith till time has shown whether Mr. Asquith will be classed with Fox or with Addington." Accordingly, the writer traces clearly, but rather portentously, the growth of Mr. Chesterton's opinions. His conclusion is that when the process of self-realisation is complete Mr. Chesterton "will come to see that just as he has become a Catholic in religion, he has, in fact, become a Tory in politics." There is ground for this view, but it should not be stated without adding that Mr. Chesterton's democracy is pretty sound and strong. Indeed, his efforts to drive Catholicism and democracy in a sort of tandem, sometimes with the one as leader and sometimes with the other, make a good part of the liberal entertainment he provides for us. Admitting that Mr. Chesterton has no power of creating characters who talk and act from within, his critic holds that the stories are the best part of his work, and gives "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" as his high water mark. For our part, we prefer his biography of Dickens, which, in spite of many faults, is a penetrating and sympathetic criticism, marked also by brilliant pugnacity. An interpretation of Mr. Chesterton would have more justification had his writings or his philosophy a touch of obscurity, but obscurity is a charge of which he is innocent. He is a very clear writer. However, this book will interest those people who like to read about Mr. Chesterton.

* * *

The late Queen Victoria published several of her diaries during her life-time, and a good deal more relating to her private life was revealed to the public through Sir Theodore Martin's standard work on the Prince Consort, compiled under her personal supervision. From this and other miscellaneous material, Mr. Frank Hird has produced a very readable volume in "Victoria the Woman" (Appleton, 7s. 6d. net.). The author's intention is to show the late monarch's character as a woman, as distinct from that of a sovereign, and with this end in view he has made no use of purely political correspondence, such as that which largely constitutes the recently published "Letters of Queen Victoria." He has collected some piquant facts in regard to the Duchess of Kent and her treatment by George IV., William IV., and the Duke of Cumberland, while the events of the Queen's childhood, of her domestic life with the Prince Consort, and of that later life of seclusion, relieved towards its close by a burst of devotion to the ceremonial part of public duty, are described with clearness and a sympathetic touch. Necessarily, the Queen's retirement from State functions from the time of Prince Albert's death to the Jubilee of 1887—a retirement that was greatly criticised by the contemporary Press—calls for vindication at his hands, but his opinions are temperately expressed. The book does not induce a more favorable opinion of the Queen's predecessors in the Hanoverian dynasty than has been entertained hitherto, and the figure of the Duke of Cumberland especially appears in a rather more sinister light as that of a somewhat clumsy intriguer for the possession of the English crown. The Queen's character, however, after making allowances for the political indiscretions of early years and the human selfishness of later ones, gains immeasurably by contrast with those of her royal relatives. Mr. Hird's picture of her as wife and mother is altogether pleasing, and most probably just.

* * *

Founded by Rahere in the reign of Henry II., the Priory of St. Bartholomew-the-Great at Smithfield has had an even more chequered career than most of the important religious establisments whose ruins still survive. Like many another, it suffered severely from the Act for the Dissolution of the Monasteries, and after succeeding periods of complete or partial neglect had reached a deplorable state of dilapidation in the early part of the last century. Then some attempt was made to restore the building, but no real improvement was effected till 1863, when the then Rector of the parish took the matter in hand. The crowning work of restoration was the reconstruction of the Lady Chapel, completed by Sir Aston Webb in 1896; and since then an energetic Committee has done much to revive the early glories of its architecture. A painstaking account of the Priory and its history is contained in Mr. George Worley's "The Priory Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great," which forms a volume in the Cathedral Series (George Bell, 1s. 6d. net). It is profusely illustrated with photographs and reproductions of old engravings. The latter make very satisfactory pictures, but the former are in many cases disfigured by halation. This could surely have been avoided.

* * *

Mr. W. P. Westell's "The Insect Book" (John Lane, 3s. net.) is the latest addition to the series of "Country Handbooks," and serves its purpose as an introduction to the detailed study of a large and curiously attractive subject. The book is divided into an introduction and five chapters, the latter covering different "localities." Thus we read, in turn, of the Insect Life of the Gardens, of the Waterside, the Woodland, &c., &c., and while in this classification there is bound to be considerable overlapping, the arrangement is, perhaps, the best that could be devised. In a brochure of 25,000 words anything like detailed treatment is, of course, impossible, but this little volume contains quite enough information on the structure and habits of the insect tribe to be useful to the person who is neither an advanced entomologist nor lacking in the necessary intelligence for matters of natural history. The accompanying plates deserve special mention. Beautifully produced and printed, they are illustrations in the best sense of the term, in that they assist the proper understanding of the text,

From Messrs Constable's List

LIFE OF TOLSTOY: FIRST FIFTY YEARS. By Aylmer Maude. Demy 8vo, **10/6** net.

DOROTHEA BEALE OF CHELTENHAM. By Elizabeth Raikes. Demy 8vo, **10/6** net.

PRINCESSE DE LAMBALLE. By B. C. Hardy. Demy 8vo, **10/6** net.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING. For the use of Students and Collectors. Full Biography and Classified Lists, &c. By A. M. Hind. Sm. Crown 8vo, **18/-** net.

WRITE FOR SPECIAL LIST OF BERNARD SHAW'S BOOKS, ALSO FOR DESCRIPTIVE LISTS OF RELIGIONS: ANCIENT AND MODERN; AND PHILOSOPHIES: ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

LEAVEN OF LOVE. Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham.

THE BORDERLAND. Robert Halifax.

THE PRINCESS DEHRA. John Reed Scott.

DESIRE. N. L. Silberrad.

THE LITTLE BROWN BROTHER Stanley Portal Hyatt *[2nd Edition.*

KITTY TAILLEUR. May Sinclair.

LEWIS RAND. By Mary Johnston. *Early in October.*

10, ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

BOOKS WANTED, 25s. Each Offered.—Brewer's Henry VIII., 2 vols., 1884. Burke's Armoury and Extinct Peerage, 1883. Borrow's Wild Wales, 3 vols., 1862. Eliot's Scenes of Clerical Life, 1st edition, 2 vols., 1858. Jerrold's Men of Character, 3 vols., 1838. Alice in Wonderland, 1865 or 1866. Stevenson's Edinburgh, 1879. Desperate Remedies, 3 vols., 1871. Churchill's Poems, 3 vols., 1844. Symond's Italian Literature, 2 vols., 1881. Swinburne's Atalanta, white cloth, 1865. Lorna Doone, 3 vols., 1869. James's Painters and their Work, 3 vols. Gardiner's History of England, 2 vols., 1863. Jackson's Old Paris, 2 vols., 1878. Freer's Last Decade, 2 vols., 1863. 100,000 books for sale and wanted. Please state wants.—Holland Bros., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

Buy

The Saturday Westminster

Weekly Issue of "The Westminster Gazette."

Because

it contains all F.C.G.'S Cartoons of the Week.
of its unique page of "Problems and Prizes."
of its Book Reviews and Literary Columns.
of the Variety of General Articles and Short Stories.
it is the only Weekly Magazine-Review of the kind.
it costs but a Penny a Week. *By post, 6s. 6d. (Home), and 8s. 8d. (Abroad) per annum.*

It

Never Fails to Please & Satisfy

Offices: Tudor House, Tudor St., London, E.C.

100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE

By L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

(Reprinted from "The Daily News.")

The publication of 100 POINTS for FREE TRADE day by day during the last few months in "The Daily News" has been followed with the keenest interest. **These 100 Points are now issued in convenient pamphlet form (100 Pages).** Free Traders all over the country have thus an opportunity of possessing in a handy form the material for an immediate answer to the fallacies of the Tariff Reformer.

100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE

PRICE ONE PENNY.

The price of this 100-page pamphlet, which is of a handy shape for the pocket, is **1d. for a single copy or 1½d. post free. A comprehensive index to the entire subject matter makes every item of information contained readily accessible.**

We have arranged for special terms to be in force for large orders as follows:—

SPECIAL TERMS FOR QUANTITIES.
(Carriage Paid.)

2 dozen and upwards	-	1d. each.	
200 and upwards	- -	1d. „ less	2½ per cent.
500 „ „	- -	1d. „ „	5 „
1,000 „ „	- -	1d. „ „	10 „

1d. 100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE. 1d.

Applications to be made to THE MANAGER, Publications Dept., "The Daily News," Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE,

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.,

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

Have the Largest Selection of Bibles, Prayer Books, and Church Services. Publishers of "The Marked Bible." Lectern Lesson Book," "Priest's Pocket Bible," "Daily Service Book," &c.

CASH DISCOUNT, 3D. IN 1S.

☛ **Thousands of Bibles, etc., at HALF-PRICE.**

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

406 pages, 8vo, cloth, 2s. post free.

HEAVEN AND HELL:

Things Heard and Seen.

By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER wrote:—"There is one grand and beautiful idea underlying all Swedenborg's revelations or speculations about the future life. His remarkably suggestive books are becoming familiar to the reading and reflecting portion of the community."

LONDON: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1, Bloomsbury St.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

and, though not colored, suggest the æsthetic attraction of many specimens as few photographs can claim to do. They are the work of Mr. R. B. Imisson.

* * *

Schiaparelli said that astronomy was the science of Infinity and Eternity, and this significant description should always be borne in mind when considering the educative uses of a study that has attracted mankind almost since the world began. In the introductory chapter of his "Through the Depths of Space: A Primer of Astronomy" (Blackwood, 2s. net.), Mr. Hector Macpherson, Jun., keeps this broad aspect of the science well to the front. He writes an interesting historical sketch of astronomical research from the time of the ancient Greeks and Hebrews, showing how old philosophers clung to the theory that the earth was motionless, how this idea was changed by Copernicus, and how further important discoveries by Herschel and Newton paved the way for all modern investigation. Succeeding chapters on the Moon, the Sun, and the Inner and Outer Planets, Comets and Meteors, and the Stellar System, deal concisely with the phenomena of the various phases of this profound subject. With the matter of each section indicated by a title in larger type, the form of the book is essentially business-like, and the accompanying plates leave little to be desired

* * *

"By the Roman Wall," by Miss Maria A. Hoyer (Nutt, 2s. 6d. net.), is the light-hearted account of an August excursion along the line of the Wall from Chollerford to Bowness. The blank verse "foreword" which, the authoress confides to us, was written to pass the time on a wet and idle day, is perhaps blank enough to be a little pathetic; but what follows is in an easy, swinging style, well calculated to attract the reader who has not yet fallen under the spell of "antiquarian research," as the term is understood by the many tourists who go to the northern counties for their recreation. The book is illustrated by the authoress's own sketches and photographs. We have read works on the same subject that aspired to much more, and achieved a good deal less, than does this high-spirited holiday book.

* * *

A Novel Reader's Guide.—"The Suspicions of Ermengarde." By Maxwell Gray (John Long, 6s.) A light comedy of the doings on the Continent of an Englishwoman, watched over by her husband, disguised as an Anarchist.—"Gold of Cathay." By Gilbert Wintle (Ward, Lock, 6s.) A sensational story of hidden treasure, good of its kind.—"Rose Campion's Platonic." By Adam Lilburn (Greening, 6s.) A novel with a Bohemian flavor. The hero's wife dies at the psychological moment, and thus brings Rose's "platonic" to a conclusion.—"The Prince's Marriage." By W. H. Williamson (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) A story of political intrigue in the Near East.—"The Climax." By J. Cranstoun Nevill (John Long, 6s.) The hero, Eric Haines, is determined to see life, and rebels against his guardian's authority. He falls in love with a married woman; a fatal accident to a friend prevents an elopement.—"The Log of a Sailorman." By W. Brooke (The Century Press, 6s.) A good story of rough-and-tumble episodes in a seaman's life.—"A Pawn in the Game." By W. H. Fitchett (Smith, Elder, 6s.) A historical novel of the days of Napoleon, who is one of the characters. There is plenty of adventure, and the style has vigor.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

	Price Friday Morning, Sept. 11.	Price Friday Morning, Sept. 18.
Consols 2½ per cent.	85 15/16 ...	85 9/16
German 3 per cent.	84 ...	83½
Union Pacific	171½ ...	167⅜
Canadian-Pacific...	179¼ ...	176⅛
Peruvian Corp. Ord.	11⅝ ...	11⅝

It is hardly surprising that the week has seen a reaction on the Stock Exchange after the general expansion of the past fortnight. American railways in particular seemed to have gone far higher than the state of trade and earnings justified. The cereal crops in the United States are not so very remarkable this year, though a good deal better than last. Certainly they are not good enough in themselves to swing trade round from bad to good. From all that I can hear it is now the general opinion of those best able to judge that cheap money and bad trade (the first being a consequence of the second) are likely to last a good many months longer. If this be so, it would be reasonable to expect a general rise in Consols and gilt-edged securities. But the Russian Loan is impending, and this will absorb a great deal of capital. The Sao Paulo Coffee Loan is also expected almost immediately, and it is in preparation for this that Brazilian bonds are being manipulated upwards. An interesting report has just been published by our consul at Para on rubber and other products of the Amazon Valley. The International Rubber Exhibition at Olympia ought to be visited by all who are interested in the trade.

The American Harvest.

The following report indicates the condition and prospects of American crops at the beginning of this month:—

> "There is general complaint of the weather being too cool or too dry for corn in the northern half of the belt. West of the Mississippi there is plenty of moisture, but the weather is rather cool, while in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, drought still prevails, and the crop has lost ground. Light frosts are reported from northern Illinois. The outlook for the crop is mixed. The acreage is larger this year than last, but the condition is lower and the crop is late. Early frosts would curtail yield. A crop no larger than last year is now indicated. Tobacco has been hurt in Ohio and Kentucky by dry weather. Winter-wheat ploughing is retarded by dry weather in the central west. Cotton-crop reports from Texas and the Mississippi valley are very good, but deterioration is reported in Alabama, and serious damage was caused in the Carolinas by the recent floods washing out the crops on the lowlands. Hill crops are in better shape. A good rice crop is bringing high prices in Louisiana, and a good sugar crop is in sight. The Maryland tomato crop was hurt by rains following drought."

This is not a particularly good outlook, comparing unfavorably with Canada, where the harvest is said to be one-third larger than last year, as well of superior quality. And when we turn from the farmer to the manufacturer and merchant, or from the agricultural laborer to the town hand, we find that the barometer of trade in the United States is still very low—considerably below the corresponding period of last year, when contraction was still in evidence.

Trade in the United States.

Iron and steel production, after being only 40 or 50 per cent., is now from 60 to 80 per cent. of full capacity, and the settlement of the Alabama coal miners' and the New England paper-makers' strikes has made for a larger output. During the last eight months the production of steam coal in the United States has only been about 60 per cent. of last year. There is a further gain in the output of lumber, particularly in the South and in the Pacific North-West. The building trade is expanding in Western cities, but the preliminary August report showed a heavier decrease from a year ago than was shown in July or June, owing largely to heavy decreases at New York City. The shoe trade is rather better, but the output is below last year. The Eastern leather markets are quieter, manufacturers having covered requirements. Cheaper jewellery manufacturers are busier. A general resumption of glass factories occurred on September 1st. The tone of the Boston wool market has been fairly good, and the textile mills generally seem to be rather busier. But the depression is still sufficiently serious to make the Republican Party and Wall Street and the Trusts very nervous about the election. The tariff question is coming more and more to the front, and the Republicans are showing more and more disposition to promise reductions. A New York financier who has just arrived in London considers that it will take six years before the United States recovers the prosperity it enjoyed in 1906. This sounds like an exaggeration; but the author of the saying has good opportunities of knowing present conditions at any rate, and he predicts another heavy crop of failures this autumn.

Lucellum.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

CAPITAL - £8,000,000, in 100,000 Shares of £80 each.
Paid-up Capital, £2,000,000. Reserve Fund, £1,600,000.

Directors.

Hon. SIR ERIC BARRINGTON, K.C.B.	WILLIAM E. HUBBARD, Esq.
JOHN ANNAN BRYCE, Esq., M.P.	SIR THOMAS JACKSON, Bart.
JOHN JAMES CATER, Esq.	WM. McKEWAN, Esq. (Honorary Director).
ERNEST H. CUNARD, Esq.	
Right Hon. VISCOUNT GOSCHEN.	OSWALD CECIL MAGNIAC, Esq.
C. SEYMOUR GRENFELL, Esq.	WILLIAM G. RATHBONE, Esq.
CHARLES JOHN HEGAN, Esq.	CHARLES J. CATER SCOTT, Esq.

Auditors.

HENRY GRANT, Esq. THOMAS HORWOOD, Esq.
Hon. STUART PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE.

Head Office Manager—HERMAN RICHARD WYATT.
Deputy Head Office Manager—FREDERICK JAMES BARTHORPE.
Country Manager—WILLIAM GEORGE GRIBBLE.
Chief Inspector—FRANK WILLIAM HOWETT.
Chief Accountant—THEOPHILUS JAMES CARPENTER.
Secretary—EDGAR FRANCIS ROBINSON.

Head Office: 21, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.
Foreign Exchange Office—80, Cornhill, E.C.

266 Branches in London and Country.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS are opened on the usual terms. Facilities are given Customers at any Branch for the transfer of money to or from any other Branch.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—Sums of £10 and upwards are received on deposit at interest, subject to notice of withdrawal, or by special agreement, in accordance with the usual custom.

PURCHASE AND SALE of Stocks and Shares effected.

DIVIDENDS, ANNUITIES, &c., received.

THE AGENCY OF FOREIGN AND COUNTRY BANKS is undertaken, and every description of Banking business transacted.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

CURRENCY DRAFTS, CIRCULAR NOTES and LETTERS OF CREDIT are issued, and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS made to all parts of the World.

APPROVED FOREIGN DRAFTS are purchased and Collections undertaken.

DOCUMENTARY CREDITS are established, and every facility given for the handling of Documents to or from Abroad.

The Officers of the Bank are bound to secrecy.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposits repayable on demand.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED)

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it

WILL BE REPLACED.

TANGYE OIL ENGINE

AUTOMATIC TUBE IGNITION.

NO LAMP EXCEPT FOR STARTING

TANGYES LTD
BIRMINGHAM.

THE
LEADING EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

Try them. They are the finest imported, and can be obtained from all High-class Tobacconists, Stores, &c.

Wholesale depot—20, Cheapside, London, E.C.

HIGHEST QUALITY
TURKISH TOWELS
AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY
BARLOW & JONES, LIMITED, MANCHESTER;
And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

WEST HEATH SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD.

On high ground close to the Heath.
A day school for Boys and Girls (about 100 pupils).

Principal: **Mrs. Ennis Richmond.**
Headmaster: **Mr. F. V. Bindon (M.A. Cantab.).**
Succeeding Mr. & Mrs. Rice, now taking up work at Bedales School, Hants.

Good Buildings. Playground. Large Grass Playing Fields.

A Boarding house will be opened in September in connection with the above under the immediate management of **Mrs. Richmond** and her son, **Mr. Kenneth Richmond,** as house master.

Michaelmas Term will begin September 22nd.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.

Public School Life and Education, with Special Classes for all Naval and Military Examinations. Special Fees for Officers in the Navy and Army. Recognised by the Army Council. Large playing fields: gymnasium, swimming bath; chemical and physical laboratories; cadet corps, &c. Recent Honours: Open Scholarship, Balliol College; 1st Open Scholarship, Hertford College. Admissions to Sandhurst, Osborne, &c. Next Term, Sept. 18th. Apply to the Head Master, Rev. A. E. RUBIE, D.D.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON).

The MICHAELMAS TERM BEGINS on OCTOBER 1st, 1908. The College prepares Students for the London Degrees in Science and Arts.

Twelve Entrance Scholarships, from £50 to £60 a year, and several Bursaries of not more than £30, tenable for three years, will be offered for Competition in June, 1909.

For further particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.)
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.SC., London.

A limited number of boarders received.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.
Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors.
Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

EDUCATIONAL.

SOUTHPORT MODERN SCHOOL.

A First-Class School for Boys. Staff includes B.A., M.Sc., F.C.V., Mus. Bac, etc. Languages, Science, Commercial Subjects, Gymnastics, Swimming, Cadet Company. Prospectus from Secretary.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR

CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.

By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.

"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

CONCERNING DEBATING CIRCLES.

ALL who are interested in the formation of Debating and Reading Circles in Clubs and Social Institutes, in town and country, should send a penny stamp for a sixteen-page booklet on HOW TO FORM A DEBATING CIRCLE to PUBLIC OPINION, 31 and 32, Temple House, Tallis Street, E.C.

Each week PUBLIC OPINION gives a series of subjects for debate. It not only gives subjects, but puts the questions to be answered and furnishes a multitude of facts and opinions with which speeches can be made on all sides. No other paper gives so much valuable information on all the great topics of the day. It presents the cream of all the best thought in the best papers and magazines and books.

Every week lengthy and informing summaries of two of the most important books are given, so that in the course of a year the reader is put in possession, by direct quotation, of over **one hundred books.** In fact, the information contained in this paper could not be obtained in any other way **without the expenditure of many pounds.**

If a paper like this interests you, write for a free specimen copy to the

MANAGER OF

PUBLIC OPINION.

31 & 32, TEMPLE HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

It is published at twopence weekly. Post free in the United Kingdom 10s. 10d. yearly, or 13s. yearly abroad.

TOURS.

£6 6s. LUCERNE TOUR.

Nine days. Short Sea Route. No extras for Conductor or Gratuities.

HENRY S. LUNN, M.D.

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. 25, Cannon Street, E.C.
4, Charing Cross, S.W. 84, Piccadilly, W.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every Floor, Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

BEDROOMS (including attendance) **from 3/6 to 6/0.**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day.

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London." Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NASSAU. With fine Bathing Establishment. Situated at the Curplace. "The English Home."

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

THE BELVEDERE. High-class English Family Hotel, in the finest and sunniest position. Inclusive terms 11 to 20 francs.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and Subscriptions should be sent to THE NATION Office, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, THE NATION, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli.

Paris—W. H. Smith & Son, Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, West Australia—Gordon and Gotch.

Where single Copies can be obtained, and Subscriptions are received.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter ...	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages ...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

Hotels, Hydros, and Educational

13 Insertions ... ... 8d. per line.
52 ,, ... 6d. ,,

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. Wild, C.C., Man. Direc. 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BLACKPOOL.

67, ALEXANDRA ROAD. Board and Residence. 5s. per day.

PROSPECT HOUSE BOARDING ESTAB., 33, Central Par., facing Sea, Central for Amusements. South Aspect. Tel. 575 Manageress.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye. Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) HOTEL. Close Pier; 1st Class; Moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30s. week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel.

DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.

THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

DARTMOOR DOUSLAND, Nr. YELVERTON.

BARONS' PRIVATE HOTEL. Close to Moors. J. Wonnacott. Prop.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House, Sussex Grdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

HILLS MARINE VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing sea. 10/- per day

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta course.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 Rooms. Facing Sea.

LANCASTER.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

STONEWELL RESTAURANT. T. M. Hey, Proprietor.

MARKET HALL RESTAURANT. Prop. J. E. Dowthwaite.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE, 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell. Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone: 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & M'g'r.—J. Wilson.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S Hydropathic Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand, Mnger.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links. (18 holes).

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boars Hill. Dry, Sunny. Golf, etc. Lecture.

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Managing Director.

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths and Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Tel. 647.

HOTEL CAFE CONTINENTAL, 207, Lord St., French and English Confectioners, Dinners, Teas and Suppers. Parties Catered for.

SOUTHSEA.

STRATHEARN MANSIONS, South Parade. Miss Collis, Manageress.

SWANAGE.

"CRAIGSIDE," Board Residence. Tel.: 6. Misses Fell.

TEIGNMOUTH.

REGENT RESTAURANT & Criterion Hall for Catering. W. H. Bonner.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs T. Newbitt.

MESSRS. METHUEN'S LIST

SECOND EDITION. NOW READY.

HOLY ORDERS

The Tragedy of a Quiet Life.

By MARIE CORELLI

Crown 8vo, 6s.

INTERPLAY

Messrs. Methuen announce that they have just published a new long novel by Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships that Pass in the Night." The title of the new book is "INTERPLAY." As the demand is great, application should be made without delay.

Messrs. Methuen call attention to the great brilliancy of their new list of Novels :—

THE GREAT MISS DRIVER. By ANTHONY HOPE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE HEART SMITER. By MARY E. MANN. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MIRAGE. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Crown 8vo. 6s.

A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE. By CONSTANCE MAUD. Author of "An English Girl in Paris." Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT. By PHILIP GIBBS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

HILL RISE. By W. B. MAXWELL, Author of "Vivien." Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Third Edition in the press.*

"To miss reading this book would be to deprive oneself of a great pleasure."—*Daily Telegraph.*

ANTHONY CUTHBERT. By RICHARD BAGOT. Crown 8vo, 6s. [*Second Edition.*

"An able and interesting book."—*Scotsman.*

"The plot has the merit of being intensely interesting as well as uncommon."—*East Anglian Times.*

SPANISH GOLD. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition in the press.*

"Mr. Birmingham has given us more entertainment than any living humourist except Mr. W. W. Jacobs."—*Morning Post.*

"Magnificent fun."—*Outlook.*

MR. APOLLO: a Just Possible Story. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Very stimulating in its criticism of scientific materialism."—*Nation.*

"There are scenes that linger in the mental vision."—*Daily News.*

ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN. By FRANCIS AVELING. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT. By BEATRICE WHITBY. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*

"Very delightful in every respect."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

"A good story, full of incident."—*Westminster Gazette.*

A SET OF SIX. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Crown 8vo, 6s. [*Second Edition.*

"All surpassingly good—really romantic novels."—*Standard.*

"The stories will delight all Mr. Conrad's admirers."—*Outlook.*

THE SONG OF HYACINTH, and other Stories. By JOHN OXENHAM. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*

"Full of kindliness, of observation, and of humour."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Charming in idea, gentle and poetic in expression."—*Daily Express.*

THE EASY-GO-LUCKIES; or, One Way of Living. By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*

"Very rich in observation and humorous appreciation."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Fine workmanship, charmingly deft and wholesome comedy."—*Liverpool Courier.*

LOVE THE HARVESTER. By MAX PEMBERTON. With 8 Illustrations by FRANK DADD, R.I. 3s. 6d. [*Second Edition.*

"It is a dainty story."—*Evening Standard.*

"Highly entertaining, and extremely prettily told."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE SURPRISING HUSBAND. By RICHARD MARSH. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*

"Mr. Marsh has undoubtedly written a clever book."—*Athenæum.*

"The story is interesting and really powerful."—*Morning Post.*

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL. By M. E. FRANCIS. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Third Edition.*

"A charming, highly finished, rustic idyll."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"The book is redolent of sweet, healthy country life."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Forthcoming.

SALTHAVEN. By W. W. JACOBS.

OVER BEMERTON'S. By E. V. LUCAS. UNIFORM WITH "THE OPEN ROAD."

LISTENER'S LURE. By E. V. LUCAS. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. [*Fifth Edition.*

This is a new edition, completely reset, and uniform with Mr. Lucas's other books, of his delightful novel in letters.

GENERAL LITERATURE

THE OLD-TIME PARSON. By P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., With 16 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The author of the "Parish Clerk," which reached a third edition in three months, has turned his attention to the study of old-fashioned parsons and their ways.

COINS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM. By GERTRUDE BURFORD RAWLINGS. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SELECTED POEMS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. Edited by WILFRID MEYNELL. With a Portrait in Photogravure. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

FLORENTINE SCULPTORS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By WILHELM BODE, Ph.D. Translated by J. HAYNES. With many Illustrations. Wide Royal 8vo. 12s. 6d. net. [*Classics of Art.*

Dr. Bode traces the development of Florentine plastic art from Donatello to Michelangelo.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. By G. K. CHESTERTON. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. [*Second Edition in the press.*

A new volume of essays which plays over the whole range of modern life.

CHAUCER'S ENGLAND. By G. G. COULTON. With 32 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

A picture of Chaucer the man, with a background of the world in which he lived.

THE HOLLAND HOUSE CIRCLE. By LLOYD SANDERS. With 24 Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

A delightful gallery of witty and distinguished men and women—Rogers, Bacon, Moore, Sydney Smith, Macaulay among them.

"A thoroughly entertaining and discriminating volume. One of the most agreeable books of the season."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

HUNGARY AND THE HUNGARIANS. By W. B. FORSTER-BOVILL. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by WILLIAM PASCOE, and 12 from Photographs. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Hungary past and present—her people, her scenery, her customs, her charms.

HOME LIFE IN ITALY. By LINA DUFF GORDON (MRS. AUBERY WATERFIELD). With many Illustrations, of which 12 are by AUBREY WATERFIELD. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

The life of modern rural Italy is described with sympathy and intimate knowledge. A charming book.

GREAT RALEGH: being the Life and Times of Sir Walter Ralegh. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. With 16 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The life of Sir Walter Ralegh, soldier, author, statesman, courtier, explorer, illustrates in a remarkable manner the astounding vitality of the great time in which he lived. An attempt has been made to give a picture of the life and of the great men who figured in it.

A GROUP OF SCOTTISH WOMEN. By Capt. HARRY GRAHAM. With 16 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"A cheerful book, a useful book, a pretty book, a pleasing book."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"A most delightful, readable book . . . a wholly fascinating volume."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN. By CATHARINE WELCH. with 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A very pleasingly written biography, and is delightfully illustrated."—*Globe.*

"A well-written popular account of a fascinating drama."—*Morning Leader.*

THE HORSE IN HISTORY. By BASIL TOZER. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Mr. Basil Tozer traces the progress of the horse from very early times down to the present day. All the historic steeds come into the survey.

A SUMMER TOUR IN FINLAND. By PAUL WAINEMAN. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by ALEXANDER FEDERLEY, and 16 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"A delightfully refreshing volume of impressions."—*Outlook.*

"Of its natural beauty and historical interest Mr. Waineman writes well, and his book is well illustrated."—*Daily Mail.*

FRANCE SINCE WATERLOO. By W. GRINTON BERRY, M.A. With Illustrations and Maps. Crown 8vo, 6s.

This book tells, in a succinct and graphic narrative, the story of French history from the downfall of Napoleon to the present hour.

JAMES II. AND HIS WIVES. By ALLAN FEA. With 40 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

"A very readable book."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"A most entertaining book."—*Country Life.*

METHUEN & CO., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by the NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C., and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1908.

The Nation

Vol. III., No. 26.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1908. [Price 6d.
Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Diary of the Week	887
Politics and Affairs:—	
Disorganised Labor	890
Mr. Hearst's Revelations	891
Our Policy in Persia	892
The Prison Population	893
Life and Letters:—	
"Merrie England"	894
The Scholar's Melancholy	896
Christian Dogma and Folk-lore	897
The Year of Caterpillars	898
Short Studies:—	
II. An Immortal. By S. Henry	899
Letters from Abroad:—	
Is Constitutional Government in Turkey Possible? II. By Edwin Pears	900
Music:—	
The Significance of Richard Strauss	901
Communications:—	
Bad Harvests and Unemployment. By J. A. Hobson	902
Letters to the Editor:—	
The Lost Liberty of the Road. By "A," Balak, John Grubb, Sir Edmund Verney, John Higgins and T. Wilson	903
Don Porfirio. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham	905
"Peru." By C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S.	905
Can Morals Be Taught? By F. Kettle	905
"The Doctrine of Tolerance." By A Liberal M.P., W. D., H. W. Francis Walter Philip High and M. L.	905
The "Messages" from Frederic Myers. By G. Stafford Whitby	907
German Foreign Policy. By J. H.	907
Poetry:—	
The Ship Siren	907
The World of Books	908
Books to be Read	908
Reviews:—	
Mr. Swinburne as Eulogist. By Professor Dowden	909
Sir Spencer Walpole's History	910
Moral Instruction and Training in Schools	910
A Realistic Study	912
Some School Books	914
Mathematical Text-Books	916
Introductory History of England	918
Biology and Politics	918
Books in Brief:—	
From the North Foreland to Penzance	920
Confessions of a Beachcomber	920
The Beloved Physician of Tsang Chou	920
The Second Ballot	922
The Week in the City	922

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The Newcastle election has resulted in a heavy defeat for the Liberal candidate. Mr. Renwick's poll shows an increase of 2,600 as compared with the General Election, and Mr. Shortt's a falling-off of no less than 6,700, as compared with that of Mr. Cairns. The Socialist candidate secured 2,971 votes, so that, apart from this unauthorised candidature, the result might have been very different. The voting shows a majority for Free Trade and social reform, and the result is the return of a Unionist candidate. It should be observed further, that Mr. Renwick's poll is less by nearly 900 than it was in 1900, while Mr. Shortt's, notwithstanding the Socialist candidature, exceeds by 1,200 the highest Liberal vote of that year. Apparently the priests have succeeded to the top of their expectation in persuading the Irish voters to transfer their allegiance as a protest against Mr. Asquith's advice in the matter of the Eucharistic procession. But it is probable that the state of trade is for the time telling against the Government, and securing a hearing for Tariff Reform. Without attempting to minimise this particular defeat, the moral that we should draw from it is that the Government must do their utmost to prove that as Free Trade finance is capable of providing for Old Age Pensions, so, on a Free Trade basis, it is possible to devise real remedies for unemployment in place of the delusive cure of Tariff Reform. The necessity for an electoral reform to meet the case of third candidatures is also emphasised once more.

* * *

The Presidential election in America has at last become really lively, and Mr. Hearst of course has introduced the "ginger." In a series of speeches he has been charging the Republican and Democratic parties with being the tools of the trusts, and he is publishing documents to prove it. The first instalment has blasted the reputation of Senator Foraker, one of the foremost Republican leaders, and Mr. Taft has had to drop him out of his campaign. Mr. Roosevelt, with singular lack of chivalry, heaps coals of fire upon the head of Senator Foraker in the hope of shattering Mr. Taft and the party generally, but the diversion is not likely to be successful. Mr. Hearst has also implicated Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, the treasurer of the Democratic Campaign Fund; as yet he does not seem to have proved his charge in this case, but he declares that he has much more ammunition in his wallet. Public opinion is greatly excited and embittered by these revelations, which are damaging Mr. Taft more than Mr. Bryan, though the much more interesting question whether Mr. Hearst's third party has a future is not illumined.

* * *

The cholera statistics from St. Petersburg are not easily disentangled, but apparently during the last week there has been a daily average of 400 cases and about 170 deaths. This is a very notable increase upon the previous week, but more optimistic conclusions are being drawn by some from the relative stability of the figures during the last few days. It is hoped that the epidemic has reached its height, and that it will die away after remaining at this point for a fortnight. The disease rages most violently among the poor, in particular the unemployed, but it is devastating the barracks, and has extended to the comfortable classes. Forty youths of the Pavloff Military Academy were struck down in one day. The "Times" correspondent praises the arrangements at the hospitals, but the dangerous proposal, subsequently dropped, to house cholera patients in the schools proves that the accommodation is inadequate. Moscow, which has a good sanitary system, is quite free from the pest, a fact which has stirred the St. Petersburg municipality to revive a big scheme for the reconstruction of the drainage of the capital. There is no trace yet of the epidemic having crossed the frontier.

* * *

The relations between Bulgaria and Turkey have become more rather than less strained. The Bulgarian Government has used the pretext of a strike on the Oriental railways, which has already been settled, to occupy with soldiers the section in Eastern Rumelia. The line belongs to the Porte, which leases it to a company, so that the determination of the Bulgarian Government to retain it permanently, though of course with compensation to private interests, is a slight upon Constantinople, where it is also interpreted as a sinister strategic measure. The situation has not been eased by the reception of Prince Ferdinand at Budapest by the Austrian Emperor with full sovereign rights. Austria's purpose in thus bringing into the foreground and taking sides upon a delicate constitutional question is not clear, though the fact that with regard to Bosnia-Herzegovina her position is not unlike Bulgaria's, suggests a possible explanation. Even if the step is not the herald of aggressive action by Austria herself it is certain to make bad blood, and therefore regrettable.

The German reply to the Franco-Spanish Note ought to settle the question of the early recognition of Mulai Hafid. It is very conciliatory in tone, and the chief points upon which it insists are that the negotiations with the Sultan should be conducted by the *doyen* of the diplomatic body at Tangiers, that the Sultan should not be pressed for liabilities entered into by Abdul Aziz contrary to the Algeciras Act, and that France and Spain, in pressing their private claims to repayment of their military expenditure, should have regard to the financial stability of Morocco. This last point will not delay the immediate agreement of the Powers as to recognition, but it will be the cause of endless trouble in the future if France tries to convert her unjustifiable military operations in the Shawia into an excuse for imposing a financial burden upon Morocco incompatible with that country's independence. The announcement that she is reducing the expeditionary force in the Shawia by several thousand men may perhaps mean that she has abandoned the coarser and more violent method of an indefinite military occupation.

* * *

Neither the full extent of Alberti's frauds nor their full reaction upon Danish politics is yet clear. A preliminary investigation shows that the ex-Minister of Justice lost over £300,000 of trustee funds on the London Stock Exchange. His total defalcations may run up to a million, and his sudden failure of memory causes grave suspicions as to the possibility of further revelations. One significant fact has been established—that Alberti was deep in his swindling at the moment he was made Minister; yet when in office he was the foremost member of the Government, struck moral attitudes, and was a very intimate friend of the King. He was maintained in office for months after a bitter and overwhelming campaign had been conducted against him in the Press, and, finally, when he retired on the plea of ill-health, he was admitted to the highest honours. It is not surprising that public opinion insisted upon the resignation of a Cabinet so blind and so obstinate, but the resignation has done nothing to lessen the weight of a heavy blow at the prestige of politicians and the ruler alike.

* * *

A British delegate to the meeting of the Inter-Parliamentary Union at Berlin writes: "The meeting has left no doubt as to the growing importance of this great instrument for international peace. Attended by over 600 delegates from the Parliaments not only of Europe and America, but even of Japan, it was welcomed by the German Government and people with every possible distinction. It assembled in the splendid Chamber of the Imperial Legislature, it was greeted by a cordial message from the Emperor, and was opened by a speech couched in most sympathetic terms by the Imperial Chancellor, who was accompanied by the most influential members of the Imperial Government. The hospitality and attention showered upon the delegates by the people of Berlin bore eloquent testimony to the popular feeling in favor of the objects of the Union. Those objects may be summed up in the noble desire to promote the settlement of international disputes by arbitration instead of by war. And when it is remembered that in the last quarter of a century something like 120 of such disputes have been settled by this rational and humane method, it cannot be said that the aims of the Union are either chimerical or beyond the reach of wise and farseeing statesmanship. A very able contribution to the debate was made by Mr. J. M. Robertson's address in favor of exempting private property—not contraband—from capture in sea warfare."

* * *

"There was another feature of the meeting at Berlin which is of more immediate interest to our own country. There has been of late a recrudescence of anti-German feeling in a certain section of the English Press, with its counterpart, no doubt, in a section of the German Press. Three days before the opening of the Congress, Prince von Bülow had thought it necessary to reply in the columns of a London paper to an irritating article in a well-known English review. His reply was eminently conciliatory in tone, and to the British delegates in Berlin the Congress seemed an admirable opportunity for assuring the Prince that the pacific sentiments which he claimed for the German people were shared to the full by the British people. Hence came about a picturesque and striking incident. At a large garden party given by the German Chancellor on Saturday afternoon to over 1,000 guests, the British delegates suddenly grouped themselves round him, and through the mouth of Lord Weardale assured him how they reciprocated the friendly sentiments which he had expressed. Lord Weardale, who spoke with infinite tact and force, was frequently cheered by his colleagues; and the Chancellor, evidently much impressed, replied in very sympathetic terms, assuring his hearers of the strong desire felt by the German Emperor, Government, and people for the friendliest relations with Great Britain. He then shook hands most cordially with all the British delegates. This interesting and remarkable scene, followed as it was the next day by the great Anglo-German labor demonstration in favor of peace and reduction of armaments, created a marked impression in Germany, and may do much to mitigate the bitterness which certain mischief-makers on both sides seem bent on provoking."

* * *

The problem of the unemployed, particularly in Lancashire, tends to become more acute, and some disturbances took place in Manchester on Tuesday, but they appear to have been largely due to a rowdy element which mixed itself with the meetings of genuine unemployed. Efforts to find employment are being made under the Unemployment Act by several town councils, but it is to be feared that the trouble will be rendered more acute, particularly in Lancashire, by the cotton stoppage. The trade union figures of unemployment, published in this month's "Labor Gazette," show a heavy increase during August, and the seasonal depression will from this time onward have to be taken into account in addition. We are glad to see that Mr. Asquith, in a letter to Mr. Shortt, reiterated the pledge of the Government to deal with the question, and promised "the early presentation to Parliament of practical legislative proposals." The simplest step that can be taken to meet the immediate emergency is to extend the Act of 1905 by admitting the use of public money for the payment of wages.

* * *

Mr. Wilson Fox has addressed an important letter to Sir Edward Fithian, Secretary of the Association of Chambers of Commerce, with reference to the Census of Production, tending to show that the difficulties involved are, on the whole, less serious than might have been anticipated. It is natural, as Mr. Fox admits, that there should be a certain amount of objection on the part of manufacturers to the inquiries which the Census necessitates, but the general sense of the value of the report to the nation has clearly reconciled the business world as a whole to the Census. Mr. Wilson Fox is

able to say that out of 3,566 schedules sent out for the coal and iron mining industries, only thirty-five relating to small pits are still unreturned. In the woollen, cotton, and iron and steel trades the great majority of schedules have been returned, and the remainder are rapidly coming in. The first Census naturally presents by far the greatest difficulties, and we may therefore say with some confidence that the success of Mr. Lloyd George's Act is already assured. There can be no doubt of its extreme value for the purposes of the sociological student and the statesman.

* * *

Holding that "we live in a heroic age," Mr. Carnegie has constituted a Trust Fund, with an endowment of £12,500 a year, for the benefit of British heroes and heroines. The benefits are to go to those who have injured themselves in "heroic efforts to save human life," or, in the event of their death, to their dependents. Mr. Carnegie has recognised the fact that as things are this kind of virtue "is praised but is left in the cold." We are glad that he specially includes the work of doctors and nurses in the scope of the benefaction. The announcement of his munificent gift follows close on the opening day for making claims under the Pensions Act, which will be remembered as the beginning of a new era in the relation of the State to poverty.

* * *

The news of the sudden death of Sarasate last Sunday came as a shock to the musical world. So little did anyone know of the great violinist's illness that a contemplated visit to London this winter was anticipated as one of the events of the musical season. Sarasate's death will be felt with the more keenness because he was a player of such fixed and sensitive individuality. He was not a great artist in the sense that Joachim was great. The Spaniard had but little of the German's profundity of feeling and nice poise of intellect and emotion. Nor had Sarasate the intense virility of Ysaye, or the catholic taste of Kreisler. Yet he had something rarer than any of these—a curious personal, almost feminine, fascination, and, as a player, a technique which had such ease that the most extraordinary difficulties became beautiful and interesting. He was, indeed, one of the greatest of violinists, if not a supreme artist. Even here it is wrong to belittle his claims. Within the limits of the absolute perfection of tone, which was an expression of his nervous and fastidious sensitiveness, he had a well-balanced grasp of classical music. In his early life this was not so, but his musical taste developed, and later in his career he set himself seriously to the study of music which had not been in his repertoire.

* * *

The art of flying has made a further step forward in the course of the week. At Le Mans, on Tuesday, Mr. Wilbur Wright maintained a regular flight, at sixty to seventy-five feet for a little over an hour and a half, and descended only because darkness had come on. The distance covered is given officially as sixty-six kilomètres and a fraction, and less than half of the petrol on board had been expended. But we note that Mr. Wright had to wait until the wind had gone down before starting, and, until the flying machine can be made independent of the wind, the problem can hardly be considered solved. As to language, we suppose it is too late to protest against "aviation," but "aviator," which is the description awarded to Mr. Wright by some correspondents, may, we hope, be nipped in the bud.

The long-promised Circular of the Local Government Board on motoring was issued last Saturday, and is at least welcome as a sign that the influence of public feeling upon the subject has at length penetrated to the heart of officialdom. The best feature of the document itself is the hint of further legislation. The practical recommendations to local authorities are necessarily confined to what can be done under the existing law. Their weakness, we think, itself disproves the contention of the Local Government Board that the provisions of the Act "should be sufficient to prevent most of the evils of which complaint is made." Attention is called to Section 1 of the Motor Car Act, which provides punishments for driving to the danger of the public, irrespective of speed, and it is alleged by the Local Government Board that this section covers most of the causes of improper driving. But clearly it has no reference whatever to such driving as causes no danger, but nuisance. It does not deal with the creation of clouds of dust, or the bespattering of passers-by with mud. It is clear that any subsequent legislation must provide for the public convenience as well as the public safety. As to speed limit, the Circular states that the Board are willing to consider applications, but the trend of the paragraphs on this subject is by no means such as to stimulate local authorities to take action in this direction. The Board admit that the dust nuisance cannot be dealt with effectively at present, and they call on local authorities to spend the ratepayers' money in further adapting the roads to the use of motors. Upon the whole it is a weak document, proving that the Local Government Board itself requires at least as much stimulation as the local authorities, and strongly confirming the belief that legislation of a stringent character will be necessary to deal with the evil.

* * *

The following are some of the most noteworthy motor car "incidents" of the week. On Sunday night a motor car collided with a cyclist between Witham and Coggeshall, in Essex. The driver of the car stopped to inquire after the injured cyclist, but when he saw he was unconscious and bleeding he at once drove off without offering any assistance. So far, the police have been unable to trace the car. A motor car ran away down Titsey Hill on Monday, and the occupants were seriously injured. Mr. Freeman, one of the victims of the motor accident at Batchworth Hill, died from his injuries at the Watford Hospital on Tuesday. In Bedfordshire a laborer was knocked down by a motor car, and lies in a precarious condition. At Watford, on Tuesday, a motorist was summoned for driving a motor car recklessly on September 7th. Evidence was given that the car had been driven at between forty and fifty miles an hour through a thickly-populated part of Watford. The speed was disputed. Result, a fine of £10 and costs. An inquest has been held concerning the death of Mr. Robert Thornborough, who was killed by a tramcar on the Embankment on Thursday of last week. A Renault taxi-cab, driven close to the tram lines, sounded its horn, and Mr. Thornborough started forward, and was caught by the splashboard of the tramcar. The coroner's remarks were pertinent. "Here is an old gentleman crossing the road. What is he to do when you hooted him? If he rushes one way he goes into the tram; if he goes the other way he goes into you. If he stops he will also be run over." The verdict was "accidental death." The driver of the Renault cab cannot be found.

Politics and Affairs.

DISORGANISED LABOUR.

Those alike who base their hopes or their fears upon the solidarity of the labour movement must experience a feeling of disillusionment in face of recent events in two of the great Trade Unionist industries in England—cotton and engineering. It is unnecessary to discuss in detail here the inherent merits of the issue which this week has led to the sudden stoppage of more than 600 mills in Lancashire, and the addition of some 150,000 workers to the already swollen army of the unemployed. If the strike is maintained for some three weeks, it is generally admitted that a large, if not a general, stoppage of the weaving mills will attend the exhaustion of their accumulated stock of yarn, and some 200,000 more workers may be deprived of the opportunity to earn their livelihood. Nor will the evil stop there. The transport trades and all the local industries subsidiary to the great staple trade, as well as those dependent on the expenditure of the cotton wages, must suffer in their turn. Little comfort is afforded by the precarious contention of those who urge that the reduction of output of yarn thus brought about will operate medicinally in the trade, relieving the congestion from which it suffers, raising prices, and removing the very reason for the demand for a reduction of wages. For the precipitation of so terrible a crisis as an alternative for the policy of restricting output by short time, to which the cotton industry is habituated, cannot seriously be defended. The most that can be said is that if, upon the second ballot of the card-room workers, which cannot be long delayed, the vote favours a return to work and an acceptance of the employers' terms as interpreted by the spinners, less mischief will have been done than appears upon the surface. It is, indeed, scarcely credible that the four-fifths majority of the carders, requisite to maintain the strike, can be attained in face of the concession made by the far larger and more important union of the spinners. The very fact that it is technically feasible for the Card-room Amalgamation, numbering 38,000 all told, of whom not more than 7,000 are adult male wage-earners, to stop almost all the machinery of Lancashire, employing so immensely larger a body of workers, furnishes a strange commentary upon the industrial democracy for which Trade Unionism is commonly supposed to stand. It seems, to the general public, very curious that two bodies of Trade Unionists, not merely working in contiguous processes in the same trade, but conducting their operations under the same factory roof, and, moreover, consisting in the main of members of the same families, should have evolved no machinery of common action that would prevent so mischievous a disagreement. In an industry where the organisation of labour is so old and so general, it ought, surely, to be possible to find an instrument of federal agreement which should correlate the real community of trade interests which exists with the separate interests of the several grades or processes of labour. It is true, we believe, that this particular collision of judgment or of policy has not before risen so sharply, and that in the spinning mills the supremacy, or at any rate, the practical leadership, of the spinners has been usually conceded. But that such collisions with the consequences they entail should be possible, must, in the long run, be seen to be disastrous to the labour movement in this or in any other trade.

Oddly enough, this same week witnesses the tardy close of another trade dispute, also in the sphere of the older and more experienced Trade Unionism, which illustrates a somewhat similar defect in organisation. The strike entered on last April by the shipwrights and engineers in the shipbuilding trade of the North-East Coast has just been brought to a close by a surrender of the men to conditions somewhat less favorable than those which they originally refused. This strike was begun not merely in opposition to the views and votes of other trades connected with them in shipbuilding, but in defiance of the earnest protests of the central executive of the Amalgamated Engineers, expressed in the most outspoken terms by Mr. Barnes, who dwelt upon the folly and futility of such a strike at a time when work was already slack and orders were declining. Unfortunately the structure of this, one of the oldest and wealthiest of Trade Unions, appears to be such as to enable a branch to claim from the central body full financial support for a policy to which the central government has refused assent. It will be recollected that in the great metropolitan strike of the engineers' eleven years ago, similar difficulties occurred. In dwelling thus upon the rifts of organisation and differences of policy within Trade Unionism, we do not ignore the larger need of the time—some quicker, more reliable, and more efficacious machinery of conciliation between employers and employed within the several trades. But the two instances which we cite here show how essential it is, as a preliminary to such methods of industrial settlement, that the two parties within each trade should themselves be satisfactorily organised. Foreign students of our industrialism, like Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz, have often cited for admiring approval the conferences between the representatives of capital and labor in the cotton trade, and the Wage and Conciliation Boards in the metal and shipbuilding trades. Recent events will lead them to qualify their admiration. If a few thousand card-room workers can stop the trade of Lancashire, and a few thousand Tyneside engineers can impose a suicidal policy on the greatest labor union in the country, there is still much to seek in the development of a rational labor movement. In the cotton crisis it is to be hoped that better counsels will prevail. While there is much to be said in favor of resistance to the often premature and needless demands for wage reductions, to correspond with falls of selling prices due to reckless increase of output, no defence is possible for a separatist trade union action by which a small minority of workers in a great national industry can impose their policy upon the whole number of members of the other branches of their industry and of other related industries.

MR. HEARST'S REVELATIONS.

THE Presidential campaign in America, hitherto marked by an "apathy" which the politicians have been at a loss to explain, has this week developed an almost frenzied contentiousness. There has been injected into it one of those personal-financial issues that never fail to appeal with peculiar success to the passions of the American people. To Mr. Hearst must go the credit for a transformation that promises to make the remainder of the campaign as bitter, though not, we hope, so scurrilous, as the Blaine-Cleveland contest of 1884. His position in American politics is unique. He is the patentee of a thoroughly bad type of journalism. Some real public services, we are aware, have been rendered by Mr. Hearst's papers, but their general influence is wholly demoralising. In no capacity has he won the respect of those whose judgment is best worth having. His political sincerity is open to the gravest suspicion. The professed foe of corporations, he has formed his papers into a company in a manner that enables him to evade taxation and legal responsibility. The professed foe of "bosses," it is only a year or two since he was in alliance with the most disreputable "boss" in the country. There is little about him as a public man, journalist, or politician, that does not invite attack. Yet the fact is undisguisable that, next to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, Mr. Hearst is at this moment the greatest political power in America. He has a following in every State in the Union. His chain of daily papers places at his disposal means of publicity such as no man has ever had under his control. In this very election an Independent Party, organised by himself, has put forward a candidate of his choice on a platform of his drafting. He was himself a strong candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1904. He fought Tammany to a standstill for the mayoralty of New York in 1905. A year later he forced himself upon the Democratic Party of New York State as their candidate for the Governorship, and though the best elements in the party threw him over, and though not a single journal in New York City, except his own, supported him, he came within an ace of success. In 1907, this time in alliance with the Republicans, whom only twelve months before he had unsparingly lashed, he was again the central and disturbing figure in a minor election in the Empire State.

Clearly abuse will not explain so agile and variegated a record. Mr. Hearst's strength lies not in what he is but in what he is thought to be. He may or may not be a self-seeking charlatan. But he represents a cause, a cause which has enlisted throughout America hundreds of thousands in its support. Very possibly he is quite unworthy to represent it. That does not alter the fact that great numbers of people are ready to accept him as their champion, and do not question either his genuineness or his ability. Dexterous journalistic exploitation has done its work, and all who feel disinherited and defeated, all who have a grievance against the social order, all who are convinced that the millionaire and the boss own America and everything that there is above and beneath it, all who perceive and have revolted from the mummeries and subserviencies of the old parties, have persuaded themselves that Mr. Hearst, and he alone, sympathises, understands, and can relieve. In this election he has definitely cut adrift from both the Republicans and the Democrats, and has nominated a reputable but little known candidate on a strong, independent, and radical platform. His nominee stands no chance of success, if only because the mass of moderate men, while not disputing the accuracy of Mr. Hearst's diagnosis of the political and economic ills of the country, are very far from admitting that Mr. Hearst is the man to apply the remedy. He remains none the less a power for destruction. He commands a flamboyant approach to the public ear. He is a thorn in the sides of both parties, an incalculable influence that they may deride but cannot possibly ignore. Whatever he says attracts an instantaneous and universal attention throughout America, and his recent utterances have been in the highest degree sensational. He has produced letters and documents that go far to substantiate his contention that leading representatives of both parties are the "servile tools of criminal trusts." He has already charged a Republican and a Democratic Senator, a Republican Congressman, and the treasurer of the Democratic Campaign Fund with corrupt relations with the Standard Oil Company; and he promises further revelations in the near future. Popular indifference to the election has at once given way to popular indifference to everything else. The air is dark with suspicions, accusations, and denials. The President has bounded into the midst of the turmoil, savagely attacking Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan has replied in kind, and from now till election day American politics seem likely to resolve themselves into a tirade of personal recriminations.

It would be futile at present to attempt to assess the effect of Mr. Hearst's disclosures upon the fortunes of his own or any other party. Their interest, indeed, transcends all mere electioneering considerations. They raise what threatens to be a permanent and what is certainly one of the most momentous problems in American politics—the problem of the illicit and unwholesome influence of the big corporations upon the public life of the country. That influence is far from being limited to contributions to the funds of both parties. In that particular form, indeed, it is already a diminishing quantity. The insurance scandals, an aroused public opinion, a stringent Federal Act, and the obvious impolicy of accepting money from any persons or bodies so much under the ban of popular disfavor as are the trusts and the trust magnates at this moment, have combined to keep the corporations financially passive throughout the present campaign. But writing cheques for the party funds has never been the most pernicious of the trusts' political activities. They have dictated policies, they have selected candidates. Having wealth and needing power they have allied themselves with the politicians who have power and need wealth. The result is, that from the smallest municipality in the country up to the United States Senate itself, there is hardly an elected body of any kind that does not contain some members who are the nominees and representatives of one or other of the

trusts, and charged with the well-understood mission of protecting its interests at any cost. The new, expanding, and half-developed state of the country, with its endless opportunities for the speculator and the concession-hunter; the American scheme of government by self-contained compartments, which subjects a telephone company, a bank, or a railway, to as many different systems of regulation, taxation, and supervision as there are States in the Union, and thus makes a corps of political henchmen in each State all but a necessity; and the American tariff, which gives to political power a money-making value—are the three main reasons, in our judgment, why the corporations will never leave politics alone. The individuals whom they employ, when exposed, can be driven out of public life. But against the system itself the American people seem to be practically without defence.

OUR POLICY IN PERSIA.

Two weeks ago we were all congratulating Sir Edward Grey on the despatch of the stiffly-worded Anglo-Russian note, which reminded the Shah of Persia of his numerous promises to respect the Constitution, and invited him once more to call a Parliament together. It was a welcome symptom of that bolder acceptance of Liberal traditions which has marked the policy of the Foreign Office in recent months. It suggested, moreover, that while the Anglo-Russian convention acknowledged the primacy of Russian interests in Persia, British influence remained a powerful factor in determining the common policy of the two Powers. It hardly entered into our calculations that the Shah might venture to ignore this note. His position is so precarious, that independence or defiance on his part seemed hardly possible, if Russia and Great Britain were really agreed in advising a return to Constitutionalism. He cannot subdue the rebels at Tabriz; he holds Teheran only with the help of the Russian officers of his Cossack brigade; he has offended and even insulted British diplomacy. He survived only by the toleration and support of Russia; if that were withdrawn, as it must have been, if the Note meant anything at all, he seemed to have no choice but to yield. But of yielding he gives no clear sign. The Note called upon him to summon Parliament for November. He replies that he will choose his own time. He is still intent on subduing Tabriz, though the popular party there asks for no more than the two Powers have themselves demanded. His attitude appears to be that he will restore the Constitution only after he has first destroyed the Constitutional party. Of the leaders of the late Parliament some have been executed, others tortured and imprisoned; the rest were fortunate to be allowed to slink away into exile under British protection. Only the fighting men at Tabriz stand between the Shah and an unchallenged despotism, and these he now demands the right to punish. As for the Constitution which he will restore when all Persia lies at his feet, a Russian diplomatist has told the world what that means; it is to be a fantastic structure of make-believe, resting on a Parliament nominated by himself. From this situation there seems to be no clear issue. The capable special correspondent of the "Times" at Tabriz is quite certain that neither the Shah's bandit tribesmen nor his conscript "regulars" can capture the town or force the Constitutionalists to surrender. These, in their turn, are not numerous enough to march on Teheran, where the Shah is secure so long as his Russo-Persian Cossacks protect him.

Great Powers, in their dealings with feeble and decadent monarchies, are not in the habit of allowing their advice to be flouted. It is clear that British diplomacy at least desires to avoid any precipitate action. But already the journals which serve up diplomatic gossip, are declaring that this situation can end only in one way, namely, by armed intervention. Armed intervention, even if it took place nominally under the flags of both Powers, would mean in fact a Russian occupation. The Russian sphere covers more than two-thirds of Persia: Teheran and Tabriz are both within it. The Tsar would interrupt his more intimate occupations, the exile of untried "politicals," the persecution of "Cadet" professors, the patronage of Black Hundreds, and the operations of "Stolypin's necktie," to play in Persia the part of Liberator, and to teach the Shah a due respect for Constitutions. No one will suggest that the Persian Nationalists are likely to flourish under Colonel Liakhoff's rule, or the Parliament to recover the influence of which that personage deprived it, when he razed its habitation to the ground. In the rear of the Russian troops would come the railway prospectors, the adventurers, and financiers who always discover something to exploit even in the poorest of protectorates. Neither Shah nor Tsar has yet shown much desire to win "the veneration of posterity" by respecting popular liberties. An autocratic Shah under the tutelage of an autocratic Tsar is hardly likely to do better.

When the idea of a partnership with Russia in the Middle East first began to make headway in Downing Street, the chief obstacle which it had to overcome was a doubt whether any reliance could be placed on an understanding with a Power whose official services are so notoriously anarchical. At home the Palace and Ministry divide authority, and while the Ministry professes to maintain order and legality, the Court patronises the Black Hundreds, and upholds the local governors in their defiance of the law. Abroad the same dualism is at work, and as the Memoirs of General Kuropatkin have shown, a few courtiers, who have managed to interest the royal family in some lucrative concession over-seas, can overrule the whole Council of Ministers, and bring about a war in the face of the opposition of every responsible statesman in St. Petersburg. It was not so much a conviction in Downing Street that Russian methods have changed, as the exigencies of the Continental situation, which ultimately induced our Foreign Office to go into partnership with Russia. The brief history of this experiment is proof enough that the Russian bureaucracy preserves all its old traditions. The present Shah had hardly ascended the throne before Russia violated an express pledge, by separately advancing money to him. A little later, when he had provoked a violent conflict with his Parliament, the Russian Minister, as though he were a viceroy in a protected dependency, sent a

letter direct to the Parliament, in which he threatened it with a Russian occupation. On the eve of the *coup d'état*, the Rusian agents once more took independent action, in opposition to the public policy of the two Powers. The Russian Bank, an official institution, again advanced money to the Shah, and with this he bought the loyalty of his hitherto untrustworthy troops. Colonel Liakhoff, an officer who is still on the active list of the Russian army, directed all the military operations of the *coup d'état*, including the bombardment of the Parliament House and the picketing of the British Legation. Finally, the reformers, who had frustrated a previous attempt of the Shah to destroy them by arming their partisans, desisted from any effective resistance, because, as Professor Browne has stated, the Russian Legation informed them that their victory over the Shah would be the signal for a Russian occupation. The conclusion from these facts hardly requires to be drawn. Our Foreign Office has loyally accepted M. Isvolsky's pledges at their face value, and desisted from its habitual resistance to Russian policy in Persia. The Russian agents have taken advantage of this unaccustomed freedom to use the Shah as their tool. It is they rather than the Shah who have created the present anarchy, for it is they who paralysed the Persian party of order and progress, and they who sustained a despotism as feeble and ineffective as it is savage and vindictive. We do not pretend to know whether M. Isvolsky is himself to blame for this duplicity, or whether he has been over-ruled by some Bezobrazoff or Alexeieff. It is enough to note the fact that Russian policy has been disloyal. If armed intervention should be the end of these troubles, it will be the consequence to which these Russian interferences have led, by a nicely calculated sequence. There is, after all, nothing surprising in the Shah's decision to treat the Anglo-Russian Note as an exhortation which might safely be ignored. For whatever view he may have formed of British policy, he may be excused for concluding that the Tsar's Government cannot possibly be sincere in its inculcation of constitutional principles.

The past has been so instructive that we can hardly suppose that British diplomacy will lightly incur the odium of sanctioning a Russian occupation of Persia. For the present it wisely declines to take any action at all. Unpleasant as the present anarchy must be to the Persians themselves, it is hardly worse than the stagnant oppression of the old despotism, for at least there is latent in it the hope of a popular success. A Russian occupation would be no less onerous, and it would exclude any chance of a national revival. The legitimate foreign interests which are at stake are much too small, and at present too secure, to justify armed intervention. Apart from the disloyalty to our principles and our past, which the handing over of Persia to Russian rule would involve, there are grave objections of an international order. Such a betrayal of a popular cause would make us suspect throughout the East, and especially among Mohammedans. To Turkey in particular a Russian occupation of Persia would seem to be a direct and formidable menace, for a Russian army established in Persia would threaten the Armenian provinces from two flanks. It was the fear of a Russian advance into Persia that explained the obscure military operations which the Turks had been conducting on the frontiers of Persia and the Caucasus for many months before the revolution. The Young Turks may be too wise to attempt to resist the southward march of Russia, but they would certainly resent it, and inevitably they would visit some part of their resentment on us. The continuance of a limited and almost bloodless civil war is certainly an evil, but it is to our thinking an evil much less serious than a Russian occupation, to which it would be difficult to assign a term. If Russia is sincere in desiring a Constitution for Persia, and if she really resents the Shah's rejection of a piece of advice which comes from her with so ill a grace, there is open to her a very simple way of marking her displeasure. Let her recall the Cossack officers who are at present supporting the Persian despot. This act would effectually punish Mohammed Ali for his contumacy. It would also ensure the object which both Powers profess to have at heart—the triumph of the popular cause. The withdrawal of these Cossacks would achieve the restoration of the Parliament more surely and more cheaply than any occupation.

THE PRISON POPULATION.

It is very satisfactory to see from the annual report of the Prison Commissioners, which has just been issued in the form of a Blue-book, that the number of cases received into the prisons of England and Wales under sentence of imprisonment or penal servitude, during the year which ended in March last, is perceptibly diminishing. This satisfactory condition of things practically began with the advent of a Liberal Government to power, and it has continued ever since. We do not for a moment suggest that this is a case of cause and effect. But at a time when so many unscrupulous agitators are charging the administration with all sorts of subversive ideas, it is of some value to be able to confront them with the fact that the country is in a more orderly condition to-day than when their friends were in charge of it. As a matter of fact, the decline in the number of commitments to prison is a proof that the population is now beginning to recover from the era of demoralisation produced by the South African War. It is well known to students of moral statistics that the termination of all wars is succeeded by a wave of crime. The South African adventure was no exception to this rule. The moral condition of the people as measured by the returns of crime was thrown back about twenty years by this unhappy episode. Even now we are not quite where we were, but it is gratifying to find that the worst seems to be over, and that the nation as a whole is again upon the path of moral advance. It is important that we should have these criminal returns to remind us that the evils inflicted on a population by the operations of war are not confined to loss of life and destruction of property. These evils in their ramifications extend throughout the whole delicate and complicated structure of our social system, and in their grosser forms exhibit themselves in outbursts of lawlessness and crime.

We wish to give the Prison Commissioners every credit for the care and intelligence with which, on the whole, they have constructed their present report. But we must take serious exception to their estimate of the number of professional criminals believed to be in prison at one time. A professional criminal, as the term implies, is a person who makes crime the profession or business of his life. He is a man who lives by the perpetration and the proceeds of crime, in exactly the same way as a shopkeeper lives by shopkeeping or a carpenter by carpentry. Such a man looks upon imprisonment as one of the risks of his career, in the same fashion as a sailor regards the chance of being drowned as one of the inevitable dangers of a seafaring life. At the most this class is a very small one, and it is quite startling to be told by the Prison Commissioners, in paragraph fifty-nine of their report, that no less than 5,000 persons belonging to it are in prison at one time. Considering that the daily average prison population amounts to little more than 20,000 altogether, a statement of this kind is obviously preposterous. It would mean that no less than one-fourth of the prison population is composed of professional criminals. When the Prison Commissioners see the statement which they make presented to them in this form, they must recognise at once that it is calculated to mislead public opinion most seriously. In fact, the paragraph in which the figures relating to the number of professional criminals appears is an unintelligible jumble, and it is astonishing that the Commissioners of Prisons can have attached their names to it. It is, in the nature of the case, impossible to calculate how many professional criminals are in the prisons of England and Wales at a given time. But they certainly do not amount to one-tenth of the number estimated by the Prison Commissioners.

Errors of this kind are not easy to pardon in any circumstances, but they become quite unpardonable when they are set forth as a plea for fresh legislation of the revolutionary character contemplated by the Prevention of Crimes Bill now before Parliament. The Home Secretary, as has already been pointed out in these columns, has at the present moment a scheme of legislation before the House of Commons which, if passed into law, will have the effect of enabling the authorities to detain men in prison for life (the phrase in the Bill is during His Majesty's pleasure) who have been three times convicted of crime. This scheme is being pressed upon Parliament by statements as to the dimensions of professional crime, which are, as we have just pointed out, manifestly absurd. It would be a great relief to many of the best friends of the Government if the Home Secretary, in the light of the facts which we have just placed before the public, would take the opportunity of reconsidering those clauses of the Prevention of Crimes Bill which involve the indeterminate sentence. If the Bill is forced through Parliament in its present form, it will involve the creation of a new and costly experimental prison in the Isle of Wight. It is highly probable that public opinion will be so hostile to the idea of the indeterminate sentence that the law relating to it will remain a dead letter. In that event the Isle of Wight prison will have led to a useless waste of public money at a time when the Government should be exercising the most scrupulous economy. It would be far more statesmanlike to pass an act on the lines of existing legislation, which would be certain to work, rather than to force a novel and ill-omened method of penal procedure upon the statute book, which may prove to be a dead letter when it gets there. It is quite possible to deal effectively with habitual crime apart from the indeterminate sentence.

There are other portions of the Report of the Prison Commissioners which raise interesting issues, but want of space forbids us attempting to deal with them. One word, however, must be said as to the continued success of the educative and industrial method of treating juvenile offenders which is now taking the place of the old punitive and repressive method. We owe the introduction of this method to the initiative of the present Home Secretary, and it is, on the whole, realising the sanguine hopes which were entertained of it. It is a method which necessitates a highly competent and judicious prison staff. It is to be feared that in some of the prisons—Borstal itself, for instance—the Borstal system has temporarily broken down, owing to defects in the *personnel* of the prison. Warders from our grim convict establishments are now said to be placed over the juvenile offenders at Borstal. A change of this kind is bound to alter the whole atmosphere of the prison. It is, in fact, a confession of failure, and means the reintroduction of the old and discredited penal and repressive element in the treatment of the young.

Life and Letters.

"MERRIE ENGLAND."

"ENGLAND is a strong land and a sturdy," wrote one of Chaucer's predecessors, "and the plenteousest corner of the world, so rich a land that unneth it needeth help of any land, and every other land needeth help of England." It is a peep into the life of this "strong land and sturdy"—a land "full of mirth and of game, and men oft times able to mirth and game" that Mr. Coulton provides in his latest fascinating volume, "Chaucer and his England" (Methuen & Co.). The dark side is exhibited with the bright; the author, indeed, reveals a certain impatience with those who picture the Middle Age as a kingdom of innocence and gold. If the poor were little worse off then, they were little better. In all ages, indeed, as Mr. Coulton justly remarks, the past no less than the present, they find their suffering "limited only by the bounds of that which flesh and blood can endure." Nor were saintliness and meekness more characteristic of our race yesterday than to-day. There are complaints, as indignant yesterday as to-day, of the arrogance, the greed, the truculence of the English people. "The English," wrote Froissart, after he had told the story of all their great victories, "will never love or honor their king, but if he be victorious, and a lover of arms and war against his neighbours, and especially against such as are greater and richer than themselves." "They take delight and solace in battles and slaughter," he notes, "covetous and envious are they above measure of other men's wealth." For the characteristic mettle and temper of this proud people did not reside (as in feudal notions abroad) in an aristocratic caste; it lay in the proud, free vigor of the common people. How far to-day could we boast of the descendants of an English peasantry, as Froissart could boast of their ancestors, that "specially there is no people under the sun so perilous in the matter of its common folk as they are in England"? "England is best kept of all lands in the world; otherwise they could by no

means live together." "Englishmen suffer indeed for a season, but in the end they repay so cruelly that it may stand as a great warning; for no man may mock them; the lord who governs them rises and lays him down to rest in sore peril of his life."

It is a land of forests and villages and green gardens; where as yet is "no real divorce between town and country"; London alone, a huge aggregation of 40,000 persons, conspicuous for its wealth and population. Founded by Brut, the son of Æneas, who named it Troymount or New Troy, the city could boast two hundred years before Chaucer that it "traded with every nation under heaven." "Could the ships of Tharshish," asks Matthew of Westminster, "so extolled in Holy Scripture, be compared with thine?" Froissart found the men of London of more weight than all the rest of England, and "where they are at accord and fully agreed" of such strength that "no men can gainsay them." "The only pests of London," said FitzStephen, "are the immoderate drinking and the frequency of fires." And this London is set in a secure and tranquil corner of a civilisation, whose "only pests" are "immoderate drinking" and the "frequency of fires"—and too greedy and riotous pursuit of life's desirable things, and the uncontrollable judgments and scourges of earthquake, pestilence, and war. It is a child world always, with the fascinations and also the perplexities of a world organised upon a basis of accident and caprice. The Middle Age has been shown as "peopled with living creatures," says Mr. Coulton, "beasts of prey, indeed, in very many cases, but always bright and swift and attractive, as wild beasts are in comparison with the commonplace stock of our fields and farmyards—bright in themselves, and heightened in color by the artificial brilliancy which perspective gives to all that we see through the wrong end of a telescope." He deprecates such a picture. Englishmen of the fourteenth century are far more akin to Englishmen of the twentieth; with the same passions, with the same difficulties in a short and hazardous journey towards a similar goal. Yet there is the child element far more dominant, with the simplicity, the gaiety, and something of the solemnity of childhood. Excess of law exists, regulating daily life with meticulous detail, yet the prohibitions, like the prohibitions which satisfy the consciences of the Americans to-day—a similar nation of children—are always cheerfully violated. The common people, with unerring instinct, recognise the law as the enemy. "Then began they to show forth in deeds part of their inmost purpose," wrote Walsingham of the peasants' revolt, "and to behead in revenge all and every lawyer in the land, from the half-fledged pleader to the aged justice. For they said that all such must first be slain before the land could enjoy true freedom."

Yet that law itself does not yet become the cold, iron, indifferent machinery of to-day: justice is not yet bewigged as well as blindfolded: caprice, common sense, kindliness, and anger, as well as a certain ultimate perplexity before the ultimate ironies of fortune, enter into all the efforts to adjust the relationships of human society. Mrs. Green has told a pleasant story of such difficulties a century later, in which an Aylesbury miller, finding that his mill needed repairs, sent his servants to dig clay on the highway, thereby making a deep pit in the road, into which fell a glover, journeying from Leighton Buzzard; and the pit, being filled with water by the winter rains, man and horse were both incontinently drowned. "The miller was charged with his death, but was acquitted on the ground that he had no malicious intent, and had only dug the pit to repair his mill, and because he really did not know of any other place to get the kind of clay he wanted save the high road." The human will pleased itself, uncontrolled by reference to general principles. Edward III. spares the citizens of Calais, because Philippa prays for them; the Black Prince, at the massacre of Limoges, remains indifferent to the cries of women and children for mercy, but is appeased by the spectacle of three French warriors fighting boldly for their lives. "Accident," says Jusserand, "plays a greater part in the fourteenth century than perhaps at any other epoch." Insecurity is normal: hardness and austerity is the lot of all: men see the sunrise but never the sunset: overcoats and fur robes are kept to wear indoors, instead of outside. The wars are conducted with a tedious brutality, amid promiscuous slaughter: diseases born of uncleanliness are rampant; in the midst comes the Black Death, like the sudden shutting of a door, closing the life of an age. Yet with all this there is irrepressible gaiety, breaking out everywhere into sport and song and dances, defying the regulations of the law and the menaces of the Church. Across this gulf of time, triumphant on the moans of the suffering and the poor, comes the laughter of "Merrie England." One sees them, as in FitzStephen's "Description of London": "in the holidays all the summer the youths are exercised in leaping, dancing, shooting, wrestling, casting the stone, and practising their shields: the maidens trip with their timbrels, and dance as long as they can well see." When the great fen or moor is frozen in winter they play upon the ice. In the summer nights they dance with candles in their hands. They break down all regulations in restraint of their jolly, boisterous sports and pleasures, and the strength of their determination towards enjoyment is exhibited by the frequency of the attempts to limit and restrict their excesses. There are revels on Saint's days, revels at marriage feasts, revels at Christmas and Easter and May morning, revels even at executions and funerals. In 1370 at Christmastide a law is passed in London "that no one shall go in the streets of the city with vizor or mask, under pain of imprisonment." Measures are threatened against taking off the hoods of people—a primitive form of "Mafficking," and against football in the streets. In 1446 the Bishop of Exeter complains against unlawful games, such as tennis, in the Cathedral cloister, "by the which all the walls of the said cloister have been de-fouled, and the glass windows all to-burst." Repeatedly the Church endeavoured to clear the people from unholy games (such as football) in the churchyards. There are prohibitions against the "Feast of fools," against the "Scot-ales," complaints of the secular jollity in the pilgrimages, the singing of "wanton songs," "and some other pilgrimes will have with them bagge pipes." Yet everywhere and always, in days of prosperity and decline, this common people were determined to make the most of what pleasures this little life could give. With the enduring background of uncertainty—in rejoicing perhaps heightened and deepened by this uncertainty—the men and women of this far-off time appear as those who accept life instead of rejecting it, filling with zest and rivalry and laughter the hours of a day long dead.

And of religion? Here, also, the divergence is superficial rather than fundamental, between to-day and yesterday. Then, as now, religion meant, for the few the effort after the aspiration of the Spirit; for the many the attempt to escape from the consequences of the sins of the flesh. The spiritual background to life was, indeed, more universally accepted; devils and angels walked visibly on the earth, seen of many; in the great storm of 1361 "the Devil in man's likeness spake to men going by the way"; a herald who watched the rioters march past in 1381 "saw several devils among them"; the good Queen "yielded up her ghost; which," says the chronicler, "as I firmly believe, the holy angels of paradise seized and carried with great joy to the glory of Heaven." Yet even here is a current of underlying scepticism. Walsingham traced the horrors of the peasants' revolt to "the sins of the great folk, whose faith in God was feigned; for some of them (it is said) believed that there was no God, no sacrament of the altar, no resurrection from the dead, but that as a beast dies, so also there is an end of man." "One merchant told me the other day," says Gower, "how to his mind, that man would have wrought folly who, being able to get the delights of this life, should pass them by; for after this life is over no man knoweth for truth which way or by what path we go." "A thousand times have

I heard men tell that there is joy in Heaven and pain in hell," confesses Chaucer in the Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women." "But natheless yet wot I well also," he adds, "that there is none dwelling in this countree that either hath in Heaven or hell y-be." Yet this scepticism was exceptional; most men accepted the narrow path towards a certain goal; only the attractions of the fields outside proved overpowering and the path wearisome to the feet. Froissart describes his childhood, how they tried schooling on him, but he could not be at rest; he was beaten, he suffered, he repented, the next moment "when I saw my comrades pass down the street in front, I soon found an excuse to go and tumble with them again." The experience was unchanged through all the life of this child world; they sinned, they were scourged with plagues for their sin, they repented; a moment after they "found an excuse to go and tumble with them again." Old age was always adjuring them to keep innocency and do the thing which was right; youth was always accepting and always breaking the conditions of such conduct, always able to point to the time when old age had done likewise. "O youngë freshë folkës, he or she," cries Chaucer, at the end of his days:—

> "In which that love upgroweth with your age:—
> Repair ye home from worldly vanitie,
> And of your heart upcast ye the visage
> To that same God that after His image
> You made."

To which the "youngë freshë folkë" could reply with some truth that "worldly vanity" had appeared less vain to the poet before old age had frozen the blood and enforced the contemplation of approaching death. To the sterner moralists of the age the cup of man's iniquity appeared full, and God's patience exhausted: as man's iniquity has appeared full and God's patience exhausted to the sterner moralists of every age, from Pompeii to twentieth century England. "It seemeth to many," cries a contemporary of Wycliffe, "that we are fallen into those unhappy times wherein the lights of heaven seem to be turned to darkness, and the stars of heaven are fallen from earth." "More and more dreary, barren, base, and ugly seem to me all the aspects of this poor diminishing quick world," echoes a voice from the later nineteenth century, "fallen openly anarchic, doomed to a death which one can only wish to be speedy." Amid which stern judgments and warnings the world thus condemned has kept manfully on its way, finding youth always a garland of roses, if age always a crown of thorns.

THE SCHOLAR'S MELANCHOLY.

In the diary that was found beside the body of Professor Churton Collins last week there were some sentences written that many scholars know the meaning of. They tell of a depression, not, indeed, continuous, but recurrent. "A wretched time, with occasional alleviation," is one entry. "Am now in dead, dull suicidal misery" is another. A third says, "I thought I should have gone mad last night. Was so calm when I went to bed, and thanked God I was out of the wood, and felt perfectly well. Alas! morning came, and another fit of depression." Beside this nameless misery there are other more definite emotions—fear of future work, prayers for peace, longings for sympathy and affection, and, most significant of all, "an awful sensation of paralysis of will." Unselfish and kindly by nature, he always concealed this misery from the public gaze. Had he survived to unveil the statue at Lichfield, he would have delivered an inspiring address fit to send the Dean and Chapter hurrying back to turn up the dusty Boswells in their libraries. For more than twenty years how many audiences had he similarly inspired, to how many students opened the gates into the kingdom of literature! But it was a high price that he paid for their happiness as they entered those gates of promise. He was himself their ransom, and the scholar's melancholy had laid her clutch upon him as her due, leading him enslaved through galleries of gloom to abysmal depths, where the brief glimpses of vanishing peace only served to render the darkness visible.

It is difficult to realise that melancholy was once thought a benign and amiable power, compared to whom, as one poet said, there was nought on earth that was sweet. On only a little sterner lines a greater poet imagined her as the presiding deity of a scholar's life:—

> "Hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
> Hail, divinest melancholy."

It would be incredible, if our grandfathers had not told us of their delicious melancholy as they marched under the standard of Byron's heart. But even before Milton's ode, melancholy's Anatomist had analysed all her forms as evil. Among them he had described "study" as a cause, explaining why the Muses are melancholy, and recommending various cures—by diet, exercise, pageants, shovel-board, simples, such as borage and bugloss, and precious stones, such as emerald and topaz to be either worn or taken inwardly. Such cures, of which spiders pounded in hellebore was one of the most efficacious, show the early recognition of melancholy's physical side. The dull misery and causeless fears may even in a scholar be alleviated by such means—by suggestion, by laying on of hands, and, in a word, by what is known as health. The difficulty in these cures is that when once melancholy has touched the scholar's hand, she leads him round a vicious circle, in which mind acts upon body, and body reacts upon mind, until the two are almost indistinguishable in their misery, being conjoined in an endless round, like a deadly serpent that has swallowed its own tail.

If nature means the law of life, she has fixed her canon against intellect, and, to do him justice, man generally obeys her ruling. Hardly once a century does she allow her finest product of the brain to appear, and on most powers above a low average of mind she inflicts the penalties of the body. Here and there some scholar or man of letters may escape the toll of melancholy by his condition of life or by a peculiar bodily constitution. Scott escaped it till near the end, but he was an open air man, and his son attributed his fame to his power of being always the first to view a sitting hare. Gibbon escaped it entirely. With what envy, or, at least, with what marvel, a scholar must read the sentences of complacent self-satisfaction with which he concudes his autobiography:—

> "When I contemplate the common lot of humanity," he writes, "I must acknowledge that I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life. . . . . The first indispensable requisite of happiness is a clear conscience, unsullied by the reproach or remembrance of an unworthy action. . . . . The love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigor from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual sense of independent and rational pleasure. . . . (I possess) the inestimable gift of the sound and peaceful slumber of infancy. . . . The enjoyments of society and situation would be tasteless or bitter if their possession were not assured by an unusual and adequate supply" (*i.e.*, income) . . . "My income is superior to my expense. . . . Since the failure of my first wishes I have never entertained any serious thoughts of a matrimonial connection. . . . Twenty happy years have been animated by the labor of my 'History.'"

And then, as a final thanksgiving to fate and his own virtue, he adds the significant cause for satisfaction: "My nerves are not tremblingly alive."

Blot those causes of satisfaction one after another with the blackness of negatives, and you see the ordinary life of scholars. Endowed from birth with a beautiful lottery ticket that cannot win; haunted as each year passes by the shadow of some new failure, the memory of some ancient crime—a breach of manners, an unintentional word, a single wounding phrase that everyone else has long forgotten, but that still makes the scholar flush with sudden shame; weary of a life among the dead and the perpetual society of phantoms; tortured by inexplicable fears and the spectres of all the lost opportunities of life, that crouch at the foot of his bed and make mouths at him from three o'clock till the grey horror of morning prepares him by an exhausting trance for another unendurable day; dogged every hour by the squalid face of poverty and the terror that his children may not enjoy the advantages which have brought himself to this pass; almost insane with a shy desire for affection, and himself a continual grief to the unhappy woman who

has married him; floundering in a bottomless slough of toil where there is little hope of influence and no assurance of praise: his nerves all the time tremblingly alive, sensitive to the least touch as though his skin had been flayed and left them quivering to the shadow of every imagined slight, every whisper of depreciation, every error in himself, though perceptible to his eyes alone; torn in pieces, besides, by a paralysis of will, an infinite faculty of hesitation, compared to which the Inquisition's rack was a benignant and merciful torture—such are the scholar's life and the scholar's melancholy as we have come to know them now.

It is as though the paths of scholarship led but to the entrance of Virgil's hell, where grief and avenging conscience have made their lairs:—

> "Pale sickness dwells there, and the gloom of age,
> Fear, and inexorable hunger, and drab want,
> And death, and toil, and stupor so like death."

In that grim house are many cells, and not every soul is exposed to all the tortures at once. But time would fail us to call the roll of the noble and unhappy ghosts who have there found their abiding-places, or to draw distinctions between their stoic sorrows, their unappeasable longings, the sufferings of their pride, their cruel indignation, the long diseases of their lives, their invocations to the moon to cast her light for the last time upon their torment. "Feel!" answered Cowper on his deathbed; "I only feel unutterable despair!" "Like that tree," said Swift, "I shall die from the top." "Que vivre est difficile, O mon cœur fatigué!" was the last entry in Amiel's diary.

In the uncreative and profoundly self-conscious temperament of men like Amiel, the horror is, perhaps, seen at its worst. Isolated from the realities of life, and dreading, as he said, the contact of vulgarity in every form, he complained that he exhausted himself by trying to understand wisdom without practising it, by always making preparations for nothing, by living without living. There should be included in these sorrows the hopelessness of ever approaching the limits of the great sea of knowledge that surrounds us now—a hopelessness which Mark Pattison, himself so notable an example of the scholar's melancholy, regarded as its cause. And we must remember the further curse that Jaques added when he defined the scholar's melancholy as emulation. He may have meant the ravenous vanity by which the isolated, introspective man is so often consumed, or he may have meant the sorrow of imperfection, the impossibility of ever realising in words those bright visions of thought that hang before the mind. In either case, another terror couches upon the threshold of the scholar's hell.

Boswell, who himself was tinged with the same kind of melancholy as we may imagine to have infected Faust's poodle, tells us that a Turkish lady (strange authority!) had taught him how happiness depends on the circulation of the blood. Johnson himself seems to have perceived the same truth when he recommended a course of rope-dancing for distressing thoughts, though, unhappily, he never took the cure himself. "Employment and hardships," he also justly said, "prevent melancholy. I suppose in all our army in America there was not one man who went mad"; for he always regarded even his own melancholy as a partial madness. It will be remembered that Goethe sought to banish his Harper's melancholy by a course of cabbage-gardening, and that Coleridge, in some of the most beautiful and melancholy lines ever written, laments, above all, that, in the midst of Nature's work, he remained the sole unbusy thing.

But the worst comes last, and there is one cause of the scholar's melancholy which no improvement of the circulation, no rope-dancing, no cabbage-gardening, or other activity can alleviate. It is the disbelief in the power of the word, the thought that the tongue of men and angels cannot touch the inveterate cruelty, the oppression and vulgarity of all this slow, insensate world. When wrath chokes the soul, and there is no sword to slay the slayer, no club to batter the brains of the fool, but hourly indignation boils itself away in an impotent vapor of words, then the scholar's misery is fulfilled, and from that futile woe there is no escape except only to the place where savage rage can tear his heart no more: *Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*

When those of us who stand outside the realm of scholarship turn for inspiration or peace to the words of scholars like Churton Collins, and of greater teachers than he, we might sometimes remember at how dear a price they have bought for us those consolations which we so easily and carelessly enjoy among the harsh and dusty conflicts of every day.

CHRISTIAN DOGMA AND FOLK-LORE.

The Christian folk-lore of Europe, now everywhere dying out, was in large part, as is well known, a continuance of pagan tradition modified in form to suit the new religion. But in part it may be regarded as the shape taken by the Christian dogma as reflected in the popular mind. Dogma translated into terms of the popular intelligence became folk-lore. It has been a misapprehension, if you will, by which, however, the essential meaning of the Christian teaching has been preserved in a symbolic and poetic form.

In all ages the people take metaphors literally—they hear the vague sound of the words and do not attempt to penetrate further into the speaker's meaning. The words, for instance, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up," would, in any age of the world, have produced on the populace the effect which the Evangelist describes. To give another example from the Gospels, all the wonderful legendary lore of the early and Middle Ages about St. John came from the saying, "If I will that he tarry till I come what is that to thee?" The story that "that disciple should not die" commenced "from that hour." St. Augustine says that he saw the ground rise and fall with the heaving of the breast of the Beloved Disciple sleeping in his grave at Ephesus. In the sixteenth century Columbus crossed the Atlantic with letters from the Catholic King to present to the deathless saint at his remote magnificent court. In this way the teaching of the Church produced in all Christian lands a vast mass of legend and superstition and folk-lore, as the sermons of the parish priest or the addresses of some wandering friar fell on the ears of the people.

In Catholic Germany, for instance, it is believed that when the "genealogy" from the first chapter of St. Matthew is read in the Mass on Christmas Eve, hidden treasures are revealed. This was, no doubt, the meaning attached by the people to that commonplace of medieval preachers about "the gold of the Divinity being hidden in the earth of the Humanity of Our Lord." This was the patristic and mystical explanation of "the treasure hidden in the field" of the Gospel, which, when a man finds, for joy thereof he sells all that he has and goes and buys that field. Again, there was venerated at Puy-en-Velay a miraculous image of the Virgin, said to have been carved by the prophet Jeremiah. It was destroyed at the French Revolution. "This is the Virgin whom the prophet saw," the fervid preacher would, no doubt, exclaim, and for his hearers the transition from his seeing the vision to his carving the image would be easy, and the "saying" would go forth "from that hour."

This quaint literalism often produces folk-poetry of the most touching kind. What, for instance, can be sweeter than this folk-song of Béarn and Navarre:—

> "Le petit Jésus
> Allait à l'école,
> Avec sa Croix
> Sur son épaule."
>
> "With His Cross upon His shoulder,
> Little Jesus went to school."

Again, in Andalusia they sing:—

> "Baby Jesus, by Thy Father,
> By Thy Mother, by Thy Cross,
> Give me light amid the darkness
> Of death's hour of pain and loss."

The idea is found in Christian art as well as in popular Christian poetry all over Europe. In Cimabue's Madonna, for instance, in Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, little angels are seen holding the instruments of the Passion on either side of the Child. This, no doubt, is a popular rendering of the doctrine known to theologians as the "interior Cross," the foreknowledge of the Passion the Child is believed to have had from His earliest years.

The translation of dogma into folk-lore is nowhere more apparent than in the Antichrist legends of Christendom. We have recently been reminded of this almost forgotten Christian doctrine by Father Benson's novel, "The Lord of the World." The magnificent trilogy of the Russian writer, Dmitri Merejkowski, "Christ and Antichrist," shows the great influence which the idea has had all through the Christian ages. "Antichrist" is a common term of popular vituperation in Russia, where the belief is still very living. The *locus classicus* of the doctrine in the New Testament is the well-known passage of St. Paul, "And that day shall not come unless there be first a falling away, and that Man of Sin be revealed, the Son of Perdition who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God . . . And then shall that wicked be revealed whom the Lord shall consume with th e spirit of His Mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His coming." This is depicted in Luca Signorelli's great frescoes at Orvieto. The coming and destruction of Antichrist was one of the cycle of miracle-plays, but it fell out through the elaborateness of the *mise-en-scène* required for its production. It was believed that he would be a Jew of the tribe of Dan, according to the prophecy of the dying Jacob, "Dan shall be a serpent in the path, an adder by the way, so that the rider shall fall backward." Among the hundred and forty-four thousand whose foreheads were sealed in the Book of Revelation, none are mentioned as belonging to this tribe. Father Benson's Antichrist, by the way, is an American.

Antichrist folk-lore is found from Russia to the Hebrides. In Brittany they say he will be the child of an apostate priest and a nun. There is a Breton folk-saying that when the sanctuary lamp goes out in a single church the world will end. When the peasant passes his village church at nightfall, and finds the windows dark he will know that the earth's last day has come. One divines the process of the formation of this legendary lore: the fervent words of the preacher on the awful portents of the last time before the Coming of the Son of Man, the lamp of faith going out everywhere, and the people applying the words to the sanctuary lamp, first of their own, and then of any single church. The ceasing of the celebration of Mass in the days of Antichrist was much dwelt upon. The hopelessness of that last time is poetically expressed in a concrete form in the tradition that a rainbow will not be seen for thirty years before the Day of Doom

Numberless examples of this kind might be given, showing the immense hold which the Christian doctrine had on the minds of our forefathers, how it filled them and occupied them and suggested itself to them at every turn. To many the dying-out of dogma and folk-lore together will, of course, seem pure gain. A recent book, the "Memoirs of a Surrey Laborer," gives a life-like presentation of the manner of thinking and ways of speech of the country people in that part of England. It has the very atmosphere of a Surrey village. The solitary trace of anything not absolutely material in the book is the mention of a Lincolnshire ghost story made by the writer to the old man, George Bettesworth, as he works in his garden. "Weak-mindedness, I calls it," is the Surrey laborer's reply.

THE YEAR OF CATERPILLARS.

We have often wondered whether the author of "The Bishop and the Caterpillar" knew more about the subject than the rector, the curates, the schoolmaster, and the others who were floored by the little boy's question. The last-named may have been correct when he numbered the legs at six, but certainly he did not arrive at the result by counting, as anyone may see for himself the next time he catches a caterpillar. It need not take long, for rarely have we had such a summer of caterpillars as this has been. As we write this in a seaside town, the streets are swarming with full-fed larvæ on their way to places where they can go into chrysalis with a reasonable chance of attaining wings The giants are the buff-tips, which have been feeding on the limes, whose branches they have made into skeletons as they moved, the whole company at once, from one feeding-place to another. They are striped longitudinally with green and yellow, an arrangement that is reproduced by the caterpillars themselves now and then when they march in a kind of battalion formation across the pavement. Some observers have noted well-drilled armies of these buff-tips moving across country. Here, however, the assembly is dispersed before it is in order, and green squashes underfoot are melancholy evidence of blasted ambitions.

Rarely have the cabbages so suffered. The caterpillars of the garden white butterfly have left nothing but the ribs of the leaves and have then attacked sundry other garden growths, including the nasturtiums, which rightly belong to the green-veined white, also much in evidence. The walls are now alive with the creatures, restless under the impulse of their impending change. They usually find anchorage up under the coping, which shelter is fairly packed from end to end with chrysalids that have wriggled out from the homely skins. But nearly two out of three have broken into a horrible eruption of yellow cocoons of the ichneumon fly, the guardian of next year's cabbages. Buff-tips and cabbage whites are always with us and everywhere. But few towns can boast even a single caterpillar of the large tortoiseshell, while here, colony after colony has been at work on the elms, with which our streets are occasionally planted. The species is, however, scarcely on the increase, only a small proportion of the prickly-looking caterpillars coming to butterflyhood. The "thorns" are supposed to save them from the ichneumon fly, but the grubs die of mysterious diseases, while few of the survivors make quite the plump golden chrysalids with knobs as of veritable metal that are typical of the healthy polychloros.

Noble caterpillars of the great order of moths also are often met with. Poplar, privet, and lime have each fed, as far as can be seen, in larger numbers than usual their own particular hawk. They are so perfectly colored in harmony with the leaf that even now that the fall has commenced we see less than one in ten of those that come within range of the eye. See this privet hawk caterpillar nearly as large as the middle finger, which we can yet make, while you turn round, extremely difficult to find, merely by placing it on its native plant. An entirely green creature of this size, of never so well chosen shade, would be conspicuous among the small leaves of the privet. So it is furnished with white stripes curling diagonally across the segments and, so that the white stripes should fairly represent the midribs of surrounding leaves, there is painted below each white stripe a dash of bright mauve. "Why such a color?" you will ask—only until you have tried to paint a privet leaf and to give the midrib a convincingly upstanding appearance. It is possible that your superior skill may attain the effect in another manner, but if time is short you had better take a hint from the caterpillar.

Now how shall we say this very useful coloring was obtained by or for the caterpillar? Are we to believe that it is the work of so many "determinants" sent out from the germ-cell, without any reference to the experience of foregoing caterpillars? Or has there been discovered a single fact to forbid us believe that at the present moment new hints are being registered in this caterpillar body for a yet better painting of the next generation—that just as the descendant of this privet hawk must be a privet hawk, so the descendants of this more than usually pale or dark-green privet hawk will be, subject to the chances of mating, more like this than

like other privet hawks? When an artificial variety of the tiger moth (parent of the "woolly bears" that we know so well) was produced by keeping the chrysalids in a low temperature, and when the coloring of these was reproduced in their offspring bred under normal conditions, was not that an instance of acquired character inherited? No, said Weismann, for the low temperature may have had an identical effect on the color determinants in the wing-rudiments of the pupa and on the same determinants in the germ-cell.

Having driven the anti-heredity people into a "may have," let the woolly bear ripple on in search of his, her, or its hibernaculum (according to the vigor with which it feeds next spring, the germ-cell will determine what its sex is to be). A less recondite problem that the farmer would like to have solved is why it has been such an amazing year of caterpillars. Is it to be accounted for by the sparrow clubs? If so, there are to be many other bad years, and worse years than this. The sparrow clubs of the present cycle are scarcely on their feet yet. The peculiar trap which defeats the generally superior wit of this bird, while other and far simpler birds go through it with impunity will be as ten to one when the propaganda of the destruction league has spread a little further, and before the sparrows have got well on their guard they will go down in millions. Let us hope that it is not the sparrow clubs that are to account for the increase of caterpillars. The professionally insectivorous birds, if we may so call those that not only feed their young on grubs but eat this food the whole year round, have not fallen off, unless the fruit-growers have waged that war on the tits that they have foolishly threatened. There is no better gardener than the tit through all the winter months. No particle of grub life, from the tiniest egg to the chrysalis awaiting the return of the summer, even in the adamantine case of the saw-fly, is safe from his persistent search. A tit or two the fewer may easily mean a million grubs the more, and ten times greater toll of fruit than the birds themselves take. The birds that come to us in summer (practically all insectivorous), useful though they be, are of less importance than our resident soft-billed birds. For in summer everyone is insectivorous, and even the abused sparrow is probably as good as the white-throat, apart from the work he puts in as an eater of unwelcome seeds in the winter.

Then what of the wasp? This year of caterpillars innumerable has also been one of immunity from wasps. Though the queens were more than usually common in spring, nests have been very far between this summer, and even when each should have contained forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, the familiar and rather misunderstood insect has been very little of a nuisance. We are unable to guess whether a wasp colony or a nest of young chaffinches is the more valuable insecticide; but it is easy to see that the claims of the wasp are not slight. The number of caterpillars provided by its mother for the grub of the mason wasp, a much smaller insect than *Vespa vulgaris*, is usually twelve. Allowing only thirty for the social wasp—including all that it eats as an adult—a nest would account for considerably over a million in the course of the summer. At fifty a head, which still seems a meagre allowance, the number would be two million, so that if four out of five of the usual number of wasps' nests are lacking this year, a few tons of the caterpillars that have plagued us are accounted for. Let us hope that the generous supply of food will produce prolific queens for the next year, and, if we may, that careless habits learned by the caterpillars of this generation will be inherited by those of the next, so that they fall early victims to the remnant of our feathered friends.

Short Studies.

II.—AN IMMORTAL.

"You're a mystery!" I said to the carpenter, half-enviously, half-approvingly, after a sleepless night during which I had vainly tried to piece him together. He was engaged on some repairs in the church—his heterodoxy does not include the fabric—with his usual diligence and thoroughness. In the modern world it is not impossible, or even uncommon, to find men—for the most part, of easy means and position—who would appear to have triumphed over life and death and all things; but more important than the virile spirit itself, perhaps, are its source and basis. The efficiency which is synonymous with eternal life can have no weak spot in its armour.

"I'm not the only one," he replied, modestly, too busy or indifferent to look round. "We're all mysteries, if we could only see it. Nowhere yesterday; 'ere to-day!"

This new version of the proverb impressed me. It certainly sounded less gloomy than the old. The thought suddenly struck me that it might express the religion of the future—which is nothing if not one's point of view.

"I didn't mean that altogether," I returned. "I refer rather to the quality of your existence than the fact that you are a living being, however unspeakably wonderful that may be. You seem to have such a grip on life!"

"That's just because I haven't," was the paradoxical admission. "The worse your hold, the better, as the runaway 'orse said. An' blessed are they that expect little, for they won't be dis'pointed."

"But that is want of faith."

"Or the p'ssession o' 't; which?" he submitted.

"Does it never occur to you," I probed, without for a moment thinking to tempt him, or that I possibly could; "does it never occur to you that all your labor may be in vain?"

"The bright idear 'as struck me," he replied, with suspicious solemnity. "When I'm makin' coffins, for example, I say to myself, as reg'lar as the clock, 'What's the dickens use in berr'in this fine bit o' deal or hoak, as the case may be, in the ground, to say nothink o' my own honest sweat?' Or, when I'm puttin' on a new roof, or patchin' up an old 'un, I think o' the grand ruin it'll make some day. An' when I rise early an' late take rest an' heat the bread o' carefulness, I ask myself if I'm a born fool, or what!"

"Well, then?" I enquired, nervously, seeing that he paused with a smile on his tightly compressed lips, which boded ill for something or somebody.

"Well, then," he repeated, "when I've got that far, it can't kill me to go a step farther. An'," lifting his hammer impressively, "the kin'dim o' 'Eaven depen's on what that next step is."

As if with the view of giving me time to divine his meaning, he resumed his work, glancing at me occasionally to see what mental progress I was making. His final look seemed to convince him either that my case was hopeless, or that if he himself did not make haste, I might anticipate his discovery.

"Then, sir," he finished triumphantly, "I tell myself that if there may be little use in doin' it, there's a damn sight less in not doin' it!"

"But it wouldn't be wasted if you didn't do it," I pointed out, with more casuistry than truth.

"But *we* should," he checkmated. "Put that in your pipe an' smoke it, sir!"

"And you can speak and feel thus about life without belief in a Hereafter!" I exclaimed.

"Who said I didn't b'lieve in a 'Ereafter?" he demanded, over my head, of the empty pews. "I may not talk as much as some people about it; but I'm always provin' it, I hope, which is just as good. An' I don't stand starin' at the sky!" he added, scornfully.

"Of course, everyone believes in the *future*," I remarked, significantly——

"Oh, do they, indeed!" he interrupted. "I'm oncommon glad to hear it. It must be true, comin' from a parson. My own private impression was that there was a many people as didn't b'lieve even in the present, which might be more to the p'int. Settle that first, an' the 'Ereafter 'll take care o' itself."

"I suppose you're right, in a sense," I admitted, reluctantly.

"I'm right in five senses," was the confident rejoinder. "There's a lot o' use in preparin' a place for folk as haven't made up their minds to start yet."

"At the same time," I persisted, "without a belief in Immortality the world is like a rudderless ship."

"A rudder 's a fine thing, but a whole ship is better."

"You mean to say that you can go on for ever in the dark, without ultimate purpose or destination?"

He almost glared at me.

"T' hell with your darkness an' cross-purposes!" he thundered; "both'rin' the life an' soul out o' poor creatures as if they hadn't enough trouble an' worry o' their own a'ready. That's not the way to make their burden light. Small wonder the 'sylums are full! The very beasts an' flowers have a better time. What good has your 'Ereafter done 'em. Took 'em from their plain, simple life, that's all; fillin' their thick 'eads with a lot o' foolishness until God Almighty Himself can't stand 'em, they're so conceited an' hard to please. He makes 'em a world that's enough to knock you speechless, an' now they want another one, when there isn't even *room*. Good Lord deliver us! Teach 'em mind their own business, same as the trees o' the garden or the grass o' the field, an' you may be doin' 'em some reel service. But, for God's sake, stop holdin' out baits to 'em, or, some day, they'll wring the Church's neck for her. We're no longer childher."

His passion silenced, awed me.

"As for the tommy-rot that it's all wasted," he went on, remorselessly; "when the Creator Hisself thinks so, it'll be time enough for us to complain. There's such a thing as becomin' a fool in order to be wise, I've read somewhere. Are you 'ware that th' Almighty does more than all of us put together, 'thout makin' any fuss about it, or wond'rin' if it wouldn't be better to do nothink? Man is a rum mortal, an' no mistake. His logic is enough to give a one the jim-jams. The more deuced clever he is, the bigger the fool."

"There are exceptions," I replied, meekly.

"Not among that lot, sir!" was the trenchant reply. "If simple folks, as just go about their business, hadn't a little common sense an' reason o' their own, I don't know what 'd become of us. Have you ever tried to figure to yourself the 'mount o' labor in bringin' the tide in, to take only one small instance? Well, our 'Eavenly Father does it *twicet a day*, an' doesn't care a grain o' sand what all the lazy devils in the world think or say about it."

With this spirited and luminous commentary, he hurried off to his dinner.

S. Henry.

Letters from Abroad.

IS CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN TURKEY POSSIBLE?—II.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Assuming Constitutional Government to get itself established in Turkey, its success will largely depend on whether Moslems can admit Christians to equality with themselves. Nothing was more remarkable in the early demonstrations on the establishment of the new *régime* than the insistance by the Turks at every meeting of the equality of all races and creeds. Mollahs and Softas attended religious services in the Armenian cemetery to commemorate the massacred victims of Abdul Hamid's reign of terror. Greek and Armenian priests fraternised with Mollahs. All agreed in announcing the downfall of the *régime* which had made Christians and Moslems regard each other as enemies. Was the reconciliation merely temporary?

I had the advantage of a long conversation with the Sheik-ul-Islam on the subject of the revolution. As the official head of the followers of Mahomet, he spoke with authority on the tenets of his faith. In the same room, and intensely interested in the conversation, were four or five leading Moslem dignitaries, who appeared entirely to acquiesce in what their leader said. The chief point in our conversation turned on the question whether the religion of Islam could admit Christians to equality. The Sheik-ul-Islam was quite positive on the question. He insisted several times that the religion of Islam was essentially tolerant and liberal. Though the Constitution had granted equality, Islam was still more liberal. Then, speaking with the fervour of conviction, he claimed that the unprecedented progress made by the early followers of Mahomet was due to his establishment of equality among all his followers, whether Christians or Moslems. In reply to my suggestion that Mahometan rule had not been characterised by toleration, he claimed that the early Caliphs followed the rule of Mahomet, but that conquerors had constantly set aside the teachings of religion. They were not good Moslems in so doing. Nevertheless Mahometan doctors had never been wanting who pointed out that equality was what the Founder had demanded.

How far the opinion of the Moslem Pope is shared by the doctors of his faith it is difficult to say. A movement towards a Liberal theology in Mahometanism has made considerable progress during the last thirty years. In such movement the idea of equality has been included. The movement corresponds closely to the modernism of the West. It is an attempt to bring theological teaching into line with modern thought. The general attitude of the Turkish race has hitherto been unfavorable to development in religious ideas. The uneducated Turk, even more than the uneducated Christian, accepts his creed as an ultimate fact. A recent writer, Léon Cahun, says, "Les Turcs ont été toujours trop inaccessibles au sentiment réligieux pour jamais devenir hérétiques. Ils ne demandent pas mieux que de croire, mais ils ne tiennent pas du tout à comprendre." But the Mollah class, and a considerable number of men who have been abroad, have been influenced by the example and teaching of the West. The Christian nations are progressive. Their progress is not merely material, but is found in ideas and in general intellectual activity. How far is their superiority due to defects in Islam? Many Moslems have faced the question, and the reply by some of the best of them is that the want of progress made in Mahometan countries is due to a departure from the true teaching of Islam. Such men are endeavouring to find in the sacred books of their faith what non-Moslems would regard as ideas that were foreign to their authors. A striking illustration of this attempt to bring about a reformation regards the position of women. Hood, in the "Song of the Shirt," correctly expresses the prevalent opinion in Moslem countries when he makes the singer wish to be a slave "along with the barbarous Turk, where woman has never a soul to save." But Moslem teachers have been proclaiming for some years that this is a popular error, and that woman has a soul.

There are other subjects intensely interesting in which what may be called the Broad Churchmen of Islam are endeavouring to prove that their faith is not antagonistic either to science or the progress of civilisation.

On the question of equality many interesting statements have been recently made. Count Ostrorog, who is an Arabic scholar, and an authority on Moslem law, contends that Islam is essentially tolerant, that Mahomet denounced despotism, and prohibited his followers from exercising arbitrary power as at once contrary to the Divine will and human reason. He claims, with proof in hand, that upon the question of the equality of Moslems and non-Moslems, there ought to exist no doubt. What is Moslem law is to be found, not merely, as is often said, in the Koran only, but in that book and the Sayings of the Prophet taken together. Moslem law, from these two sources, has been elaborated by the early Doctors of the Law. If their respective opinions are in accord, there can be no doubt as to what Islamic Law is. Now on the question of equality Count Ostrorog declares them to be entirely agreed. The words of the Prophet have never been in doubt among them. Speaking of non-Moslems the Prophet himself says: "Your

rights are our rights; your duties are our duties." These words proclaim equality. They have been much commented on, but are universally accepted as binding and as establishing equality. The comments of the doctors take the form of fixing the limitations which are to be placed to the principle thus laid down. The conditions upon which equality is to be granted are carefully noted, and are firmly established in Moslem jurisprudence. They reduce themselves to six, and are all of a negative character. The non-Moslem must not (1) speak disrespectfully of the Koran; (2) nor of the Prophet; (3) nor of the religion of Islam; (4) he must not attempt the honor of a Moslem woman; (5) nor attempt to convert believers from their faith; and, lastly, (6) he must not give aid to foreign enemies.

Other writers have contributed interesting letters to the newspapers in Constantinople offering curious evidence that a strong case can be made out for the recognition of equality by Islam. These are not opinions manufactured for the occasion, but represent the drift of educated Moslem opinion.

Everyone would wish success to the promulgation of such views; but history cannot be forgotten. Just as we have outlived the religious hostilities of Mary and Elizabeth, so the Moslems may outlive the spirit of persecution by which their history in Turkey has been marked. I believe, however, that they will have more obstacles to overcome in accomplishing their purpose than Roman Catholics and Protestants found. Whether English experts are right or wrong in claiming that Islam declares that the "People of the Books" (Christians and Jews) are to be reduced to subjection, it is certain that in every country conquered by Moslems they have been so reduced, and all sorts of inequalities have at once come into existence. While hailing, therefore, the desire to give equality we must wait for results.

We may, however, look at the more hopeful side of Turkish history without forgetting the religious intolerance. The tradition of Moslems in Turkey has been not to interfere with Christian worship. It has been one of contemptuous toleration. Massacres of Christians have always been made by orders; those of Chios, in 1825, of Bulgaria, in 1876, and of Armenia in 1895-6, because the respective races were known to hope for the aid of Christian Powers to redress their grievances. Greeks, Bulgarians, and Armenians were slaughtered because they were Christians, and as Christians could not trust their Moslem rulers, though they could save their lives by being traitors to their faith. But if Moslems can really establish a Government which will grant equality, the Christians may learn to forget their wrongs. Nevertheless, confidence is notoriously a plant of slow growth, and Islam is on its trial.

It should be noted also that the Turkish people have an advantage, when seeking to establish constitutional government, in that they possess neither nobles nor aristocratic families. It is amazing how bootblacks and the like rise to power, and more amazing is the fall of even wealthy officials, whose families are swallowed up out of all recognition in a few months. In this sense the Moslems are wonderfully democratic. There is no old *noblesse* to form a permanent nucleus of reaction.

Having glanced, cursorily, it is true, at some of the chief factors to be considered in trying to answer the question at the head of this letter, I venture to sum up by saying that there is reason to hope that the leaders of the Moslems will persuade their followers that equality is enjoined by their faith; that the habits of all races oppose no obstacle to representative government; that probably each race will leave the choice of its representatives to its notables, who will virtually form an oligarchy, and that, provided the Parliament is not suppressed by a party of reaction and has no unforeseen obstacles, it will convince the people of the superiority of constitutional government and thus render it permanent.

The position is profoundly interesting. If Islam can prove its liberalism by placing Moslems and Christians on an equality, it may create a new Turkey. The followers of Christ and Mahomet working together may form a nation in which the combined forces may supply the thought and intellectual activity for the want of which Turkey has been steadily decaying since 1683. The bloody pages of religious persecution, intolerable tyranny, massacres and inefficiency during the past century, may be forgotten, and regenerated Turkey may take honorable rank among European nations. On the other hand, if Moslems cannot, or will not, admit Christians to an equality, then the steady, but certain, decay of the Turkish race will surely continue, and Europe will admit the truth of Andrassy's statement that every inch of territory taken from Turkey is gained for civilisation! —Yours, &c.,

EDWIN PEARS.

Prinkepo, Constantinople.

Music.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF RICHARD STRAUSS.

THE mental life of the musician presents a curious problem in psychology. To the ordinary man the executant seems a nervous and emotional freak, as he too often is, and the creative composer an ill-balanced amalgam of mathematics and feeling. To the achievements of neither can the canons of ordinary intellection be applied. This view is, of course, quite erroneous, for musicians are as other men; but there is this much truth in it: the art of music is superficially an expression of the human mind which has no clear relation to the normal working of the brain in other directions. Music stands outside every other activity of life. It is not to be explained or described by the only means we have of explaining or describing other phenomena, for words are but counters in the game of music. As a consequence, we find that creators of music, for the most part, construct their works of art by instinct. Very seldom have they any clear theory or conception of what they are doing. Wagner was an exception to this rule. Richard Strauss is not. He has extended the symphonic-poem to its uttermost limits in one direction without, apparently, any consciousness that he has passed the limits of the art, or, which is stranger still, that there are any limits at all. Mr. Ernest Newman, in his "Richard Strauss," (John Lane) has written by far the most concise and complete account of the composer and his works which has yet appeared in English, and has much to say of genuine critical insight on the subject of the symphonic-poem. His analysis of Strauss's genius is keen, logical, and masterly, and his volume may be recommended to all who desire to see this extraordinary composer within an intelligible focus. Yet Mr. Ernest Newman, being a literary man who has devoted his gifts to the criticism and analysis of music, has not quite understood the paralysing unconsciousness of the creative musician. It is paralysing because we feel it is futile to judge music by the standards by which we judge other arts. A composer will take a beautiful, tender little lyric and twist it into a grandiose musical composition, rising to a climax which would seem only in place if describing some terrible psychological cataclasm. When we have a composer who does not thus divorce his means of expression from the thing to be expressed, we are astounded by his artistic consistency and moderation. Hugo Wolf was such a man. We who are not primarily musicians beat our hands in almost impotent protest against the door which shuts off music from artistic intelligence, and in his "Richard Strauss" Mr. Ernest Newman has performed quite a frenetic tatoo of protest.

This perpetual protest of the literary mind against the unconscious working of the creative musical brain will, it is to be hoped, have its effect in time. In these days of "programme music" the composer must recognise that his naïve treatment of his art is no longer possible. When music was evolved entirely from itself the composer could go his own way in sublime disregard

of any but musical ideas. The old forms gave him logic —for the old forms are logical. Richard Strauss himself, being an artist, has publicly recognised this. He also recognised, as Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner had recognised, that music being a human art is not really outside life; that the logic evolved from itself could not be made to cover the expression of something beyond itself. The development of music flowed in a natural flood to Richard Strauss, enveloped him, and has carried him on. Has he the will and initiative to extricate himself from the swirl, or will he drift hither and thither at the mercy of powers stronger than himself? Mr. Newman thinks that Strauss has to a great extent deteriorated since the days of "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung"; that he has allowed a freakishness of nature to get the better of him, with the result that we have the jarring comic realism of the bleating-sheep, of the wind-machine in "Don Quixote," the *baroque* humor of the antagonists and battle sections of "Ein Heldenleben," the childish grotesqueness of the "Sinfonia Domestica," and the futile psychological elaboration of "Also sprach Zarathustra." "Deterioration" is a strong word to use of a composer who is still in the first years of middle age. It means that his creative life is at an end. Possibly this may be so with Richard Strauss. One must know the man to be quite certain, and Mr. Alfred Kalisch's interesting "personal note" hardly deals with more than the externals of the composer's mental life. A man who could write "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung" by his twenty-fifth year may be one of those spirits who come to early fruition and to early decay. One cannot be dogmatic about Strauss yet, and it is open to doubt if his later compositions do show the deterioration of which Mr. Newman writes. At least we must make due allowances for the new paths which the composer has struck out for himself. He has had to find his way through a dense wood without a compass and without sight of the sky.

In a technical sense there has been no deterioration from "Don Juan" to "Ein Heldenleben." The "Sinfonia Domestica" shows signs of haste, it is true, and of a flagging musical innovation which has resulted in a certain looseness of texture, but, in general, Strauss's mastery of his art has grown from one symphonic poem to another in a perfect chain of development. The most difficult thing in the world for any artist to achieve, whether he be creative or executant, is to express himself, to strike out a style of writing which shall be as natural to him as the character of handwriting is to ordinary men. It is a truism to say that individuality is the last quality to be developed in a man. If we look at Strauss's development in a technical sense we see that his debt to the past has gradually been wiped out. The homogenity of "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung" was largely due to the strong influence of Wagner, and also to the fact that Strauss was still speaking in a known language. Both symphonic poems are more abstract in treatment than any of the later compositions. Strauss was still writing "absolute" music in comparison with what he afterwards attempted to do. Had he continued to write in the same vein he would not have done his valuable pioneer work in the development of programme music; for, whether he has gone beyond the limits of music or not, his labours in cutting new paths have been most valuable to the art. That he gained his individuality of expression at the expense of sanity and nobility of thought is tragical enough. But is it so much a deterioration as the true expression of himself? And even here one must distinguish. The freakishness which found its perfect expression in "Ein Eulenspiegel" is an original aspect of Strauss's genius. Sometimes it has a most irritating effect on the listener; yet again it will seem quite in place, and give the music just the external shape which prevents its being only a subjective picture. We must allow the creative artist to have his mannerisms. After all, the grotesque ugliness of parts of Rodin's work could not be altered without changing the whole conception and character of his art.

To understand Strauss's "Don Quixote" and "Ein Heldenleben" we must accept the composer's method of working. That method seems to consist of taking a subject as the basis of inspiration and of expressing it subjectively in music, without losing sight of the origin of the inspiration. For instance, the bulk of "Don Quixote" is a beautiful lyric poem, in which all the composer's regrets and passionate idealism (which makes him so much a realist in music) are shadowed forth. This is the abstract side of the symphonic poem. But Strauss really wishes to place Don Quixote before us in music and not only himself, so he gives us both his own commentary on the hero and some realistic touches illustrating the subject which has inspired him. It is here that the curious want of artistic consciousness, from which the musical creative mind suffers, has led Strauss astray. We have not the clue to the composer's attitude of mind. To him, no doubt, the grotesqueness of the realism in "Don Quixote," and the cheap humour of "Ein Heldenleben," seem quite in the frame. They are connected in his mind with the whole scheme of the symphonic poem, but to us they appear out of place. The composer has evidently not given a thought to this aspect of the matter, nor has he seriously considered the homogenity of his musical poems. The writer of programme music must consider this homogenity of expression. He must choose subjects which not only demand musical expression, but must so arrange them in his mind that the moods to be expressed make for musical form. Strauss's realism cuts his symphonic poems to pieces. It is not only that it is out of place in the midst of subjective expression, but as part of a musical picture these realisms do not justify themselves as music. They require something to illustrate them instead of illustrating something. The Antagonists and Battle sections of "Ein Heldenleben," for instance, are justified as an expression of the hero's outward strife, through which at last he is to attain to peace, but they are on a different plane of utterance; they are merely an accompaniment to action which we do not see. Perhaps Richard Strauss will never gain the intellectual grasp which would make these grotesque exaggerations impossible. He merely follows his instinct, and that possibly is the instinct of a man who has an inexplicable kink in his brain. At the same time this is not deterioration, for with the growth to full maturity it has always been present in his music. Also we must not forget that Strauss's ill-timed humour and freakishness have actually had their value, for they are an attempt, crude and ill-wrought as it may be, to give to music a fuller scope of expression, by tempering romance and emotion with the pathos of humour. Music has been too apt to deal with only some set emotions and their variations, and so to draw but a segment of the circle of life.

Communications.

BAD HARVESTS AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—That bad harvests and other failures of natural resources must contribute something towards trade depressions and unemployment is quite evident. If a smaller amount of food-stuffs and raw materials of manufacture are put into the industrial system, to be converted into saleable goods, less productive power of capital and labor will be required for handling them in the various processes of manufacture, transport, and commerce. In primitive industry where agriculture counts for so very much and where markets are narrowly circumscribed, great local depressions with accompanying unemployment may be entirely attributable to failures of harvests. Even in our present state of world-markets the simultaneous failure of the chief crops in a number of large areas of agriculture might involve directly a large quantity of unemployment.

But there is no reason to attribute the great volume of cyclical unemployment to such a cause. Neither the economic theory of employment, nor such facts and figures as are available, sustain the view, which Mr. Bisgood sup-

ports in his interesting letter in your last issue, that bad trade is caused by bad harvests.

Sometimes it is argued, as by Mr. Bisgood, that a bad harvest will mean a lower income for the agriculturists, that having less money to spend they will be unable to buy the various kinds of goods they usually bought, and that the producers of these goods having lost their customers will not produce them. But other supporters of the "harvest" theory of depressions argue that, when harvests fail, the price of food will rise so high that the general body of consumers having to pay more for their food than usual will have less to spend on other goods, and that in this way the demand for other goods must fall and general unemployment follow.

Now it is evident that these two lines of argument are inconsistent with one another, and I think it can be shown that both are false. Suppose a failure in the wheat crop to the extent of a quarter of the ordinary harvest. The price of wheat will rise. It might rise so much that the shorter crop would sell for as large an aggregate sum as the bigger crop last year. In that event the argument of Mr. Bisgood, that unemployment in other industries will be occasioned by the diminished demand on the part of the agricultural classes, falls to the ground. With it also collapses the other argument which imputes to the rise in food prices a reduction in the purchasing power available to demand other goods. For though the price of wheat per quarter has risen, the total amount of the general income expended upon food is the same as before, and the same amount of income remains for the purchase of other commodities.

Even if a larger aggregate sum were paid for the smaller supply of wheat, this would only transfer some purchasing power from the general consuming public to the agricultural classes or other classes handling wheat; it would not reduce the aggregate purchasing power, and could not, therefore, be regarded as a *vera causa* of unemployment.

Or take the case of a total failure, such as is imputed this year to the Champagne grape. "The vine growers," we are told, "have nothing to offer us in exchange for the commodities they usually purchase on the sale of their wine to the great houses, and so a large production of manufactured goods will not be required in Champagne, and those who would have made them are unemployed." Why must they be unemployed? The money that would have been spent upon Champagne will be spent, partly in increased demand for other wines, partly for other luxuries competing with wine in the standard of comfort of the well-to-do. Even if part of the money is not spent at all, but "saved," consideration of what is meant by "saving" will show that it will be paid to employ producers to make new instruments of production, or to work them. Though, therefore, the Champagne growers have less income to spend on manufactured goods than usual, other classes have more, and there is no reason why the goods which the former would have bought should remain unsold. Some injury, no doubt, is done to the employment in some special trades, due to the fact that the classes endowed with the purchasing power which the Champagne growers have lost will not necessarily employ it in demanding the same sort of goods. But though some trades may thereby suffer, others will be benefited, and the aggregate of employment will not be affected.

Although reliable and adequate statistics are not available for measuring the influence of bad harvests upon trade depressions, it is interesting to compare the following compilation of the wheat harvest of the world, published during recent years by the Agricultural Bureau of the United States Government with the unemployed percentage of Trade Unionists, our best index of unemployment. I append also the average price of wheat in Great Britain during each year.

Year.	Wheat harvest. Million bushels.	Wholesale price. s. d.	Percentage unemployed.
1891	2,432·3	37 0	3·00
1892	2,481·8	30 3	6·20
1893	2,562·9	26 4	7·70
1894	2,672·3	22 10	7·70
1895	2,552·6	23 1	6·05
1896	2,506·3	26 2	3·50
1897	2,333·6	30 2	3·65
1898	2,921·0	34 0	3·15
1899	2,725·4	25 8	2·40
1900	2,627·9	26 11	2·85
1901	2,929·3	26 9	3·80
1902	3,103·7	28 1	4·60
1903	3,195·8	26 9	5·30
1904	3,147·6	28 4	6·85
1905	3,317·3	29 8	5·60
1906	3,423·1	28 3	4·10
1907	—	30 7	4·20

(I do not think that the Washington computation of the 1907 harvest is yet available.)

If the size of the wheat harvest had any appreciable effect in depressing the volume of our trade this effect might be expected to be traceable to the unemployed figure for the year following the bad harvest. No such effect seems traceable. No clear relation between the price of wheat and the amount of unemployment is discernible.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. Hobson.

September 22nd, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your issue of 8th ult. you invited readers to report on four specified points in the above connection. I now act upon your suggestion, and beg to transmit to you some carefully ascertained data, which, in collaboration with a friend similarly interested, I have been enabled to establish.

First, however, a word by way of preface and explanation. My residence is near the southern end of a good-sized village in the country, on a main road. The village is "protected" by boards requesting slow driving of motors; the situation of these boards being, at the northern end, fully half a mile, at the southern end, about 200 yards, distant from my house. A length of road *within the protected section* was accurately measured off, and the times occupied by the motors noted and checked.

This brings me to your queries: (1) "Speed of motors and conduct of drivers." In all, twenty-nine motor-cars and motor cycles were timed, this number comprising the whole of such vehicles as passed. The lowest speed recorded is sixteen miles per hour, and this in the case of one car only; then rates ascend thus: 17 miles per hour (two cars), 18 (1), 18½ (1), 19 (2), 20 (3), 21 (3), 23½ (4), 25 (2), 26½ (5), 28 (1), 30 (3), and 38½ (1). That is to say, an average speed of 23½ miles per hour for the twenty-nine motor vehicles. In regard to the conduct of drivers, a noticeable feature was a tendency to unduly force non-motor traffic to the sides of the road. Query 2: "Dust nuisance, and injury to roads." I cannot open my roadside windows at all, and other windows only occasionally, either by day or night, unless when raining. The injury to the roads is so obvious as scarcely to require comment. In our village it has been found necessary to put down a coating of tar, towards the cost of which I, not a motorist, will be charged my quota. Replying to your query No. 3, *re* "Opinions of various classes of individuals." The people chiefly prejudiced in my district are the farmers and cottagers. The first because of the damage done to crops grown in the vicinity of the highway, and resultant lessened prices. Added to this a new trouble has arisen, viz., the increase of veterinary work where cattle feed near the main road. The cottagers are under the disability of having to keep doors and windows closed during fine weather; and, what is infinitely more serious to them, living as they do, in many cases, right on the edge of the high road, is the constant menace of injury or worse to their little ones, and to the aged and infirm amongst them, after nightfall in particular. *Re* your fourth question, "remedial legislation," I can more conveniently embody comment upon this with my general conclusions.

The speed figures which I have given, occurring as they do on a "protected" (*sic*) stretch of road, go a long way towards proving that the habitual exceeding of the limit allowed by law, is the rule, and not, as our motoring friends

strive so keenly to maintain, the exception. It has been out of the question for me to record the worst cases, because these happen after dark, often in the small hours, on the same piece of road. In regard to the cars concerned, when seen by me, it has more often than not been impossible to distinguish the tail number, owing to the excessive rate of speed; one I should judge to exceed on the average 30 miles per hour. In view of these facts, *and most especially in view of the immense increase to be looked for in the number of cars all over the country,* it is my firm conviction that a *speed limit (or limits) must be retained.* The contention held—as I think, very unfortunately—by our leading Lancashire daily paper, and naturally by motor car owners, that in parts of the country a speed considerably in excess of the present legal limit may be indulged in without risk; if it means anything at all, it means this: that the use of such roads by the pedestrian will become more or less impossible; it means that residence in the country, now so desirable for town workers, of the poorer classes in particular, will be discouraged and curtailed; it means finally, that what control by the police over the traffic on our roads does exist will be greatly weakened. I do not speak without knowledge, I have had to give up the use at night of one of the pleasantest roads in my neighbourhood, the margin of personal safety having been passed long ago.

The question of the up-keep of the roads has not been touched upon in this letter; it is not so important as that of security for life and limb, but I think that what is wanted is that the cost of maintenance should be arranged so as to fall on all road users, in definite relation as nearly as possible to the effect of their traffic.—Yours, &c.,

Reform Club, Manchester, A.
September 23rd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your article to-day makes one almost despair. The arrogance and selfishness of the motorist are his stimulus and security in offence and defence. You, having been successful in forcing a promise of redress, seem afraid of your own shadow, and fall back on the complexity of the question, and fear ingenuity may get round regulations.

Now, if "excessive speed is the cause of the entire trouble," surely "the exceptionally lawless class" who need to use it for their vacuous amusement can make their own tracks or motor roads, instead of, as at present, turning the ratepayer off his with their insulting noises.—Yours, &c.,

Balak.

September 19th, 1908.

[Our correspondent quite misreads our article. The inference that we draw from the complexity of the question is that the regulations required will have to be numerous and stringent.—Ed., Nation.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have been much interested in the correspondence on this subject in your columns. Living as I do on the main road to the West of England the motor nuisance has been much in evidence, and this summer has become almost unbearable. On a moderate computation at least 100 cars pass daily, and the owners of a vast majority contribute nothing to the local rates which have to bear the burden of the up-keep of the roads. The dust nuisance is appalling, and all the members of my household have had to give up cycling and we never go on the main road at all if we can possibly avoid it, either walking or driving.

My suggestion would be to tax all motor cars at the rate of £1 per horse power of the engine, and apply the whole of the proceeds of the tax to the improvement of, and dust allaying on, the main roads. To meet the case of doctors and others I would allow a rebate of half the duty on all motors used exclusively for professional or trade purposes.

It is the large, heavy, high-power cars that create most of the nuisance, and they should be made to contribute proportionately.

Much more drastic treatment in the case of reckless driving is also needed.—Yours, &c., John Grubb.

The Down, Winscombe, Somerset,
September 18th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Some of the proposals I have seen for regulating motor traffic do not appear to recognise that simplicity is essential. I venture to suggest that the price of licences should depend on the possible speed of the car.

The licence for a car unable to travel at a greater speed than ten miles on a level road might be quite cheap.

The price should increase with the possible speed until twenty miles is reached, when it should be a fairly substantial sum.

Cars able to travel on a level road more than twenty miles an hour should pay a sum increasing by leaps and bounds.

Few people would care to pay the very heavy price exacted for great speed. A car might be tested at any time by an official engineer to see whether it was paying for an adequate licence. Most people would be satisfied with a moderate speed, and prefer a cheaper licence.—Yours, &c.,

Edmund Verney.

Claydon House, Bucks,
September 21st, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Railway trains churn the air in the same way as motors, but as the rails and road are clean the dust is of little importance.

These, then, are the problems to solve:—

Get a clean track and dust and discomfort will be minimised.

Reduce the displacement of air as much as possible, and govern the dust before it rises in clouds

Run the wheels in close boxes, excepting at the actual point, or area, of contact with the road, and by air suction draw the "centrifugal" wheel dust into tubes, or chambers, for control. The air suction can easily be obtained by light flanges on the spokes of the wheels arranged as a circular fan.

Not the most tyrannical of police laws and restrictions will stop the motors. They are going—to stay.

If the dust were checked we could see them better and life would be less precarious *on* the road, and pleasanter at the road side.

The enormous displacement of air by a rapidly moving vehicle will always lift some dust, and my practical suggestions to engineers are not expected to destroy the nuisance altogether, but to help to minimise it.—Yours, &c.,

John Higgins.

Pylle, Somerset,
September 21st, 1908.

[Our correspondent will do well to remember that this is a self-governing country, and whether the motor is "going to stay," and if so, on what conditions, rests with the people themselves to determine.—Ed., Nation.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I ask leave to add a few words to my former letter.

1. I take it to be the duty of foot passengers on a road that has no side path to keep to their left. This I know, from bicycle riders, makes it easier for them.

2. We notice, I think, that most motor accidents happen at corners, at places where roads cross, or where two roads have the form of the letter T. I submit that the adoption of the rule of the road at sea would be of use here.

Once on a steamer, voyaging northwards up St. George's Channel, we espied another steamer a long way off, moving probably out of the Clyde westward. Immediately our captain began to change his course some points eastward of north. If it had been night the steamer ahead of us on our starboard bow would have been showing the red light, the light on her port side corresponding to the near side of a horse, the left side of one standing on deck looking to the bows, the left-hand side of the driver of a land vehicle. Our captain knew that it was his duty to give way, that if the two steamers had met and collided more or less at right angles he would have been to blame.

Whereas if the steamer had appeared on our port bow, moving eastward from Ireland to Scotland and at night showing her green light on her starboard side, the right-hand side to one on board of her looking to her bows—the side corresponding to the offside on land, then the sea rule would have applied. Then

"You have not so much to do,
The green light must take care of you."

On the first blush it might seem that as road vehicles pass to the left and ships to the right, the sea rule ought to be reversed. As far as I see at present this reversal is needless; I leave that to readers whose mathematical wits are nimbler than mine.

Would it be possible to have signals such as these? One blast of the horn to mean *I want to cross the road on which you are travelling.* Two blasts in quick succession: *I want to pass into your road and turn to my right;* and three blasts: *I want to pass into your road and turn to the left.*

The effect of my suggestion would be, *look out for corners to your right.*—Yours, &c.,

T. Wilson.

Rivers Lodge, Harpenden, S.O., Herts.
September 22nd, 1908.

DON PORFIRIO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your slightly sub-acid eulogist of Don Porfirio Diaz attributes to him, amongst other qualities, a wonderful memory, in that the President remembers the Christian name of every Indian he has met.

Had he said the surname I should also have been amazed. Though not a President (as yet) myself, I think, in Mexico, that I could emulate the feat.

Nearly all Indians in Mexico are called José, their wives Maria, and when Don Porfi meets his Indian and calls him by his name, he does so "with the same confidence a Christian feels when he has got four aces in his hand."—Yours, &c.,

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

September 23rd, 1908.

"PERU."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In a not altogether inappropriate, but somewhat rambling review, your reviewer—Mr. Cunninghame Graham—gives his ideas upon my book, "Peru," in your last number. I wish, however, he had been free from the prejudice which shows itself in such references—scarcely worthy of a thoughtful mind—as, "This . . . leaves the military picnic in the Transvaal even more hopelessly ridiculous than it was at first." Without enquiring what this has to do with Peru, one may well ask why he calls it a "picnic." Your reviewer shows other evidences of hasty thought and expression, and takes upon himself to deny "the least pretence of literary style" to an author who happens to be an engineer, and refers rather sneeringly to the "theodolite and the pen," although this is doubtless one of those witty catch-phrases by which some reviewers, with a neglect of literary honesty, catch the eye of their readers. Nor is his reference to "newspaper-made opinions" at all relevant. He falls foul of Prescott, and, indeed, with almost everything connected with the subject, but it is doubtful if the statement that the "Americans have 'civilised' all their (Indians) away," is a just one. If Mr. Graham will study the matter of the Indians of America—North or South—he will find that all of them tend to disappear, or have disappeared, except those who came under the influence of the prehistoric civilisations of the Mexican or Peruvian empires. The roving tribes of Indians, whether of North America or of the Amazon, tend to disappear naturally, as well as by any act of the encroaching races; whilst the others form the basis of growing nations. Many years in America (notwithstanding the occasional use of the theodolite) have not failed to show me this. But I am afraid Mr. Graham is too much concerned to punish us for our work in the Transvaal, to consider this, although as a historical critic (according to his review) he might pause and consider.

Hoping to be favored with your kindness in the publication of these remarks.—Yours, &c.,

C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S.

Northwood, Middlesex.
September 23rd, 1908.

CAN MORALS BE TAUGHT?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—You make two good points in your article under the above title. As you say, it will be sad if we seek a moral significance in every subject taught, and still sadder if "moral" teaching is made mainly direct.

When Christ wished to carry captive the minds and hearts of his hearers he resorted to the fable, and left the "moral" to be discovered by his hearers. How easy it is for commonplace teachers to reverse this method, and to make the moral tag the principal event, so to speak, of the short story or parable.

Of course, morals can be taught, as can everything up to a certain point; but the vital question always is, Whose morals? It may be a good thing for a child to learn disobedience. . . . I am the head master of a private school, and, being a Socialist, I teach history for the pleasure I get out of its revolutions. If I were in India I should tell my pupils that Tilak was a hero, because he believes that India should be governed by Indians. I tell them, also, that in this England of ours poor people are scarcely ever poor, because of their sins. I tell them that our Government is unequal to solving the simple question of unemployment, because they have not courage enough to tax the classes in receipt of large incomes from rent and interest. If, in answer to all this, a child gets up and leaves the room, I should not complain. He has a perfect right, according to my moral practice, to resist me.

For all that, moral education will come, sub-consciously, through experience and reading. Finally, can we improve on Christ's method, and, after reading as beautifully as we can the parable of the Ten Virgins, say should we not leave it, without comment, with the child with all its haunting and admonitory beauty? The great Teacher in all ages has taught thus, and has science to-day discovered a better way? I think not.—Yours, &c.,

F. Kettle.

The Clapham School, High Street, S.W.,
September 21st, 1908.

"THE DOCTRINE OF TOLERANCE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Every true Liberal must sympathise with your plea for universal tolerance in the matter of religious worship. But is it intolerance to object to the performance of religious rites in the public streets? If anybody chooses to set up an image of Mumbo Jumbo, and call it God, and bow down to it, and worship it, there is no reason why the law should interfere with him, so long as he confines his adoration to the privacy of his own house or chapel. But if he and his co-religionists were to carry this effigy down the Strand, with worship and genuflexions, proclaiming it as the Supreme Being, could we rightly invoke the aid of the civil power to protect the procession against the brickbats of the unbeliever?

Now the simple fact is, whether we deplore it or not, that thousands of our fellow-citizens look upon the Host as in no sense divine. Thousands, too, look upon the adoration of a crucifix as the violation of a commandment, which they believe to be of divine authority, to the effect that man should not bow down to a graven image. Nevertheless the law, very rightly, allows the adoration of the consecrated wafer, and of sacred images, to proceed with an entire freedom in places of worship, both public and private. But when I am told that I am intolerant if I venture to dispute the proposition that the performance of these rites and ceremonies should be allowed and protected by the police in the streets of London, I must enter a mild protest. I think, for many reasons, that the public thoroughfares are not suitable to religious worship. Personally, I think that religious processions through the streets, even though unattended by any ceremonial of actual worship, are objectionable. They block the already too congested traffic, and, in certain cases,

are very liable to give rise to disturbance. But, it will be said, political processions are allowed, though many strongly object to and are offended by them. The answer is (as Lord Morley long ago put it in his work on "National Education") that it is a settled principle of our civil government to make a marked distinction between things religious and things secular. A man cannot be heard in support of a conscientious objection to paying the income-tax, but a conscientious objection to being forced to pay for religious teaching or ceremonies of which one disapproves is generally held entitled to some respect, at any rate among Liberals. Political processions, therefore, in reasonable number, and under strict regulations, are to be allowed. I can see no reason why the same right should necessarily be admitted in the case of religious processions, but if toleration must be extended to these also, at least let rites and ceremonies be reserved for the appropriate religious edifices, and not paraded in the public thoroughfares.

In the recent case the Government were, of course, upon the firm ground of an Act of Parliament, and a Proclamation of the last reign; but I set these aside as irrelevant to my contention.—Yours, &c.,

Sept. 20th, 1908. A Liberal M.P.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I am a Liberal and a Protestant (brought up in the Scotch Presbyterian Church), and when I read in my Sunday paper that the Prime Minister had insisted upon the elimination of the Host from the Eucharistic Procession I was dismayed. I felt it was a stroke that hit our country hard, and I also felt that it was an act which would cost the Liberal Party dear at the polls (as is likely at Newcastle). But I remembered Featherstone. There the military were called out, and murder took place. The Home Secretary of that day—the Premier of this day—was blamed, and wrongly blamed, for that blunder; but I venture to say it was a blunder which has burned into his soul. The fanatics of the Protestant Alliance had made arrangements "to bring down the Host." Had they done so, or attempted to do so, there would have been bloodshed. The sin and the shame of it would have been upon the heads of the fanatics. But, Sir, as a humble member of the Liberal Party, I would prefer to defend the discretion of the Premier in vetoing the Host in procession, than I would have cared to defend him before my Catholic friends had he permitted the procession as originally arranged, and had the blunder of Featherstone been repeated. I think the Catholics of England will realise ere long that they are blaming the Liberal Premier and Government for a course of action which permitted of no alternative.—Yours, &c.,

Bridlington, Sept. 21st, 1908. W. D.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—As a subscriber to your paper from the first, I write to protest against "The Doctrine of Tolerance."

Liberalism, as I take it, does not sanction unqualified freedom for any section of the people.

The Pope's Legate was loud in his praises of British freedom, but where do the Catholic Church allow it to Protestants when they are in authority?

The proposed carrying of the Host was a menace against public order, in permitting an escort of 15,000 men to usurp public streets. It was an affront to the consciences of a Protestant nation, whose guests they were. It was designed as a symbolical act for the return of the nation to the rule of the Pope.

I say nothing about the deliberate breaking of the law of the land.—Yours, &c.,

H. W. Francis.

112, Tresillian Road,
September 22nd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The writer of the able critique contained in your last issue, in reference to the proposed carrying of the Host through some of the streets of Westminster, is entitled to the thanks of your readers for the fair and impartial manner he has dealt with the matter.

When we consider that 3,000,000 of his Majesty's subjects in Hindustan alone, without including the Colonies, are allowed to celebrate their religious rites according to their accepted beliefs, and that in this country all and every kind of doctrine—good, bad, and false—is shouted into our ears at every street corner, it surpasses my comprehension that in these days of so-called progression any objection could be placed in the way of Catholics parading the streets in their vestments and carrying the Host.

For years the procession of the Feast of Corpus Christi has taken place, and Catholics have paraded the streets of our great cities without let or hindrance. I fail to see that the carrying of the Host, or any other religious symbol, would spiritually affect the masses of the people. The days are past, never to return, when Catholicism was the dominant power in this country. State education, Socialistic teaching, and the general indifference to matters spiritual, will prove effective barriers to Catholics, or any other sect, ever meddling with State affairs. A return to the Marian and Elizabethan methods is out of the question, and the idea can at once be dismissed as the chimera of a diseased mind.

And yet we find, in these days of enlightenment, a Liberal Ministry absolutely awed by the threats of a Protestant section, who threatened to wreck the procession, should the carrying of the Host through the streets be persisted in. But in spite of the Ministerial interdict, the Host was publicly elevated, and the kneeling crowds were blessed by the Papal Legate. It appears to me very much like being prohibited carrying a flag in the street, while one may place the same in one's window.

The action of the Government, who were well acquainted with the intended procession, and who seemingly wished to treat the matter privately, cannot be too severely condemned.

I am not a Catholic, but I am of the opinion that toleration and fair play should be granted to all. Provided order and decorum is observed, all have a right to the use of the streets.

The Government's spoliation will do a vast amount of harm, and at the next General Election the Liberal Ministry will lose thousands of votes.—Yours, &c.,

Walter Philip High.

21, Trederwen Road,
London Fields, N.E.
Sept. 20th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I must apologise for adding one more to the pile of letters you have received about the Eucharistic Procession.

To my mind the crux of the question is not whether Mr. Asquith is to be admired or censured for diverging from our usual course of toleration—a course of which he is, probably, just as proud as the most austere of his critics—but how it has happened that that interference was necessary; in other words, how any Christians could have so far forgotten their Lord's teaching as to condemn or judge their brothers, especially in an affair of conscience.

No one at least can excuse himself by simulating ignorance of the maxim, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Evidently toleration is a hard thing even to understand; for instance, what possible meaning is there in one correspondent's exhortation, "Now we have won the victory, we can afford to be tolerant." It is as though one were to starve a man to death, and at his last gasp offer him a sumptuous dinner.

Also, let us not be so sure that we have won the victory; an anyone who believes that "right" and not "force" is might, the victory lies with the followers of conscience, rather than with those people who exploited the thoughtless enthusiasm of the crowd by encouraging them to shout such irrelevant matter as "Rule Britannia," and "God Save the King" in the actual presence of a religious ceremony.

This brings to mind the Jewish *tour de force* of the first century, when, to gain their evil purpose, the priests gave

up on a sudden their long-cherished ideal of independent nationality, and let the mob shout, "We have no king but Caesar."—Yours, &c., M. L.

The Grange, Loughton, Essex.
September 22nd, 1908.

THE "MESSAGES" FROM FREDERIC MYERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Whenever I have taken the trouble to analyse cases of psychical phenomena, however mysterious and complex they might seem, I have never found myself driven to the necessity of admitting the existence of discarnate spirits as being the only and most reasonable explanation of such phenomena.

The whole of the psychical research of the last few decades has at least emphasised the fact that telepathy, telaesthesia, and the subliminal part of man's mental being play a vast part in all these curious psychical phenomena, or, as Maxwell calls them, "metapsychical" phenomena. We are in almost entire ignorance of the conditions under which one mind may affect and communicate with another in an occult manner, and I see no reason to doubt, for example, the idea that what is known subliminally, and not consciously, to one mind may be communicated to another. So that, in order to establish the fact that a particular communication is needed from a discarnate spirit, it is necessary to eliminate, not only the action of the subliminal self, not only the action of telepathy in communicating what is consciously known, but also the action of telepathy in communicating what is subliminally known.

The elimination of these elements is almost inconceivably difficult, and their presence in the problem should make us demand exceedingly conclusive and unambiguous proof that such communications do emanate from discarnate human spirits. And analysis of the cases presented by spiritists as proof of survival after death will show invariably that they are never so definite and conclusive as to have got rid of these complicating elements. It seems to me that before any phenomena can be regarded as establishing the spiritistic thesis they should be examined by men who are sceptical, or, at least, by men who do not initially lean to the spiritistic interpretation. The psychical researcher himself is seldom sufficiently sceptical, and does not give full weight to the possibilities of telepathy, and particularly of the telepathic communication of things known subliminally. For instance, interesting and, in many ways, admirable as is Myers's "Human Personality," one is inevitably struck, in reading the second volume, by the altogether too ready acceptance of a spiritistic interpretation, by the lack of analysis, and by the insufficient incredulity which it displays.

One must admit, however, that the recent communications purporting to come from Frederic Myers and Richard Hodgson contain quite novel elements, and seem to display a consciousness of the complexity which is introduced into the problem by such elements as those which I have mentioned. But the evidence (of which, unfortunately, I have not yet got a full report) should most certainly be examined critically, with constant reference to such possibilities as those of telepathy. I very much doubt whether a critical person would then need to call in the spiritistic hypothesis.

One notes, for example, that, in the case quoted by Mr. Graham, the husband of Mrs. Verrall had consciously formulated an explanation in his own mind. And this might quite possibly have affected Mrs. Holland. This may sound far-fetched. But the facts of this subject sound far-fetched. Here, indeed, fact often seems more fictitious than fiction.—Yours, &c.,

G. STAFFORD WHITBY.

12, Charles Street, Hull,
September 19th, 1908.

GERMAN FOREIGN POLICY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A stick of late freely used with which to beat Germany is the story, repeated almost *ad nauseam* by some of Mr. Arnold White's fellow alarmists. They enlarge on the assumed crafty and unscrupulous action of Prussia in striking down, as they term it, Denmark in 1864, Austria in 1866, and France in 1870. This is parodying history and playing to the gallery.

1. Prussia did not strike Denmark down, as alleged. Austria and Prussia jointly took military possession of Schleswig-Holstein, owing to a question of long-disputed right of succession. Argument failing, force was employed, as is commonly done in all such cases, great or small.

2. For about a couple of centuries rivalry had existed between Austria and Prussia as to the headship of Germany. Prussia decided to settle it in the interests of German nationality. And she did so in the famous seven weeks' campaign. That was a natural and national development.

3. No doubt Prussia welcomed, and even angled for, the war with France in 1870, so that her unity might be completed by a victory. The traditional policy of France in claiming the primacy of Europe had kept Italy divided and Germany also. The time was rife with the spirit of Nationalism.

What crime was it for Prussia to head the movement for making Germany, like Italy, a nation, and not a mere geographical expression? There is no evidence that Prussia would have declared war on France. The declaration of war was made by Napoleon III., urged on, as plenty of evidence shows, by the Empress.—Yours, &c.,

J. H.

August 31st, 1908.

Poetry.

THE SHIP SIREN.

Across the fog, across the rain,
On glimmering London pavements falling,
I hear the voice, again, again—
A voice that is calling, calling.

It calls me where the rivers run
Through forest gloom unbroken for ever;
And the steamer's mast to the mid-day sun
Is shadowless on the river.

"You know," it cries, "how mornings rise
In smoke from untrodden islands streaming,
And long waves roll from a southern pole,
And southern stars are gleaming.

"Remember where the desert lay—
Purple desert beside the sea—
And barren mountains round a bay,
And a storm-crowned promontory;

"And how the midnight draws her breath
As the sleeping sun returns on high,
And pallid water sleeps beneath
A pallid dome of sky.

"Ah! leave the crowd that howls below,
Crowding houses on either hand.
The streets are wide by which I go
To a wide and silent land.

"By a silent road I'll bear you home."
From London dock the siren's calling,
"Come to the seas, to the desert come!"
And I lie enchained in a London room—
And the rain is falling, falling.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

A NEW literary monthly is a rather daring venture to-day, when such periodicals as "Macmillan's Magazine," "Temple Bar," and "The Monthly Review" have ceased publication, while few of their survivors are supposed to be very prosperous. "The English Review," however, of which the first number will be issued by Messrs. Duckworth next November, promises to make a bold bid for permanence. Its editor will be Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, and he has secured a strong list of contributors for his opening number. There will be a poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy, a short story of the supernatural by Mr. Henry James, a sketch called "War" by Tolstoy, the first instalment of Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Autobiography," containing interesting details of the Polish revolution, the opening chapters of a serial, "Tono Bungay," by Mr. H. G. Wells, a story by Mr. John Galsworthy, and an article on Stonehenge by Mr. W. H. Hudson. The nominal "hero" of Mr. Wells's serial is a patent medicine, whose owner gains a large fortune by speculation. This fortune he afterwards loses, so that his progress through the different grades of social life gives Mr. Wells an opportunity of introducing a great variety of types. "The English Review" will contain editorial comments on the chief events of each month, though it will support no political party. Its chief aim will be to publish works by writers of pronounced views or pronounced faculties, which the existing reviews might not care to admit without excision or modification. We hope the new venture will prove successful in maintaining the high literary standard with which it begins.

* * *

THE history of anonymous and pseudonymous literature appeals to every real book-lover, so that a book upon that fascinating subject, which Mr. W. P. Courtney has in the Press, will be looked for with interest. "The Secrets of our National Literature" claims to be the first attempt that has been made in this country to set out the history surrounding the chief works published without an author's name, or with some disguise of its language. There is, of course, Halkett and Laing's "Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature," but it is a work of reference, and does not treat the subject in narrative form. We are certain of an entertaining volume from so accomplished a bibliographer and man of letters as Mr. Courtney. The book is to be published by Messrs. Constable.

* * *

"THE PANMURE PAPERS," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in the Press, is likely to be the chief political book of the season. It contains a selection from the correspondence of Lord Panmure (afterwards Earl of Dalhousie), who was Secretary of State for War in the Palmerston administration of 1855-1858. Many hitherto unpublished letters from Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, Lord Russell, Sir James Simpson, Sir William Codrington, and others will be given. The book, which is edited by Sir George Douglas and Sir George D. Ramsey, will supply a large amount of material bearing on the later conduct of the Crimean War. It will doubtless rank among the prime sources of material for the future historian.

* * *

UNDER the title, "Side-Shows," a volume of essays by Mr. J. B. Atkins, will shortly be published by Messrs. Christophers. Some of these papers have already appeared in the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Spectator," and have won notice for their open-air atmosphere and grace of phrasing. Mr. Atkins' dialogue with a racehorse, originally published in the "Manchester Guardian," was a fine piece of work, and his essays on cats are as good as Loti's, and are free from the sentimentality that mars the French writer. Messrs. Christophers, who have hitherto confined themselves to educational books, open their literary record with a promise of distinction and freshness.

* * *

MR. CHARLES G. HARPER'S long series of works on the great roads of England, and the road-life of the ages before railways, are deservedly popular. His new book, which will be published during the present season by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, promises to be even more interesting than its predecessors. It is called "Half Hours with the Highwaymen," and accounts are given of all the notorious gentlemen of the road, from the "Cavalier" highwaymen like Captain Whitney, who made their Royalist sympathies an excuse for highway robbery, to "Swiftsticks" Nevison, the real hero of the ride to York, with which Turpin is usually credited.

* * *

WE learn from Mr. William Archer that he has not as we had supposed any thought of undertaking a regular *causerie* in "The Fortnightly Review," but will contribute an article on "Plays of the New Season" to the October number.

* * *

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press an interesting volume of biographical and critical sketches by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. The book is called "Personal Studies," and among the subjects are J. T. Delane, R. H. Hutton, J. Knowles, Henry Sidgwick, Father Ryder, Lord Lytton, Grant Duff, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Pope Leo XIII. Some of the essays have already appeared in the "Dublin Review," which, under Mr. Ward's brilliant editorship, is enjoying a new lease of prosperity. Several literary essays of distinction, the most notable being that on Shelley by the late Francis Thompson, have appeared in recent issues.

* * *

THE second volume of Samuel Butler's works in the "Cambridge English Classics" series will be issued shortly by the Cambridge University Press. It will be called "'Characters' and Passages from Note-Books," and is largely made up of selections from the Butler manuscripts at the British Museum now printed for the first time. The edition will be completed by a third volume giving the remaining poems, together with some unpublished passages which Mr. Waller holds to be Butler's work.

* * *

MESSRS. METHUEN'S new series, "The Romance of History," has made a capital start with Major Martin Hume's "Two English Queens and Philip," published this week. Major Hume is the general editor of the series, and he has written an introduction to "The First Governess of the Netherlands, Margaret of Austria," by Mrs. Eleanor E. Tremayne, which will be issued early in October. Mrs. Tremayne has been at work upon the subject for several years, and her account of Margaret of Austria's life and times is largely based upon materials hitherto unused by English historians.

* * *

THE book by Professor L. T. Hobhouse, of which Mr. Fisher Unwin is preparing a second edition, is "Democracy and Reaction," and not "The Labor Movement," as was stated last week.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Age of Shakespeare." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

"Orthodoxy." By G. K. Chesterton. (Lane. 5s. net.)

"Realities and Ideals: Social, Political, Literary, and Artistic." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Jean Jacques Rousseau." By Jules Lemaître. Translated by Jeanne Mairet. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)

"The Pinafore Picture Book." By W. S. Gilbert. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. (Bell. 5s. net.)

"From Ploughshare to Parliament." A Short Memoir of the Potters of Tadcaster. By Georgina Meinertzhagen. (Murray. 6s. net.)

"An Alabama Student, and other Biographical Essays." By William Osler, M.D., F.R.S. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Two English Queens and Philip." By Martin Hume. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

"The Wife of Lafayette." By M. MacDermot Crawford. (Nash. 15s. net.)

"The Princesse de Lamballe: A Biography." By B. C. Hardy. (Constable. 12s. net.)

"An Incarnation of the Snow." By F. W. Bain. (Parker. 5s. net.)

"The Resurrection of Jesus." By James Orr, M.A., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"Diana Mallory." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"Interplay." By Beatrice Harraden. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Pascal et Son Temps." Troisième et Dernière Partie: Les Provinciales et Les Pensées. Par Fortunat Strowski. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 5 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

MR. SWINBURNE AS EULOGIST.*

THE hundredth anniversary of the publication of "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets" could not be celebrated with higher or a more appropriate honor than it is in this volume which is dedicated to the memory of Charles Lamb:—

> "A child it was who first by grace of thine
> Communed with gods who share with thee their shrine:
> Elder than thou wast ever now I am,
> Now that I lay before thee in thanksgiving
> Praise of dead men divine and everliving,
> Whose praise is thine as thine is theirs, Charles Lamb."

Possibly Mr. Swinburne has forgotten that 1908 is also a jubilee year. In 1858 was issued, as a collected volume, "Undergraduate Papers," which began to appear at Oxford in December, 1857, under the editorship of John Nichol and reached a third and last number in the following April. Here was published Mr. Swinburne's first contribution to the study of Elizabethan drama—an article of eight pages on "Marlowe and Webster"—two of the dramatists dealt with in the present volume. The writer of that article, looking backward after a quarter of a century felt a certain tenderness towards it, ranking it above his other "crudities," of the "Undergraduate Papers," his "awful doggerel on the subject of Tristram and Iseult," and his "terrific onslaught on the French Empire and its Clerical supporters." "It must have shown," wrote Mr. Swinburne (doubtless to Mr. T. J. Wise), "that before leaving Eton I had plunged as deep as a boy could dive into the line of literature which has always been my favorite." Among his fellow-contributors to the "Undergraduate Papers," beside the late Professor Nichol, were the late Professor T. H. Green, the late Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill, and one who is still happily with us, Professor A. V. Dicey. The prophecy in "awful doggerel" of Mr. Swinburne's great Arthurian poem and the prophecy of the arduous and ardent critical studies now gathered from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Nineteenth Century" make the "Undergraduate Papers" something more than a collector's costly knick-knack; it was stated twelve years ago that only three perfect copies were known. But we have here in large measure the fulfilment of the prophecy—we have a later Marlowe and a later Webster, with added articles on Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Rowley, Heywood, Chapman, Tourneur. It seems as if we ought to be gratefully content; but, in fact, we are a little dissatisfied, and ask with plaintive importunity—Why not also John Day, and Philip Massinger, and Richard Brome? Mr. Swinburne's studies in Elizabethan drama still remain in part scattered. Is it not time that a collected and well-ordered edition of the prose writings should follow the "Collected Poems" and the "Tragedies"?

It is unnecessary to attempt to describe Mr. Swinburne's critical method. He does not offer us a history of Elizabethan drama; he does not determine the development of species among dramatic compositions—how the species originated, how it produced varieties within the limits of a type, how it declined and was superseded by another species. For such a study as this the reader can now turn to the two admirable volumes of Professor Schelling. Mr. Swinburne's unit is not the type of play, but in each case the genius of an individual writer. With swift, fiery, and penetrative insight he discovers what is the characteristic virtue of each poet; to what is entirely beautiful he renders the response of entire delight, but his praise is never vaguely rhetorical, for he is always seeking after what is characteristic, and, though he rightly likes better to dwell on what is beautiful than on what is base, his perception of characteristic vices and defects is also keen. A colder temperament than Mr. Swinburne's does not necessarily imply a more judicial temper. And if he does not stint his enthusiasm for what is in itself lovely because what is repulsive may be found hard by, we may remind small ermine-robed judges of literature of certain words uttered by the most illuminating of critics, Goethe—"I am more and more convinced"—the translation is that of Blackie—"that whenever one has to vent an opinion on the actions or on the writings of others, unless this be done with a certain one-sided enthusiasm, or from a loving interest in the person and the work, the result is hardly worth gathering up. Sympathy and enjoyment in what we see is, in fact, the only reality, and from such reality, reality as a natural product follows. All else is vanity." The result to be gathered up from Mr. Swinburne's criticisms is always of the highest value; we can then, if we please, develop his brief words of condemnation to more full proportions, and strike that average between good and evil which results in a complete decision, or at least satisfies a temper that is timid in presence of what Goethe so highly esteems—"a certain one-sided enthusiasm."

Take, for instance, that most detestable of Elizabethan dramatists, Marston. He can write, declares Mr. Swinburne, in a style of the purest and noblest simplicity; he can make his characters converse in a language worthy of Sophocles. Mr. Swinburne is no more than just, and he can prove the truth of his assertion. But we find on the same page as clear-sighted a recognition of what makes Marston's writing often intolerable:—

> "A vehement and resolute desire to give weight to every line and emphasis to every phrase has too often misled him into such brakes and jungles of crabbed and convulsive bombast, of stiff and tortuous exuberance that the reader in struggling through some of the scenes and speeches feels as though he were compelled to push his way through a cactus hedge: the hot and heavy blossoms of rhetoric blaze and glare out of a thick-set fence of jagged barbarisms and exotic monstrosities of metaphor."

Nothing could be better said; Mr. Swinburne has felt the torture of Marston's style at its worst, and cries with the thorns still lacerating his sides.

The marvel, indeed, of Elizabethan drama is that poets who could write so divinely could in a moment write not only in so slovenly a fashion but often so laboriously ill. Admirable dramatists there are, not a few; good plays, setting aside many of Shakespeare's and a few of Jonson's, are rare indeed. Gold is not less gold because it is found in quartz; the eager miners delight in their hopeful operations; but you cannot expect a trader in literature to carry about in his baggage a ton of crushed quartz and wash-dirt; he seeks in his commerce of mind for the minted gold. The Elizabethan play sometimes deals with a revolting theme, ill-fitted for imaginative treatment; often it is of haphazard structure or of none; often it is faint in the outlining or monstrous in the conception of character; often it is unnatural in the treatment of motives at cardinal and critical points of the action; often its humour is fatiguing or subhuman; sometimes its pathos is mechanical, and you see the wires that move the puppets; often it tumbles into the mire of a base realism, often it mounts into the unbreathable air of incredible romance or pseudo-heroics; often its style has neither the accent of Christian, pagan or man. All this is true; and yet to the Elizabethan drama belong Hamlet, and Cordelia, and Imogen, the Duchess of Malfi, and Webster's White Devil.

Perhaps it has been noticed, but possibly not, that this "White Devil" serves as an interesting point of connection between Puritanism and the stage. In 1612 Webster's play was published in quarto. On March 7th, 1612, that eloquent minister of the Gospel, Thomas Adams, who loved quaint titles for his discourses, preached at Paul's Cross a sermon which was published under the name of "The White Devil, or the Hypocrite Uncased." It was he who in another sermon, with a singular title, "Mystical Bedlam," tells us that he had heard of "a Jew that would, for security of his lent money, have only assured to him a pound of his Christian debtor's living flesh." Adams's sermons are, indeed, better reading than many an Elizabethan play; the original "White Devil," he informs us, was Judas, and it was Martin Luther, as godfather, who gave him that name. It would be worth comparing sermon and play on the chance of Webster's having conveyed something from the Puritan preacher. This touches on a side of Webster's genius which is unnoticed by Mr. Swinburne—he was the most accomplished of mosaic-masters. No dramatist could so neatly pick up some little colored square from Florio's "Montaigne," or Sidney's "Arcadia," or Donne's verse, and insert it with precision in the right place of his own work of concentrated passion, now some exquisite image, now some scrap of sententious, perhaps cynical, wisdom, fitted for the lips of a Bosola or a Flamineo. The dis-

* "The Age of Shakespeare." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.

covery of Webster as a mosaic master is especially due to that eminent scholar in Elizabethan drama—unrivalled in his own line of original and indefatigable research—Mr. Charles Crawford.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

SIR SPENCER WALPOLE'S HISTORY.*

THE lamented death of Sir Spencer Walpole occurred when he had just completed, but before he had fully revised his "History of Modern England from the Battle of Waterloo to 1880." It is common to deprecate contemporary history; but in its favor we have the example of Thucydides, perhaps the greatest of all historians. Yet, even for the purpose of securing the bare facts, the advantages are not altogether on the side of the contemporary observer. Dr. Arnold remarks:—

> "For historical facts, properly so called, the value of a contemporary historian is often greatly overrated. No man sees the whole of his own times, any more than an officer in action sees the whole of the battle. . . . To this must be added the disadvantages which are generally recognised; the livelier state of passion to which a contemporary is liable, the veil hanging over many characters and over the cause of many actions, which only after ages will see removed."

From the usual blemishes of contemporary history Sir Spencer Walpole's dignified and reflective narrative is remarkably free. The reviewer well remembers being recommended by Sir William Harcourt to study closely Walpole's "History of England from 1815 to 1857" if he wished to master the two momentous chapters of English politics and finance that preceded and followed the establishment of representative democracy and Free Trade. The stately leisure which Sir Spencer Walpole enjoyed as Governor of the Isle of Man was well employed in searching and sifting, comparing, criticising, and digesting the baffling and unwieldy record in which modern history hides its disputed facts and conflicting opinions. His judgments of men are singularly fair, and his impressions of things are scrupulously accurate, as indeed any one who knew him might have predicted. Perhaps the fact that, while he held broad Liberal opinions, he came of a high Tory stock, may have helped to assuage the ferocity that is so often associated with the function of political criticism. Anyhow, we may certainly agree with Sir Alfred Lyall, the editor of these two volumes that:—

> "those who desire to read or refer to the annals of Great Britain's economical progress, or the course of Parliamentary legislation and administrative reforms, and to study the influence and inter-action of British politics upon Continental affairs, are likely to find no better or surer information and guidance than in the nine volumes that now cover the whole period between 1815 and 1880."

The two volumes under review traverse the ground between 1870 and 1880. At the commencement of this period Mr. Gladstone was at the height of his power and success. His reforming administration had carried out many of the measures to which it was pledged—notably in regard to Ireland, education and retrenchment—and, the Opposition being weak and home affairs quiet and prosperous, there seemed no reason why it should not continue a useful career and receive in due time from the country a new lease of power. But the paths of reform are always thorny, one section cries "Forward," and another section cries "Back." Sir Spencer Walpole says:—

> "At the moment at which moderate Liberals were beginning to complain that the pace was a little too fast, the group of men who sat below the gangway were declaring that Mr. Gladstone was guiding his Cabinet on the wrong side of the post. One set of men thought that the Government was doing too much; the other set, that much that the Government was doing was wrong."

Mr. Gladstone himself was becoming unpopular in his own (dockyard) constituency of Greenwich, several important members of his Cabinet were causing political difficulties, and the tactlessness of others, notably of Mr. Lowe, detracted from the popularity of the administration. Still the Government held on its reforming course and much important work continued to be done. It may be noted that four subjects, each of them still of pressing and immediate importance, contributed to wreck the great Gladstone Ministry. These were the general problem of Irish government, the Irish University question, the drink question, and the education question. Of these the second is at the present day the only one which holds out any prospect of a speedy and amicable settlement. The general Irish question probably did not do the Liberals at that time much harm; but the Irish University Bill was the occasion of their downfall, while a Temperance Bill with a time limit antagonised the licensed victuallers, who alleged, as we are told:—

> "that the existence of the Liberal Administration was inconsistent with the security of property."

That observation has a familiar ring. Lastly, the education policy of Mr. Forster, energetically defended and pushed along by the Prime Minister, cooled the zeal of the Nonconformists, and drove their ablest spokesman into opposition. The interesting points of constitutional procedure raised by Mr. Gladstone's action after his defeat on the Irish University Bill, and his reasons for determining upon a sudden dissolution are told with such brilliancy and insight in Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone," that Sir Spencer Walpole's survey appears pale by comparison. Still, his reflections, as usual, are just and weighty.

If politics from 1870 to 1880 be regarded as a duel between Gladstone and Disraeli, the General Election of 1874 ended the first round with a complete victory for the latter. Disraeli had waited with wonderful patience until the fruit was quite ripe. Then he gathered it, and with a few exceptions the old Tories forgot their prejudices against the Jew in their admiration for the brilliant and successful party leader. For a couple of years after the General Election Mr. Gladstone's interest in politics seemed to be evaporating, although in his passages with Sir William Harcourt and others he showed that his eloquence and dialectical ability were unabated. The Bulgarian atrocities which drew him from his retirement and the long sequel of sensational events in the near and far East that produced the reaction against Disraeli's Imperialism are well related by the historian, and the account is of special interest for the analogy which it presents to the last chapter of Imperialist policy, and the still more decided reaction that followed the Boer War.

It seems but yesterday that the Beaconsfield triumph was eclipsed after a remarkably short interval by the Midlothian campaign, and Mr. Gladstone again became Prime Minister. As he remarks in his diary, the Queen, while he was forming his administration, said with some good-natured archness, that he would have to take the consequences of his speeches. His difficulty was not so much the keeping of the promises made in Scotland, as his failure to fulfil the sanguine expectations of his followers, who had expected a long era of peace, economy, and prosperity, but found their hopes frustrated on the one hand by declining trade, and on the other by the Transvaal War, an unexpected recrudescence of the Irish difficulty in its most virulent form, and the Egyptian entanglement. But with the formation of Mr. Gladstone's second administration and the close of his splendid duel with Disraeli, Sir Spencer Walpole's history comes to an end. It will long remain the best account, owing to its superiority in authority, accuracy, balance, and sense of proportion, that has appeared of a great epoch in English history, and the services which Sir Spencer Walpole has rendered to the student of English progress, humanitarian, social, economic, and political, from the close of the Napoleonic War to the opening of the Home Rule controversy will long give him an honored place in the roll of our historians.

* "The History of Twenty-five Years, 1856-1880." By Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B. Vols. III., IV. Longmans. 21s. net.

MORAL INSTRUCTION AND TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.*

IT is difficult, unless one happens to be either a superman or one of the unemployed, to keep pace with Professor Sadler and assimilate as rapidly as he produces. At the beginning of the year he issued an exhaustive volume on "Continuation Schools in England and Elsewhere"; he now presents us

* "Moral Instruction and Training in Schools." Report of an International Inquiry. Edited by Prof. M. E. Sadler. In 2 vols. Longmans. 5s. each.

A SELECTION FROM

HODDER & STOUGHTON'S

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Belles Lettres, Biography, Art, etc.

MY AFRICAN JOURNEY. By the Right Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P. Fully Illustrated. 5s. net.

THE PANMURE PAPERS. Edited by Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart., and Sir GEORGE DALHOUSIE RAMSAY, C.B. With Photogravure Portraits. Two Volumes. 24s. net.

EGYPT AND ITS MONUMENTS. By ROBERT HICHENS, Author of "The Garden of Allah." With Pictures in Colour by Jules Guerin and a number of Photographs. 20s. net.

THE BRONTËS: LIFE AND LETTERS. By CLEMENT SHORTER. Two Volumes. 24s. net.

IAN MACLAREN: THE LIFE OF THE REV. JOHN WATSON, D.D. By W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. 6s.

THE GIRLHOOD OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. By JANE T. STODDART. 12s. net.

THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND: Its Causes, Characteristics, and Consequences. By D. HAY FLEMING, LL.D. 7s. 6d.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE BANCROFT. By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE. Illustrated. Two Volumes. 16s. net.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL PEOPLES. Part II., Italy and the Papacy and the Nations of Western Europe. By ROBINSON SOUTTAR, M.A., D.C.L. 12s.

THE LIFE OF BEETHOVEN. By ALICE M. DIEHL. With Photogravure Portrait. 10s. 6d. net.

OUT OF DOORS IN THE HOLY LAND. By HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D., LL.D. Illustrated. 6s. net.

THE WORLD I LIVE IN. By HELEN KELLER. Illustration. 3s. 6d. net.

TO THE TOP OF THE CONTINENT: Discovery, Exploration, and Adventure in Sub-Arctic Alaska. The first Ascent of Mount McKinley, 1903-1906. By FREDERICK A. COOKE, M.D. Illustration. 12s. net.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY BRONTE. Edited by CLEMENT SHORTER, with an Introduction by W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. 6s.

THE READER'S LIBRARY. By W. J. DAWSON and CONINGSBY DAWSON. The first two volumes to be published this Autumn, entitled "The Great English Letter Writers." Vols. I. and II. 2s. 6d. net each.

Illustrated Art Books

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE TEMPEST. Illustrated with 40 Plates in Colour by EDMUND DULAC. Introduction by A. T. Quiller-Couch.
Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net. Popular Edition 10s. 6d. net.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF TWELFTH NIGHT. Illustrated with 40 Plates in Colour By W. HEATH ROBINSON. Introduction by A. T. Quiller-Couch.
Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net. Popular Edition 10s. 6d. net.

HUNTS WITH JORROCKS. From Handley Cross by ROBERT SURTEES. Illustrated in Colour by G. DENHOLM ARMOUR.
Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net. Popular Edition, 10s. 6d. net.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH. By ALICE HEGAN RICE. With 24 Illustrations in Colour and 12 in Half-Tone by HAROLD COPPING.
Bound in Vellum, 10s. 6d. net. Popular Edition, 6s. net.

OLD CHRISTMAS. By WASHINGTON IRVING. With Illustrations in Crayon and Colour By CECIL ALDIN. Bound in Vellum, 10s. 6d. net. Popular Edition, 6s. net.

OLD LONDON CHURCHES. Illustrated by 25 Plates in Colour by ARTHUR GARRATT. The Text by the Rev. CANON BENHAM, D.D. And an Introduction by the Right Rev. the BISHOP OF LONDON. £2 2s. net.

Hodder & Stoughton's full Autumn List will be sent post free on Application

WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

with two bulky volumes on "Moral Instruction and Education," even more catholic and world-wide in their scope. These volumes, like their predecessor, are a fine monument of co-operative inquiry, carried out by trained investigators, under skilful direction. The first volume begins with the metaphysical basis of the problem, the growth of moral ideals, their connection with religion, their translation into actual conduct and life; and proceeds to a survey of the present state of moral training in all the many-faceted branches of our national system, the Public Schools, Protestant and Catholic, the Preparatory Schools, Girls' Schools, Training Colleges, Reformatories, Sunday Schools, Adult Schools, Public Elementary Schools. The second volume ranges with extensive view from the United States to France, from France to Japan, over all the countries in which moral training is effectively studied and carried out.

The two countries which have made systematic provision for instruction in morals are Japan and France. It is significant that in both these countries the religious basis is wanting; Japan has no national religion; France has of set policy "laicised" her state schools and colleges. As to Japan, there can be no doubt that the system has produced a nation with a wonderful solidarity, and splendidly efficient in the arts of peace and war.

> "I certainly consider," says Baron Kikuchi, "that the courage and devotion of the Japanese soldiers during the late war was, to a great extent, the result of this systematic moral instruction and training in schools. . . . I think that by this organised moral teaching we have prevented a great melting away of principle; we were drifting, and seemed to be loosened from all solid ground of morality."

But two points need to be borne in mind in drawing inferences from the striking success of Japan. In the first place, the system was admittedly unsuccessful until the Imperial Rescript of 1890; this rescript has been the basis of all subsequent achievement, and the effectiveness of the system depends on that intense reverence and loyalty of the Japanese towards the Emperor, which lends to all he ordains the force of a religious sanction. Secondly, there is in the whole nation a tradition of filial piety, frugality, fidelity, and patriotism, which antedates all school instruction, and is beyond the power of any moral teaching syllabus to create, though such a syllabus may possibly articulate and enforce it. It is this tradition which gives the nation its remarkable cohesiveness. "In Japan," says Baron Kikuchi, "we talk of duty, of what we have to do, and we talk very little of rights."

The really vital part of this inquiry, however, is the report on France; on the issue in France depends the adoption or rejection of moral instruction in our own country. No less than six of the special investigators deal with the experience of France. Not one of them is able, after enquiry, to commend the French example. Mr. Harrold Johnson is clearly prepossessed in favor of the French system, and even the Catholic writer, the Rev. Edward Myers, shows no prejudice against it; but when one faces up to the question, "Has moral instruction put new fibre into the French nation?" the answer is in the negative, and the well-wishers of the system can only say, "It is a noble effort, but success is not yet."

> "Moral *instruction*," says Mr. Harrold Johnson (speaking of the boys), "appears to be the aim rather than the moral *training*—the enlightening of the intelligence in moral matters rather than the steady formation of habits and character. No child need leave the French public primary school in ignorance of the fundamental moral distinctions. And, so far, this is excellent. But one is not always so sure that he leaves with firmly imbedded moral principles, and with any considerable driving power towards good."

With regard to the girls things are somewhat better. Girls are more accessible and receptive, but even of them Miss Jourdain reports:—

> "It is difficult to trace any clear moral result except where, as in many of the *écoles primaires supérieurés*, there is an appeal not only to the reason, but to the will and the feeling of the child."

The reason is not far to seek, nor is it complex. There is no ultimate sanction, no *point d'appui*. The idea of God and a future life was retained in the syllabus, but not as the basis of instruction; it is a mere parenthesis, and resented by many teachers. In place of it most teachers at first adopted the categorical imperative of Kant. Now the sociological theory of the evolutionists has taken its place, and the distinction between right and wrong is represented as a compromise in the conflict between egoism and altruism. This point of view, though it may satisfy the adult mind, is somewhat difficult of presentment to the young, and somewhat unsatisfactory in the conclusions to which it works out. Hence, we find, a high authority

> "advocates the teaching of Kant's categorical imperative; for, although he does not think that the postulates on which it rests can be demonstrated, he considers it to be admirably adapted to the intellectual dispositions of the pupils, who are not likely to suspect its insufficiency."

With such insincerity in fundamentals, no wonder results are dubious. Not thus is the life of a nation built up anew.

The weak point of these volumes is the summing up. The reports are excellent, but there is no unifying principle, there is no positive affirmation as the outcome. One might write on the fly-page of these volumes what was written in the old Bible:—

> "Semper in hoc libro quaerit sua dogmata quisque,
> Inque hoc inveniet dogmata quisque sua."

None of the outstanding questions meet with any decisive answer. Is virtue a thing that can be taught? If so, can it be taught apart from the sanctions of religion and acts of common worship? Should it be placed in the hands of a specialised teacher, or can it be left to the ordinary practioner? Is the co-education of boys and girls a safeguard against the dangers of puberty, or does it enhance the danger of temptation? Is corporal punishment conducive to the highest discipline, or not? These questions remain altogether without answer, nor are they by this inquiry advanced any more nearly to solution than they were. The philosophic stone remains undiscovered. Education is a spiritual endeavour, and there is no formula for the workings of the spirit.

A REALISTIC STUDY.*

If we are to consider this exhaustive study of a musical student's life in Leipsic from any but an artistic standpoint, we may call it a remarkable work. Mr. Richardson is liberally endowed with that combination of mental gifts which goes to the making of an excellent novelist. He has observation, imagination, insight, intuition, clearness of vision, and powers of psychological analysis and of character-drawing. There are many passages—indeed, many pages—in his closely-packed and redundant chronicle of the hero, Maurice Guest's sensations and emotions which are admirable in their penetration. Both in conception and in expression, the study of the strange, feverish, and alluring heroine, Louise Dufrayer, whose insatiable thirst for love sucks up and consumes the moral and spiritual energy of the hapless Maurice, is an achievement. Nevertheless, the novel is, strictly speaking, most unsatisfactory as a work of art. Mr. Richardson is probably a young man, and it will be a thousand pities if his artistic sense should not develop his feeling for form—a feeling which at present is merely rudimentary. All art implies selection, and good art implies severe elimination of the material. In "Maurice Guest" there is practically no elimination and no selection, and we have never come across a modern novel in which the author's inability to leave out anything has so negatived his best effects. The curious thing in Mr. Richardson's case is that his artistic faculty for the mirroring of life should be so strikingly divorced from his perception of the relative value of what he is chronicling. With scientific impartiality he sets down, with such thoroughness, every detail that bears on his hero's experiences that we have a feeling as though some mental bioscope were at work, recording automatically everything within its field of vision. It is possibly the author's theory that a novel should be

* "Maurice Guest." By Henry Handel Richardson. Heinemann. 6s.

MACMILLAN'S EDUCATIONAL LIST.

A SCHOOL ARITHMETIC. By H. S. Hall, M.A., and F. H. Stevens, M.A.

Complete with Answers. 4s. 6d.; without Answers, 3s. 6d. Or in Two Parts—Part I., with Answers, 2s. 6d.; without Answers, 2s. Part II., with Answers, 2s. 6d.; without Answers, 2s. Answers, 1s. KEY, in preparation. This work follows closely the recommendations of the Mathematical Association.

A MODERN ARITHMETIC, with Graphic and Practical Exercises. By H. SYDNEY JONES, M.A. Parts I. and II., with or without Answers, 2s. 6d. each. Complete, with or without Answers, 4s. 6d.

PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC AND MENSURATION. By F. CASTLE, M.I.M.E. 2s.

THE ETON ALGEBRA. Part I. By PAUL SCOONES, M.A., and LEONARD TODD, M.A. 2s. 6d.
*** Answers to Miscellaneous Examples sewed. 6d.

THE NEW ALGEBRA. By S. BARNARD, M.A., and J. M. CHILD, B.A., B.Sc.
Volume I., containing Parts I., II., and III. 2s. 6d.
Part I.—A generalised Arithmetic in which letters are employed to represent Natural Numbers and the idea of Algebraic Form is introduced.
Parts II. and III.—Zero and Negative Numbers and Fractions are considered. These two new classes of numbers are defined so that the expressions $a-b$ and a/b may always have a meaning.

MACMILLAN'S OROGRAPHICAL MAP OF EUROPE. Designed by B. B. DICKINSON, M.A. and A. W. ANDREWS, M.A. Cloth, mounted on rollers. 15s. Also **Notes** to same, limp cloth. 1s.

A LATIN READING BOOK: GOTHAM and other Stories, By REV. E. D. STONE. 1s. 6d.

DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES. By WILLIAM JAMES. Forty-first Edition, entirely Rewritten and greatly enlarged. German-English and English-German in one volume. 4s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, 1909.

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

The Gospel according to St. Matthew. Greek Text. With Introduction and Notes by Rev. Canon SLOMAN, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Preliminary, Junior, and Senior.*
The Acts of the Apostles. Greek Text. With Notes. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 3s. 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
The Acts of the Apostles. Authorised Version. With Notes. By T. E. PAGE, M.A., and Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
The Epistles to the Thessalonians. Greek Text. With Commentary. By Rev. G. MILLIGAN, D.D. 12s. [*Senior.*
The First Epistle to the Thessalonians. By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
The First Epistle to the Thessalonians. Analysis and Notes. By Rev G. W. GARROD, B.A. 2s. 6d. net. [*Senior.*
The Second Epistle to the Thessalonians. Analysis and Notes. By Rev. G. W. GARROD, B.A. 2s. 6d. net. [*Senior.*

ENGLISH.

Lamb.—Tales from Shakespeare. Edited by Rev. A. AINGER, LL.D. Contains "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Winter's Tale," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Macbeth," "The Comedy of Errors," "Othello," 2s. 6d. net. [*Preliminary.*
Shakespeare.—Julius Cæsar. With Introduction and Notes. By K. DEIGHTON. 1s. 9d. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **Julius Cæsar.** Eversley Edition. With Notes. 1s. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **Julius Cæsar.** (Text only.) Sewed 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **Richard II.** With Introduction and Notes. By K. DEIGHTON. With an Appendix. 1s. 9d. [*Senior.*
—— **Richard II.** Eversley Edition. With Notes 1s. [*Senior.*
Scott.—A Legend of Montrose. 2s. net. [*Junior.*
Spenser.—The Fairie Queen. Book I. With Introduction and Notes. By H. M. PERCIVAL, M.A. 3s. [*Senior.*
Tennyson.—Geraint and Enid and the Marriage of Geraint. With Introduction and Notes. By G. C. MACAULAY, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Senior.*
—— **Gareth and Lynette,** With Introduction and Notes. By G. C. MACAULAY, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Senior.*
—— **Tennyson for the Young.** Edited by Rev. A. AINGER, LL.D. 1s. net. [*Preliminary.*
Bacon.—Essays. With Introduction and Notes. By F. G. SELBY, M.A. 3s. [*Senior.*

ENGLISH—*continued.*

Gibbon.—The Age of the Antonines. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By E. GIBBON. Chaps. 1-3. Edited by J. H. FOWLER, M.A. 1s. [*Senior.*

LATIN AND GREEK.

Cæsar.—The Invasion of Britain. By W. WELCH, M.A., and Rev. C. G. DUFFIELD, M.A. Selections from Books IV. and V., adapted for Beginners. With Exercises. 1s. 6d. [*Preliminary.*
—— **De Bello Gallico. Book IV.** With Notes and Vocabulary. By C. BRYANS, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Junior.*
—— **De Bello Gallico. Book V.** With Notes and Vocabulary. By C. COLBECK, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Junior.*
Virgil.—Aeneid. Book XI. With Notes and Vocabulary. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
Livy.—Book XXII. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. W. W. CAPES, M.A., and J. E. MELHUISH, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
—— **Books XXI. and XXII,** Edited by Rev. W. W. Capes, M.A. 4s. 6d. [*Senior.*
Cicero.—Pro Milone. Edited by F. H. COLSON, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Senior.*
Xenophon.—Anabasis. Book II. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Junior.*
Sophocles.—Antigone. Edited by Rev. M. A. BAYFIELD, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
Herodotus.—Book VI. Edited by Prof. J. STRACHAN, M.A. 3s. 6d. [*Senior.*
Plato.—Euthyphro, Apology, Crito, and Phaedo. Translated by F. J. CHURCH, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. [*Senior.*
Plato.—Crito (Phaedo.) Edited by Prof. C. H. KEENE, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Senior.*
—— **Euthyphro (and Menexeus,)** With Introduction and Notes by C. E. GRAVES, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
Homer.—Iliad. Books I.-XII. Edited by W. LEAF, Litt.D., and Rev. M. A. BAYFIELD, M.A. 6s. [*Senior.*

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

Molière.—Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Edited by L. M. MORIARTY, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
—— **Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.** Edited by DR. BRAUNHOLTZ, M.A. Ph.D. [*In the Press. Senior.*
Schiller.—Die Jungfrau von Orleans. Edited by JOSEPH GOSTWICK. 2s. 6d. [*Senior.*
—— **Die Jungfrau von Orleans.** Edited by W. HUMPHREYS. 3s. 6d. [*Senior.*

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, 1909.

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

The Gospel according to St. Matthew. Greek Text. With Introduction and Notes. By Rev. Canon SLOWMAN, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
The Acts of the Apostles. Greek Text. With Notes. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 3s. 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
The Acts of the Apostles. Authorised Version. With Notes. By T. E. PAGE, M.A., and Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Preliminary, Junior, and Senior.*
The Epistles to the Thessalonians. Greek Text. With Commentary. By Rev. G. MILLIGAN, D.D. 12s. [*Senior.*
The First Epistle to the Thessalonians. By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
The First Epistle to the Thessalonians. Analysis and Notes. By Rev. G. W. GARROD, B.A. 2s. 6d. net. [*Senior.*
The Second Epistle to the Thessalonians. Analysis and Notes. By Rev. G. W. GARROD, B.A. 2s. 6d. net. [*Senior.*

ENGLISH.

Keary.—Heros of Asgard. 2s. 6d. [*Preliminary.*
Macaulay.—Lays of Ancient Rome. With Introduction and Notes. By W. T. WEBB, M.A. 1s. 9d. [*Preliminary.*
Scott.—The Talisman. With Introduction and Notes, 2s. 6d. [*Preliminary.*
Shakespeare.—The Tempest. With introduction and Notes. By K. DEIGHTON. With an Appendix. 1s. 9d. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **The Tempest.** Eversley Edition. With Notes, 1s. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **The Tempest.** (Text only.) 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **Henry V.** With Introduction and Notes. By K. DEIGHTON. 1s. 9d. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **Henry V.** Eversley Edition. With Notes. 1s. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **Macbeth.** With Introduction and Notes. By K. DEIGHTON. With an Appendix. 1s. 9d. [*Junior.*
—— **Macbeth.** Eversley Edition. With Notes. 1s. [*Junior.*
—— **Macbeth.** (Text only.) Sewed, 6d. [*Junior.*
Scott.—Quentin Durward. With Introduction and Notes. 2s. 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **The Lay of the Last Minstrel.** With Introduction and Notes. By G. H. STUART, M.A., and E. H. ELLIOT, B.A. 2s. [*Junior.*
—— **The Lay of the Last Minstrel.** Edited by F. T. PALGRAVE. 1s. [*Junior.*

ENGLISH—*continued.*

Tennyson's Select Poems. With Introduction and Notes. By H. B. GEORGE, M.A., and W. H. HADOW, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Preliminary, Junior, and Senior.*
Burke.—Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. With Introduction and Notes. By F. G. SELBY, C.I.E., M.A. 2s. 6d. *Junior and Senior.*
More.—Utopia. With Introduction and Notes. By H. B. COTTERILL, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Senior.*
Chaucer.—The Prologue. With Introduction and Notes. By A. W. POLLARD, M.A. 1s. 9d. [*Senior.*

LATIN AND GREEK.

Cæsar.—The Gallic War. Edited by Rev. JOHN BOND, M.A., and Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 4s. 6d. [*Senior.*
—— **Gallic War. Books II. and III.** With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. W. G. RUTHERFORD, LL.D. 1s. 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **Gallic War. Book IV.** With Notes and Vocabulary. By C. BRYANS, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
Virgil.—Aeneid. Book III. With Notes and Vocabulary. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **Aeneid. Book IV.** With Notes and Vocabulary. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
Livy.—Book XXII, By W. W. CAPES, M.A., and J. E. MELHUISH, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
—— **Books XXI. and XXII,** Edited by Rev. W. W. CAPES, M.A. 4s. 6d [*Senior.*
Horace,—Odes. Books III. and IV. With Notes and Vocabulary. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. Elementary Classics. 1s. 6d. each. Classical Series. 2s. each. [*Senior.*
Xenophon.—Anabasis. Book III. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. G. H. NALL, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Junior and Senior.*
—— **Anabasis. Book IV.** With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. E. D. STONE, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
Euripides.—Hecuba. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. J. Bond, M.A., and Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
Plato.—Apology. Edited by H. WILLIAMSON, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Senior.*
—— **Crito.** Edited by C. H. KEENE, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Senior.*
Aeschylus.—Prometheus Vinctus. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. H. M. STEPHENSON, M.A. 1s. 6d. [*Senior.*
—— **Prometheus Vinctus.** Edited by E. E. SIKES, M.A., and St. J. B. W. WILLSON, M.A. 2s. 6d. [*Senior.*

MACMILLAN and CO., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London, W.C.

exhaustive, and that its subject should be unrolled before us with undeviating thoroughness and calm breadth of treatment, so that, at the end, we may see the whole lie of the land. But it is only the giants who succeed in this, and truth of observation is no artistic end in itself. In any case, in "Maurice Guest" we cannot see the wood for the trees, and were one half of the subject matter to be excised the value of the remaining half would be doubled.

It is easy to recognise that the ineffectiveness of this artistic scheme of "Maurice Guest" has sprung from the author's effort to solder on to his realistic picture of student life in Leipsic a subject that has come out of it, one that needs detachment and separate treatment. Louise Dufrayer, this neurotic incarnation of feminine passion, is a striking creation, faithfully observed and sympathetically treated: while Maurice Guest the puritanic and strenuous young Englishman who is preyed on by his own passion for her, and is drained of his mental and moral energy, is portrayed with even fuller knowledge. The middle stages of this love tragedy are ingeniously constructed, but Maurice's self-abandonment in his love, jealousy, and suicide, have not the inevitability of Louise's infatuation for Schilsky, the violinist, and her desertion by this spoiled and insolent blackguard of genius. It is, however, quite natural that in Louise's fever of misery she should have yielded to Maurice's devotion and tenderness. And given their intercourse at this stage, it seems inevitable that the excessive demands of Louise's morbid and egotistic passion upon Maurice's cautious and precise character, should work out in mutual misunderstanding, bitter recrimination, jealousy and hate. And yet, in these latter stages we are left only half believing in the reality of Maurice's tortures, and more than sceptical as to his fits of brutality, despair, and final suicide. Is it that there are two Maurices? the first the quiet chronicler and mouthpiece of Leipzic musical life, and the second an imaginary character, the virtuous hero destined by Mr. Richardson for the altar of his tragedy?

Anyway, this subject, the love contact and clash between a man and a woman so radically unsuited by temperament as are Maurice and Louise, should have held nearly the whole stage, and their Leipzic environment should have served merely as background and atmosphere to the story. Or, on the other hand, the author might have confined himself to his clever, though exhaustive, realistic picture of Leipsic student manners and morals. There is a complete novel in the wide variety of scenes, and in the social relations of the English, German, and American types sketched; the great teacher Schwartz's relations to his class pupils; the episode between Maurice and the American family, the Cayhills; the fluffy little Ephie's betrayal by Schilsky; the affairs of the cynical Krafft with Avery Hill; Dove's successful career and unsuccessful love affairs; Madeleine's feeling and friendship for the unlucky Maurice—all these clever sketches, which now smother the main theme, would have made a capital novel of manners.

Mr. Richardson has, however, set himself to write an exhaustive general chronicle regardless of form, and as indifferent to the structure and balance of his whole effect as were Richardson and Fielding. It is the English tradition in novel-writing to throw a heap of material at the reader, and say, "Take it; it is life." A great genius, such as Tolstoy, can afford to do this, because not only is his breadth of canvas immense, but the intimacy of his touch is exquisitely delicate. We are held by every page, because we always see new mysteries of life and nature evolving before our eyes. But Mr. Richardson writes with a minute brush, his effects are on a restricted scale, and he takes a quarter of a million words to deal with a single year of his hero's life at Leipsic! His gift is undeniable, but he has one thing to take to heart—the old truism that in art the half is greater than the whole.

SCHOOL BOOKS.*

Some seven or eight years ago there was a boom in elementary, especially in Latin and Greek, school books. Publishers vied with each other in running series, not differing in essential characteristics, and involving much duplication of labor. Some of these volumes showed that the editors had long studied their authors, and were glad of the chance to explain their views on disputed passages, and on the qualities of the classic with whom they dealt. More often it was evident that the work had been undertaken to order, and the editor was wholly dependent upon the work of his predecessors. Of this kind of book the flow seems almost to have ceased, and our list contains only one superfluous edition. There are many editions of the books of the Aeneid, and that which we have to notice differs from them only in its numerous errors and inaccuracies, not the least of which is a misquotation of Horace, which will not even scan. The cause of the classics is not helped by work of this stamp. It would be better to fall back upon the usage of the most famous of English schoolmasters. Busby gave his boys only a plain text, and for elementary use the plain text under the guidance of Dr. Rouse and others tends to reappear. It is not always the learner only who profits, for there are teachers also in whom the presence of notes fosters a slovenly habit of mind. Such a teacher should be restricted to books like Dr. Rouse's excellent Greek Reader.

Superfluity is not confined to editions of the classic authors. Elementary Latin readers and exercise books have been poured out by the dozens. Many a man whose time and thought has been given to teaching Latin to beginners, comes to believe that his own method is the best, and wishes to present it to others. But he should not rush into print until he has got a sounder and wider knowledge of the tongue than can reasonably be demanded of every elementary teacher. Thus Mr. Asman has compiled a volume which is not devoid of good points, but which in various ways shows the scholar that its author lives from hand to mouth. For instance, the preface tells us that "naturally long vowels are marked throughout the book," but they are never so marked when one of them is followed by two consonants. It would be unkind to draw the full inference from this inconsistency. It may, however, be well to remind any would-be writer of such an elementary volume that there is no call for haste, that there are many like books already in the field, and that his own will be the better if to his skill in teaching the beginner he waits to add a scholarly acquaintance with the Latin tongue. Against a new Latin Grammar the charge of super-

---

* "A Greek Reader." By W. H. D. Rouse. (Blackie. 2s. 6d. net.

"Virgil's Aeneid." Book X. By H. B. Widdows. (Dent. 1s. 4d.)

"A Junior Latin Prose." By H. N. Asman. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)

"A School Latin Grammar." By H. G. Ford. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)

"Cicero in Catilinam." I.-IV. By J. F. Stout. (Clive. 2s. 6d.)

"Historical Geography on a Regional Basis: The British Isles." By E. W. Dann. (Dent. 2s. 6d.)

"Regional Geography: Asia." By J. B. Reynolds. (Black. 2s.)

"An Historical Geography of the British Colonies." Vol. V. Canada. Part II. By H. E. Egerton. (Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.)

"To-day in Greater Britain." By W. B. Thomas; and "The Face of England." By A. K. Collett. (Alston Rivers. 1s. net.)

"Knölle's "Wars with the Turks," Commine's "Warwick the King Maker," Froissart's "Reign of Richard II." (Blackie. 6d. each.

Cavendish's "Life of Wolseley." "A Book of Poetry illustrative of English History," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book." (Macmillan. 1s. each.)

"Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice." By S. E. Goggin. (Clive. 2s.)

"Dramatic Scenes from History." By F. Johnson. (Arnold. 1s. 6d.)

"Black's Literary Readers.' Book III. By J. Finnemore. (Black. 1s. 4d.)

"More's Utopia." Ralphe Robynson's Translation. By A. J. Grieve. (Dent. 1s. 4d.)

"Readings in English History from Original Sources." By R. B. Morgan and E. J. Balley. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

"English History from Original Sources, 1216-1307." By N. L. Frazer. (Black. 2s. 6d.)

"Sea Kings of Britain: Hawkins to Blake." By G. A. R. Callender. (Longmans. 2s. 6d.)

"A Plant Book for Schools." By O. V. Darbishire. (Black. 2s. 6d.)

"Elementary Botany." By M. A. Liversidge. (Blackie.)

"The Sounds of English." By Henry Sweet. (Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.)

"Tros Semaines en France." By M. L. Chouville. (Clarendon Press. 1s.)

"First Novel" Competition.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN has the pleasure of announcing that his "First Novel" Competition has been won by Mr. Rupert Lorraine, and that the successful Novel, entitled 'The Woman and the Sword,' will be published on September 28.

London: 1, Adelphi Terrace,
September 26, 1908.

SEVEN SPLENDID SINNERS.

By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 39 other Illustrations. 15s. net.

Contents.—I. The Duchesse de Châteauroux. II. Ehrengard Melusina von der Schulenburg, Duchess of Kendal. III. Catherine II., Empress of Russia. IV. Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston. V. The Comtesse de Lamotte. VI. The Duchess de Polignac. VII. Lola Montez.

CONCERNING LAFCADIO HEARN

By G. M. GOULD, M.D. With 5 Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net.

"All readers of Dr. Gould's amazingly frank and arresting monograph will feel that the study of such a character is of very real interest to all who care to consider the wonderfully varying aspects of that illusive and sometimes impenetrable study, human character."—*Daily Telegraph.*

CULTS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF INDIA.

Being a Revised and Enlarged Edition of "Indian Life, Religious and Social." By J. CAMPBELL OMAN, D.Lit. Illustrated. 14s. net.

"A highly important contribution to the vast and bewildering, yet fascinating, subject with which it deals."—*Scotsman.*

THE NUN ENSIGN.

Translated from the Original Spanish, with an Introduction and Notes by JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY, Fellow of the British Academy. Also "La Monja Alferez," a Play in the Original Spanish by D. JUAN PEREZ DE MONTALBAN. With Illustrations by DANIEL VIERGE, Illustrator of "Pablo de Segovia" and "Don Quixote." Large crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

THURSDAY MORNINGS AT THE CITY TEMPLE.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A. 5s. net.

"'Thursday Mornings at the City Temple' is the ripest and richest fruit of Mr. Campbell's genius which has yet been published."—*Sussex Daily News.*

THE "CHATS" SERIES.

Practical Handbooks for Collectors.

CHATS ON OLD LACE AND NEEDLEWORK.

By Mrs. LOWES. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 70 other Illustrations. 5s. net.

CHATS ON ORIENTAL CHINA.

By J. F. BLACKER, Manager of the "London Opinion" Curio Club. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 70 other Illustrations. 5s. net.

CHATS ON OLD MINIATURES.

By J. J. FOSTER, F.S.A., Author of "British and Foreign Miniature Painters," &c. Copiously Illustrated with Examples from celebrated Collections. 5s. net.

Also a LARGE-PAPER EDITION. With 8 Illustrations in Coloured Collotype, and 116 Reproductions in Black and White. 10s. 6d. net.

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

Please send for a Copy of Mr. FISHER UNWIN'S NEW ANNOUNCEMENT LIST. Post free on application.

THE PRIZE NOVEL.

The Woman & the Sword.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, SEPTEMBER 28. Price **6s.**

T. FISHER UNWIN.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BEACHCOMBER.

Scenes and Incidents in the Career of an Unprofessional Beachcomber in Tropical Queensland. By E. J. BANFIELD. With a Map and 48 Illustrations. 15s. net.

"This wholly exceptional book. . . . It is a book which has been lived, and there are not over many books like that."
Daily Chronicle.

"A volume of high merit and singular interest."—*Glasgow Herald.*

BY DESERT WAYS TO BAGHDAD.

By LOUISA JEBB. With a Map and Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

"Altogether the book is one of the brightest, if not the best written, things of Eastern travel that we have seen for many a day."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"A volume which is full of interest, and enlivened with personal sketches and incidents of travel in remote regions that are seldom visited."—*Outlook.*

WASHED BY FOUR SEAS.

By H. C. WOODS, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by Sir MARTIN CONWAY. 66 Illustrations and a Map. 7s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Woods, who was formerly an officer in the Grenadier Guards, is to be congratulated on not merely a practical, but a vivid, book of travel."—*Standard.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

By HENRY L. MENCKEN. 7s. 6d. net.

NIETZSCHE: His Life and Work.

By M. A. MUGGE, Ph.D. 10s. 6d. net.
[*In Preparation.*

THE HISTORY OF CO-OPERATION.

By GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. Illustrated. Popular edition in 1 vol. 7s. 6d. net.

"No other historian could have given us the story of the progress of co-operation in the way that Mr. Holyoake has done."—*Nation.*

ANNIE BESANT.

An Autobiography. New Edition with a new Preface. Illustrated. 5s. net.

"It is a fascinating story; it deals with scenes and matters of vital interest to every man and woman."—*Daily Chronicle.*

AUGUSTUS.

The Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire (B.C. 63—A.D. 14). By E. S. SHUCKBURGH, M.A. Illustrated. Cheap Edition. 3s. 6d. net. Uniform with Morley's "Life of Richard Cobden."

THE HISTORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSHRANGERS.

By G. E. BOXALL. Second Impression. 5s. net

"A sensational but accurate and valuable history."—*Evening Standard.*

"M.A.B." (Mainly about Books.)

A Copy of the OCTOBER Issue will gladly be sent gratis to any reader of the NATION on receipt of a post card.

THE

INTERNATIONAL.

A Review of the World's Progress.

OCTOBER NO. NOW READY.

1s. net.

Principal Contents.

A LETTER FROM COUNT TOLSTOY.

PROBLEMS OF THE TURKISH REVOLUTION.
By Christian Rakowski (Sofia).

THE SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE QUESTION.
By Ralph Durand.

SOCIAL LIFE IN JAPAN.
By Sumi Myakawa (Tokyo).

THE IRISH NATIONAL REVIVAL
By V. St. Clair Mackenzie.

THE FUTURE OF THE RACE PROBLEM IN AMERICA.
By Alfred Holt Stone (Washington).

GERMAN SOCIAL INSURANCE.
By M. Zacher (Berlin).

THE ECONOMIC FUTURE OF CANADA.

T. FISHER UNWIN, London.

The ATHENÆUM says:

"In Mr. Unwin's valuable series 'The Story of the Nations,' 'The Roman Empire,' by H. Stuart Jones, will take its place as one of the best."

THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

B.C. 29—A.D. 476. By H. STUART JONES. With Maps and Illustrations. 5s. A New Volume in "The Story of the Nations."

NOTABLE FICTION.

THE WOMAN AND THE SWORD.

By RUPERT LORRAINE. 6s.

THE TEMPTING OF PAUL CHESTER.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW. 6s.

PATSY.

By H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE, Author of "The Blue Lagoon." 6s.

THE STEM OF THE CRIMSON DAHLIA.

By JAMES LOCKE. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s.

THE PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.

By W. H. WILLIAMSON, Author of "The Traitor's Wife." 6s.

SYLVIA IN SOCIETY.

By Mrs. BLOUNT (Mrs. George Norman). With Coloured Frontispiece. 3s. 6d. net.

THAT GIRL.

By ETHEL TURNER. With 23 Illustrations. 6s.

F. C. G.'S FROISSART.

1903-1906. Told and Pictured by Sir F. CARRUTHERS GOULD. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Also a FINE EDITION, limited to 50 copies and signed by the Author. 21s. net.

"ART TOY BOOKS."

Please write for a Copy of the Illustrated Catalogue of NEW ART TOY BOOKS. Sent post free to any address on application.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

fluity can hardly be brought, for the current volumes have different defects, and the ideal school grammar is yet to be written. In grammars, as in dictionaries, positive errors have a way of perpetuating themselves. In the recognised Latin lexicon false quantities are quite common, even when the wrong mark is refuted by the citations. False references are even more numerous, and call for a revision in which the authorities shall actually be consulted. We cannot say that Mr. Ford has kept every traditional error out of his grammar, but we note the disappearance of a fair number. In other points there is much to say for his work. The matter is arranged with a good sense of what is primarily necessary, and explanations have often been simplified. Mr. Ford recognises the facts that a beginner need not be cumbered with exceptions and rarities, and that his grammar should be brought into direct relation with his authors. The other grammar on our list is meant for beginners only. Of the kind of book which is meant for a special class we have an example in Mr. Stout's edition of the speeches against Catiline. It is designed for those with whom Latin is not a strong subject, and who have to get it up for an examination.

The study of geography has of late made considerable progress at Oxford and in our schools, a progress in some degree due to the devotion of Sir Clements Markham and the zeal of Mr. Mackinder. It has been said that every boy should begin his geography with the study of his own parish, its hills, its roads, and its brooks. Such a counsel of perfection is not likely to be generally followed, but in these days, when even the young go much about the country, it would be no bad course to begin with the British railways. To some extent Mr. Dann has followed this line, and he has missed no point which would enable a boy to start from something which he knows already. It is this fact which in the case of many schoolboys makes the study of geography a fascinating subject. When he has mastered the British Isles he can go with Mr. Reynolds in his well-illustrated volume to visit the wonders of Asia. Geography must lead on to history. Professor Egerton rightly describes his own excellent volume on Canada as a history which lays especial stress on geographical considerations. We have something even more modern in "The Citizen Books," which Messrs. Alston Rivers publish as guide-books to the present. "The Face of England" deals with the geography of our country as it now is, while "To-day in Greater Britain," gives an elementary, but not the less necessary, account of the King's dominions as they now are.

A fear has sometimes been expressed that the formal study of English literature in our schools might do no more in many cases than arouse a dislike for the subject. The fear is probably groundless except in the case of boys who will take care to dislike anything that takes the shape of a task. We have known even children in an elementary school to take an interest in Shakespeare and act parts of the plays with intelligence and spirit. Our list contains one play of Shakespeare's which has satisfactory annotations, but it is desirable that as far as possible a boy should not be troubled by notes to an English author. The selections from Froissart, Commines, Hawthorne, and others, which are on our list, are admirable except in one respect. This is their outward appearance which stamps them as school-books. They would make excellent books for a holiday task, but it is probable that they would be more attractive if the jam entirely concealed the powder. We remember as a child reading the folio of Knolles, which contains his history of the Wars with the Turks. We are not sure that we should have opened a duodecimo in a limp cover of a hue which proclaimed school. "The Readings in English History from Original Sources" are less obviously school-books, and the selections may well lead a learner to hunt out the complete volumes in his father's library. He will not be likely to find them all, but he will not be astounded, as we are, by this editor's statement that Gilbert Burnet "conducted the defence of Lord William Russell in his trial for the Rye House Plot affair." Mr. Frazer's like book covers a shorter period and is good. We must add a word of praise for Mr. Callender's "Sea Kings of Britain," which may well be taken for something other than a school book.

"A Plant Book for Schools," by Mr. Otto V. Darbishire, and "Elementary Botany," by Miss M. A. Liversidge, are two illustrated text books on botany, which should be useful to the novice in that science. The former aims at interesting young children without being impossible for their teachers; and its reading matter, which is simple, though not affectedly so, is supplemented by a few drawings and a collection of really fine photographic studies, grouped at the end of the volume. Miss Liversidge's book, which is written not merely for the lower forms in secondary schools, but is meant to cover the syllabus of work for the Oxford and Cambridge Locals, is necessarily a trifle "stiffer," but is full of sound information and instructive diagrams.

Published by the Clarendon Press, Mr. Henry Sweet's "The Sounds of English," serves as an introduction to the same authority's "Primer of Phonetics." Mr. Sweet is the University Reader in Phonetics, Oxford, and this little book is intended chiefly for the use of those who have to teach phonetics in connection with elocution and modern languages.

"Trois Semaines en France," a French Reader by M. L. Chouville, which Mr. D. L. Savory has edited, and Miss F. M. G. Batchelor supplemented by "Questions for Conversation and Grammatical Exercises," is intended for children of tender age. It is put into the form of a conversation between three young persons, travelling through Brittany and Normandy, and observing French life and history in those parts. Careful directions are given as to the way to make the instruction efficacious. The book is illustrated.

A general survey of the volumes before us, and many others which we have seen from time to time, leads us to the belief that there is a real improvement in the books which the schools put before boys and girls. We are not sure that the weakest point is not to be found in school editions of the Latin and Greek writers. There are, doubtless, many excellent works in this line, some of which are by no means likely to be superseded in our time. On the other hand, there are many in which little regard has been had to the learner's standard. The same book will contain notes, some of which are too elementary, and some too advanced for a middle form. We would suggest to editors that the first thing they should consider is the standard of those for whom they write. Without this much of their toil will be but labour lost.

MATHEMATICAL TEXT-BOOKS.*

(1) This very useful and comprehensive work is one of "The University Tutorial Series," which is almost a synonym for accuracy and thoroughness. It is written in accordance with the principles laid down by the Mathematical Association. Although departing from the order and the peculiar phraseology of the "Euclids" of the past generation, with their useless technicalities and mediæval flavour, the proofs and treatment are everywhere strictly logical. Both arithmetic and algebra are used throughout in illustration of the various propositions, and a large number of fundamental geometrical properties not contained in Euclid's text are given. The subjects of Ratio and Proportion and the relations of similar figures are made simple to the pupil by the use of algebraic notation. In this connection there is a very useful chapter on the nature of incommensurable quantities. The work contains a very large collection of exercises, as well as a treatment of harmonic ranges, centres of similitude, the method of inversion, and, in fact, everything required in a sound knowledge of geometry.

(2) This well-arranged little book is divided into three parts, which serve very well to mark three distinct stages

* (1) "Geometry: Theoretical and Practical." Part II. By W. P. Workman, M.A., B.Sc., and A. G. Cracknell, M.A., B.Sc. Clive. 2s.

(2) "Blackie's Elementary Modern Algebra." By R. C. Bridgett, M.A., B.Sc., F.C.S. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

(3) "Experimental Trigonometry." By R. C. Bridgett, M.A., B.Sc., F.C.S. Blackie. 1s.

(4) "The Elements of the Geometry of the Conic, with a Chapter on the Geometry of Certain Curves Occurring in Applied Mathematics." By G. B. Bryan, M.A., F.R.S., and R. H. Pinkerton, M.A. Dent. 3s. 6d.

(5) "A School Course in Physics. Light and Sound." With Answers. By F. C. Endecott, Science Master at Lutterworth Grammar School. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THE OXFORD GEOGRAPHIES.

By A. J. HERBERTSON, M.A., Ph.D., Reader in Geography in the University of Oxford.

THE PRELIMINARY GEOGRAPHY.

Second Edition. 160 pages, with 72 Maps and Diagrams. 1s. 6d.

Preparatory Schools Review.—"Where a class-book of geography is first introduced, this should be the book. There is nothing else so good."

THE JUNIOR GEOGRAPHY.

Second Edition. 288 pages, with 166 Maps and Diagrams. 2s.

School World.—"Is good everywhere. The sketch maps are most interesting and most instructive."

THE SENIOR GEOGRAPHY.

Second Edition. 370 pages, with 117 Maps and Diagrams. 2s. 6d.

School World.—"The relation of cause and effect is continually insisted upon, and the lesson driven home by the frequent insertion of educative maps and plans and cross-sections."

OXFORD TREASURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By G. E. HADOW, Tutor in English Literature, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford; and W. H. HADOW, Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. Three Vols., 3s. 6d. each.

Vol. III.—**Jacobean to Victorian.**

Guardian.—"It would be difficult to name a more complete work of its kind even in the matter of selection, while the literary criticism is illuminating and original."

Previously Published.

Vol. I.—**Old English to Jacobean.** Second Edition.

Vol. II.—**Growth of the Drama.**

THE RENAISSANCE AND THE REFORMATION. A Text-book of European History, 1494-1610. By EMMELINE M. TANNER. History Mistress at Sherborne School for Girls. 3s. 6d.

[*Immediately.*

TROIS SEMAINES EN FRANCE.

An Illustrated Reader, with Questions for Conversation and Grammatical Exercises. By D. L. SAVORY, French Lecturer at Goldsmiths' College, University of London; and L. CHOUVILLE, B. ès L., Assistant-Master at the Perse School, Cambridge. Second Edition. 2s.

Journal of Education.—"The narrative is simple and natural. . . . The *questionaire* provides a searching test."

SELECTIONS FROM ERASMUS,

Principally from his Epistles. By P. S. ALLEN, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; Editor of "Erasmi Epistolae." With Life of Erasmus, Five Illustrations, Notes, and Vocabulary of Special Words. 3s. 6d.; and on India paper, 4s.

Educational Times.—"A good selection with judicious notes."

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF HANNIBAL. Selections from Livy. Edited, with Historical Introduction, Notes, Maps, Vocabularies and English Exercises. By W. D. LOWE. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY

Narrated for the most part from the Bible. By GEORGE CARTER. With Maps, 2s.

SCHOOL ALGEBRA.

By W. E. PATERSON. (20th Wrangler), Trinity College, Cambridge; Mathematical Master, Mercers' School, formerly Mathmetical Master, Christ College, Breckon, and Assistant Mathematical Lecturer, Owen's College, Manchester.

Part I (*Immediately*). With Answers, 2s. 6d. Without Answers, 2s.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY OF GROUPS OF FINITE ORDERS. By HAROLD HILTON, Lecturer in Mathematics at Bedford College, formerly Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Assistant Mathemetical Lecturer at the University College, Bangor. 14s. net.

Athenæum.—"The student who is making a serious study of this branch of pure mathematics will find this text-book of great assistance."

TYPES OF FLORAL MECHANISM. Part I., Types II.-XII. (Jan. to April). With Diagrams and 39 Coloured Plates. By A. H. CHURCH. 21s. net.

School World.—"It would be difficult to conceive a work more useful, instructive, or inspiring. . . . In the school library and in the country house the work will truly be a thing of beauty and a joy to all who make use of it."

Select List of Educational Works, List of Books set for various Examinations and Complete Catalogue (144 pages) post free.

LONDON: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS.

THE SERVICE OF THE STATE.

Four Lectures on the Political Teaching of T. H. Green. By J. H. MUIRHEAD, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Philosophy in the University of Birmingham. Demy 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

"The lectures are throughout both thoughtful and stimulative of a high ideal of citizenship."—*The Globe.*

"It is of perennial interest to dive into the problems of how all that is best in the old system of Individualism can be preserved in the service of the newer spirit of Collectivism, and Mr. Muirhead's book is an excellent rock from which to take the interesting plunge."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"A short but remarkably suggestive sketch of a comprehensive view of a Christian State.....There are few topics in politics of grave interest on which he does not touch, and there is very little in all that he says which is not noteworthy."—*Birmingham Post.*

THE MILITARY MEMOIRS OF LIEUT.-GEN.

SIR JOSEPH THACKWELL,

G.C.B., K.H., Colonel 16th Lancers. Arranged from Diaries and Correspondence by Colonel H. C. WYLLY, C.B. With Portraits, Maps, and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

A MARINER OF ENGLAND.

An Account of the Career of William Richardson from Cabin-boy in the Merchant Service to Warrant Officer in the Royal Navy [1780 to 1817], Told in his own Words. Edited by Colonel SPENCER CHILDERS, R.E., C.B. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

FROM PLOUGHSHARE TO PARLIAMENT.

A Short Memoir of the Potters of Tadcaster. By GEORGINA MEINERTZHAGEN. With Portraits and other Illustrations, crown 8vo, 6s. net.

REMINISCENCES OF A STONE-MASON.

By A WORKING MAN. Large crown 8vo, 6s. net. [*Ready Next Week.*

FROM RUWENZORI TO THE CONGO.

A Naturalist's Journey across Africa. By A. F. R. WOLLASTON. With Maps and numerous Illustrations, demy 8vo, 15s. net.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE UNITED STATES.

By Monsignor Count VAY DE VAYA AND LUSKOD, Author of "Empires and Emperors." Demy 8vo, 12s. net. [*Ready Next Week.*

PEARLS AND PARASITES.

A Series of Essays on Scientific Subjects. By A. E. SHIPLEY, M.A., Hon. D.Sc. (Princetown), F.R.S., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. With Illustrations, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

THE HEREDITY OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERS IN PLANTS:

An Aspect of the True Darwinism based on Personal Observations and Experiments. By the Rev. Prof. GEORGE HENSLOW. With Illustrations, crown 8vo, 6s. net.

THE LATINS IN THE LEVANT.

A History of Frankish Greece [1204 to 1566]. By WILLIAM MILLER. With Maps, medium 8vo, 21s. net. [*Ready Next Week.*

COLLECTIVISM.

A Study of some of the leading social questions of the day. By PAUL LEROY-BEAULIEU, Member of the Institute and Professor of the College of France. Abridged and translated by Sir ARTHUR CLAY, Bart. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

[*Ready Next Week.*

TWO NEW 6s. NOVELS.

MISS ESPERANCE AND MR. WYCHERLY.

By Mrs. L. ALLEN HARKER.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NILE.

By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL, Author of "Said the Fisherman," "The Myopes," &c.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

in the pupil's career. The first part ends with simple equations; the second is almost wholly devoted to the use of graphs on squared paper and the elementary use of co-ordinates, by means of which simultaneous simple equations are solved, the illustrations and problems for solution being very numerous; and the third part deals with fractions, square root, quadratics and their graphs, and a few other subjects. The order of treatment follows the recommendations of the Mathematical Association, and the work is in every way suitable for the teaching of algebra, even from the very beginning.

(3) To make Trigonometry easy to the beginner is a somewhat difficult task; but we think that the author succeeds very well in the attempt. The nature and properties of the trigonometrical functions of a single angle are well exhibited and impressed on the pupil's mind by causing him to make constructions for a large number of angles from numerical data; and these constructions are such as the youngest pupil who can use a compass and a scale can make with ease. By this same method of drawing he also learns how to find the height of a tree, the breadth of a river, and other things which are often unnecessarily postponed.

When we come to the functions of the sum or difference of two angles, the procedure is not so simple. Thus, to find the functions of an angle of 75 degrees from those of 30 degrees and 45 degrees, the process is merely a *verification* of results told to the pupil by the teacher; but when the pupil is asked to generalise the result for the sum of A and B, we think that too great a demand is made, and we are afraid that a resort must be had to stereotyped procedure. Still, whatever simplification is possible the author supplies, and his little book can be strongly recommended for beginners.

(4) The subject of Geometrical Conics is not usually regarded as an attractive one, and there appears to be little room for originality in it. Nevertheless, we think that this book has amply justified its publication. Not only are its proofs very simple and elegant, but it adopts the sound principle of keeping side by side the corresponding properties of the parabola, ellipse, and hyperbola—contrary to the general plan of discussing each conic in a separate chapter. The drawing of accurate figures of each of the curves is insisted upon, and very simple methods for doing so are explained. All the ordinary properties of the conics are deducted, and the systematic arrangement of the book is admirable. A most interesting feature is a chapter exhibiting all the important properties of such curves as the catenary, the cycloid, the logarithmetic curve, and certain spirals, which are of frequent use in mechanics and kinematics. Each chapter contains an ample collection of examples.

(5) This is not a *treatise* on Light and Sound, but a note-book containing blank pages to be filled in by the pupil from lectures or the work which he does day by day in the laboratory. The course of practical exercises of which the pupil has to write an account are, however, all specified, and numerous questions on the theory, exercises for constructions with regard to lenses, mirrors, &c., precede each blank page which the pupil has to fill.

The whole system of instruction indicated in these exercises is very extensive and both well and progressively arranged. How long such a book will continue clean and tidy in the hands of the average schoolboy we should be afraid to say; but for a teacher who supervises everything done by the boy the book has much value.

INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

Mr. Fletcher is not one of those historians who think it necessary to conceal their individual predilections, and readers of this volume must be prepared for some emphatic expressions of Protestant and Tory views. But there is an engaging frankness about Mr. Fletcher which disarms criticism, and provokes no more than a smile at his most extravagant outbursts. One is reminded of Carlyle's remark about himself and John Sterling to the effect that except in opinion they did not disagree; and when Mr. Fletcher denounces the "outcry against Greek . . . now again raised by ignorant and interested bigots" (p. 42), one imagines that he says a little more than he means. The late Professor Maitland was against compulsory Greek, but no one has a higher opinion of Maitland than Mr. Fletcher, and one feels sure that he does not consider him "an ignorant and interested bigot." In spite of Mr. Fletcher's Protestantism, no Catholic is treated so cavalierly as the opponent of compulsory Greek. He likes More, loathes Thomas Cromwell, to whom he is perhaps a little unfair, and is not unjust to Laud, although, of course, he does not sympathise with Laud's ambitions. The striking merits of the book are its freshness, its imagination, and its humour. We never read a text-book so utterly unlike the dreary and conventional type; one can read it out of sheer pleasure in the perusal. Mr. Fletcher, in fact, writes history not because he is obliged to, but because he likes it; he has a real touch of that imagination so lacking in the text-book, so essential in the historian; and his volume is based to no small extent upon contemporary literature, and not upon the works of moderns. Here is an example of Mr. Fletcher's method; he is contrasting Henry VIII.'s with Charles I.'s attitude towards Parliament:—

> "Could we imagine a dialogue on that subject in the Elysian fields between his burly shade and that of the refined and melancholy successor who died by the axe, we might in fancy hear Charles reproach Henry with having forged the instrument which, a century later, overturned the throne; but we can imagine the scorn with which the elder king would turn upon the younger, and ask him 'What hast thou done with the counter-instruments of prerogative and royal majesty which I also forged? When didst thou feel the pulse of thy people? Was I led by priests and bishops? Was I the slave of any of my numerous queens? Did I let my valets search my pockets at night for the memoranda of my most secret councils and then betray them to my enemies? Avaunt, animula, vagula, blandula!'"

We are not quite sure that the schoolboy, for whom Mr. Fletcher professes to write, would make much of the last apostrophe, but he would get a more vivid and correct impression of the question than in any other text-book. The social history of the period is most admirably illustrated in the romance of Tubney Manor. Ireland, perhaps, is treated too much from the conventional English standpoint; but the vigour and originality of Mr. Fletcher's treatment of nearly all other topics make his book the most interesting and readable short history of England published since J. R. Green's.

* "An Introductory History of England." By C. R. L. Fletcher, (sometime) Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Vol. II., 1485-1660. Murray. 5s.

BIOLOGY AND POLITICS.*

Although it is now nearly half a century since the "Origin of Species" appeared, and although many measures adopted on quite other grounds are recommended by a smattering of "Darwinism," yet biological considerations have not begun to have any real influence upon the actions of statesmen or upon the opinions of those who are active in politics. Nevertheless, it is hard to resist the conclusion that no aspect of our institutions is so important, or so urgently in need of consideration, as their effect upon the biological quality of the race. This aspect is that considered by Mr. Chatterton-Hill; and although his practical recommendations appear to us for the most part unsupported by the facts to which he appeals, yet these facts are such as ought to be widely known, and such as no social reformer can safely ignore.

His book begins by a long account of the theory of heredity and natural selection, the main practical outcome of which is to show that, as Weissmann has urged, acquired characteristics cannot be inherited. This conclusion, however, is subject to an exception: such acquired characteristics as affect the germ-plasm *will* affect the offspring. Thus disease, or change of climate, though both acquired, may have effects which are inherited. The extent of this exception, we are given to understand, is inconsiderable; but it remains undetermined, and somewhat mitigates the rigidity of Weissmann's theories. Practically, however, we must presumably admit such facts as that an educated man's

* "Heredity and Selection in Sociology." By George Chatterton-Hill. Black. 12s. 6d. net.

French by the Direct Method

A FOUR-YEAR COURSE.

Based upon **ROSSMANN & SCHMIDT'S Work**, which is adopted by the Prussian Board of Education.
(2nd English Edition.)

The Series comprises the following Volumes.

Part I.	**160 pp., many Illustrations, cloth**	**1/6**
Part II.	**176 pp., many Illustrations, cloth**	**1/8**
Part III.	**260 pp., many Illustrations, cloth**	**2/6**
Part IV.	**Livre d'Exercices, 296 pp., with many Illustrations, cloth**	**2/-**
Livre de Lecture, an Illustrated History of France, French Literature, and Geography, by H. VIVIER. 160 pp., cloth		**2/-**
Grammaire Française, en Français by H. VIVIER. Cloth		**1od.**

This Series, expounding fully and faithfully the **Direct Method**, ensures:—

1. A thorough grounding in the Grammar that really matters—the Grammer "in being"; not obscure points of French Syntax of little or no value.

2. A strictly Systematic Course—a *beginning*, a *continuation*, and an *end*—the end of the Course leaving the English student sufficiently well equipped to continue his studies, just as the French student continues his—namely, by close application to French literature.

3. That Translation from English into French should come late in the Series, and properly so, the Essay replacing the Translation from English into French. The mind is thus nourished on French idiom in the earlier parts until a goodly store of such idiom has forewarned the pupil against the mongrel compound of French words and English idiom.

Please write for fuller details to—

London: T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 Henrietta Street, W.C.; and Edinburgh.

100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE

By L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

(*Reprinted from "The Daily News."*)

The publication of 100 POINTS for FREE TRADE day by day during the last few months in "The Daily News" has been followed with the keenest interest. **These 100 Points are now issued in convenient pamphlet form (100 Pages).** Free Traders all over the country have thus an opportunity of possessing in a handy form the material for an immediate answer to the fallacies of the Tariff Reformer.

100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE

PRICE ONE PENNY.

The price of this 100-page pamphlet, which is of a handy shape for the pocket, is **1d. for a single copy or 1½d. post free. A comprehensive index to the entire subject matter makes every item of information contained readily accessible.**

We have arranged for special terms to be in force for large orders as follows:—

SPECIAL TERMS FOR QUANTITIES.
(*Carriage Paid.*)

2 dozen and upwards -	1d. each.
200 and upwards - -	1d. „ less 2½ per cent.
500 „ „ - -	1d. „ „ 5 „
1,000 „ „ - -	1d. „ „ 10 „

1d. 100 POINTS FOR FREE TRADE. **1d.**

Applications to be made to THE MANAGER, Publications Dept., "The Daily News," Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

R.P.A. BOOKS,

NEW AND RECENT.

MODERN ENGLAND. A Record of Opinion and Action from the time of the French Revolution to the Present Day. By A. W. BENN, Author of "The History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century," &c. 2 vols., large crown 8vo, xxvi-519 pp., cloth, 7s. net.

Contents of Vol. I.: Chapter I. Organised Anarchy. II. The Gods Arrive. III. The Epic of Nations. IV. The Liberal Odyssey. V. De Republica. VI. Prometheus Unbound. VII. The Churches and the World. VIII. Ideals and Realities. IX. The Master-Builders.

Contents of Vol. II.: Chapter X. The Pupils of Canning. XI. Light from the West. XII. Cosmic Economy. XIII. A Study in Explosives. XIV. Transfers of Power. XV. The Result of Literature and Science. XVI. The Empress of India's Grand Vizier. XVII. The Last Paladins. XVIII. Tangled Issues. XIX. The Eclipse of Genius.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. By JOSEPH McCABE. With 2 Photogravure Portraits and 8 other Illustrations. 2 vols., medium 8vo, xviii-716 pp., cloth, gilt tops, 16s. net.

"It is a fine figure of a man which stands out from the pages of this well-written and interesting biography."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"A work of singular value and absorbing interest."—*Daily News.*

"Holyoake's long life brought him into relation with a vast number of earnest men. There is scarcely one honoured among reformers in the closing half of last century with whom he was not on more or less intimate terms. The whole army of advanced thinkers moves in long procession through the pages of his biography."—*Westminster Gazette.*

COURSES OF STUDY. By J. M. Robertson, M.P. New and Cheaper Edition, Revised and much enlarged. Large crown 8vo, 540 pp., cloth, 6s. net.

With a view to its re-issue Mr. Robertson has during the past year carefully revised this work, checking every reference, and adding over seven hundred books to those already included in the various Courses. He has also prepared, with the co-operation of a competent student, a new course on Geography.

THE FIRST EASTER DAWN: an Inquiry into the Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus. By CHARLES T. GORHAM. Cloth, xii-320 pp., 4s. 6d.

"The book is well written, is marked by conscientious study, and takes a wide survey of the field."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

"An impartial and clear-headed summing-up of evidence."—*Scotsman.*

BETWEEN BOY AND MAN. Being Lectures to Sixth-Form Boys. By QUILIBET. viii-149 pp., cloth 2s. net; paper cover, 1s. net.

Subjects: The Golden Rule—Home—Reading—Openness and Reserve—Sex—Individuality—Bores, Prigs, and the Seriousness of Things—Man's Place in the World of Nature—Your Place in the World of Men—Manliness—Choice of Profession—Money.

THE CHURCHES AND MODERN THOUGHT: an Inquiry into the Grounds of Unbelief and an Appeal for Candour. By P. VIVIAN. Cheaper Edition, in paper cover, 432 pp., 1s. net.

"Orthodox and heterodox, Socialist and Individualist, Churchgoer and outsider, all should get this clear, straight, constructive, critical work."—*Christian Commonwealth.*

THE ORIGINS OF RELIGION, and other Essays. By ANDREW LANG. (No. 34 R.P.A. Cheap Reprints Series.) 128 pp., paper cover 6d.; cloth, 1s.

TWELVE LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By Prof. T. H. HUXLEY, With Introductory Note by EDWARD CLODD. (No. 35 R.P.A. Cheap Reprints Series.) 128 pp., paper cover, 6d., cloth, 1s.

A Specimen Copy of "The Literary Guide" (16 large pages), with complete catalogue, will be sent free on receipt of post-card.

Agents for the Rationalist Press Association, Ltd.,

WATTS & CO.,

17, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 8d. BY POST, 8½d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2. COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAILS

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

children do not inherit any greater intelligence than if their father had remain uneducated; and that, broadly, the stock is not improved except by some form of selection.

In his second part, on Social Pathology, the author accumulates his indictment against the institutions of Western Europe; and a very formidable indictment it is. Suicide and insanity are both increasing with alarming rapidity. But when we turn to the political deductions from these facts, our author shows, so it seems to us, a complete misconception of the problem. In a chapter headed "The Bankruptcy of Liberalism," he shows, as it is not difficult to do, that its two ideals of liberty and free competition are incompatible. Proceeding to Socialism, he contends that it aims at suppressing the struggle for existence, and that such suppression, by preventing the elimination of the unfit, must lower the biological quality of the race. He tells us also, of course, that Socialism postulates the natural goodness of man. He proceeds, like Mr. Kidd, to affirm that unaided reason can only prompt men to selfish actions, though he does not deign to give any grounds for this view. We want, therefore, some means of prompting men to actions contrary to reason, and this is to be found, for Europeans, in the Catholic faith, though Asiatics should be allowed to retain the religions they have.

Now in all this there seems to us to be an inadequate conception both of the problem and of its solution. The problem is this: Given that, nowadays, the more intelligent section of society is less prolific than the less intelligent, how shall we prevent this? To revert to medievalism is impossible; this proposal is virtually one for hastening the advent of those very evils which are to be feared if the present *régime* continues unchecked. But a real solution is possible on other lines. The birth-rate among the better sections of society has declined in recent years because of the voluntary limitation of families; and this in turn is due to the economic disadvantages of a large family. If these disadvantages were removed, the effect would cease with the cause. The problem then is essentially one of economic and social organisation. It is not possible for a civilised society to make progress by the destruction of the unfit, but by the opening up of every avenue of opportunity for those who are capable of taking their part in social life.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The coast-line between the Foreland and Penzance certainly yields to no other in point of historical importance or of scenic variety. To a great extent the story of the south coast is the history of England; while one has only to think of the stark white cliffs of Dover, the low-lying, desolate expanse of Romney Marsh, and the red headlands of the Teignmouth district, to realise the geological changes that occur every few miles. Then there are many romances beneath the surface of what we see with the eyes. There is the romance of shipbuilding, associated with the records of Buckler's Hard and Portsmouth; the always entrancing romance of smuggling; the even more fascinating romance of the sea itself, of the sea which has governed the destinies of every port it has washed with its tides. It is perhaps of this remorseless and capricious sea that one thinks first in regarding the story of the coast. Take the "Eastward Drift" that caused the powerful little confederacy of seven townships, known under the name of the Cinque Ports, to crumble into impotence, by silting up the fairways of their havens until what had been water became dry land, and the flourishing seaport an inland village. This one example epitomises the mastery of the sea so far as the tale of the south coast ports is concerned. Nearly every port had its day of prosperity; that prosperity was constantly being transferred from one to the other; and, whatever might have been the minor causes, the determining cause was invariably the action of the sea's tides. So the constant rise and fall of the ports went on as inevitably and almost as rhythmically as the rise and fall of the tide itself. The south coast, therefore, with its storehouse of stirring memories, its physical picturesqueness and deep-down significance, assuredly deserved a historian who would treat it comprehensively, and Mr. Clive Holland's book ("From the North Foreland to Penzance" (Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d. net.) is nothing if not comprehensive. Not less than thirty-six ports are treated in detail; neither does this number represent the mass of miscellaneous information he has gathered regarding the districts in which the ports are situated. The text is enlivened by anecdotes of smugglers, culled principally from Commander the Hon. H. N. Shore's "Smuggling Days and Smuggling Ways," and there are piquant touches—such as the American lady's description of Cowes as "a sort of Hurlingham by the sea, with a dash of Buckingham Palace garden-party thrown in to steady things"—that show the hand of the practised popular writer. Yet, in spite of its industry and skill, the book disappoints us a little. It lacks the personal touch that alone can endow a record of places visited with life; it is enthusiastic, but the enthusiasms, extended as they are to nearly every locality mentioned, are apt to read as if they were made to order. One feels that Mr. Holland, who is an imaginative writer of no mean merit, has allowed his imagination to be crushed beneath the burden of the ponderous tomes, local histories and so forth, that he has consulted; and the literary result is often that mere "guide-book information" which he disclaims any intention of giving. He convinces us that he has "read" his subject very thoroughly; but we are not persuaded that he has felt, as well as seen, the places he describes. The volume, however, in spite of this one unfortunate impression it conveys, is very readable, and is greatly helped by Mr. Maurice Randall's illustrations. These fresh studies of coast and harbor, sea and shipping, give the real open-air feeling, and their reproduction is a triumph in color work.

* * *

We usually think of a beachcomber as a worthless ruffian, who in some island of the Pacific lives partly by swindling the natives, and partly by what he can pick up from wrecks, sometimes caused by his own efforts. In his interesting "Confessions of a Beachcomber" (Unwin, 15s. net.) Mr. E. J. Banfield used the word in an entirely different sense. The book tells the experiences of a man who decided to leave civilisation and make trial of the simple life on a small island three or four miles off the coast of North Queensland. Dunk Island, as the place is called, is described by Mr. Banfield as a sort of tropical Garden of Eden. The climate is excellent, a very small emall exertion produces the necessaries of life, and the manners of the native population, together with the bird and animal life of the island, are enough to prevent the beachcomber, if he be of Mr. Banfield's temperament, from feeling any monotony. Mr. Banfield seems to have derived most of his entertainment from the birds. From his first settling on the island he made it an inflexible rule that no bird was to be killed, with the result that they increased rapidly in numbers, and after a time became quite indifferent to the presence of human beings. All the aspects of outdoor life are described in pleasant fashion, and so charming is the picture Mr. Banfield draws of his little island that the reader will be inclined to wish that he, too, could become a beachcomber. Possibly it is well for him that the wish cannot be gratified. Mr. Banfield frankly confesses that for his part he "sought isolation because of the lack of those qualities which make for dutiful citizenship, because of indifference to the ordinary enchantments of the kaleidoscopic world, not because of any lack of appreciation of the wisdom of the majority." He has at any rate written a book from which those of us who are still bound by civilisation may enjoy at second-hand the experiences of an existence apart from our ideals.

* * *

Dr. Arthur D. Peill, whose letters are now published under the title of "The Beloved Physician of Tsang Chou" (Headley Bros., 5s.), was head of the Medical Mission in Tsang Chou from 1899-1906. He first went to China in 1896, and spent three years at Hsiao Chang before he moved to the town where, with some few short intervals, he was destined to live the rest of his life. Dr. Peill has a good deal to tell us of the working-up of the Boxer rebellion of 1900, and his personal experiences, culminating in a rather narrow escape from a strongly disaffected centre,

Just Published. F'cap. 8vo. 1s. net.

DOGMA AND HISTORY.

By Professor Dr. GUSTAV KRÜGER, of Giessen.

Intended for those who have little acquaintance with the historical development of religious ideas, and especially for those who, while becoming ever more uncertain about the validity of Creeds and Dogmas, cannot see their way to true religion without them.

Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.

WHOSE SON IS CHRIST?

TWO LECTURES ON PROGRESS IN RELIGION.

By Professor FRIEDRICH DELITZSCH, of Berlin (Author of "Babel and Bible").

The author holds that Protestantism, when possessed of a full consciousness of its sacred task of serving the truth, will free the life and the teaching of Jesus from the dross which has collected on both and threatened to smother them.

LONDON: PHILIP GREEN, 5, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

BOOK BARGAINS.—Garnier's English Landed Interest, 2 vols., 6s. 6d. (published 21s.) Cruikshank's 400 Humorous Illustrations, 4s. 6d. (published 16s.) Pepy's Diary, 4 vols., 15s. (published 30s.) Fennimore's Cooper's novels, 32 vols., 42s. Thackeray's complete works, 26 vols., 45s. (cost £4 12s.). Chaffer's Pottery and Porcelain, 28s. 6d. (cost 42s.). Art of Extempore Speaking, 2s. 6d. 100,000 books for sale and exchange. Menpe's World's Children, 8s. 6d. (cost 20s. net). Wood's Complete Natural History, 5 vols., 2,000 illustrations, 27s. 6d. (cost £2 12s. 6d.). Harmsworth's Encyclopædia, 8 vols., 25s. Please state wants. Catalogues free.—HOLLAND BROS., Book Merchants, 21, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON **BIBLE** WAREHOUSE

Have the Largest Selection of Oxford and Other Bibles and Prayer Books from **6d. to £10.**

BIBLES

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear, Revised, and other Editions.

53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. **Telephone Central 329**

Buy

The Saturday Westminster

Weekly Issue of "The Westminster Gazette."

Because

it contains all F.C.G.'S Cartoons of the Week.
of its unique page of "Problems and Prizes."
of its Book Reviews and Literary Columns.
of the Variety of General Articles and Short Stories.
it is the only Weekly Magazine-Review of the kind.
it costs but a Penny a Week. *By post, 6s. 6d. (Home), and 8s. 8d. (Abroad) per annum.*

It

Never Fails to Please & Satisfy

Offices: Tudor House, Tudor St., London, E.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY and can had free on application to the Manager.

THE LEGAL

Insurance Company Ltd.,

(WITH WHICH IS NOW MERGED THE PROFITS DEPARTMENT OF THE PROFITS AND INCOME INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED).

Capital, £1,000,000. Subscribed Capital, £500,000.

Trustees: The Hon. Mr. Justice Channell, The Hon. Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, The Hon. Alfred E. Gathorne-Hardy.

Head Office: 231-232, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

FIRE: The Perfect System of Fire Insurance—Special Profit-Sharing Policy.

ACCIDENT: All Branches of Accident Insurance and General Contingency.

PROFITS: Loss of Net Profit and Standing Charges due to the interruption of Business by Fire or Boiler Explosion

Write for particulars. HENRY M. LOW *General Manager.*

THE

LEADING EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

Try them. They are the finest imported, and can be obtained from all High-class Tobacconists, Stores, &c.

Wholesale depot—20, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Liver troubles

SHOULD NEVER BE NEGLECTED.

The principal duty of the Liver is to extract the bile from the blood, and carry it direct to the digestive organs. Therefore, if the Liver is disordered, it cannot perform its duties properly, and the result is, the blood becomes overloaded with bile, which causes Lassitude, Debility, Irritability, and may develop Dropsy.

MERIT'S (FAYRINE) *Liverets*

STRENGTHEN WHILE THEY RELIEVE

will speedily and permanently cure all liver troubles, because they thoroughly cleanse the Liver of all impurities, and stimulate it to easily perform its functions in a natural healthy manner. MERIT'S LIVERETS are prepared from purely vegetable ingredients only, as prescribed by a prominent physician, and have no debilitating effect upon the health. Price 1/1½ of all Chemists and Stores. If unable to obtain, will be sent post free by

MERIT & CO., 66, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the name MERIT'S LIVERETS, and the signature MERIT & Co., is on the package. So beware of spurious imitations.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST
allowed on Deposits repayable on demand.

2 per cent. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

forms exciting reading. After an enforced sojourn at Wei-Hai-Wei, he was able to return to Tsang Chou, to superintend the opening of the Roberts Memorial Hospital, and to lead a "revival" among the Chinese Christians. A life of vast activity in the mission field was cut short at Kirin in Manchuria, the doctor being then only thirty-two years of age. The style of the letters, which have been edited by the deceased's father, is rugged from the literary standpoint; but they show sympathy with the Chinese characters, some few traces of humor, and a shrewd sense of the practical side of missionary work. Modern medicine, administred free of charge in a country where medical science has stood still, can be a most potent argument in favor of Christian dogma, and Dr. Peill appears to have had the faculty of using it tactfully and successfully.

* * *

THE marked increase in the number of three-cornered contests, together with the Prime Minister's announcement that a comprehensive Reform Bill will be introduced before the close of the present Parliament, has given an impetus to the study of electoral methods. "The Second Ballot," the latest pamphlet issued by the Proportional Representation Society, price one penny, is a clear exposition of the disadvantages of the second ballot, and includes an interesting table of the actual figures and results of eleven of the recent three-cornered contests, together with the results based on the supposition of the change effected by recourse to the second ballot in each case.

The Week in the City.

THE MOVEMENT OF LEADING STOCKS.

	Price Friday Morning, Sept. 18.	Price Friday Morning, Sept. 25.
Consols 2½ per cent.	85 9/16 ...	85 1/16
German 3 per cent.	83½ ...	84⅝
Union Pacific	167⅝ ...	161⅜
Canadian-Pacific...	176½ ...	176½
Peruvian Corp. Ord.	11⅜ ...	11

I WISH I could say that the outlook for trade and business showed definite signs of improvement, but this can hardly be said. At home the engineers' strike, which has caused so much misery and unemployment on the North-East Coast, has at last been settled by a compromise which might as well have been arrived at weeks ago. Some improvement is spoken of in building and shipping. But the long-dreaded cotton dispute in Lancashire has broken out, though the differences between the parties certainly did not warrant an industrial war. Perhaps we ought to be thankful that peace has reigned so long in the cotton trade, and there seems to be an idea among both masters and men that a short suspension may serve a useful purpose, as production for the time being has out-run consumption. Unfortunately the price of wheat keeps high, so that the demand for manufactures does not expand as it probably would do if the world's harvest had been sufficient to repair the deficiencies of last year. However, the prospects of the harvest in India, Argentina, and Australia are all so good, that we may fairly hope for cheaper food by the beginning of next year. Meanwhile, money keeps cheap, and there seems to be no fear of an autumn stringency this year. But the stock markets are less animated, and without any decided tendency, save for the continued relapse in Wall Street, for which readers of this column will have been quite prepared. The upward movement of the last few weeks has been largely artificial, or at any rate speculative, and was never justified by earnings or trade prospects. The slump of the last few days has been accentuated by the Foraker revelations, and the panic among the Republican managers.

THE ALBERTI FRAUDS.

There has been much talk in the City about the Alberti frauds, and all the suspects emphatically declare that they had nothing to do with the matter. Probably the heaviest losses have fallen upon Danish taxpayers and also on the Co-operative Society. There seems to have been a good deal of bad banking and foolish speculation in Denmark, and, indeed, throughout Scandinavia during the last year or two, and the difficulties have been enhanced by withdrawal of German capital and credit. London seems to have stepped into the gap, and has been taking a good deal more commercial paper from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark than used to be the case.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

The New York "Evening Post" has been examining the "Economist's" index number, with results that are rather interesting, and well worth bearing in mind when we are trying to forecast the future of trade.

On July 1st, 1897, average prices of commodities touched the lowest figure of our times; on July 1st, 1907, they touched the highest figure. The "Economist's" "index number" for the one date was 1,885; for the other, 2,601. The number for September 1st was 2,168, and a moment's comparison will reveal the extraordinary fact that in the fifteen months since June, last year, more than half of the average enhancement of values scored since 1897 has been cut off. This September figure showed reduction, in the forty-seven commodities from which it is compiled, of 14 per cent. from September, 1907, and of nearly 17 per cent. from the June maximum of that year, though it is still 15 per cent. above the minimum of 1897. Most people will doubt whether cost of living, to the average man, has declined as much as 17 per cent., and they will be right. "The average man, except where he is buying less in quantity, finds household expenses very close to what they were a year ago." But if this is so, then what becomes of the 14 per cent. decrease in the general average? The answer is, that prices have fallen where the average consumer purchases little, and have not fallen where he buys much. At present prices, iron is 21 per cent. below last September; tin is down 20 per cent.; copper 25 per cent. But these commodities do not figure largely in monthly household bills. Flour does, and is as high, or higher, than a year ago; meat is up, and probably the food bill as a whole is much the same as this time last year

GERMAN DEFICITS AND TAXES.

The German Government is gradually disclosing its disagreeable project of financial reform, and Herr Sydow, late telephone expert, and now Secretary to the Treasury has published in a monthly paper an official demand for additional revenue to the amount of twenty-five millions sterling a year. The amount is horrifying to taxpayers, but the German Bourse has put up German bonds a little on the ground that Herr Sydow emphasises the necessity for a real sinking fund by which the debt will be annually reduced. The "reforms," however, bristle with unpopularity—taxes on beer, tobacco, light and warmth for the poor, and increased estate duties for the rich, &c.—and it will be very surprising if a demand does not grow up that the Government shall forego a few millions of revenue rather than pile up taxation in a year of trade depression. Thus financial embarrassment may promote an Anglo-German understanding.

LUCELLUM.

SMOKED EVERYWHERE BY (NEARLY) EVERYBODY.

No. 1, Equestrians

PLAYER'S "NAVY" MIXTURE

"THE MIXTURE OF MATCHLESS MERIT."

Sold in Two Strengths

Medium 4½d. per oz.

Mild 5d. per oz.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham, will forward testing samples post free to applicants mentioning this paper.

0522

The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

ONE & ALL SEEDS

THE BRAND GUARANTEES ONE & ALL QUALITY.

ONE & ALL SEEDS are reliable, pure, and guaranteed.

Each packet is dated with the year of issue.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS are complete Manures.

All are supplied in small quantities at reasonable prices.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Choice Varieties of Sweet Peas, with an Original Pamphlet on their Culture, by Richard Dean, V.M.H.—viz., Dorothy Eckford, white; Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, yellow; Prima Donna, soft pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Miss Wilmott, rich deep orange pink; Mrs. Walter Wright, mauve; Prince of Wales, fine rose; Duchess of Westminster, violet purple; Othello, deep maroon; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, purple; Navy Blue.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Annuals.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Hardy Perennials and Biennials.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables for Saladings.

One & All Shilling Collection of 12 Vegetables.

One & All Collection of Choicest Asters in 10 Varieties—2s. 6d. Giant Comet, white; Giant Comet, The Bride, white; Giant Comet, rose; Giant Comet, azure blue; Giant Comet, dark violet; Mixed Dwarf Chrysanthemum; Finest Mixed Bouquet; Mixed Victoria; Mixed Paeony; Perfection; and Betteridge's Quilled in mixed colours.

One & All Fertiliser No. 24 for general garden purposes. Half-rod packets 6d. bags, 7 lbs., 2/3; 14 lbs., 3/6; 28 lbs., 5/9; 56 lbs., 10/6; 112 lbs., 20/- Carriage Paid.

ONE & ALL is the registered Trade Mark of the **AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.** Name and address of nearest Local Agent, Illustrated Catalogues, and other details, sent free by post on application to **EDWARD OWEN GREENING,** Managing Director, Wholesale Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, W.C.

ONE & ALL FERTILISERS

TANGYE

OIL ENGINE

AUTOMATIC TUBE IGNITION.

NO LAMP EXCEPT FOR STARTING

TANGYES LTD BIRMINGHAM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

HIGHEST QUALITY

TURKISH TOWELS

AND SIMILAR GOODS.

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman" brand and avoid imitations.

MADE BY

BARLOW & JONES, LIMITED, MANCHESTER;

And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING. — Typewriting of every description high-class work. Author's MSS. 10d. per thousand words prompt, accurate. E. C. PEARCE, 30, College Road, Reading.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER, Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities.
Citizenship Course. Leisure Hour Work.

For copies of prospectus, with illustrations of the School Exhibit in the Franco-British Exhibition, apply to the Head-Master.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Prospectus.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Head Mistress Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A., Dublin (Class. Tripos, Camb.
Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc., London.
A limited number of boarders received.

SEASIDE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING.

Good English Education. Eight Acres of Grounds.

LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE.

Languages, Accomplishments, Needlework, Cookery.

Principals—THE MISSES TRITTON.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW BOYS ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 17TH, OTHERS 18TH.
Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors.
Enquiries should be addressed to the BURSAR.

CO-EDUCATION BY THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Friends' School, Great Ayton in Cleveland, Yorkshire.

A Boarding School for Boys and Girls (9-16). Modern Education. Preparation for Exams. Unique health record. Ten acres Recreation Grounds, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, Laboratories, Domestic Science School. 30 Guineas per annum. Apply to the Headmaster for Prospectus, etc.

The Abbey School, Beckenham.

FINE POSITION, SIXTEEN ACRES OF GROUNDS.
TEN MILES FROM LONDON.

Preparation for the best Public Schools. Write for List of Scholarships won last year.

TANGLEWOOD, BARNT GREEN, THE LICKEY HILLS,
Near Birmingham.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

On approved Modern Lines. Thorough Education with individual care and character training. Games, gardening, and open air life in lovely country, with bracing air. Good train service on main line. Escorts provided.

Principal - - MISS EBBUTT, M.A.
(Newnham College, Cambridge—Trinity College, Dublin.)

LINCOLNSHIRE COAST.

ESSENDON GIRLS' SCHOOL, SKEGNESS.

Headmistress, MISS PAGAN, M.A. Full Staff. L.R.A.M. Swedish Gymnastics. Higher Examinations. Tennis, Hockey, Swimming. Dry sunny climate. Bracing sea air. Exhibitions offered.

EDUCATIONAL.

SOUTHPORT MODERN SCHOOL.

A First-Class School for Boys. Staff includes B.A., M.Sc., F.C.V., Mus. Bac., etc. Languages, Science, Commercial Subjects, Gymnastics, Swimming, Cadet Company. Prospectus from Secretary.

RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS,
18, ENDSLEIGH STREET, W.C.

Founded and carried on by Members of Society of Friends. Convenient for University College, Slade School, Women's Medical School, &c. Apply Principal.

HASLEMERE, SURREY.

ST. GEORGE'S WOOD SCHOOL for GIRLS. Sandy soil; nine acres of ground; nearly 600 ft. above sea level.
Principals: Miss AMY KEMP, Camb. Certif. for Theory and Practice of Teaching (St. George's Training College, Edinburgh); Diploma for the Teaching of German (Berlin); and Miss HELEN T. NEILD, M.A. (Vict.), Classical Tripos (Camb.), Certificated Student of Girton College; 11 years at the Mount School, York.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager,
R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22, Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, LONDON." Telephone No. GERRARD 1854.

SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND OR ABROAD
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Messrs. J. and J. PATON having an intimate knowledge of the BEST SCHOOLS and TUTORS in this country and on the Continent, will be pleased to aid parents in their selection by sending (free of charge) prospectuses and full particulars of reliable and highly-recommended establishments. When writing please state the age of pupil, the district preferred, and give some idea of the fees to be paid.—J. and J. PATON, Educational Agents, 143, Cannon-st., London. E.C. Telephone 5,053, Central.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Towards a Social Policy

SUGGESTIONS FOR
CONSTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC REFORM.
By Various Writers.

Representing the conclusions of a Committee consisting of Messrs. C. R. BUXTON, H. C. FAIRFAX-CHOLMELEY, J. L. HAMMOND, F. W. HIRST, L. T. HOBHOUSE, J. A. HOBSON, C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., J. H. MORGAN, and VAUGHAN NASH.

"We must all welcome, therefore, such a volume as the *Speaker* Office has produced under the title of 'Towards a Social Policy.' It is full of hard thinking and solid information, and should be a mine for platform speakers."—DAILY CHRONICLE.
"The book should be in the hand of everyone who loves his country. It is a lucid and comprehensive statement of the causes of the blight that is falling upon the race, and the remedies to be applied."—DAILY NEWS.
"'Towards a Social Policy' decidedly 'gives us to think.' Its authors are doing the Liberal Party a notable service."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.
"They (the readers) will find within its hundred and twenty odd pages much keen diagnosis of existing evils, much outspoken criticism of the slipshod palliatives with which we have hitherto been content to attempt to meet them, and many bold suggestions—some very bold indeed—as to the direction in which the real remedies are to be found. They may not agree. They cannot fail to be interested."—MORNING LEADER.

Crown 8vo, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

LONDON: THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

THE INDEX TO
VOLUME II. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY, and can be had free on application to the Manager.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 119967666